The Complete PROSE of

T. S. Eliot

The Critical Edition

VOLUME 3

Literature, Politics, Belief,

1927–1929

edited by

FRANCES DICKEY,
JENNIFER FORMICHELLI &
RONALD SCHUCHARD

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T. S. Eliot

RONALD SCHUCHARD, *General Editor*

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T. S. Eliot

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VOLUME 3: *Literature, Politics, Belief, 1927–1929*

Edited by FRANCES DICKEY, JENNIFER FORMICHELLI,

and RONALD SCHUCHARD

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LITERATURE, POLITICS, BELIEF, 1927-1929

Introduction

In June 1927, at the age of thirty-nine, T. S. Eliot was baptized and confirmed in the Church of England; in November he became a naturalized British citizen. These momentous acts resonate through his prose of 1927 to 1929, the years covered by this volume. Even as he continued to write on many of the same subjects as in earlier years – Dante, Elizabethan drama and poetry, the seventeenth century, Baudelaire – he now saw these familiar figures and periods from a new vantage point. As he wrote in the 1928 Preface to the second edition of *The Sacred Wood* (1920), looking back on his first book of essays, he had "passed on to another problem . . . that of the relation of poetry to the spiritual and social life of its time and other times" (3.413). His long spiritual journey was accompanied by a deepening interest in the history, complexity, and difficulty of belief in the modern world. In the prose of these years, Eliot explored the relation of belief to poetry and humanism in debates with I. A. Richards, John Middleton Murry, and Irving Babbitt; considered the sources and collaborations of Elizabethan poetry and drama; and probed the moral character of contemporary literature. His British citizenship brought a lasting concern for the political forces threatening the relation of church and state in England and Europe. Eliot spoke out on behalf of the *Action française* while distinguishing it from Italian fascism, writing in the *Criterion* in 1929: "If, as we believe, the indifference to politics as actually conducted is growing, then we must prepare a state of mind towards something other than the facile alternative of communist or fascist dictatorship" (3.598). As a reviewer, editor, and publisher, he also responded to a wide array of writers and topics that reflected the trends and problems of the day, including copyright reform, censorship, literary piracy, historic preservation, church controversies, and London slums. All of his writing during this intensive three-year period was composed in the midst of demanding editorial and publishing responsibilities, family and employee deaths, a failing marriage, and a transformed spiritual and civic life.

While Volume 1 covers fourteen years, and Volume 2, eight years, this volume includes only three; in sheer numbers it represents Eliot's most productive period as a literary journalist. Eliot's personal burdens continued as before, but the quantity of his prose writings increased dramatically. Compared with the twenty-two pieces of 1926 (a respectable number by any measure), in 1927 he published fifty-two essays, book reviews, commentaries, translations, and letters to the editor, as well as the lecture "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" and his introduction to *Seneca His Tenne Tragedies*. Nearly the same number followed in 1928 (forty-seven new periodical contributions); 1929 saw the publication of his small book on Dante as well as twenty-four prose pieces. During this time Eliot also wrote three of his Ariel poems – *Journey of the Magi*, *A Song for Simeon*, and *Animula*; the six poems that comprise *Ash-Wednesday*; and a translation of St. John Perse's poem *Anabasis*, each published individually between covers. The nine essays that he collected in his third critical volume, *For Lancelot Andrewes* (1928), represent only a fraction of his writing from this period.

ELIOT'S LIFE, 1927-1929

The question during these years is how Eliot was able to keep up such a pace of writing while editing the *Criterion*, working full-time at Faber & Gwyer, and surviving the strains of his personal life. One answer is that his religious conversion focused his interests and gave new purpose to his writing. His turn to the church was not sudden; hints of his private spiritual search can be found in his early poetry, his study of Bradley's Absolute, his years of immersion in Dante, his acceptance of the doctrine of original sin, and his more recent interest in the sermons of English divines from Andrewes to Donne. It was a surprise to his brother and sister-in-law, however, when he fell to his knees before Michaelangelo's *Pietà* during their journey to Rome in the summer of 1926 (2.xxxvi). That winter, in a review of I. A. Richards's *Science and Poetry*, he stated to the public: "If I believe, as I do believe, that the chief distinction of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, Mr. Richards' theory of value is inadequate" (3.46).

In November 1926 Eliot had initiated contact with William Force Stead, Chaplain to Worcester College, Oxford, who invited him to visit and who afterwards wrote, "My impression was that you had changed your point of view; that you were dissatisfied with both the form and mood of the Waste Land and that you are now working . . . from an outlook on life based not upon doubt and negation but upon a theistic philosophy" (*L3* 359n). By

February 1927, Eliot began to correspond with Stead about his intended conversion:

> What I want to see you about is this: I want your advice, information & your practical assistance in getting Confirmation with the Anglican Church. I am sure you will be glad to help me. But meanwhile I rely upon you not to mention this to anyone. I do not want any publicity or notoriety – for the moment, it concerns me alone, & not the public – not even those nearest me. I *hate* spectacular 'conversions.'
>
> By the way, I was born & bred in the very heart of Boston Unitarianism. (*L3* 404)

They discussed whether Eliot would require baptism – as a Unitarian, he had been baptized but not in the name of the Trinity – and what knowledge he would have to demonstrate for his confirmation. "I think in your case," Stead wrote, "if you can write such an excellent review of Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, you are already above the average in your knowledge of Anglican theology" (*L3* 428n). Eliot was eventually baptized on 29 June and confirmed the next day by the Bishop of Oxford, in private. Though some friends did not learn about this event until later, he made no secret of his religious commitment in reviews of and replies to Richards, Murry, and Babbitt. It was Babbitt, in fact, who advised him that he should publicly clarify his literary, political, and religious positions. Eliot responded by announcing them in the Preface to *For Lancelot Andrewes* the following year: "The general point of view may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion" (3.513).

The demands placed on Eliot by his editorship of the *Criterion* increased dramatically when the quarterly became a monthly in May of 1927, another factor in the increased number of Eliot's prose writings. He produced a substantial "Commentary" for each of the next eleven months, as well as six other reviews for the *Criterion*. The monthly format also required more time soliciting contributions and obtaining copy from reviewers for the always-imminent deadlines of the next issue. By November, when the monthly format proved commercially unsuccessful, the directors of Faber & Gwyer proposed reverting to quarterly publication. Eliot traveled to Switzerland to discuss this change with the journal's founding patron, Lady Rothermere, estranged wife of newspaper magnate Harold Sidney Harmsworth. As Eliot wrote to his mother afterwards:

> I found that she was very sick of The Criterion, and did not mind saying so, to such an extent that it would have been impossible to go on that way. . . . One gets very tired in time of doing a job in which oneself is so submerged; fighting other people's battles, and advertising other people's wares. (*L3* 862-63)

When Lady Rothermere withdrew her capital, Eliot at first believed that the journal had come to an end; ultimately, however, a number of private supporters were found to ensure its continuance. Faber & Gwyer took on the rest of the financial burden of a periodical that did not increase company revenue directly but enhanced the firm's prestige and became a conduit for acquiring new authors for their list.

Not only the *Criterion* but the firm itself changed hands during this period. Eliot was drawn into negotiating between chairman Geoffrey Faber and Alsina and Maurice Linford Gwyer, who were co-proprietors of the firm but not actively involved in its management. Disagreements arose and persisted; while Faber wanted to invest more in the company, Maurice Gwyer disapproved of many of his business decisions. Their conflicting positions were finally settled in 1929 with the sale of the Gwyer part of the business – the *Nursing Mirror* – and the formation of a new firm, Faber and Faber, with Eliot as one of the directors. On 13 July, Eliot wrote to his mother: "Now that Faber & Gwyer has become Faber and Faber instead, I find that I have a good deal more of general publishing business on my hands than before: advising on manuscripts, discussing with authors and possible authors, and general matters of policy and finance. The business is fairly promising; and the management very harmonious" (*L4* 548). Yet his feelings about publishing were mixed at best, as revealed in his career advice to *Criterion* contributor J. S. Barnes:

> There is a perpetual struggle between one's ideals and the necessity of hitting the market; most of the books one publishes are intellectually and morally worthless; you are interested in poetry and you have to sit up planning the "lay-out" of a book on cricket, or the memoirs of some eminent nincompoop; and insensibly it becomes harder to read any book for profit or enjoyment, or to judge any book except commercially. You have to work just as hard and just as commercially, as in any other business; and this business somehow has an odious connexion with your intellectual interests which befouls them. (*L4* 640)

As with the *Monthly Criterion*, the creation of the new firm meant less time for writing and yet more pressure to do so. To support the fledging firm, Eliot gave up part of his salary and complained that he had to make up the difference "by reviewing, articles, prefaces, lectures, broadcasting talks, and anything that turns up. I begin, I confess, to feel a little tired at my age, of such irregular sources of income" (*L4* 652-53).

Conditions at home were anything but auspicious for writing. Eliot began 1927 in the shadow of his sister Charlotte's death and Vivien's mental instability, which had brought her to the verge of suicide the previous summer. In March, Vivien's father Charles Haigh-Wood died after a long illness, magnifying both the daughter's psychological torment and the son-in-law's domestic responsibilities: as one of the executors of the will, Eliot took on the job of settling the estate with lawyers and accountants. In the meantime, his own mother began to decline; every letter he wrote to Charlotte Eliot during these years – until her death in September 1929 – expresses worry about her health. Yet he felt he could not return to the States to see her while Vivien remained suicidal. Eliot wrote to his brother Henry on 30 August 1927:

> no doctor will commit anyone to an asylum unless they have either manifestly tried to commit suicide or committed a criminal assault upon someone else. So there is no likelihood of getting Vivien into a Home at present. We must therefore wait until she either annoys people in the public street (which I am always expecting) or tries to take her own life, before I can do anything about it. Meanwhile I feel that I must not leave her, even for a night, as this sort of thing might happen at any time. (*L3* 674)

In September, Vivien returned to the Sanatorium de la Malmaison outside of Paris, where she had been treated the previous year, and remained there until late February 1928.

Even with frequent visits to Paris to check on Vivien, Eliot found that her absence gave him time to work and relief from the "daily anxiety and necessity" of staying by her side (*L3* 649). The second half of 1927 stands apart as a respite from the litany of miseries that Eliot experienced throughout the 1920s. He began composing and publishing individually the poems that he would assemble as *Ash-Wednesday* (1930), starting with "Salutation" in December 1927. By 31 January, this period of respite was coming to an end. "You must have gathered from Tom what a *horrible* mess all this is," Vivien wrote to Ottoline Morrell. "But as you can see, he simply hates the sight of me. And I *don't know what to do*" (*L4* 28). "V. has come back with me," he himself wrote to Ottoline after returning from Paris three weeks later. "It *may* not be a bad thing" (*L4* 50).

Eliot made his first confession in March 1928, writing afterwards to Stead, "I do not expect myself to make great progress at present, only to 'keep my soul alive' by prayer and regular devotions. . . . I feel that nothing could be too ascetic, too violent, for my own needs" (*L4* 128). In his search for austere self-discipline, Eliot read St. John of the Cross closely, drawing on *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* for both his private and artistic life, as in one of the epigraphs to *Sweeney Agonistes*: "Hence the soul cannot be possessed of the divine union, until it has divested itself of the love of created beings." In his gradual estrangement from Vivien and desire to return to a seemingly happier, less painful time, he had begun corresponding with his beloved from graduate-school days, Emily Hale. He sent her a copy of *Ara Vos Prec* (1920), inscribed with lines from Dante's *Inferno* spoken by Brunetto Latini, author of *Il Tesoro* (*The Treasure*): "'sieti raccomandato il mio "Tesoro," / nel quale vivo ancora; e più non cheggio.'/ Poi si revolse" ("'let my "Treasure," in which I still live, be commended to thee; and more I ask not.' Then he turned back").

Misfortunes, major and minor, followed throughout the next eighteen months, beginning with the illness of Eliot's secretary Pearl Fassett, whose capable organization and literary skills had kept the *Criterion* going since 1923. Diagnosed with tuberculosis, she resigned in April and died in July at the age of 27. "I really *do not know* how he gets on without her," Vivien wrote to Mary Hutchinson. "Of course he is *so* reserved & peculiar that he never says anything about it, & one cannot get him to speak. . . . [Pearl] was the most perfect *companion* & friend that anyone ever had. I have never known anyone like her" (*L4* 265). Vivien fell ill again in March 1928; during the next year she suffered from a succession of debilitating illnesses and psychosomatic ailments. Virginia Woolf wrote in her diary:

> I stand for half an hour listening while he says that Vivien cant walk. Her legs have gone. But whats the matter? No one knows. . . . And they have difficulties, humiliations, with servants. . . . But what a vision of misery, imagined, but real too. Vivien with her foot on a stool, in bed all day; Tom hurrying back lest she abuse him: this is our man of genius. (*L4* 490n)

To make matters worse – or rather in an attempt to make them better – the couple continued to seek a satisfactory place to live, redecorating their flat throughout the summer of 1928; flat-hunting in the spring of 1929; selling their flat on Chester Terrace in June (when Vivien was immobile); moving to a "most terrible flat" at Clarence Gate Gardens. "We are in a bad state," Vivien wrote to Mary Hutchinson:

> We have never been away at all. The summer seemed like *2 long hot* summers, never ending. You last saw us at 57 Chester Terrace. And I believe we were congratulating ourselves on moving to a flat. Did I tell you I had never seen the flat? I left it to Tom to choose it. Very stupid & unfair of me . . . It is quite awful . . . And hideous. . . . So after nearly 3 months pining we are going to move again if we can *only* get it off our hands. (*L4* 613)

Yet none of these domestic troubles can compare to the blow delivered on 10 September 1929, when Eliot learned by telegram that his mother had died. On that day, Vivien wrote to Mary: "I fear for Tom, at this time" (*L4* 615). In his own letters, Eliot says little except to ask his brother Henry for certain keepsakes; about the loss itself he remains silent.

BELIEF

"A Note on Poetry and Belief" is one of the earliest essays in this volume, and it sounds the theme that Eliot explores with special intensity during and immediately following his conversion. It also marks the opening of Eliot's decade-long conversation with I. A. Richards about poetry and belief, instigated by the Cambridge psychologist's 1925 declaration that in *The Waste Land* Eliot had "effected a complete separation between his poetry and *all* beliefs" (3.18). Eliot rejected this interpretation of his work but also found it thought-provoking, replying to Richards no less than three times between 1927 and 1929. His responses in a sense book-end this volume, beginning with "A Note on Poetry and Belief" and "Literature, Science, and Dogma" (January and March 1927) and ending with a note devoted to Richards in *Dante* (September 1929).

In these pieces Eliot considers the questions raised by Richards's theory that poetic statements, unlike scientific statements, are not verifiable and thus have no objective truth-value. While this theory was not compatible with Eliot's strongly-stated preference for poetry based in (what he found to be) a coherent belief system, it did offer a way to appreciate poetry expressing beliefs he did not share. Thus Eliot asks whether a poetry that expresses *no* belief is possible, and he answers no, he cannot imagine what it would look like. Is a future poetry removed from all belief "capable of saving us"? No, he concludes, that is "like saying that the wall-paper will save us when the walls have crumbled" (3.48). But he does agree with Richards that one may enter into an imaginative sympathy with a poet despite holding divergent beliefs. In the first two pieces, Eliot uses skepticism to undermine Richards's own skeptical treatment of belief. Pointing out that the term "belief" doesn't just apply to religion, he observes that Bertrand Russell "believes that when he is dead he will rot; I cannot subscribe with that conviction to *any* belief" (3.46). In "A Note on Poetry and Belief" he remarks that "doubt and uncertainty are merely a variety of belief" (3.19).

The conversation with Richards offered Eliot an occasion to explore questions of pressing personal import. In their occasionality these essays are typical of Eliot's prose. When he directly engaged with questions of religious belief, he tended to do so in dialogue with secular intellectuals from his own circle of acquaintances. Richards, Murry, and Babbitt served him as interlocutors on the subject of literature and belief; Russell and H. G. Wells served him as foils. Murry, previously editor of the *Athenaeum* and then of the *Adelphi,* was from 1919 Eliot's intimate friend "in spite of our absolute antagonism on almost every serious matter" (*L3* 735). The two soon opened a debate over romanticism and classicism that enlivened the pages of both of their journals, from Eliot's "The Function of Criticism" (1923) (2.458) to his "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis" (1927).[1] When the debate began, Murry championed romantic individualism against Eliot's defense of classicism and "external authority," a position that makes Eliot's later commitments to church and crown look inevitable in retrospect. As the argument developed, with Herbert Read and Ramon Fernandez joining in, Eliot strategically placed himself on the side of thought and intelligence as against feeling and intuition. In "Popular Theologians: Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc and Mr. Murry," Eliot treats *Adelphi* contributor H. G. Wells as something of a surrogate for Murry, deprecating Wells's intellectual abilities in comparison to Murry's, but calling the beliefs behind Murry's biography of Jesus "incomprehensible" (3.67). Murry attempted to find a middle ground between intuition and intelligence in "Towards a Synthesis" (*Criterion*, June 1927). In his reply, "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis," Eliot refused the olive branch, objecting that "For Mr. Murry poetry . . . is a substitute for everything: not only for the 'abstract conceptual thinking' of science and philosophy, but for religion itself" (3.273).

Accusing Murry of historical relativism, Eliot asserted that he possessed a "false ecstasy of admiration for something you do not believe in," and concluded, "For a world like Mr. Murry's there is no danger, because nothing in it is worthy of preservation." Though this exchange did not end their friendship, Murry wrote to Eliot: "It seems that there really is some sort of abyss between us – not humanly thank goodness – but in respect of our ideas & convictions. If I didn't know you, I should suspect you of trying to score debating points – that gives you a notion of the separation I feel at the moment . . . " (*L3* 676n).

Eliot might have classified Murry's idea – that poetry and other arts can take the place of religion – as a form of *humanism*. Irving Babbitt's defense of humanism went back to his 1895 lecture, "What Is Humanism?," and Eliot was familiar with the term from his Harvard days; however, the word rarely appears in his writing before the publication of "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" in July 1928.[2] From 1928, however, "humanism" joins "romanticism" and "intuition" in his cabinet of opprobrium. Eliot shared much common ground with Babbitt, particularly the scorn he expressed for Rousseau's "doctrine of natural goodness" in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919). But Eliot now separates himself from his mentor, arguing that humanism cannot stand very well or very long on its own without religion; he sees Babbitt's humanism as "a product – a by-product – of Protestant theology in its last agonies"; "it has never found anything to replace what it destroyed" (3.457). He points out that what religion supplies is precisely the "inner check" that Babbitt claims for humanism. For those humanists who have separated themselves from the religious attitude, Eliot holds little respect: "the humanist has suppressed the divine, and is left with a human element which may quickly descend again to the animal from which he has sought to raise it" (3.455).

In 1929 Eliot followed up with "Second Thoughts about Humanism," which examines the work of Babbitt's follower Norman Foerster, whom he calls a "zealot" and a "heretic" for trying to make humanism and literature "do the work of philosophy, ethics and theology" (3.618). His embattled attitude towards Foerster's "snack-at-the-bar" variety of humanism goes hand in hand with an element of self-defense against those who have questioned the sincerity of his belief:

> Most people suppose that some people, because they enjoy the luxury of Christian sentiments and the excitement of Christian ritual, swallow or pretend to swallow incredible dogma. For some the process is exactly

> opposite. Rational assent may arrive late, intellectual conviction may come slowly, but they come inevitably without violence to honesty and nature. To put the sentiments in order is a later, and an immensely difficult task: intellectual freedom is earlier and easier than complete spiritual freedom. (3.455)

Not long after "Second Thoughts," Eliot wrote in a similar vein to his friend Paul Elmer More:

> Most critics appear to think that my catholicism is merely an escape or an evasion, certainly a defeat. I acknowledge the difficulty of a positive Christianity nowadays; and I can only say that the dangers pointed out, and my own weaknesses, have been apparent to me long before my critics noticed them. But it [is] rather trying to be supposed to have settled oneself in an easy chair, when one has just begun a long journey afoot. (*L4* 567)

In his confrontations with Murry, Babbitt, and Foerster, Eliot argues strongly in defense of the necessary relation of humanism and religion, even as his lifelong skepticism keeps him company on his continuous spiritual journey.

Eliot included "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, together with recent essays on Baudelaire and Machiavelli, authors in whom Eliot finds value for their recognition of the reality of original sin as the basis of moral value. In "Poet and Saint…," his 1927 review of Arthur Symons's new translation of Baudelaire, Eliot praises Symons for perceiving Baudelaire's preoccupation with religious values, but he criticizes the translator's "childish" fascination with vice (3.73). Eliot's debt to Symons went back to 1908, when *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* opened a world of poetry to him. Again in 1919, Symons's addition of a chapter on Baudelaire to the revised edition of his book prompted Eliot's study of the French poet. Baudelaire's presence in *The Waste Land* was one of the consequences of this study. Reviewing Symons's translation, Eliot makes a case for an appreciation of Baudelaire beyond his role in Symbolism: "being the kind of Christian that he was, born when he was, he had to discover Christianity for himself. . . . To him the notion of Original Sin came spontaneously, and the need for prayer" (3.76). Retitled "Baudelaire in Our Time" when collected in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, the review takes its place between Eliot's "Lesson of Baudelaire" (1921) and

"Baudelaire" (1930) in his developing interpretation of Baudelaire as a moralist.

While Eliot's unorthodox reading of Baudelaire illuminates his own spiritual struggle, his bold praise of Machiavelli, another figure with a reputation for cynicism, focuses on Machiavelli's honesty about the baseness of human nature. To Eliot, he is "no fanatic":

> he merely told the truth about humanity. The world of human motives which he depicts is true – that is to say, it is humanity without the addition of superhuman Grace. It is therefore tolerable only to persons who also have a definite religious belief; to the effort of the last three centuries to supply religious belief by belief in Humanity the creed of Machiavelli is insupportable (3.117).

His ill repute, Eliot writes in Machiavelli's defense, is humanity's attempt "to protect itself, by secreting a coating of falsehood, against any statement of the truth" (3.118). In a searching review of Eliot's essay, Desmond MacCarthy recognizes the limited appeal of Machiavelli but sharply rejects Eliot's view of him as a "sound moralist" by pointing out his treachery and cruelty:

> From [Eliot's] new point of view, what appears sympathetic and therefore important in Machiavelli is that his theory of government takes for granted the utter vileness of human nature when untouched by 'Grace.' Machiavelli seems a sound moralist to Mr. Eliot because he thinks of him as one who has grasped the dogma of original sin, a sound statesman because he valued order, whatever the means to establish it, above liberty. . . . What shocked mankind was that Machiavelli, having taken firm hold of the fact that the ethics of government are not those of private life, should show such complete indifference to the discord. (*L4* 417-18n)

"I admit that you show me that I have made some exaggerated statements about Machiavelli," Eliot wrote to MacCarthy on 6 February 1929. "Your criticism of my Machiavelli essay seems to me very sound" (*L4* 418). Eliot consequently wished to "scrap" the essay and remove it from his collected canon: he did not carry it forward into *Selected Essays* (1932). When *For Lancelot Andrewes* went out of print and underwent substantive revision as *Essays Ancient and Modern* in 1936, he wrote in the preface to the English edition that he was "omitting two papers with which I was dissatisfied, on Machiavelli and on Crashaw." Eliot had earlier explained his dissatisfaction to Bonamy Dobrée in a letter of 13 September 1930:

> I doubt myself whether good philosophy any more than good criticism . . . can be written without strong feeling . . . my essay on Machiavelli, for instance, is not good, not because I did not know enough (which I didn't) but because I had not soaked deep enough in Machiavelli to feel intensely – therefore, in so far as there is any good in it, that is because it is not about Machiavelli at all. (*L5* 317).

His view of Machiavelli at the time of writing may have been related, in fact, to his more intensely felt support of the political views of Charles Maurras, for Machiavelli, too, Eliot writes, also "maintained steadily that an established Church was of the greatest value to a State"(3.113).

In contrast to his appreciation for certain characteristics of Machiavelli, Eliot finds little to approve of in Hobbes, both in the Machiavelli essay and in "John Bramhall," which was also included in *For Lancelot Andrewes.* Eliot sees Hobbes as a cynic more interested in his own theory than in the good of the state, as a precursor of modern psychologists (he may have had Richards in mind) who explain human nature in terms of "natural impulses" that leave no place for free will, consciousness, "or for human beings" (3.144). Eliot contrasts Hobbes with the Anglican Archbishop John Bramhall, whose work offers a "perfect example of the pursuit of the *via media*." In "Lancelot Andrewes" (1926) (2.817), Eliot had followed John Henry Newman in characterizing Anglicanism as a middle way between radical Protestantism and Catholicism. From this point forward, Eliot seeks the *via media* as a guide for political, religious, and cultural issues. It guides him to reject both communism and fascism, but also to express admiration for Bramhall's belief in the divine right of kings, a "noble faith" that was Bramhall's way of laying on the king a religious as well as a civil obligation to his people. Many of Eliot's contemporaries found this royalist preference hard to follow; Eliot himself called it a "noble though untenable faith" in the first printing of the essay (as "Archbishop Bramhall"). But Eliot was willing to take an unpopular and unlikely path when reason led him there: "the *via media* is of all ways the most difficult to follow," he concludes (3.146).

Along with essays of clear religious import, *For Lancelot Andrewes* includes Eliot's 1927 review of F. H. Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, "Francis Herbert Bradley." This essay is partly an act of homage for the philosopher from whom (Eliot said) he had learned all he knew about prose writing (*L4* 411). In assessing Bradley's place in nineteenth-century history between Mill and

Arnold, Eliot seems to reflect on his own activities as an essayist and public intellectual. He describes Bradley as "fighting for a European and ripened and wise philosophy, against an insular and immature and cranky one," an aim he clearly shares (3.307). He places Bradley, Arnold, Babbitt, and himself on the same side of a perennial struggle against utilitarianism and philistinism, fighting "rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that anything will triumph" (3.308). Despite the values shared by Arnold and Bradley, however, Eliot observes that Arnold's veneration of culture was not immune from Bradley's attack. And he signals his coming critique of Babbitt's humanism by pointing out that Arnold's "best self" is not unlike Babbitt's "inner check." Continuing to develop the parallel between himself and Bradley, Eliot identifies the philosopher's "skepticism and uncynical disillusion" as tools for revealing his opponents' errors. He adds that these "are a useful equipment for religious understanding," a conclusion that aligns closely with his remark in "A Note on Poetry and Belief" that "doubt and uncertainty are merely a variety of belief" (3.19).

Eliot chose to include some of his sterner essays, all written before December 1927, in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, but he soon began to write more sympathetically about contemporary religious writers, such as Baron Friedrich von Hügel, Jacques and Raïssa Maritain, and Paul Elmer More. A gradual softening of the controversial tone in Eliot's writings on belief may be discerned after October 1928, when Geoffrey Faber invited him to write an essay on Dante for the firm's new "Poets on the Poets" series. Given a free hand to reflect on this great poet, Eliot set out to give his reader "a faithful account" of his devoted reading and understanding of the *Divine Comedy* and the *Vita Nuova* over the past twenty years. "This, and no more, I can do," he informed his readers in the preface to the Faber publication. He described the essay to Pound as "merely a small autobiographical fragment" (*L4* 698) and admitted to John Cournos that he "did not bother to do any reading or re-reading, but just wrote ahead" (*L4* 654). Composed as a close reading of cantos and episodes crucial to his own intellectual and spiritual understanding of Dante's work, and of the nature of Dante's New Life in the *Vita Nuova*, the essay became a cornerstone of his critical canon.

In this sixty-nine page book – at first Eliot called it a "popular pamphlet" before collecting it in *Selected Essays* (1932) as "Dante" – he examines the fusion of Dante's literary technique with his religious beliefs. He begins by observing that Dante achieved universality by virtue of his linguistic and geographic proximity to the center of Europe, his use of allegory, and his visual imagination. Further, he claims that we can appreciate Dante's hell because he represents it as a state, rather than a place: a man may be "damned or blessed in the creatures of his imagination" (3.711). The literary qualities of the *Inferno* may still give pleasure to readers who do not share its value system. In his discussion of the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso*, Eliot thinks through the role of the reader's beliefs in appreciating such a poem. Dante's "private belief becomes a different thing in becoming poetry" (3.718). By the same token, "you cannot afford to *ignore* Dante's philosophical and theological beliefs, or to skip the passages which express them most clearly; but that on the other hand you are not called upon to believe them yourself" (3.717). Teasing apart "philosophical *belief* and poetic *assent*," Eliot could not resist working in a long "Note to Section II," in which he takes up his differences with Richards once again.

Eliot wrote to Richards in advance of publication that he had "worked in a few notions discussed with you: the idea of . . . the difference between philosophy as philosophy and philosophy in poetry: the distinction between Belief and Poetic Assent or acceptance" (*L4* 506). He may have known that Richards had already begun his extensive "Notes on Belief-Problems for T. S. E."[3] Eliot's own "Note" is written in similar terms as before, but with a concluding admission that "I cannot, in practice, wholly separate my poetic appreciation from my personal beliefs," and that "one probably has more pleasure in the poetry when one shares the beliefs of the poet" (3.729-30). "I am sending you my small Dante essay," he wrote to Richards on publication, "in which you will find traces of conversations. Of course it is an elementary, almost one-syllable essay; but I want you to read the note to [section] II" (*L4* 662). The note was, in effect, a mini-essay, justified on the one hand as a statement on belief or poetic assent for modern readers of Dante, but on the other as a summary of his present position directed primarily to Richards. Such was his confidence that, while reading final proofs, Eliot offered the editor of a new periodical a separate essay on "The Place of Belief in the Appreciation of Poetry, a subject hitherto hardly dealt with except by I. A. Richards in his recent book *Practical Criticism* which you ought to look at" (*L4* 558). That essay, which likely would have incorporated Richards's point of view, never materialized, but the two would continue their dialogue well into the next decade.[4]

In the third and final section of "Dante," Eliot discusses Dante's transmutation of biographical experiences in the *Vita Nuova*, approaching the work by affirming that it "could only have been written around a personal experience" and by declaring that "I cannot find it incredible that what has happened to others should have happened to Dante with much greater intensity" (3.732). Prior to writing the essay, Eliot had reviewed Gratia Eaton Baldwin's *The New Beatrice* (1928), criticizing the author for denying the presence of the personal in the allegory: "Though the form of the 'Vita Nuova' be shaped by convention, though it is in no way autobiographical in the modern sense, the book is obviously based on human passion; and without this basis it would have been merely a curiosity of literature, not an immortal work" (3.502). Eliot subsequently wrote to Paul Elmer More that his "only contribution" in the essay "is possibly a few hints about the *Vita Nuova*, which seems to me a work of capital importance for the discipline of the emotions; and my last short poem *Ash Wednesday* is really a first attempt at a sketchy application of the philosophy of the *Vita Nuova* to modern life" (*L5* 209). To Eliot, the *Vita Nuova*,

> besides being a sequence of beautiful poems connected by a curious vision-literature prose is, I believe, a very sound psychological treatise on something related to what is now called "sublimation." There is also a practical sense of realities behind it, which is antiromantic: not to expect more from *life* than it can give or more from *human* beings than they can give; to look to *death* for what life cannot give. The *Vita Nuova* belongs to "vision literature"; but its philosophy is the Catholic philosophy of disillusion. (3.733)

"Dante" begins as an introduction to some of the literary qualities that give the *Divine Comedy* universality, and ends with a personal reflection on the necessity of a framework of belief to give meaning to life. This section of the essay may speak to the process of sublimation to which Eliot was subjecting his own feelings for Emily Hale, who had come back into his life, and to his writing of the Dantesque sequence of poems that became *Ash-Wednesday*. The final section of this essay seems to carry the question of poetry and belief beyond an intellectual debate between himself and Richards and directly into his own life as a man and poet.

ELIZABETHAN AND SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE

Perhaps Eliot's most abiding intellectual passion as a critic was with the literature of the Elizabethan Age and the seventeenth century, extending back to his 1919 essays on Marlowe and *Hamlet*. During this time Eliot contemplated writing books on Donne, Elizabethan drama, and "the Sons of Ben," but all had to be deferred for more pressing and remunerative invitations. He took every opportunity, however, to write and lecture on Renaissance drama, poetry, and prose, at no time more intensely than during the years 1927 to 1929. In more than twenty-one articles, two pamphlets, and six BBC lectures, he celebrated and criticized new Renaissance scholarship, offered his own analysis of influences and textual problems, and probed the poetic, dramatic, and moral implications of many works. His prolific output was fed by a steady stream of books sent for review by Bruce Richmond, editor of the *TLS*, and by ideas that he had developed in 1926 while giving the Clark Lectures. In a letter to Geoffrey Faber, who had proposed him as a candidate for a research fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford, Eliot indicated the concept behind much of his thinking:

> For a long time, at any rate since the age of Lamb and Coleridge, the criticism and consequently the production of English literature has been largely determined by the opinions held concerning Shakespeare and his age. Any revaluation of literature is therefore dependent upon a revaluation of the literature of this age. This is what I wish to attempt; but it is manifest that any attempt at such a large reorganisation must exceed the borders of "literature." It is a study, focused upon a definite point, of the temper and mind of the period from Henry VIII to Cromwell, and must take account of influences and interests political, philosophical, theological and social. (*L3* 141)

Eliot's intimacy with the quickly changing field of Renaissance studies, combined with his broad goal of "revaluation," resulted in a peak of intense writing, from his introduction to *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies* in 1927, which he thought "the most scholarly piece of work that I have done" (*L3* 707), to his broadcasts on the varieties of Tudor prose for the BBC in 1929.

While Eliot was writing "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" for Charles Whibley's "Tudor Translations" series, already two years behind schedule, he was invited to address the Shakespeare Association; the topic he chose was "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca." The two works were completed within weeks of each other in spring 1927 and effectively make a pair, with the second building on the foundations of the first. "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" seeks, on the one hand, to exonerate the Roman philosopher and playwright from responsibility for "the horrors which disfigure Elizabethan drama" – a gruesome taste for violence that, Eliot argues, belonged to the time and not to Seneca's influence (3.205). On the other hand, he credits Seneca with shaping fundamental formal aspects of Renaissance drama: the five-act play and the blank verse line, which developed as the closest English equivalent to the Senecan iambic. Eliot also gestures to Seneca's influence on the thought ("or what passes for thought") of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. He picks up this thread in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca," arguing that Shakespeare, while not "Senecan," reflects an element of Roman stoicism in the self-dramatization of his tragic heroes at the moment of their fall, such as Othello "cheering himself up" over Desdemona's body (3.248). Eliot argues that Shakespeare's "cynicism and disillusion" were most likely derived from personal causes unknown to us, but that his dramas "metamorphose private failures and disappointments" "into something rich and strange." The essay becomes a reflection on how "a great poet, in writing himself, writes his time" (3.254). Eliot intends his remarks about the Elizabethan age to apply to his own time as well: "a period of dissolution and chaos; and in such a period any emotional attitude which seems to give a man something firm, even if it be only the attitude of 'I am myself alone,' is eagerly taken up" (3.249). The pair of essays on Seneca make an instructive contrast; in the first, Eliot strives for scholarly accuracy about literary influence and avoids broader questions of intellectual history; in the second, admitting both personal and speculative lines of thought, he explores what makes Seneca interesting for himself and modern readers.

In other essays on Renaissance drama, Eliot shifts among the perspectives of scholar, cultural and moral critic, and poet. Reviewing new editions of Jonson and studies of Chapman and Marlowe, Eliot enters into scholarly debates about authorship, texts, and influences. He praises F. L. Lucas, the Cambridge fellow and librarian with whom he had an increasingly strained relationship over the years, for his four-volume edition of Webster's *Complete Works*, but criticizes Lucas for overvaluing "desperate courage" in Webster and thereby confusing ethics and aesthetics (3.330). In a letter to Mario Praz about this review, he offers a test for successful criticism: "what was the conception of Webster which made him so important to Lucas with reference to Lucas's own temperament?" (*L4* 68). This is a question that Eliot's most thoughtful essays seek to answer about himself and other critics.

In "Thomas Middleton," the one essay on drama included in *For Lancelot Andrewes*, Eliot praises Middleton's realism and objectivity. "Of all the Elizabethan dramatists," Eliot writes, "Middleton seems the most impersonal" in his plays. He has "no point of view, is neither sentimental nor cynical; he is neither resigned, nor disillusioned, nor romantic; he has no message" (3.123). Middleton's impersonality, his being "merely the name which associates six or seven great plays," appeals to Eliot's temperament, as does Middleton's representation of human fallibility in *The Changeling* and *The Roaring Girl*. In the midst of "tedious discourse," suddenly we encounter characters who "are real and impelled irresistibly by the fundamental motions of humanity to good or evil." What is "real" and "permanent" to Eliot is Middleton's depiction of moral conflict. He sees *The Changeling* as one of the greatest Elizabethan tragedies, declaring that "in the moral sense of tragedy it is safe to say that in this play Middleton is surpassed by one Elizabethan alone, and that is Shakespeare" (3.125). He describes Middleton in his comedies as "a great observer of human nature, without fear, without sentiment, without prejudice" (3.128). In particular, he praises *The Roaring Girl* as a work that "more than any Elizabethan comedy realizes a free and noble womanhood" (3.129).

Ever since he published "The Possibility of a Poetic Drama" (1920), in which he laments "the incompetence of our time in poetic drama," Eliot had been searching Elizabethan drama and popular modern genres such as music hall and farce in an attempt to satisfy the "legitimate craving, not restricted to a few persons, which only the verse play can satisfy" (2.278). To Eliot, modern attempts to revive the poetic drama "have begun at the wrong end; they have aimed at the small public which wants 'poetry,'" whereas the Elizabethan drama "aimed at a public which wanted *entertainment* of a crude sort, but would *stand* a good deal of poetry; our problem should be to take a form of entertainment, and subject it to the process which would leave it a form of art" (2.283). Eliot took his first steps toward creating a poetic drama that would transform popular forms of entertainment into art in "Fragment of a Prologue" (1926) and "Wanna Go Home, Baby?" (1927), brought together in *Sweeney Agonistes*. He observed in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" that "Seneca's plays might, in fact, be practical models for the modern 'broadcasted drama'" (3.198).

Invited to introduce Dryden's dialogue *Of Dramatick Poesie: An Essay 1668* (1928), Eliot developed his thoughts about drama in "A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry," a conversation among "a half-dozen men who may be imagined as sitting in a tavern after lunch," a form that "enables me to discuss the subject without pretending to come to any conclusion" (3.396). The speakers, identified only by letters of the alphabet, consider the various purposes of drama (to amuse, to flatter the prejudices of the mob, to provide form); analogues to poetic drama (the ballet, the Mass); cultural obstacles to a present-day poetic drama, and practical issues in dramatic production. One speaker rhetorically throws up his hands by saying, "You can never draw the line between aesthetic criticism and moral and social criticism; you cannot draw a line between criticism and metaphysics; you start with literary criticism, and however rigorous an aesthete you may be, you are over the frontier into something else sooner or later" (3.406).

In the ten essays on Renaissance and seventeenth-century verse collected in this volume, Eliot deliberates on poets ranging from Shakespeare and Richard Crashaw to George Turbervile, Richard Edwards, John Denham, and a range of other minor figures. At the same time, he brings forward critical principles of impersonality developed in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" – the necessity of being aware that "the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates" (2.109). "The Problems of the Shakespeare Sonnets" appears at the same time as "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" and similarly reminds his audience not to read for autobiography, for a "fine poem which appears to be the record of a particular experience may be the work of a man who has never had that experience; a poem which *is* the record of a particular experience may bear no trace of that or of any experience" (3.38). Likewise, in "The Silurist," he criticizes Edmund Blunden for reading too much of his own nostalgia into the poetry of Henry Vaughan and over-ascribing a mystical quality to the work. In a distinction that he develops further in "Dante," Eliot states: "Poetry is mystical when it . . . succeeds in conveying . . . the statement of a perfectly definite experience which we call the mystical experience. . . . A genuine mystical *statement* is to be found in the last canto of the *Paradiso*; this is primarily great poetry" (3.191).

The only essay on seventeenth-century verse that Eliot chose for inclusion in *For Lancelot Andrewes* was "A Note on Richard Crashaw" (later excluded). Here again, as in "Thomas Middleton," he ventures to reveal what his critical temperament finds of interest in Crashaw's "peculiar form of greatness," believing as he does that Crashaw is "a much greater poet than he is usually supposed to be" (3.380). He finds Crashaw, who died at thirty-seven in Loreto, a "far more mature" poet and a greater craftsman of sound and sense than Keats and Shelley, whose early deaths in Italy brought their similarly "unfulfilled renown." On the other hand, he judges Crashaw as a devotional poet to be somewhat "deficient in humanity," in the sense that "his passion for heavenly objects is imperfect because it is partly a substitute for human passion. It is not impure, but it is incomplete." He contrasts Crashaw to Dante, who "always seems perfectly aware of every shade of both human and divine love; Beatrice is his means of transition between the two; and there is never any danger of his confounding the two loves" (3.382). Ultimately, however, Eliot is attracted to Crashaw's rich European sensibility, to the redeeming fact that he is more steeped in Latin, Italian, and continental literature and culture than his peers: "He is alone among the metaphysical poets of England, who were mostly intensely English: Crashaw is primarily a European" (3.383). Eliot agrees with Mario Praz's assessment that among seventeenth-century English and European writers Crashaw is to be seen as "the *representative* of the baroque spirit in literature."

In 1929, Eliot planned a series of six weekly BBC lectures on Tudor Prose, bringing forward authors and subjects that he first discussed in his 1918 Extension lectures on Elizabethan literature. Rather than addressing a specialized audience (as with his Seneca essays) or the educated readership of the *TLS* and the *Criterion*, Eliot now reached out in a new medium to unknown listeners. "Once you get used to talking in that way, without seeing any audience, it becomes very easy," he wrote to his mother, "and there is a pleasure in thinking that the people who listen really are listening, and not like so many people at a lecture who come merely to find out what you look like" (*L4* 554). In the future, Eliot was to broadcast numerous lectures for the BBC. Eliot divided the writers of Tudor prose into translators, "hack novelists and pamphleteers," philosophers, preachers, travelers and biographers. Published in shortened form in *The Listener* the day after each broadcast (with their full texts restored for the first time in this volume), these engaging lectures examine ordinary kinds of writing from the period in order to "watch the English mind learning to think and to speak" (3.625). Accordingly, Eliot shows how more sophisticated forms of writing emerged from a large body of workmanlike prose: he discusses how Shakespeare turned passages of Thomas North's translations into "great poetry" and how the underworld exposées of Robert Greene gave rise to modern crime fiction. In these talks Eliot returns to authors already familiar in his prose, such as Donne and Hooker, but he also revels in out-of-the-way works, including political pamphlets and the adventure stories and log-books of Elizabethan navigators. Delivering his thoughts orally seems to free Eliot – as it did in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" – to deal directly and freshly with Elizabethan authors as a fellow practitioner. He speaks of himself as a prose writer when he concludes the lectures: "the Elizabethan age is not something dead and embalmed, or unreal and romantic, but a living age which still lives in ourselves, and an age which had to tackle problems of thought and expression with which we are ourselves vitally concerned" (3.688).

POLITICS

Eliot's political prose in this volume ranges in topic from church and parliamentary politics to pan-European questions about forms of government. He offers the best introduction to his political interests in a *Criterion* "Commentary" of November 1927, the month of his naturalization:

> The man of letters of to-day is interested in a great many subjects – not because he has many interests, but because he finds that the study of his own subject leads him irresistibly to the study of the others; and he must study the others if only to disentangle his own, to find out what he is really doing himself. Three events in the last ten years may be instanced: the Russian revolution (which has also directed our attention to the East), the transformation of Italy (which has directed our attention to our own forms of government), and the condemnation of the *Action Française* by the Vatican. All of these events compel us to consider the problem of Liberty and Authority, both in politics and in the organization of speculative thought. Politics has become too serious a matter to be left to politicians . . . none of these problems is local. It is the same set of problems, perhaps in the end the same problem, which is occupying the mind of all Europe. (3.287)

Eliot identifies here the main themes of his political writing of the period: weighing communism and fascism as alternatives to democracy, defending the *Action française*, and deliberating on the role of the intellectual in politics.

Eliot's defense of the *Action française* preceded and largely led to the other confrontations. His favorable view of this reactionary movement and its leader, Charles Maurras, originated under Babbitt's tutelage and was reinforced by Eliot's own exposure to French politics in Paris. The March 1913 *Nouvelle Revue française*, to which he subscribed, described Maurras in terms very close to those that Eliot adopted for himself in 1928: "classique, catholique, monarchique." Three years later, in his 1916 Extension lectures on Modern French Literature, he included Maurras on the syllabus (see 1.475). Eliot gradually developed a personal relationship with Maurras, soliciting an article for the *Criterion* in 1923 that eventually appeared in January 1928, translated by Eliot as "Prologue to an Essay on Criticism." At the height of the movement's strength and popularity in the summer of 1926, Eliot enjoyed a dinner in Paris with the leaders of the *Action française*. But Maurras's fortunes quickly changed for the worse; in December of the same year Pope Pius XI condemned him and his organization, placing his writings (including the newspaper he edited) on the Index. In supporting Maurras during this time, Eliot was thus remaining loyal to someone he admired and developing a political position that loosely resembled Maurras's in theory.

The basis for Eliot's sympathy is evident in his first defense of the *Action française*, which appeared late in 1927; in a letter to the *Church Times* he describes Maurras as one who, "without religious belief himself, and without the support of any constituted authority, took upon himself to aim at the recovery of that social order without which the Catholic Church cannot flourish" (3.290). Three additional letters followed, and in March 1928 Eliot voiced his support in the pages of the *Criterion*, where he criticized Leo Ward's pamphlet, *The Condemnation of the "Action Française,"* for misrepresenting Maurras by quoting him out of context. Here Eliot also counters the claim that Maurras intends "to pervert his disciples and students away from Christianity," testifying: "I have been a reader of the work of Maurras for eighteen years; upon me he has had exactly the opposite effect" (3.374). In a further "Reply to Mr. Ward" in June, Eliot confronts Ward's assertion that Maurras as an agnostic political philosopher is "profoundly anti-Christian." "How can he be *anti*-Christian," Eliot asks, "when he admits that Catholic Christianity is essential to civilization? . . . I say only that if anyone is attracted by Maurras's political theory, and if that person has as well any tendency towards *interior* Christianity, that tendency will be quickened by finding that a political and a religious view can be harmonious" (3.423).

This defense of Maurras underwrites Eliot's two reviews of Julien Benda's *La Trahison des clercs* ("Culture and Anarchy" and "The Idealism of Julien Benda"). While Eliot had greatly admired Benda's critique of French culture in *Belphégor* (1918), hailing it along with Maurras's *L'Avenir de l'intelligence* as a great influence on his thought (2.519), he was less enthusiastic about *La Trahison*. He agreed with Benda's analysis of modern intellectuals ("clercs") as increasingly influenced by political passions, but he questioned Benda's conclusion that politics should be left to politicians. As a public intellectual with an interest in politics, Eliot could not accept this part of Benda's thesis, especially in view of Benda's criticism of Maurras throughout the book. But he also disagrees with Benda for other reasons, remarking that "a complete severance of the speculative from the practical . . . is itself impossible, and leads, in M. Benda's implications, to an isolation which may be itself a romantic excess" (3.438).

Eliot's defense of the *Action française* and his case for political engagement coincided with a series of *Criterion* "Commentaries" and articles noting the rise of fascism. Before 1927, the term "fascism" appears only once in his prose, in a letter to the editor of the *Daily Mail* in 1923 (2.430). But what he described in "Political Theorists" (July 1927) as "the political and economic anarchy of the present time" made the movement impossible to ignore (3.136). In a "Commentary" of February 1928, he cautiously pointed out the inconsistencies between fascist government and the British Constitution (3.333), and in June prepared the way for a more thorough examination, writing that "the philosophies expressed or implicit in various tendencies, such as communism or fascism, are worthy of dispassionate examination" (3.417). Eliot then reviewed five books on fascism, both pro and con, in "The Literature of Fascism." In this extensive and judicious essay he rejects fascism as a political idea and practice for England:

> I cannot share enthusiastically in this vigorous repudiation of "democracy." When the whole world repudiates one silly idea, there is every chance that it will take up with another idea just as silly or sillier. . . . The modern question as popularly put is: "democracy is dead; what is to replace it?" whereas it should be: "the frame of democracy has been destroyed: how can we, out of the materials at hand, build a new structure in which democracy can live?" (3.546)

Eliot expresses a negative opinion of full-suffrage democracy and repeats his support for the monarchy along the lines drawn up by Maurras. Indeed, Eliot's rejection of fascism goes hand-in-hand with his support for the *Action française*, which he views as a more appropriate political model for England than that of Mussolini. Thus, Eliot warns: "if anything, in another generation or so, is to preserve us from a sentimental Anglo-Fascism, it will be some system of ideas which will have gained much from the study of Maurras. His influence in England has not yet begun" (3.370).

In a follow-up article of July 1929 ("Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse"), Eliot compares communism and fascism and finds them equivalent on several points: neither proposes a revolutionary idea of government; both appeal to the emotions by using charged words such as "loyalty" and "order"; both are "apparently anti-capitalistic" but would not necessarily be enough to undo the current concentration of power in the hands of company directors. Eliot points out what he sees as weaknesses in both ideologies. The materialist theory of history is "merely a theory that things happen," by its own logic predicting that communism is bound to lead to something else. Fascism, on the other hand, represents "the Napoleonic idea," and the attitude towards a fascist dictator is similar to "the feeling which the newspapers teach us to have towards Mr. Henry Ford" (3.663). Eliot takes a moment to distinguish the figure of the king, who incarnates the idea of the Nation, from the fascist dictator. His preference for kingship being clear, he adds that between the two systems under discussion in his review, he leans towards fascism because communism seeks to destroy the church. These two *Criterion* essays document Eliot's steadfast royalist position in the late 1920s, a position shaped perhaps equally by his intensive study of Maurras and an acute analysis of the political alternatives facing Europe, which he felt the *Criterion* was obliged to examine.

During the years of this volume Eliot wrote a number of "Commentaries" and letters to editors of periodicals that weigh in on local and national matters. Some of these engagements reflect Eliot's new position as a Church member, such as his "Commentaries" on the New Prayer Book controversy (3.61, 431) and his position on burials at Westminster Abbey (3.318). He also continued his defense of city churches and other historic buildings, asking in his "Commentary" of July 1928 why none of the political parties were including historic preservation in their "mostly vague and dubious policies" (3.652). He did not hesitate to criticize "brainless" politicians and policies, commenting that "within the memory of no living man under sixty, has [the Conservative Party] acknowledged any contact with intelligence" (3.655). His support for preservation also extended to a bill protecting wild birds (3.187).

NINETEENTH- AND TWENTIETH-CENTURY LITERATURE

As editor of the *Criterion* and publisher at Faber and Faber, Eliot was also "vitally concerned" on a daily basis with the quality of poetry, fiction, and drama by his contemporaries, as his many discriminating judgments and letters of advice attest. About fifteen percent of his prose from 1927 to 1929 addresses the work of modern writers and their nineteenth-century forebears, from Blake, Goethe, and Whitman as representative Romantics to Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, and Ezra Pound as contemporary peers. In June 1927, however, Eliot also admitted his expanding interest in another, perhaps unexpected form of modern writing, that of detective fiction. When Woolf lightheartedly accused him of never having read a word she had written, "so that it is all the more to your credit that you make it sound so interesting," he replied: "I am much better acquainted with your work than with that of Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Galsworthy, or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Walpole, or even Miss May Sinclair. But for a person who specializes in detective fiction and ecclesiastical history I think I have done pretty well" (*L3* 542).

In these years Eliot wrote three essays on Wilkie Collins and reviewed twenty-eight detective novels and an edition of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories*. Eliot's surprisingly detailed and comprehensive body of prose on detective fiction began with his "Homage to Wilkie Collins," an omnibus review evaluating nine novels according to "rules of detective conduct" laid down by Collins's *The Moonstone*, "the great book which contains the whole of English detective fiction in embryo" (3.14). The good detective story must avoid the "elaborate and incredible" in the way of disguises, motives, scientific discoveries, machinery, and the character of the detective, who "should be highly intelligent but not superhuman." To Eliot, the stories of Poe and even Conan Doyle remain outside this tradition of English detective fiction. On the basis of his "Homage," Oxford University Press manager H. S. Milford invited Eliot to contribute an introduction to the planned "World's Classics" edition of *The Moonstone*. As he was also writing a piece on Collins and Dickens for the *TLS*, he was happy to oblige, and so it happened that within a one-year period he made himself a "specialist" in detective fiction.

In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens," Eliot considers the detective novel in the larger context of melodrama, comparing the two authors by examining the difference between the dramatic quality of Dickens's novels and the melodramatic nature of Collins's. Whereas Collins was a "master of plot and situation" – the essential components of melodrama – Dickens was a master of character. His characters possess "a kind of reality which is almost supernatural" and which seems to descend upon them "by a kind of inspiration or grace" (3.165). In Collins, the characters are often "fabricated" to forward the melodramatic motives. Eliot identifies *The Woman in White* as the novel in which Collins comes closest to Dickens, while he views *The Frozen Deep* and *Armadale* as "pure melodrama." In his introduction to *The Moonstone,* Eliot developed his comparison of Collins and Dickens further, suggesting that Dickens's novels became less narrative and more dramatic as a consequence of Collins's influence. An atmosphere of fatality hangs over Dickens's later novels: "in drama the coincidences, the fatalities, appear to be the visible manifestations of some obscure power beyond human knowledge. The dramatist seems to be sensitive, more than we, to these Dark Forces." By contrast, in the melodramatic novels of Collins the interest is in "the effects as effects, without knowing or caring what lies behind" (3.360).

Eliot also brings the necessity of strong characterization into play in "Recent Detective Fiction," his omnibus review of seventeen detective and mystery novels, and in "Sherlock Holmes and his Times," where he praises Conan Doyle as a dramatist of the novel while observing that his characters lack the reality of the great characters of Dickens. In distinguishing between the two genres, he observes that in mystery stories the reader is led from one event or adventure to another, whereas in detective fiction any event after the committed crime is subordinate to "the collection, selection and combination of evidence" in solving it (3.107). But what a successful detective story must have, he insists, is a character who provides "the pleasure of following the working of one keen mind," stating that "no one has ever surpassed Poe's Monsieur Dupin" in the way in which this keenness and wit are exhibited. To Eliot, much modern detective fiction lacks both "the pure intellectual pleasure of Poe's *Marie Rogêt*" and "the fullness and abundance of life of Wilkie Collins." "We often wish," he concludes, that the majority of our detective writers would . . . take more trouble and space over the characters as human beings and the atmosphere in which they live" (3.108).

In 1927 Eliot returned to his lifelong reading of Poe in "Israfel," a review of a two-volume biography and two additional volumes of Poe's works for the *Nation and Athenaeum*. Eliot locates Poe's "romantic origins" in Byron and Heinrich Heine and sees him as a precursor to Baudelaire, who read and was influenced by the American author (Eliot even remarks on the strange physical resemblance between the two men). Eliot saw Poe less as a romantic than as a metaphysical poet, so strong was his grasp of the real world (2.846); Baudelaire he saw as a counter-romantic, even as "a deformed

Dante," so strong was his moral sense (2.306). Eliot's essay on Poe – unlike his critical assessments of other romantics – suggests that he saw him as a forebear, perhaps through Baudelaire, about whom he was writing at the same time. Though both writers incorporated fashionable romantic apparatus into their works, Eliot sees beneath it all the presence of a classical sensibility at work – observing in "Baudelaire" (1930) that "a poet in a romantic age cannot be a 'classical' poet except in tendency." He credits Poe with being "a critic of the first rank" (3.97) and a poet and writer whose works effect an expansion of sensibility.

During these years Eliot wrote prefaces to two books on aspects of American culture: *This American World*, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, and *Fishermen of the Banks*, by James B. Connolly. The two prefaces are especially valuable for Eliot's unusual relaxation into autobiography as he discusses his childhood in St. Louis and Gloucester, particularly his remark, as a new British citizen and with an ingrained sense of exile, that "it was not until years of maturity that I perceived that I myself had always been a New Englander in the South West, and a South Westerner in New England" (3.492).

Eliot also turned his attention to his fellow American expatriate, Ezra Pound. His review of *Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound* and his introduction to Pound's *Selected Poems* reflect the long relationship of the two poets, encompassing mutual aid and constructive criticism. Marianne Moore commissioned Eliot to review *Personae* for the issue announcing Pound as winner of the 1928 *Dial* prize, but, as Eliot wrote to his mother, "I don't know whether he will like my article, if they publish it; for I have been frank and said what I think both for and against him" (*L3* 801). In "Isolated Superiority," Eliot distinguishes sharply between Pound's form and his content. Eliot praises him as the most skilled versifier of their generation, his poetry as an "inexhaustible reference book of verse form." As for *vers libre*, "we can now see that there was no movement, no revolution, and there is no formula. The only revolution was that Ezra Pound was born with a fine ear for verse" (3.322). Eliot professes little interest in *what* his friend is saying, however, only *how*. From medieval mysticism to current medical theories, and "a steam-roller of Confucian rationalism" that "has flattened over the whole," Pound's curiosity ranges over "everything that is said and written." Unsatisfied with Pound's choices and omissions for *Personae*, Eliot made his own selection for a Faber and Faber edition before the year was out: *Ezra Pound: Selected Poems* (1928). Striking only the positive note that he had sounded in "Isolated Superiority," Eliot's introduction to the edition limits itself to admiration of the variety and inventiveness of Pound's verse.

One of Eliot's most important essays on modern literature from these years, "Le roman contemporaine," was never published in English: after it appeared in *La Nouvelle Revue française* in May 1927, Eliot sent the English typescript to his mother, in whose possession it remained. Published here in English for the first time, the essay evaluates the state of the contemporary novel with reference to D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Aldous Huxley, and David Garnett. He begins with the observation that contemporary fiction lacks the "moral preoccupation" of Henry James's novels, proposing that the "shallower psychology" of psychoanalysis has substituted itself for James's "deeper psychology" of the soul, a criticism first expressed in his essay on James, "The Hawthorne Aspect" (1918). While Lawrence explores primitive sexuality (moving backwards in evolution towards some "hideous coition of protoplasm"), Woolf seeks the "highly civilized . . . with something left out" (3.391). He praises the "astonishing beauty" of her writing and astutely notes that life in her novels is a "construction." His penetrating remarks about Woolf, which she read and approved, can be compared to his harsher criticism of Gertrude Stein in "Charleston, Hey! Hey!" – a review of *Composition as Explanation*, about which Eliot concludes: "If this is of the future, then the future is, as it very likely is, of the barbarians" (3.27).

Eliot's writing about contemporary literature took a more politically active turn in his defense of free speech and copyright protection. He supported artistic experimentation even when he disapproved of the results, fighting back against efforts to censor literary works (and paintings) deemed immoral by the Home Secretary, Sir William Joynson-Hicks. This was a matter of principle and professional solidarity: "So far as my own work goes," he wrote in "Contemporary Literature: Is Modern Realism Frankness or Filth?" (1929), "I happen not to have a taste for such methods as those of Mr. Joyce or Mr. Lawrence, but I consider that merely a question of method, so that it is hardly more than a trifling accident that Joyce and Lawrence are censored and I am not" (3.582). In his "Commentaries" and letters to editors, Eliot defended Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* and Norah James's *Sleeveless Errand*, two novels dealing frankly with female sexuality. While making clear that he did not have a high opinion of the works, he pointed out the inconsistencies in Joynson-Hicks's judgments, arguing that the Home Secretary should not serve as a literary arbiter. On no less than six occasions Eliot wrote on behalf of freedom of speech, a small but important portion of his political writing in the period. He was also involved in the 1927 uproar over Samuel Roth's piracy of *Ulysses* in his *Two Worlds Monthly*. Taking advantage of the fact that *Ulysses* could not be copyrighted in the United States because it had been banned, Roth serialized an expurgated version of Joyce's novel, as well as Eliot's "Eeldrop and Appleplex" and the two "fragments" of *Sweeney Agonistes*. Eliot objected to this unauthorized use of his work in what he described to his mother as "an amusing fight" conducted in two columns of the *New York Evening Post* (*L3* 683). More generally, Eliot used his "Commentaries" to support the cause of copyright legislation, objecting that "the present American Copyright Law is a flagrant injustice to British and still more to Irish writers" (3.134).

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By the end of 1929, Eliot at forty-one had greatly expanded his reputation as poet, critic, editor, publisher, lecturer, and broadcaster. Ten years after taking on the English literary and critical establishment in the *Athenaeum*, he had built a much larger platform for launching a broad engagement with the ills of British and European culture. He had defined and solidified the literary, political, and religious traditions that would serve as the pillars of his intellectual conservatism in a new decade. The classical critic of romanticism and humanism would increasingly explore the relation of literature and religion and ways of bringing a moral dimension to his evaluation of modern writers. The royalist would continue to face down the rising threat of fascism and communism to European unity. The convert would become a churchman with a new voice in Anglo-Catholic politics and Christian sociology; the Christian humanist would unflinchingly address himself to those forces that made up what he termed the "modern dilemma" – religious modernism, secularism, liberalism, humanitarianism, the illusion of progress, and the "phantom dilemma" of religion and science. At the end of July 1929 he was notified that he might soon be nominated for the Charles Eliot Norton Professorship at Harvard (*L4* 555), an appointment that would bring dramatic changes in his life, from his permanent separation from Vivien to his recognition in the *Chicago Daily Tribune* as the "English Lion," "the idol of the younger literates of Europe and . . . considered by many the greatest living English poet."

NOTES

1. For discussions of the debate, see David Goldie, *A Critical Difference: T. S. Eliot and John Middleton Murry in English Literary Criticism, 1919-1928* (1998), and Jason Harding, *The Criterion: Cultural Politics and Periodical Networks in Inter-war Britain* (2002).

2. In his 1916 review of Balfour's *Theism and Humanism*, Eliot refrains from using the word and argues against Balfour's contention that theism promotes appreciation of art (1.394).

3. See the text of these "Notes" in John Constable, "I. A. Richards, T. S. Eliot, and the Poetry of Belief," *Essays in Criticism*, 40 (July 1990), 222-43.

4. Their mutual interest in the problem of belief declined, but not before TSE brought it up again in "Poetry and Propaganda" (1930), the Turnbull Lectures (1933), and in *UPUC* (1933). Richards responded generally in "Belief" (1930) and again in "What Is Belief?" (1934), in neither of which he refers to TSE or the debate out of which he writes. In the latter, he aimed to bring their civil and respectful dialogue to a personal close: "The ages of faith may have supplied invaluable ingredients to human nature. I think it very likely that we should be today infinitely the poorer without them. I wish only to discourage the assumption that the type of mind which needs Belief is necessarily the finer. . . . For our tradition encourages such minds and serves them with all its treasures." For an account of their continued correspondence and debate in the 1930s, see I. A. Richards, *Selected Works 1919-1938*, vol 10: *I. A. Richards and his Critics*, ed. John Constable (Abingdon: Routledge, 2001).

EDITORIAL PROCEDURES AND PRINCIPLES

I. PUBLISHED PROSE

Criteria for Inclusion

Eliot's uncollected prose makes up the vast majority of the writings published in his lifetime and spans the period from his stories in the *Smith Academy Record* in 1905 to his final autobiographical note for the *Harvard College Class of 1910: Fifty-fifth Anniversary Report*, contributed in late December 1964, shortly before his death on 4 January 1965. These writings include hundreds of reviews and essays contributed to periodicals; commentaries in the *Criterion*; letters to the press (printed here and in the *Letters*; in each place they appear in different contexts of personal letters and public prose, thereby inviting separate readings and annotation); lectures and addresses published separately in wrappers or in boards; introductions, prefaces, and forewords to books and to translations of his works in foreign languages; testimonials and other contributions to domestic and foreign newspapers; and public broadcasts published or excerpted in the *Listener*. Among his own letters to the press are those of which he was a signatory with one or more others. As his role in their authorship is uncertain, these signed letters, which began in 1927 and increased in number in later decades, will be included in a separate section, "Letters and Documents with Multiple Authorship."

Chronology

With a few exceptions, the editors have arranged the majority of Eliot's unpublished and published prose writings in the original order of composition or publication to allow the reader to follow closely his developing patterns of thought as he immersed himself in intellectual journalism and literary criticism from year to year, decade to decade. The primary volumes of collected essays, together with their prefaces and introductions, have been disassembled and their contents returned to chronological order alongside the uncollected and unpublished prose.

Less than 10 percent of Eliot's prose writings underwent textual changes when they were reprinted or collected; most pieces were never revisited after their first publication in periodical and other forms. Some reviews and essays, however, particularly those included in *The Sacred Wood*, were combined and revised by Eliot as new essays: successively published reviews of books on Ben Jonson in November 1919, on Philip Massinger in May-June 1920, and on Swinburne and others in the two-part "The Perfect Critic" in July 1920. The original reviews were redacted as such and included in the volume under the first title of each pair. He collapsed three other reviews published between September and December 1919 under the title "Imperfect Critics" for the volume. Moreover, "Eeldrop and Appleplex" and "Tradition and the Individual Talent," originally published in two separate parts months apart, have been combined into a single piece. In such uncharacteristic cases, we have sacrificed adherence to chronology in order to present the complete texts, but not without indicating the separate chronological positions and titles and recording significant textual changes.

A few other considerations have led us to relax the chronological order of publication in specific instances, including Eliot's doctoral dissertation on F. H. Bradley, a draft of which was completed and approved in 1916 but not edited and published until 1964. The editors have placed this lengthy work neither intrusively into the published reviews of 1916, nor awkwardly out of context in 1964, but logically at the end of the graduate essays of 1913-15, essays that led to and were organically drawn upon for the dissertation. In presenting a corrected, re-edited, and more readable critical text in that position, the editors have drawn upon the original dissertation typescript, the proofs and correspondence of the suppressed first printing (1963), and the proofs and text of the 1964 edition.

The three volumes of university lectures – *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, *After Strange Gods, The Idea of a Christian Society* – as well as *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*, have been kept intact and edited as the coherent, self-contained works that they were intended to be; however, when individual lectures were published separately, the publication data and any alterations are recorded in the textual notes. The Clark Lectures (1926) and Turnbull Lectures (1933), edited and published together posthumously as *The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry* (1993), have also been kept intact, each re-edited and included separately and chronologically in respective volumes. The dates of composition of individual reviews, essays, and lectures are given when they are known.

Standardization of Formats

Eliot's prose in little magazines and periodicals appears under a variety of house styles: the divergent formats, typography, spacing, and indents for paragraphs and set-off quotations have all been standardized. As the bibliographical descriptions and kinds of information provided for books under review also varied considerably from periodical to periodical, these descriptions have been standardized in the heading, as have the descriptions and dates of the periodicals in which the reviews first appeared. Unsigned reviews and essays are indicated as such in the heading or in an initial note; all opening and closing signatures – signed or initialed – and pseudonyms are placed at the right margin at the end of the text.

Titles

Before 1919, many of Eliot's reviews were untitled; thereafter, most were titled unless they appeared as part of a "Commentary" in the *Criterion*. Since many reviews were given their titles by the editors of the periodicals in which they appeared, and since Eliot and his editors occasionally changed the titles of those essays that he chose to collect in book form, the editors have provided Eliot's final title ("Hamlet"), with the first and American titles ("Hamlet and his Problems") given in the notes. Titles of reviews, and titles under which Eliot's letters to editors of periodicals and newspapers appeared, were presumably supplied by his editors but are retained for ease of recognition.

Prose Transcription Errors

Under pressure to meet deadlines, Eliot frequently made transcription errors when quoting passages of prose from other authors. His editors were often inattentive to these matters, and frequently did not arrange for him to read proof. Thus, the editors of the present edition have silently restored dropped words, supplied missing ellipses, added overlooked italics and quotation marks, and placed capitals made from lowercase letters in brackets. More substantial alterations are indicated in the textual notes. Eliot often provided selected page numbers for prose quotations in parentheses in the texts; when he did not do so, the editors have supplied missing numbers in brackets in the texts and in parentheses in the notes.

Misquotations of Poetry

When minor transcription errors occur in lines or passages of poetry quoted directly from a volume under review, they are silently corrected. However, some of Eliot's misquotations are more slips of memory than mistranscriptions. Such misquotations are preserved in the text and corrected in the notes. In some instances, the misquotations affect the commentary, and in every instance, it is of interest to observe how Eliot held certain passages of poetry, especially from Dante and Shakespeare, in memory and summoned them spontaneously for unchecked use. Frank Kermode, editor of Eliot's *Selected Prose* (London: Faber and Faber, 1975), took pains to point out such misquotations in Eliot's collected essays, "not from pedantry, but from a conviction that in the poet Eliot misquotation is sometimes creative" (307).

American / English Punctuation Practice

From 1909 through the preface to the second edition (1928) of *The Sacred Wood*, all of Eliot's prose was printed in what is now called American punctuation style, with double inverted commas for quotations, punctuation inside quotation marks. English periodicals such as the *Egoist*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Nation*, the *New Statesmen*, the *Bookman*, the *Spectator*, *TLS*, and others that printed Eliot's work used this common style. From the publication of *For Lancelot Andrewes* in 1928, however, all of the Faber editions of his collected essays were printed in English punctuation style, with single inverted commas, punctuation outside (inconsistently so). In editing *The Criterion*, Eliot followed the American style from 1922 to 1926, when it shifted to English style, with punctuation inconsistently inside and outside quotations. Many English periodicals, particularly those published jointly in America, continued to use the American style, and Eliot continued to publish unreprinted essays in American periodicals. Moreover, the American editions of his work systematically converted the Faber editions to American style. In an attempt to achieve uniformity and minimize error, the editors of this edition, in consultation with the publishers, and the Eliot Estate, follow the American style throughout. The earlier Faber policy of italicizing all set-off quotations in Eliot's texts has not been followed.

Translations

A number of Eliot's essays and prefaces were commissioned by a foreign audience, translated, and published only in foreign translation. The translation and the English original are both included when possible. If the original English text has not been recovered, an English translation is provided. When an English text first published in translation was revised before publication in English, the substantive alterations are noted.

Annotations

Eliot's works were translated into thirty-eight languages in his lifetime, and his writings continue to attract a worldwide readership. In annotating this edition, the editors aim to serve scholars, students, and modern readers who come to Eliot's prose from numerous languages, backgrounds, and fields of interest – not only in literary criticism but in economics, education, philosophy, politics, theology, cultural theory, popular culture, and other disciplines. Eliot was reluctant to collect much of his prose because he felt that many of his remarks, originally composed under the pressure of deadlines, would need qualification, clarification, and correction. We have attempted to create notes that will enhance and clarify his highly referential prose, and have been mindful of both the immediate and the larger intellectual context of his writings: we draw upon his correspondence; where no source is shown, it may be assumed that the original letter or carbon copy is in the collection of the Eliot Estate or at the Faber and Faber archive. When it is helpful, we make cross-references to earlier and later comments. We have attempted to identify every specific literary and nonliterary allusion; to trace all references to newspapers, periodicals, and other documents; and to identify the books and editions that he employed. As part of our larger aim to illuminate the breadth of Eliot's learning and the depths of recall that inform and enrich the texture of his critical prose, we have noted relevant inscriptions and markings in his personal copies. Eliot's own notes are indicated with an asterisk (*) after the superscript number; notes that include textual variants are indicated with a dagger (†) after the superscript.

II. UNPUBLISHED PROSE

Much of Eliot's prose was written not for publication but for reading or broadcasting to specific audiences on particular occasions: philosophical essays for postgraduate seminars, tutorials, and philosophical societies at Harvard, Oxford, and Cambridge; addresses as president of the Alliance Française, London Library, Virgil Society, Books Across the Sea, Académie Septentrionale, and other organizations; responses as recipient of honorary degrees, medals, and other honors; remarks at the opening of exhibitions and conferences; and appeals in aid of civic and charitable causes. Eliot chose to put these items aside as ephemeral materials in the life of a man of letters. Because of the scholarly interest and biographical richness that they contain, they are included, with thanks to Mrs. Eliot, in this edition. More than one hundred unpublished items, all of which are identified as such, are incorporated chronologically into the individual volumes of *The Complete Prose*. The first is an undergraduate essay, "The Defects of Kipling," written at Harvard in March 1909, and the last a telegram, "Tribute to John F. Kennedy," read by Jacqueline Kennedy at the groundbreaking ceremony for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., on 25 November 1964.

The early philosophical essays exist in pencil or ink manuscripts and in typescripts with holograph emendations. After Eliot left graduate school, he composed nearly all of his work on a typewriter, with frequent typeovers (xxxxx) and holograph corrections and insertions. On some occasions, his first wife, Vivien, or a secretary, typed his drafts. The BBC usually retyped his broadcast scripts, which often contain last-minute emendations. In editing the large variety of Eliot's unpublished writings, we attempt to present texts that are as accurate, clear, and readable as possible, with a minimum of emendation. To distinguish them from published writings, the editors have preserved some of the physical characteristics of the manuscripts (such as underlinings), choosing not to regularize them as published items lest they lose all the visual character of their composition. The unpublished texts are introduced by headnotes that provide the occasion, date, place, and context of their preparation and presentation. The location and physical description of the manuscripts are given in the textual notes, together with editorial notation of substantial alterations and deletions made by Eliot himself.

Eliot's unpublished texts are edited according to the following additional principles:

False starts and insignificant deletions are excised, but ~~strikeouts~~, when illuminating or clarifying, are retained or given in notes.

Typed or holograph underlinings for emphasis have been retained; occasional red ribbon color changes, an alternate method of emphasizing words and phrases, are represented in bold; underlined titles and foreign words are italicized; unpunctuated or mispunctuated titles of books, plays, and poems are corrected and standardized.

Abbreviated titles, names, and places are expanded, as are ampersands, but his occasional use of cf., i.e., e.g., sc., passim, etc., have been retained, unitalicized.

Obvious typographical errors have been silently corrected; readings of illegible words are followed by a bracketed question mark [?]; most compound adjectives (seventeenth-century poetry) are hyphenated, consistent with his ordinary practice.

Eliot's variant spellings–British, American, period (to-day), alternate (behoves)–are retained; opening and / or closing inverted commas (quotation marks) have been supplied where Eliot has overlooked them; inconsistent placement of punctuation inside and outside inverted commas is standardized; missing accents and diacriticals are supplied.

When the volume and/or page numbers for a quotation are given by Eliot in the margin or in the text, the numbers are placed in parentheses at the end of the quotation or in the notes; when editorially supplied, they are placed in brackets.

Clearly superfluous or unintended punctuation (commas before parentheses), and some unintended double punctuation (;–) have been deleted or corrected. Where the omission of punctuation causes confusion, it has been supplied; when, in Eliot's hand, the use of a semicolon or colon is unclear, the editors have interpreted the punctuation in terms of clarity and grammatical structure.

Eliot's substantive marginal comments related to the text but not part of the body of the text are quoted and noted where they occur. When Eliot makes marginal statements with lines drawn for insertion in the text during the process of composition, they are identified in the notes. When it is clear that Eliot has made insertions from the margin or an appended page *after* the body of the text was drafted or completed, as in his essay on "A Neglected Aspect of Chapman" in volume 2, they are introduced into the text with a bracketed and italicized phrase, [*insertion*:] or [*appended insertion*:], with the end of the insertion similarly indicated [*end insertion*]. His occasional notes and outlines on the verso of a page are recorded in the textual notes.

III. FUTURE EDITIONS

The contents of this edition, which are presented in eight separate volumes, are enhanced by the inclusion of more than two hundred published items that are not recorded in the Gallup bibliography. As extensive as our collection efforts have been, we are confident that fugitive items will be found, and we encourage readers to submit them for inclusion in the edition, which is managed and maintained by Johns Hopkins University Press. A future digital platform will ensure that *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot* is a living edition, with the capacity to include newly discovered prose items, to correct errors, and to provide more illustrations and digital innovations for readers than would be possible in a print edition. To place Eliot's primary prose before scholars and readers expeditiously, the editors include only those writings in this first edition. Eventually, however, a wide range of secondary prose materials will be available, including (1) additional juvenilia; (2) "Foreign Exchanges," Eliot's monthly articles for *Lloyds Bank Monthly*, 1923-25; (3) unpublished personal notes and notes from student classes; (4) additional interviews; (5) unpublished book reports for Faber and Faber; (6) blurbs and endorsements; (7) outlines of informal talks; and (8) Eliot's translations of works by other authors, primarily for publication in the *Criterion.* As additional resources become accessible, we envision a website that contains both an increasingly comprehensive and accurate critical edition and an invaluable repository of prose materials for researchers and readers in a new digital age of Eliot studies.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Our greatest debt is to the late Valerie Eliot, for her tireless devotion over many years to collecting, preserving, and ordering her husband's multiform writings, and for her confidence and trust in commissioning *The Complete Prose of T. S. Eliot*: *The Critical Edition*. We are also indebted to her personal assistant, Debbie Whitfield, who has graciously facilitated our access to editorial materials over several years, and to trustees Judith Hooper and Clare Reihill of the Eliot Estate.

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ABBREVIATIONS

PUBLISHED WORKS BY T. S. ELIOT

CPP	*The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot* (London: Faber & Faber, 1969)
FLA	*For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order* (London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928)
HJD	*Homage to John Dryden: Three Essays on Poetry of the Seventeenth Century* (London: The Hogarth Press, 1924)
KE	*Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley* (London: Faber & Faber, 1964)
IMH	*Inventions of the March Hare: Poems 1909-1917*, ed. Christopher Ricks (London: Faber & Faber, 1996)
L1	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 1: 1898-1922, revised edition, ed. Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton (London: Faber & Faber, 2009)
L2	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 2: 1923-1925, ed. Valerie Eliot and Hugh Haughton (London: Faber & Faber, 2009)
L3	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 3: 1926-1927, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2012)
L4	*The Letters of T. S. Eliot*, Vol. 4: 1928-1929, ed. Valerie Eliot and John Haffenden (London: Faber & Faber, 2013)
OPP	*On Poetry and Poets* (London: Faber & Faber, 1957)
SE	*Selected Essays*, 3rd ed. (London: Faber & Faber, 1951)
SW	*The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism* (London: Methuen, 1920)
TCC	*To Criticize the Critic* (London: Faber & Faber, 1965)
TWL	*The Waste Land* as printed in *The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot* (London: Faber & Faber, 1969)
UPUC	*The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, 2nd ed. (London: Faber & Faber, 1964)
VMP	*The Varieties of Metaphysical Poetry*, ed. Ronald Schuchard (London: Faber & Faber, 1993; New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1994)

WLF	*The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts*, ed. Valerie Eliot (London: Faber & Faber, 1971; New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1971)

PERIODICALS

A&L	*Art & Letters*
Ath	*The Athenaeum*
N&A	*The Nation and Athenaeum*
NR	*The New Republic*
NRF	*La Nouvelle Revue française*
TLS	*The Times Literary Supplement*
VF	*Vanity Fair*

OTHER WORKS

Contemporary Reviews	*T. S. Eliot: The Contemporary Reviews*, ed. Jewel Spears Brooker (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2004)
Diary 2	*The Diary of Virginia Woolf, Vol. II: 1920-1924*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978)
Diary 3	*The Diary of Virginia Woolf, Vol. III: 1925-1930*, ed. Anne Olivier Bell and Andrew McNeillie (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1981)
DC1	*The Inferno of Dante*, Temple Classics edition, trans. John Aitken Carlyle (London: J. M. Dent, 1909)
DC2	*The Purgatorio of Dante*, Temple Classics edition, trans. Thomas Okey (London: J. M. Dent, 1910)
DC3	*The Paradiso of Dante*, Temple Classics edition, trans. Philip H. Wicksteed (London: J. M. Dent, 1910)
Gallup	Donald Gallup, *T. S. Eliot: A Bibliography*, revised & extended edition (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1969)
Grosart	*The Complete Poems of Sir John Davies*, vol. 1, ed. Alexander B. Grosart (London: Chatto and Windus, 1876)
Grierson I, II	*The Poems of John Donne*, 2 vols., ed. Herbert J. C. Grierson (Oxford: Clarendon, 1912)
Lives	Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*, Chandos Classics, new edition (London: Frederick Warne, 1872)

MLP	*Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century: Donne to Butler*, ed. Herbert J. C. Grierson (Oxford: Clarendon, 1921)
ODNB	*Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, ed. H. C. G. Matthew and Brian Harrison. 60 vols. (Oxford. Oxford University Press, 2004)
OED	*The Oxford English Dictionary*, ed. John Simpson and Edmund Weiner. 20 vols. (Oxford. Oxford UP, 1989)
Ser	*The Sermons of John Donne*, ed. G. R. Potter and Evelyn M. Spearing, 10 vols. (Berkeley: U of California Press, 1953-62)

ARCHIVAL COLLECTIONS

Beinecke	The Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University
Berg	Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, New York Public Library
Harvard	University Archives, Harvard University
Houghton	The Houghton Library, Harvard University
King's	Modern Archive Center, King's College, Cambridge

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ILLUSTRATIONS

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1. *Eliot outside offices of Faber & Gwyer, Russell Square, March 1926*
2. *Eliot in his Faber & Gwyer office, March 1926*
3. *Geoffrey Faber, 1927*
4. *Henry Ware Eliot Jr. in the 1920s*
5. *I. A. Richards, 1928*
6. *Irving Babbitt, 1928*
7. For Lancelot Andrewes. *Dust jacket, designed by Edward Bawden.*
8. *Contents of* For Lancelot Andrewes
9. Dante. *Dust jacket, designed by Rex Whistler*
10. *Letter to William Force Stead, 15 March 1928*
11. *Annie Dunn and young Eliot, ca. 1895*

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12. *Charles Maurras, 1937*
13. *Charles Maurras (second from left) at the printing house of* L'Action française, *Paris, ca. 1925-30*
14. *Ramon Fernandez, ca. 1930*
15. *Julien Benda, ca. 1930*
16. *William Joynson-Hicks, Conservative Party Home Secretary, 1925*
17. *Broadcast script for "The Tudor Translators," 1929*
18. *Samuel Roth, editor of* Two Worlds Monthly
19. Two Worlds Monthly, *May/June 1927*
20. *Radclyffe Hall, 1927*
21. *G. B. Shaw, Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton, 1928*
22. *H. G. Wells in Paris, ca. 1930*

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The COMPLETE PROSE *of*

T. S. Eliot

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Autobiographical entry for *Who's Who 1927*[1]

ELIOT, Thomas Stearns, M.A.; Editor, The New Criterion; Director, Faber and Gwyer, Ltd.; *b.* 1888; *y.s.* of Henry Ware Eliot and Charlotte Chauncey Eliot of St. Louis, U.S.A.; *m.* Vivien, *d.* of Charles Haigh Haigh-Wood. *Educ.*: Harvard University; the Sorbonne; Merton College, Oxford. *Publications*: The Sacred Wood, 1920; The Waste Land, 1922; Homage to John Dryden, 1924; Poems 1909-1925, 1925. *Address*: 57 Chester Terrace, S.W.1.

NOTES

1. This was TSE's first autobiographical entry, as printed, for *Who's Who: An Annual Biographical Dictionary with Which Is Incorporated "Men and Women of the Time," Seventy-Ninth Year of Issue* (London: A. & C. Black, 1927), 903.

A Commentary

The New Criterion: A Quarterly Review, 5 (Jan 1927) 1-6

THE *NEW CRITERION*: 1927

With this number *The Criterion* begins the second year of its existence as *The New Criterion*. A year ago we published a statement of "The Idea of a Literary Review."[1] To many readers *The New Criterion*, in its first year, may seem to have fallen far short of that idea. But a literary review cannot be realised at once, and thereafter have no task but to maintain itself: that is the way of death; and in this faith many periodicals have died and still go marching on. Few periodicals can justify their existence after the first year: *The New Criterion* aims to preserve its continuity, but yet to make a new beginning with every year and with every issue. To be perpetually in change and development, to alter with the alterations of the living minds associated with it[2] and with the phases of the contemporary world for which and in which it lives: on this condition only should a literary review be tolerated.

The programme of *The New Criterion* – so far as it has a programme – remains the same as it was a year ago. But it is the opinion of those chiefly responsible for its character, that the first function of such a review is to be a vehicle for opinion. Not for the haphazard opinion of a miscellaneous group of "writers," or for the opinion of an individual, or for the drilled opinion of a school or order, but for the various, divergent or even contradictory opinion of a widening group of individuals in communication. We said a year ago: "editor and collaborators may freely express their individual opinions and ideas, so long as there is a residue of common tendency, in the light of which many occasional contributors, otherwise irrelevant or even antagonistic, may take their place and counteract any narrow sectarianism." The "common tendency" may appear stronger or weaker in different contexts or at different times: it is, we think, distinct and strong enough in *The New Criterion*; it cannot but be felt, and it is better that it should be felt than formulated.

Having in mind this responsibility of opinion, and this notion of common tendency, certain of the regular contributors to *The New Criterion* have agreed to provide in the current year and the following year, a series of essays on the more important figures of the previous generation, having the character of an *inquest*, in the French and perhaps also slightly in the English sense of the word.[3] Each contributor will deal separately with one figure of the elder generation, and will be solely responsible for his own opinions. He may or may not modify these opinions in consequence of the criticism which his essay will have received before publication. How far a common judgment will emerge is unknown to the contributors themselves. The figures to be examined are Wells, Shaw, Kipling, Chesterton and Belloc (together), and Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford).[4] Possibly a few others will be added.

In the current year the number of book reviews in each number will be increased (as the present issue testifies). The reviews in *The New Criterion* appear to be of particular interest to its readers; but when we have reviewed very few books, the choice must appear sometimes capricious; in increasing the number, we hope not only to review nearly all of the important books of the year which fall within our scope, but to provide a more detailed commentary upon the intellectual life of the time. As for the short notices, both books and reviewers will be chosen with the same care as for the longer reviews: because the book is worth notice, and because the reviewer wished to read that book and to reflect upon it, not merely wished or was willing to write a review of some book.

The regular chronicles will be continued. The other contributions will be chosen as heretofore. *The New Criterion* is not the organ of one generation or of one style of writing. It respects independence and originality: it does not believe that independence and originality are the possession of one generation or of one school, but of a few individuals of every age; and in seeking these qualities it may sometimes, as it has already done, present at the same time authors in appearance the most radical and the most reactionary.[5] It will also continue its policy of introducing the work of the most important of those European writers who are not known, and who ought to be known, in this country. In this number we present a new and unpublished essay by M. Jacques Maritain, the most conspicuous figure, and probably the most powerful force, in contemporary French philosophy. The point of view may be new and even uncongenial to many readers, but it is one that will command, at least, serious attention.[6]

THE NOBEL PRIZE

We have often attacked, and shall probably attack often again, Mr. Bernard Shaw and the world of his creation;[7] but we cannot demur to the attribution to him of the Nobel Prize. If we disapprove, it can only be on the ground that the Prize should have first been given to Mr. Hardy. If we take the Prize seriously at all, we must admit that it is not the purpose to relieve distress or to seek for genius or greatness in out of the way corners, but merely to seal a verdict already given by success and notoriety. Mr. Shaw has further justified the honour by refusing the money which accompanies the Prize, so that he is entitled both to congratulation and applause.[8]

ANCIENT BUILDINGS: AND THE CITY CHURCHES

The Report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is interesting reading, and may be obtained for two shillings from the Secretary (20, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C. 2). It also contains information for any who are sufficiently interested to wish to join this useful society. It is difficult to formulate the reasons for which an old building may be worth preserving: Lord Burnham, in his address, gives the adjectives "artistic, picturesque, historical, antique or substantial."[9] Artistic and historical, certainly; picturesque, doubtful: Shadwell and Stepney are picturesque, so is Bayswater; antique, meaningless; substantial, some of the concrete work at Wembley is substantial.[10] But this is no time to cavil over definitions; there are only too many buildings in need of attention, concerning which there is no doubt. And, everyone who cares for the beauty of England should read the report, if only to understand how many good reasons and justifications there are, in addition to those which immediately propose themselves, for preserving many condemned structures. One of the reasons is simply that many old buildings (even old cottages, though here we have the special difficulty of low ceilings) are better built, and are still capable of longer usefulness, than the modern structures which would supersede them. And the report makes clear that only an architect of specialised experience is competent to deal with such buildings.

The Report makes no special mention of the City Churches: perhaps there is nothing more to say about them until they are destroyed. But we would reiterate our argument of last October: that besides the powerful and concurrent reasons for preserving them as ancient buildings, there are other powerful reasons for preserving them as churches.[11] And the shame and error of destroying them would be far greater in a National Church, which represents the body of citizens, than in a sectarian church which is directly responsible only to its own communicants.

NEW THEATRE PROJECTS

New movements in the theatre are by no means at an end. During the last year or two the activity took the form of Sunday Societies, which multiplied until they seemed seriously to impede each other, and for the modification of which we made some suggestions several months ago. Then came the Sadlers' Wells movement,[12] and since then other attempts to found repertory theatres of a permanent kind. We have recently been notified of two new ventures: the Forum Theatre Guild, and the Festival Theatre at Cambridge. There is also of course in existence the "Gate" Theatre.[13] In this type of theatre, too, we fear that too many people may try to do the same thing. All these ventures are eclectic and international, and there is danger of their all wanting to perform the same plays, and too many of them foreign plays. *The New Criterion* should be the last voice to complain of intelligent patronage of foreign playwrights, but it must be avowed that the majority of foreign plays at the present time – with the exception of French which are seldom performed – are too alien to be successfully transplanted: England can never take really kindly to the Teutonic, the Scandinavian, or even the Russian conceptions of drama.

All this, however, is merely a word of warning. Meanwhile the Maddermarket Theatre in Norwich pursues its sure and modest way, perhaps the most hopeful sign in the British dramatic world.[14] Of new and recent ventures, the Festival Theatre in Cambridge seems to us the most interesting; though we are somewhat terrified by its advertised efficiency, its "triple stage," its "cylindrical cyclorama lit with prismatic lighting" which makes it possible to "practise a type of stagecraft never before seen in England." "Stagecraft" is ominous; and we need plays and players rather than "cylindrical cycloramas" and "steeply rising banks of armchair seating . . . set at an obtuse angle to the floor." Nor do we wish to be "encouraged" to smoke; it is enough if smoking is tolerated. And a gourmet would prefer his "special delicacies and wines obtained direct from Bordeaux" in a restaurant where he could give them his whole attention. But the seats are cheap; and somehow we feel that a theatre in an university town has a better chance of intelligent guidance and intelligent criticism than a theatre in London.[15] We welcome the idea of collaboration between the Festival Theatre and the kindred institution in Oxford. Certainly the Festival Theatre is worth watching. Between the writing of these lines and their publication four plays will have been performed; we hope to discuss these performances in a later number. The programme is an interesting one, and raises our hopes of the Theatre.[16]

NOTES

1. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (1926), TSE described the common tendency of the *Criterion* to be "toward something which, for want of a better name, we may call classicism," and "toward a higher and clearer conception of Reason, and a more severe and serene control of the emotions by Reason" (2.764).

2. An echo of Shakespeare's sonnet 116: "Love is not love / Which alters when it alteration finds"

3. French, *enquête*: inquiry, investigation, inquest

4. TSE reviewed books by Wells and Belloc (together) in May 1927 (3.63) and by Chesterton and Belloc (together) in July (3.138); Bonamy Dobrée's essay on Kipling appeared in Dec (499-516), as did "Some Opinions" of four critics (Harold J. Laski, Revd. M. C. D'Arcy, A. L. Rowse, and Kenneth Pickthorn) on Shaw's *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism* (191-214). No essay on Ford appeared.

5. See TSE's earlier description of T. E. Hulme's reactionary mind in his "Commentary" (Apr 1924) on *Speculations*: "In this volume he appears as the forerunner of a new attitude of mind, which should be the twentieth-century mind, if the twentieth century is to have a mind of its own. Hulme is classical, reactionary, and revolutionary; he is the antipodes of the eclectic, tolerant, and democratic mind of the end of the last century" (2.521).

6. Maritain's "Poetry and Religion," translated by TSE, was published in two parts: here (7-22) and in the May number (214-30).

7. In 1926, TSE had attacked Shaw in "The Idea of a Literary Review" (2.762) and in "Mr. Robertson and Mr. Shaw" (2.781).

8. Shaw wished to refuse outright the 1925 Prize, awarded in 1926, but he accepted £7000 as a tribute to Ireland and used it to establish the Anglo-Swedish Literary Foundation to finance English translations of Swedish literature.

9. See *The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: Forty-Ninth Annual Report of the Committee, the General Meeting, and an Address by Viscount Burnham, May, 1926* (London: A. R. Rowys, Secretary, 1926). Pp. 112. Sir Harry Levy-Lawson, first Viscount Burnham (1862-1933), Liberal Unionist politician, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph,* and chairman of numerous national and international public bodies.

10. Shadwell and Stepney are districts in East London; Bayswater and Wembley in West London. Huge concrete structures were erected for the British Empire Exhibition held in Wembley in 1924-25, including the Wembley football stadium, the British Government Pavilion, and the Palaces of Engineering, Industry, Horticulture and Art.

11. TSE alludes to chapter 10 of Newman's *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870), in which he finds the arguments for faith "too powerful and concurrent for refutation." On the destruction of City Churches, see TSE's "Commentary" for Oct 1926: "The destruction of a church which has the added consecration of antiquity and even a little beauty, is a movement toward the destruction of *the* Church, with Disestablishment on the way" (2.832).

12. In 1925, Lilian Baylis, proprietor of the Old Vic, initiated a movement to buy and restore the Sadler's Wells Theatre, founded in 1683, for the nation. It reopened in Jan 1931, with TSE on

the Committee, for productions in collaboration with the Old Vic, of drama, ballet, and opera. (2.511)

13. The Forum Theatre Guild was organized as an offshoot of the Stage Society and the Phoenix Society by Howard de Walden, Allan Wade, and the Russian theatrical director Theodore Komissarjevsky. Its first major production was an English translation of the Yiddish play by Russian playwright S. Ansky, *The Dybbuk*, which opened at the Royalty Theatre on 4 Apr 1927. The Festival Theatre in Cambridge, founded by the Irish Egyptologist and playwright Terence Gray, opened on 22 Nov 1926 with a production of Aeschylus's *Oresteia*, and with Ninette de Valois as choreographic director. The Gate Theatre Salon in Covent Garden, Floral Street, founded by repertory actor Peter Godfrey, opened on 30 Oct 1925 with a production of Susan Glaspell's *Bernice*.

14. For the Maddermarket Theatre, see TSE's "Commentary" for June 1926 (2.786).

15. Terence Gray provided detailed descriptions and architectural drawings of the rebuilt stage in "The Festival Theatre in Cambridge," *Theatre Arts Monthly*, 10 (Sept 1926), [585-86]. Further descriptions of the staging, scenery, and lighting appeared in the *Times* of 23 Sept ("Repertory Theatre for Cambridge / Experiments in Modern Staging"): "There will be no proscenium, but there are to be three stages, one behind the other, each with its own curtain. . . . A cylindrical cyclorama is being constructed, and this will be lit with Schwabe lighting" (10).

16. In addition to R. C. Trevelyan's verse translation of the *Oresteia*, the first season of the Festival Theatre included productions of W. J. Turner's *The Man Who Ate the Popomack*, Gordon Bottomley's *King Lear's Wife*, and Maurice Maeterlinck's *The Miracle of St. Anthony*. The second season began on 17 Jan and included productions of W. B. Yeats's *On Baile's Strand* and a ballet, *Rout*, by Ninette de Valois, followed by a series of exchange productions with J. B. Fagan's Oxford Players at the Oxford Playhouse.

Grammar and Usage

A review of *Modern English Usage*, by H. W. Fowler

Oxford: Clarendon, 1926. Pp. viii + 742.

The Philosophy of Grammar, by Otto Jespersen

London: Allen & Unwin. Pp. xvii + 347.

A Grammar of Late Modern English, for the Use of Continental, Especially Dutch, Students, Parts I and II, by H. Poutsma

Groningen: P. Noordhoff, 1904-1926. Pp. xi + 812.

Le Langage. Introduction linguistique à l'histoire [*Language: A Linguistic Introduction to History*], by J. Vendryes

Paris: La Renaissance du Livre, 1921. Pp. xxviii + 439.

The New Criterion: A Quarterly Review, 5 (Jan 1927) 121-24

A question raised and debated from time to time, and always dropped without any conclusion having been reached, is the question of the kind of education necessary or desirable for the acquisition of a good English style. Appeal is usually made to the evidence of "great writers," but such appeal is never satisfactory. One or another distinguished writer may be cited to prove that Latin and Greek are essential, or that Latin alone is enough, or that neither is necessary, or that a scientific training is as good or better, or that no training whatever, even the study of English models, is required. Great writers are deceptive: their virtues may blind us to their defects, or their virtues may be so singular as to make trivial in them vices which would be unpardonable in others. Again, no style, especially no English style, is the perfect medium for every content. *La pensée*, says Gourmont, *est l'homme même*:[1] nobody thinks about everything, or thinks in every way possible; and the subject matter and the mode of thought determine the style. We can study the styles of great writers, certainly, but we cannot educate ourselves on their model. We educate ourselves largely on instinct; we can educate others only by the humble light of reason.

Reason, if we formulate our problem in a plain and practical way, seems to me to recommend certain general tips and precepts. It recommends in general a classical education. True, some of our best prose is the prose of scientists; but this statement is reserved by several restrictions. One is that in a scientific training superiority of mind counts for everything: the great scientist writes well, the mediocre scientist indifferently, and the hack scientist badly. Another is that the scientist, when he writes on some subject other than that in which he has been trained, and which he has helped to create, may write, and think, in a very slovenly fashion indeed. We are concerned not with the exceptional style but with the moderate style: a humane training should teach a man to write well when he writes at all; it should teach him not to write at all of anything about which he has not thought well. The process of learning to write is the process of learning what we are competent to think about and write about.

A literary or humane education is certainly that most suitable for all but those who expect to occupy themselves with one of the more exact sciences. The more vague and dubious a "science," the worse its practitioners write, and the more they depend upon jargon. Physicists, mathematicians, chemists, may write extremely well; psychologists, economists, and especially the American pundits of that American science known as "sociology," more often write badly. The greatest variation occurs perhaps in the study of history, which is usually written well or badly according as the historian considers his study an art or a science. There is no worse writer than the pseudo-scientist: he believes that his "science" will take care of the thought and the style. The real scientists know better.

We may say then, that in general a classical training is the best foundation. Balance and proportion are important: Gibbon and Johnson are great writers, but are their styles not impaired by an excess of Latinity, and might they not have been the better for an infusion of the agile conversational language of Plato? But Latin and Greek, though they require many years of study, are not enough. The English language owes much to good classicists, but it owes something also to writers who, because they were not so saturated with Latin and Greek, have elicited and exploited the peculiar virtues of our Saxon-Danish-Norman inheritance. The particular virtue of the best Tudor prose – as that of Lancelot Andrewes – is its combination of Latinity with the native idiom.[2] But this style could not persist; its Latinity is too heavy, its nativeness too crude, for our later culture; we demand a more perfect assimilation of the elements. And the eighteenth century shows that there is always some danger – greater for English than for the more natively Latin tongue of France – of excessive Latinity. If we had Gibbon at the price of giving up Defoe, the price would be too great, the language would be less living.[3] To preserve a language from death is the first duty of those who speak it. When a language dies – as Sanskrit and Latin died – it is succeeded by some dialect or *baragouin*[4] inevitably much cruder. The dialect may in time become as fine a language as its predecessor. But that is not our business: our affair is to preserve the continuity of life.

It seems desirable then, that we should have at least a rudimentary knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, and enough knowledge of middle English to read Chaucer with the fluency and accuracy with which a good French scholar reads and scans French. And finally – and this is the point from which we arrive at the books which head this review – we should have some knowledge of the history and development of language in general, and of the English language in particular. For, as these books concur, in different ways, to show, once we have acquired Latin and Greek as fixed systems of accidence and syntax, we must begin to free ourselves of the assumption that our modern languages exist in fixed systems of accidence and syntax at all. The study of grammar must be supplemented by comparative philology and the history of language. Professor Jespersen, of Copenhagen University, is one of the greatest living authorities on the English language; his (unfinished) English Grammar is a masterpiece.[5] Professor Vendryes is an authority of the University of Paris.[6] Between them, they break down many accepted categories and distinctions. The distinction between inflected and agglutinative languages becomes less clear. M. Vendryes distinguishes between what he calls a *semantème*, a sign for an object, and a *morphème*, a sign for a relation (case endings, etc.), but he is not certain whether the word "word" is worth preserving in linguistics; "word" remains a useful word in ordinary speech, but what is a word?[7] Is *je ne l'ai pas* five words, or one, or how many?[8] And what he asserts, and what Professor Jespersen shows more cogently still, is that we have a mistaken conception of the natures of our modern languages, because we assume that the norm and type of language, of all "proper" language, is Latin; because we assume, absurdly enough, that the unfortunate persons who speak Bantu, or even Chinese, are compelled to express clumsily and with inadequate instruments what they would prefer to say, and could doubtless say much better, in Latin or English or French or German. And for the notion that English itself ought to conform to Latin, turn to Mr. Fowler's article on subjunctives (only one of the treasures of this invaluable dictionary); Mr. Fowler says:[9]

> owing to the capricious influence of the much analysed classical upon the less studied native moods, it probably never would have been possible to draw up a satisfactory table of the English subjunctive uses; [574]

and he points out (and his articles lead us again and again to this conclusion) that the striving after classical norms is as evident in the half educated writer aiming at the phantom of correct English, as in the style of the skilled Latinist. Nothing is more dangerous than to experiment with the subjunctive. For the subjunctive in English is hardly more than an analogy; there was something in the inflected language which preceded ours, but it was never exactly the same as the Latin subjunctive. The method of Mr. Fowler, which is to accept the language as being in constant change, and to accept it as it is instead of assuming that it is a deteriorated form of an earlier more perfect speech, is supported by Professor Jespersen in some of his closing words:

> The study of linguistic history is of the utmost importance to the grammarian: it broadens his mind and tends to eliminate that tendency to reprobation which is the besetting sin of the non-historic grammarian, for the history of languages shows that changes have constantly taken place in the past, and that what was bad grammar in one period may become good grammar in the next. But linguistic history has hitherto perhaps been too much occupied with trying to find out the ultimate origin of each phenomenon, while disregarding many things nearer our own days which are still waiting for careful investigation. [345]

Studies of this sort may perhaps be introduced into the curriculum of the future, but those of us whose "education" is already completed, can profit greatly by such books as these, and especially by the works of Jespersen. As for Mr. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*, every person who wishes to write ought to read *in* it (for it is inexhaustible) for a quarter of an hour every night before going to bed.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. *Trans*: Thought is man himself. *Le Problème du style* (Paris: Mercure de France, 1902), 154: "Le signe de l'homme dans l'œuvre intellectuelle, c'est la pensée. La pensée est l'homme même.

Le style est la pensée même." *Trans*: Man's imprint on intellectual work is thought. Thought is man himself. Style is thought itself.

2. For TSE on Andrewes's prose style, its "ordonnance, or arrangement and structure, precision in the use of words, and relevant intensity," see "Lancelot Andrewes" (2.819).

3. In "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (1929), TSE remarks on "the work of the hack novelists and pamphleteers" from which "the modern novel comes; for it emerges triumphantly in the work of a man who belongs to their type but wrote a more developed language and wrote with greater genius: Daniel Defoe" (3.634).

4. *baragouin* (OED): "Language so altered in sound or sense as to become generally unintelligible; jargon, 'double-Dutch.'"

5. The Danish philologist and linguist Otto Jespersen was Professor at the University of Copenhagen from 1893 to 1925. Three of the seven volumes of his *A Modern English Grammar on Historical Principles* (Copenhagen: E. Munksgaard, 1909-1942), were published at the time of TSE's review.

6. Joseph Vendryes (1875–1960), French linguist (of French and Celtic) and Professor at the École pratique des hautes études, Paris.

7. *Le Langage*, 86-87. See also Jespersen, *The Philosophy of Grammar*: "What is a word? and what is one word (not two or more)? These are very difficult problems . . ." (92).

8. *Trans*: I don't have it. Vendryes uses "je ne l'ai pas vu" and "je ne t'ai pas vu" (*trans*: I have not seen him/it; I have not seen you) in his discussion of variant meanings across languages of "mot" (word): "In the French sentence *je ne l'ai pas vu* . . . ordinary grammatical analysis recognizes seven different words. In reality, there is only one, but this is a complex word formed from a certain number of telescoped morphemes." *Language: A Linguistic Introduction to History*, trans. Paul Radin (London: Kegan Paul, 1931), 87-88.

9. H. W. (Henry Watson) Fowler (1858-1933), English lexicographer.

Homage to Wilkie Collins[1]

An omnibus review of nine mystery novels

The D'Arblay Mystery, by R. Austin Freeman
London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1926. Pp. 312.

The Footsteps that Stopped, by A. Fielding
London: Collins, 1926. Pp. 309.

The House of Sin, by Allen Upward
London: Faber & Gwyer, 1926. Pp. 282.

The Diamond in the Hoof, by Traill Stevenson
London: Cassell, 1926. Pp. ix + 307.

The Dangerfield Talisman, by J. J. Connington
London: Benn, 1926. Pp. 272.

The Mysterious Disappearances, by G. McLeod Winsor
London: Faber & Gwyer, 1926. Pp. 315.

Footsteps in the Night, by C. Fraser-Simson
London: Methuen, 1926. Pp. iv + 238.

The Bishops Park Mystery, by Donald Dike
London: Cassell, 1926. Pp. vi + 311.

The Massingham Butterfly, by J. S. Fletcher
London: Jenkins, 1926. Pp. v + 292.

The New Criterion: A Quarterly Review, 5 (Jan 1927) 139-43

During the last year or two the output of detective fiction has increased rapidly. I presume that detective fiction is successful, with a rising demand; otherwise one or two such thrillers would not appear on nearly every publisher's list. It might be interesting to speculate on the reasons for this increased demand, but our conclusions would be undemonstrable. What can be shown, and is of interest in itself, is that the increased demand and competition is producing a different, and as I think a superior type of detective story; that some general rules of detective technique may be laid down; and that, as detective fiction observes the rules of the game, so it tends to return and approximate to the practice of Wilkie Collins.[2] For the great book which contains the whole of English detective fiction in embryo is *The Moonstone*; every detective story, so far as it is a good detective story, observes the detective laws to be drawn from this book. The typical English detective story is free from the influence of Poe; Sherlock Holmes himself, and in spite of his numerous progeny, is in some important respects a sport.[3] I say the "typical" English detective story, because I believe that the crime fiction of every country has its own national character: it would be interesting, in this connexion, to show how French crime stories – notably Arsène Lupin and Jacques Rouletabille – may be derived from *The Count of Monte-Cristo* in the same way that English fiction is derived from *The Moonstone*;[4] but that would lead us too far.

A detective story cannot be analysed like other fiction: the reviewer must not reveal the plot, or the reader will be robbed of his pleasure. I have therefore arranged the fiction here "reviewed" – a small, but I dare say representative selection from the season's product – as nearly as possible in what I think the order of merit. The *Massingham Butterfly* must be considered *hors de concours*,[5] as it proved to be merely a collection of unrelated short stories of detective type; they are too slight to deserve reprinting, but suggest that Mr. Fletcher's longer detective stories are probably very good.[6] The two preceding (*Footsteps in the Night* and *The Bishops Park Mystery*) are not properly detective stories either, because they have no detectives; therefore they are technically of little interest. All of the rest have some merit: all of them violate, as Wilkie Collins never violates, some obvious rule of detective conduct.

I do not know how many of these rules can be formulated; the following are drawn up from my study of the stories above, and other recent stories, and the list "does not pretend to completeness." Every one of these stories commits one of these faults; they are, between one story and another, more or less heinous or excusable:

(1) The story must not rely upon elaborate and incredible disguises. We accepted them from so engaging a character as Holmes, as we accept them from the more farcical Lupin: but we consider them to be trick work. Disguises must be only occasional and incidental: here Wilkie Collins is impeccable. Elaborate double lives, in disguise, are an exaggeration of this vice: Arsène Lupin disguised for four years as the head of the Paris police, and actually being the head of the police, is admirable fooling. But in general it is reprehensible. But for a device of this sort, *The Footsteps that Stopped* would be the best of our list.[7]

(2) The character and motives of the criminal should be normal. In the ideal detective story we should feel that we have a sporting chance to solve the mystery ourselves; if the criminal is highly abnormal an irrational element is introduced which offends us. If the crime is not to have a natural motive, or is without motive altogether, we feel again that we have been tricked. But for this fault, another story on my list would have been placed higher than *The D'Arblay Mystery*. No theft, for instance, should be due to kleptomania (even if there is such a thing).

(3) The story must not rely either upon occult phenomena, or, what comes to the same thing, upon mysterious and preposterous discoveries made by lonely scientists. This, again, is the introduction of an irrational element: ghosts, influences, strange elements with terrifying properties ("the destruction of the atom" will probably flourish for several years in bad detective stories) are all in the same category. Writers of this sort of hocus-pocus may think that they are fortified by the prestige of H. G. Wells. But observe that Wells triumphs with his scientific fiction just because he *keeps within the limits of a genre* which is different from the detective genre. The reality is on another plane.[8] In *detective* fiction there is no place for this sort of thing. Two of our list fall through this sin.

(4) Elaborate and bizarre machinery is an irrelevance. Detective writers of austere and classical tendencies will abhor it. Some of the Sherlock Holmes stories make far too much of stage properties. Writers who delight in treasures hid in strange places, cyphers and codes, runes and rituals, should not be encouraged. But we must distinguish carefully. In Poe's *Gold Bug* the cypher is good, because we are given the legitimate intellectual exercise of its explication; there is nothing sham or meretricious about it, but the gold bug itself, and the skull, are unnecessary and childish trappings. But in *The Moonstone*, the Indian business (though I fear it has led to a great deal of bogus Indianism, fakirs and swamis, in crime fiction) is

perfectly within the bounds of reason. Collins's Indians are intelligent and resourceful human beings with perfectly legitimate and comprehensible motives.

(5) The detective should be highly intelligent but not superhuman. We should be able to follow his inferences and almost, but not quite, make them with him. It is perhaps in the Detective that the contemporary story has made the greatest progress – progress, that is to say, *back* to Sergeant Cuff. I am impressed by the number of competent, but not infallible *professionals* in recent fiction: Scotland Yard, or as it is now called, the C. I. D., has been rehabilitated.[9] The amateur detective no longer has everything his own way. Besides the C. I. D. Inspector, another type is successful: the medical scientist whose particular work brings him into touch with crime. But Mr. Freeman's Dr. Thorndyke and Mr. Upward's Dr. Tarleton are also unpretentious professionals; they have personality, but are without extraneous trappings.[10] One of the most brilliant touches in the whole of detective fiction is the way in which Sergeant Cuff, in *The Moonstone*, is introduced to the reader (in the narrative of the butler Betteredge). He is unimpressive, and dreary. But suddenly, while he is talking to the gardener about roses, "Hello," he says, "here's a lady coming. Might it be Lady Verinder." Now Betteredge and the gardener had reason to expect Lady Verinder, and from that direction; Cuff had not. Betteredge begins to think better of Cuff. It is not that Cuff has superhuman powers; he has a trained mind and trained senses.

One of the most promising of the younger detectives is Inspector Gilmour in *The Mysterious Disappearances*. He is all the better for being rather a disagreeable person, and his peculiar talents and limitations are very lifelike. If the author will abandon his scientific trickery (error 3 above) there is a brilliant future for Inspector Gilmour.[11]

Of all of the stories named above, *The D'Arblay Mystery* is the most perfect in form. The second is the most remarkable in its complication of plot; and only towards the end becomes improbable; the third is also first-rate work. The rest are inferior to these three.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*; Gallup: "Title from wrapper" (215).

2. Wilkie Collins (1824-89), popular fiction writer and playwright, author of the epistolary detective story *The Moonstone* (1868), and lifelong friend and collaborator of Charles Dickens. See TSE's "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (3.164).

3. In inaugurating the genre of mysteries and crime stories, Edgar Allan Poe created the first fictional detective C. Auguste Dupin in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841), *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* (1842), and *The Purloined Letter* (1845). Sherlock Holmes, the fictional detective of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859-1930), appeared in *A Study in Scarlet* (1887), the first of four novels in which his logical and forensic skills are featured, and in numerous short stories from 1891 to 1927.

4. Arsène Lupin, the detective-thief created by Maurice Leblanc (1864-1941), first appeared in a series of stories serialized in *Je sais tout* [I Know Everything] in 1905 and in twenty volumes through 1939; Jacques Rouletabille, the detective created by Gaston Leroux (1868-1927), first appeared in *Le Mystère de la chambre jaune* [*The Mystery of the Yellow Room*] (1907) and in seven additional novels through 1922; *The Count of Monte Cristo* (1844), an adventure novel by Alexandre Dumas (1802-70).

5. *Hors de concours*: out of competition

6. J. S. (Joseph Smith) Fletcher (1863-1935) wrote over a hundred detective novels from 1914 to 1935, including *The Great Brighton Mystery* (1925) and *The Cartwright Gardens Murder* (1926).

7. Written under the pseudonym A. (often A. E. in the United States) Fielding, allegedly of one Dorothy Feilding (b. 1884?), otherwise unidentified. This was the fourth of her twenty-seven detective novels published between 1924 and 1944, twenty-two of which, including *The Footsteps that Stopped*, feature Chief Inspector Pointer.

8. Wells, regarded as a father of science fiction with the French writer Jules Verne, is best known for his novels in the genre: *The Time Machine* (1895), *The Island of Doctor Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), *The War of the Worlds* (1898), *The First Men in the Moon* (1901), and *The Food of the Gods* (1904).

9. Scotland Yard: headquarters since 1829 of the Metropolitan Police force in London; the C. I. D. (Criminal Investigations Department) succeeded the Detective Branch in 1878 after four detectives were brought to trial for conspiring with criminals.

10. R. (Richard) Austin Freeman (1862-1943), English surgeon and author, created a series of detective novels and short stories featuring the forensic scientist Dr. John Thorndyke; Allen Upward (1863-1926), poet, novelist, and philosopher, featured Dr. Frank Tarleton in his series of detective novels. Ezra Pound championed Upward's early poetry and philosophical prose, included nine of his poems in the Imagist anthology, *Des Imagistes* (1914), and wrote enthusiastic reviews of his *The New Word* (1910) and *The Divine Mystery* (1915).

11. G. (George) McLeod Winsor (b. 1856) included Inspector Gilmour in his next and final detective novel, *Once Bitten, and What Ensued* (1930).

A Note on Poetry and Belief

The Enemy, 1 (Jan 1927) 15-17

In an essay of very great interest published in *The Criterion* for July, 1925, I. A. Richards did me the honour of employing one of my poems as evidence on behalf of a theory he was there expounding.[1] He observed, in a footnote, that the author in question, "by effecting a complete separation between his poetry and *all* beliefs, and this without any weakening of the poetry, has realised what might otherwise have remained largely a speculative possibility." This footnote is explicatory of the following sentence in the text:

> A sense of desolation, of uncertainty, of futility, of the baselessness of aspirations, of the vanity of endeavour, and a thirst for a life-giving water which seems suddenly to have failed, are the signs in consciousness of this necessary reorganisation of our lives. [520]

I do not believe that an author is more qualified to elucidate the esoteric significance of his own work, than is any other person of training and sensibility and at least equal intelligence. I renounce any advantage over Mr. Richards in the interpretation of the poem in question. His remark interests me enormously, quite apart from its application to my own work; and I could wish indeed that he might have used for his instance some other man's poem rather than mine, so that I might discuss the question with more freedom. For the question is new and is important and is extremely interesting.[2]

Even where beliefs are not made explicit, how far can any poetry be detached from the beliefs of the poet?[3] I have gathered from Mr. Richards in subsequent conversations – unluckily he is abroad and I cannot appeal to him for correction before publishing this note – that he looks forward to a possible development of the human mind in which sensibility and intellect will in some way be separated, in which "belief" will consist in the provisional assent given to tenable scientific hypotheses, and in which sensibility will no longer be hampered by the restrictions of what happens to be felt as true at any particular time. We were agreed, I believe, on one point: that in the history of literature feeling and emotion had been altered, and at certain times diminished, by whatever at the time it was inevitable to consider real or true. Mr. Richards's view, partly as expressed in the essay quoted, appears to be that there is now a steady and invincible march of science which will leave less and less nourishment for poetry; so that the poetic sensibility, if it is to survive at all (of which he is doubtful) will have to aliment itself from nothing.[4]

The point at which I disagree with Mr. Richards is this: Mr. Richards seems to me to be slightly under the sentimental influence of Matthew Arnold, whom he pertinently quotes at the head of his article; wandering between two worlds, one dead, etc.[5] He speaks as if, up to a certain moment, perhaps about sixty years ago, the world had lain dreaming placidly in religious faith, and had then waked suddenly (perhaps hit by the "snowball of science" of which he speaks) to find itself inadequately clad in an environment which had changed its climate.[6] He speaks, that is, as if people had always believed the same things in the same way. (I am sure that I have travestied his thought, but I must stick to what he seems to mean.) But I am convinced – even from the study of the history of poetry alone – and I think that the history of Christian dogma could be made to support the view – that belief itself has been in constant mutation (not always progress, from any point of view) from the beginning of civilisation. To limit ourselves to *Christian* belief, there is religious verse in the 13th century, in the 17th, and in the 19th centuries.[7] It would be rash to say that the *belief* of Christina Rossetti was not as strong as that of Crashaw,[8] or that of Crashaw as strong as that of Dante; and among the propositions believed by these persons there must be a number of dogmas, expressed in substantially the same words, believed heartily by all three; nevertheless they are all as different from each other as they are from myself. As for the poem of my own in question, I cannot for the life of me see the "complete separation" from all belief – or it is something no more complete than the separation of Christina Rossetti from Dante. A "sense of desolation," etc. (if it is there) is not a separation from belief; it is nothing so pleasant. In fact, doubt, uncertainty, futility, etc., would seem to me to prove anything except this agreeable partition; for doubt and uncertainty are merely a variety of belief.[9]

I do not know whether my poem proves anything at all, one way or another, in this discussion, and I should not rely upon it myself as evidence even of my own thesis. But I cannot see that poetry can ever be separated from something which I should call belief, and to which I cannot see any reason for refusing the name of belief, unless we are to reshuffle names altogether. It should hardly be needful to say that it will not inevitably be orthodox Christian belief, although that possibility can be entertained, since Christianity will probably continue to modify itself, as in the past, into something that can be believed in (I do not mean *conscious* modifications like modernism, etc., which always have the opposite effect). The majority of people live below the level of belief or doubt. It takes application, and a kind of genius, to believe anything, and to believe *anything* (I do *not* mean merely to believe in some "religion") will probably become more and more difficult as time goes on. But we are constantly being told how much more difficult in other ways – telephones, wireless, aeroplanes and future inventions to try our nerves – life is becoming; and the complication of belief is merely another complication to be put up with. We await, in fact (as Mr. Richards is awaiting the future poet), the great genius who shall triumphantly succeed in believing *something*. For those of us who are higher than the mob, and lower than the man of inspiration, there is always *doubt*; and in doubt we are living parasitically (which is better than not living at all) on the minds of the men of genius of the past who have believed something.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Richards discussed *The Waste Land* in his "A Background for Contemporary Poetry," *Criterion*, July 1925, 511-28, which became the last three chapters of *Science and Poetry* (1926); TSE reviewed this book for the *Dial* in Mar 1927 (3.44). TSE and Richards began corresponding regularly in Jan 1926 and occasionally met in Cambridge when TSE went up to give his Clark Lectures.

2. Jacques Maritain's essay "Poetry and Religion" appeared in the Jan 1927 *Criterion*.

3. This essay initiated a decade-long dialogue on poetry and belief between TSE and Richards, as in "Dante" (1929), where TSE distinguished between "philosophical *belief* and poetic *assent*," writing that "we can make a distinction between what Dante believes as a poet and what he believed as a man," and directly engaging Richards in a "Note" on "the theory of poetic belief and understanding" (3.727). See also "Dante" (1920): "The original form of a philosophy cannot be poetic. But poetry can be penetrated by a philosophic idea" (2.228).

4. Richards added a more explicit statement of this view when he revised his *Criterion* essay for *Science and Poetry*, asking, "to what extent may science make obsolete the poetry of the past?" and answering, "the remedy . . . is to cut our pseudo-statements free from belief. . . . poetry conclusively shows that even the most important among our attitudes can be aroused and maintained without any belief entering in at all" (*Science and Poetry*, 52, 72).

5. Richards takes the epigraph for his article – "Yet we / Have a worse course to steer" – from Arnold's "Stanzas in Memory of the Author of 'Obermann'" (1849); TSE here refers to Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" (1855) (a work that also refers to "Obermann"): "Wandering between two worlds, one dead, / The other powerless to be born, / With nowhere yet to rest my

head, / Like these, on earth I wait forlorn." TSE had alluded to these lines in a 1918 review: "Mr. Clive Bell, lingering between two worlds, one dead, is in some respects the Matthew Arnold of his time" (1.723).

6. Richards writes: "Suddenly, not long ago, [man] began to get genuine knowledge on a large scale. The process went faster and faster; it snowballed. Now he has to face the fact that the edifices of supposed knowledge, with which he has for so long buttressed and supported his attitudes, will no longer stand up" (515-16).

7. In his concluding Clark lecture, TSE wrote: "my theory of metaphysical poetry. . . . implies a theory of the history of belief, in which the thirteenth century, and the seventeenth century, and the nineteenth century, all occupy their places in what I have called a process of disintegration" (2.748).

8. TSE lectured on Christina Rossetti as one of three nineteenth-century "Poets of Religious Faith" for his *Course of Twenty-Five Lectures on Victorian Literature* in 1917 (1.587). In "The Metaphysical Poets," he placed her as the heir of Crashaw (2.375); in his Clark lecture on Crashaw, he called Rossetti a "diluted Theresa" (2.708).

9. In "The Pensées of Pascal" (1931), TSE asserts that Pascal faced "unflinchingly the demon of doubt which is inseparable from the spirit of belief" (4.345).

The Phoenix Nest[1]

An unsigned review of *The Phoenix Nest, Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1593*, ed. Frederick Etchells and Hugh Macdonald

London: The Haslewood Books, 1926. Pp. iv + 117.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1303 (20 Jan 1927) 41

The Haslewood Press (Frederick Etchells and Hugh Macdonald), which has already published *Englands Helicon*, has now issued another and less-known Elizabethan anthology.[2] Mr. Hugh Macdonald, in his careful introduction, observes that "the contents . . . are less varied in style than those of most of the Elizabethan Miscellanies, and the poems suggest that they were to some extent the work of a group of writers more or less associated" [6-7]. Both the statement and the suggestion are true. The editor of the book was one "R. S. of the Inner Temple" – a person as to whose identity conjecture has been exhausted – and an examination of the poems, which are relatively uniform in matter and in manner, indicates that they are the work of men of similar education and training in taste, Inns of Court men,[3] or at least university contemporaries. There are seventy-nine poems; twenty-eight are initialled, and the authors of some of the others are identified. Included certainly are Lodge, Nicholas Breton, Peele, Watson, the Earl of Oxford; probably are William Smith, Sir William Herbert, Matthew Roydon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Edward Dyer.[4] The volume is genuinely an anthology of unpublished poems; and poems contributed in this way are, as modern experience shows, much more likely to resemble each other than poems selected by the editor from the contributor's published works. And that is perhaps the chief interest, no small one, of this volume; it gives a fair impression of the taste and fancy of the university wits of the day.[5] There is no lyric Shakespeare, no weighty and sententious Jonson or singing Campion, not even the occasional flashes of Nashe, but a very high level of able mediocrity, very pleasing, very Elizabethan, and giving a remarkably just impression of the "school" work of the day. The influence of Spenser is evident – where, in Elizabethan poetry, is it wholly absent? – and in the longer poems allegory and dream imagery are frequent; the poets often express themselves in a kind of conceited frigidity which is prophetical of the greater and more excessive generation to come.[6] Nicholas Breton is an author who, in a much lauded epoch, has been unduly neglected; in this miscellany he is represented by several charming poems in riddles and figures, which mark him as a predecessor of Cleveland and Benlowes.[7] "The Excellent Dreame of Ladies and their Riddles" and "The Chesse Play" are characteristic of the verse of this interesting writer. Sweeter and more melodious are several of the poems contributed by Thomas Lodge; one lovely song has a prescient ring of Crashaw's "Weeper":[8]

  Pine away,
That pining you may please;
For death betides you ease:
  Oh sweete and kinde decay;
To pine and die, whilst Love gives looking on,
And pines to see you pining mone.[9]

The Earl of Oxford (for "E. O." seems to be he) has a slight but pleasing song.[10] An anonymous poem ("The time, when first I fell in Love") has almost an eighteenth-century sound[11]; and "Ah poore Conceit, delite is dead," has a metaphysical quality, in one verse almost that of Lewis Carroll's Queen of Hearts:

I knowe it now, I knew it not,
  But all too late I rew it,
I rew not that I knew it not,
  But that I ever knew it. [92][12]

Mr. Macdonald has provided useful notes as well as an introduction; and the book is an extremely well made copy of the first edition.

NOTES

1. TSE wrote to Bruce Richmond on 30 Dec 1926: "I have just turned in a short review of *The Phoenix Nest*. I did not think that [it] required more than half a column" (*L3* 350).

2. Frederick Etchells (1886-1973), architect, writer, typographer, and Vorticist artist, exhibited with Wyndham Lewis and helped launch the Rebel Art Centre and *Blast* in 1914; he was also a friend and colleague of John Rodker, whose Ovid Press printed TSE's *Ara Vos Prec* (1920). Hugh Macdonald, scholar and fellow founder of The Haslewood Books, which issued thirty-two fine books between 1924 and 1931. Macdonald edited the press's edition of

England's Helicon. Reprinted from the Edition of 1600, with Additional Poems from the Edition of 1614 (1925).

3. English legal education institutions located in London, consisting of the Outer and Inner Temples, Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn.

4. Thomas Lodge (1558-1625), poet and translator; Nicholas Breton (also, Britton) (1544/55 – ca. 1626), a poet whose work gained commendation after its appearance in *The Phoenix Nest*; George Peele, dramatist and poet whose *The Old Wives Tale* (1595) TSE listed on the syllabus of his 1918 Extension course; Thomas Watson (1555/6-92), poet and translator, dedicated his *Hekatompathia; or, Passionate Century of Love* (1582), to the poet and courtier Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford (1550-1604); William Smith (*fl.* 1596), poet and author of the sonnet sequence *Chloris; or, The Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard* (1596), dedicated to Edmund Spenser; Sir William Herbert (1553-93), Oxford scholar, writer, Irish colonist; Matthew Roydon (*fl.* 1583-1622), poet, to whom Chapman dedicated "The Shadow of Night" (1594), and who, along with Watson and Peele, was one of the "university wits" associated with Marlowe; Sir Walter Raleigh, poet and courtier whom TSE discusses in "The New Elizabethans and the Old" (1919); Sir Edward Dyer (1543-1607), poet and courtier, scholar at Oxford and the Inner Temple, and a friend of Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville.

5. Marlowe, Nashe, Peele, Greene, Lyly, and Lodge were the chief members of this group of Elizabethan poets and playwrights (*fl.* 1580-90s), who were – unlike Jonson and Shakespeare – members of Oxford and Cambridge universities.

6. Donne, Marvell, Herbert, Crashaw, Cleveland, Vaughan, about whom TSE writes in "The Metaphysical Poets" (1921) (2.375).

7. In his Clark lecture on "The Conceit in Donne" (1926), TSE states that John Cleveland and Edward Benlowes "both bring us to the question: how far can our definition of 'metaphysical verse' be stretched?" (2.682).

8. "Sainte Mary Magdalene; or The Weeper" from *Steps to the Temple: Sacred Poems; with the Delights of the Muses* (1646, 1648). See TSE's discussion of "The Weeper" in "Crashaw" (1926) (2.712), and "A Note on Richard Crashaw" (1928) (3.380).

9. From "Strive no more, / Forspoken joys to spring" (49); *mone* (OED): "*Obs.* Sexual intercourse"; *verb*, "to sing (a song)."

10. "What cunning can expresse, / The favour of hir face," the single poem signed "E. O." (62-63). Macdonald notes that "In *Englands Helicon* this poem is also attributed to the *Earle of Oxenford*" (109).

11. The first of four stanzas: "The time, when first I fell in Love, / Which now I must lament, / The yeere, wherein I lost such time, / To compasse my content" (76).

12. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (1865), the White Rabbit reads the accusation ("Who Stole the Tarts?"): "The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts, / All on a summer day; / The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, / And took them quite away."

Charleston, Hey! Hey![1]

A review of *The Future of Futurism*, by John Rodker
London: Kegan Paul, 1927. Pp. 92.

Composition as Explanation, by Gertrude Stein
London: Hogarth Press, 1926. Pp. 59.

Pomona: or the Future of English, by Basil de Sélincourt
London: Kegan Paul, 1926. Pp. 94.

Catchwords and Claptrap, by Rose Macaulay
London: Hogarth Press, 1926. Pp. 44.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 40 (29 Jan 1927) 595

To be interested in "the future" is a symptom of demoralization and debility. Messrs. Kegan Paul are to be commended for instituting a series of little books which fully exposes this contemporary weakness. We are, at least officially, prohibited from consulting the oracles, and from having our horoscopes cast in the Tottenham Court Road; but we are able to peer into the future by means of that brilliant series of little books called "To-day and To-morrow."[2] The volumes are, inevitably, of varying interest; but the series will constitute a precious document upon the present time. There are, of course, two futures: there is the future of the present, the future which we are actually working upon, and there is the future of the future, the future beyond our power, the future of the housemaid's dream of marriage; the latter is the future with which the series is concerned.

Mr. Basil de Selincourt seems to be bewildered by the possibilities of the language.[3] While Miss Macaulay, fixing her eye upon a few of the more conventional conventionalities of present speech, such as "not cricket,"[4] provides us with a pleasant half-hour of amusing triviality, Mr. de Selincourt contrives in his half-hour to be equally trivial, but not half so amusing. One wishes, indeed, that Mr. de Selincourt, before knitting his brows over the future of English, had taken a little more thought for the present. He says, on page 7: "it (*impersonal*) is conjecturable, of course, that it (*language*) may one day be superseded, that men may learn to transfuse their meanings by a kind of controlled telepathy . . ." etc. *A kind of* is a phrase only to be used in extremity; to "transfuse by telepathy" is new to me. But there are jewels more brilliant than these. The quality of Mr. de Selincourt's style may be judged from the following:

> What, then, do we wish to be? A fundamental question that. . . . Language is a branch of the tree of life . . . merest tyro. . . . What is the future of the English language? The problem is evolutionary. . . . Everyone feels in Chaucer the joyous expansiveness of youth, in Hardy the sombre introspection of old age . . . secluded by-path. . . . In Celtic, with its tenderness and wild glamour, we feel the mountain and the valley, the rocks and the rain; in the mellow vowels of Italian the blue of the Mediterranean and its cloudless skies. . . . The French call love "amour." . . . The salient feature of our age. . . .[5]

Miss Macaulay should have had Mr. de Selincourt's book before her when she wrote her pamphlet.

Mr. Rodker has provided a much more interesting piece of vaticination.[6] For one thing, he writes in an agreeable lively style; his thought is apparently influenced by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and T. E. Hulme (which we are glad to find), and his syntax seems to be influenced, attractively, by Mr. Joyce's third manner.[7] Mr. Rodker is up-to-the-minute, if anyone is; we feel sure that he knows all about hormones, W. H. R. Rivers and the Mongol in our midst.[8] And he has accomplished a considerable feat in writing, on such a vague subject, ninety-two extremely interesting pages. The shorter a book is, the more difficult it is to summarize; but Mr. Rodker seems to think, in short, that the future of literature lies in two directions: in the line of "Blake, Mallarmé, Roussel, and the development of all those qualities we have called mental agility," and the other the line of "the sublimity of the bowels as in Tchekhov and Dostoevsky" (91).[9] Or to put it crudely (if I understand him correctly), the direction of abstraction ("pure poetry"), and on the other hand the investigation of the subconscious. Now Mr. Rodker seems to me to have made only one mistake – if he is mistaken – and that is to identify the general future with *his* present. He seems to think that we "shall grow more refined, our nervous antennae more delicately aware of new vibrations" [44-45], etc. We shall produce, on the one hand, a pantheon of super-Mallarmés for a smaller and smaller public, and on the other hand we shall have a popular literature – if literature it be – for a completely Americanized Russia and a more and more Russianized America.[10] As for the former, Mr. Rodker quotes a phrase from the work of an ingenious American writer, Mr. Estlin Cummings:[11]

> . . . as usual I did not find him in cafés, the more dissolute atmosphere of a street superimposing a numbing imperfectness upon such peregrinations as twilight spontaneously by inevitable tiredness of flanging shopgirls impersonally affords furnished a soft first clue to his innumerable whereabouts . . .[12]

and thinks that this might help us "in our search for the language of posterity" [38-39]. Mr. Cummings's language seems to me much more certainly the language of the present than of the future. What warrant is there for believing that our sensibility will become more "complex" and refined? And again, is there not a limit to the possibilities of "mechanization"?[13] I am inclined to wonder (exposing myself as Mr. Rodker has done) whether complication of syntax always implies complexity of thought or sensibility, whether the thought and sensibility of the future may not become more simple and indeed more crude than that of the present, whether the mechanical complication of life does not bring about such simplification of sensibility, rather than the reverse; whether the omens are not with Miss Stein[14] and the author of "I'm Gona Charleston Back to Charleston" rather than with Mr. Cummings or Mr. D. H. Lawrence?[15] There is something precisely *ominous* about Miss Stein. Her books of "about one thousand pages" may, and will, remain unread; but Miss Stein is going to make trouble for us just the same.[16] In this Hogarth Essay of fifty-nine pages the atom is dissociated.[17] I entirely agree with Mr. Rodker's remarks about Miss Stein.[18] Moreover, her work is not improving, it is not amusing, it is not interesting, it is not good for one's mind. But its rhythms have a peculiar hypnotic power not met with before. It has a kinship with the saxophone. If this is of the future, then the future is, as it very likely is, of the barbarians. But this is the future in which we ought not to be interested.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. "Charleston Hey Hey I'm on my way today": words from the 1925 jazz song "I'm Gonna Charleston My Way Back to Charleston" by Roy Turk and Lou Handman.

2. Tottenham Court Road: London street passing through the neighborhood of St. Giles, which according to Peter Ackroyd has "never lost its oblique reputation for occultism and strange practice" (*London: The Biography* [Talese, 2001], 132). In "The Dry Salvages," TSE makes a similar reference to London's Edgware Road as a place to "describe the horoscope, haruspicate or scry."

"To-day and To-morrow": "This series of books, by some of the most distinguished English thinkers, scientists, philosophers, doctors, critics, and artists, was at once recognized as a noteworthy event. . . . Several volumes are devoted to the future trend of Civilization . . . while others deal with particular provinces, and cover the future of Women, War, Population, Science, Machines, Morals, Drama, Poetry, Art, Music, Sex, etc." (from the back matter of *Pomona*). Also in this series was Bertrand Russell's *What I Believe* (1925), which TSE mentioned in "The Idea of a Literary Review" (2.765).

3. Basil de Sélincourt (1877-1966), English essayist, journalist, and author (*The English Secret*, 1923); TSE criticized his review "A French Romantic" in a letter to the *TLS* on 28 Oct 1920 (*L1* 512) (2.275).

4. [Emilie] Rose Macaulay (1881-1958), English novelist and poet, scholar of seventeenth-century literature, and member of the Bloomsbury circle; some of her popular novels from the 1920s include *Orphan Island* (1924) and *Crewe Train* (1926). "Another haloed catchword," she writes, "and this time the halo is of the purest gold, is the word *cricket*. . . , so that to *play cricket*, in the mouths of some persons, seems to mean to behave in a pure and noble manner" (28).

5. *Pomona*, 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 21, 28, 36, 45.

6. Vaticination: prophecy

7. Rodker refers to "Mr Joyce's last jocular and Rabelaisian manner" and quotes from his work in progress, *Finnegan's Wake* (86-87). In 1922, Rodker brought out the first British edition of Joyce's *Ulysses* with the Egoist Press and worked to get it past the postal authorities; he had also been instrumental in preparing the French translation of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*.

8. TSE refers to a passage in Rodker on the role of hormones: "to the student of the internal secretions, the lines, expressions, attitudes are important . . . in the modelling and tone of every one of the [facial] features each of the endocrine glands has something to say" (77). This passage is taken without attribution from Louis Berman's *The Glands Regulating Personality*, 1921 (121); see reference to Berman in "Isolated Superiority" (1928) (3.323). TSE referred to Rivers's *Essays on the Depopulation of Melanesia* (1922) in "Marie Lloyd" (2.420) and had Wyndham Lewis review Rivers's *Medicine, Magic and Religion* in the Jan 1925 *Criterion*. Kegan's "To-day and To-morrow" series included *The Mongol in our Midst: A Study of Man and his Three Faces* by F. G. Crookshank (1924), a work linking Down syndrome to Mongolian heredity.

9. Raymond Roussel (1877-1933), French poet, novelist, and dramatist; Anton Chekhov (1860-1904), Russian dramatist and short-story writer.

10. "And looking at America on the one hand and Russia on the other, it must now be obvious that the very near future will see the complete automatism of the individual in a benevolent state, manufacturing minds" (51).

11. E. E. [Edward Estlin] Cummings (1894-1962), American modernist poet, who by 1927 published *Tulips and Chimneys* (1923), *&* (1925), *XLI Poems* (1925), *is 5* (1926), and the novel *The Enormous Room* (1922).

12. As mispunctuated in Rodker (38-39), from "as usual i did not find him in cafes," poem V in *XLI poems* (1925).

13. Among numerous references to the "mechanical," Rodker states: "only some very complete break away seems to offer scope for an art which shall be adequate to the tremendous expansion which we feel the mechanical age has made flower with us" (58).

14. Gertrude Stein (1874-1946), American avant-garde writer whose previous work was *The Making of Americans* (1925). In 1924, TSE wrote to Lady Rothermere, "Miss Heap has sent me two manuscripts of Gertrude Stein; they are not like the story, and they are quite meaningless to me. It seems to me to be nonsense" (*L2* 490). He sent the manuscripts back to Jane Heap at the *Little Review*: "I have read them through several times and think I have grasped some at least of the intention: and they certainly produce a peculiar hypnotic effect upon me. But I do not think that they would do for us in *The Criterion*: and they seem to me much more for the professional, as a technical study, than for the ordinary reader. They are extremely interesting to me, as I have been working in a method of repetition and variation lately myself; and some day I should much like to meet the author" (*L2* 504). In 1925, he wrote to Stein herself about publishing her work, concluding "I am immensely interested in everything you write" (*L2* 638); her "The Fifteenth of November" appeared in the Jan 1926 *Criterion*, and on 12 Jan TSE asked Edith Sitwell to review "her enormous book" *The Making of Americans*, which Sitwell treated favorably in the *Criterion* of Apr 1926 (*L3* 16). Stein offered TSE the manuscript for *Composition as Explanation* later that year, but on 25 June, he returned it to her: "I should have been very glad to use it . . . I now learn from Mr. Leonard Woolf that The Hogarth Press are publishing it as a pamphlet in the autumn which I am sorry to say renders it impossible for us"; in a postscript he added, "I like it" (*L3* 203).

15. The Turk and Handman song begins, "I'm going to Charleston, back to my old shack in Charleston. . . ." Rodker contrasts the "hypnotic value of repetition" in Stein's work with Cummings's ability to express himself "clearly and compactly" (38-39). Of Lawrence, Rodker writes that "he seem[s] to reach out to [his] prey and store the answering vibrations as radium emanations are stored" (76). For TSE's recent assessment of Lawrence's oeuvre, see "Le roman anglais contemporain" [The Contemporary Novel]: "a descriptive genius second to no writer," but "one still turns away with the judgement: 'this is not my world, either as it is, or as I should wish it to be'" (3.90).

16. *Composition as Explanation*; *read:* "I did a book called *The Making of Americans* it is a long book about a thousand pages. . . . A continuous present is a continuous present. I made almost a thousand pages of a continuous present. . . . I went on and on to a thousand pages of it" (17-19).

17. In chemistry, dissociation is the separation of a compound substance into atoms or ions, for example, by heat.

18. Rodker states that Stein's "words are arranged not so much in free association . . . but as though they were units and interdependent, and they are developed in recurring motifs as a fugue might be developed. . . . Such a method may prove some sort of discipline for a mind debauched (?) by too much compressed literature and the 'mot juste'" (36-37). In his Clark lecture "The Conceit in Donne," TSE commented: "Benlowes' verses, like those of Miss Gertrude Stein, can, for anyone whose taste has already been disciplined elsewhere, provide an extremely valuable exercise for unused parts of the mind"(2.682).

The Sources of Chapman

An unsigned review of *Études sur l'humanisme continental en Angleterre à la fin de la Renaissance* [*Studies on Continental Humanism in England at the End of the Renaissance*], by Franck L. Schoell

Paris: Champion, 1926. Pp. vii + 268.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1306 (10 Feb 1927) 88

The author of this essay is, we imagine, an American; but his book is an admirable example of the French scholarship which, in the École Normale, and in theses of doctorate and agregation, has contributed so much in recent years to the history of English literature, and indirectly and gradually, in consequence, to the criticism of English literature.[1] The relation of literary criticism to scholarship is similar to that of philosophy to natural science. The development of science inevitably modifies philosophic theory, though it is not always easy to say either how or why. And as every philosophic system must be judged in relation to the state of science in its time, so most certainly must literary criticism be judged in relation to the scholarship of its time.[2] The relativity of philosophy is known to every cabman; the relativity of literary criticism is not so generally recognized. We can no longer criticize Shakespeare as Coleridge did, for we know a great deal more than Coleridge knew about the Shakespeare canon; we can no longer criticize most of the other Elizabethans as Swinburne criticized them, for we have more information.[3] Professor Schoell might have entitled his book "Studies in the Sources of George Chapman," for it is with the borrowings of Chapman from seven or eight Continental scholars that the book is concerned.[4] It is safe to say that this is a book which no student of Chapman can afford to neglect. But the book has a wider significance, which justifies Mr. Schoell in giving it a more comprehensive title; for it is a study in the intellectual origins of the Elizabethan mind.

The book is admirably constructed, and stuffed with parallel passages from Chapman and his originals which carry conviction; it is admirable also in the restraint and sobriety of its generalizations, which never exceed the facts adduced. During the nineteenth century romantic conceptions, both of the "Middle Ages" and of the "Renaissance," prevailed; these conceptions were promulgated, for their own ends, by writers so various as Hugo and Huysmans, Ruskin and Pater.[5] In consequence, we are apt to think of the revival of Greek as one of the characteristics defining the Renaissance. And so, within definite limits, it was. We are apt to overlook the fact that Greek culture, compared with Roman culture, played a very small part in the Renaissance; that Greek drama was little read and less appreciated; that Ascham and Cheke,[6] in England, have hardly any peers until the eighteenth century; and, particularly, that the Renaissance cannot be said to have understood Greek philosophy as well as the "Middle Ages" understood it. The last point has never been sufficiently insisted upon. The classical scholarship of the thirteenth century was infantile; it knew its Aristotle largely through Latin translations, and indeed through Latin translations from the Arabic, and it did not possess Aristotle complete. Nevertheless, it entered far more into the spirit of Aristotle than the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries entered into the spirit of Plato, in spite of their symposia. The thirteenth century was interested in the thought of Aristotle; but the Renaissance was not, on the whole, interested in the *thought* of Plato. It was interested in itself, in an exuberant self-dramatization; the dramatic form and the emotionality of Plato suited its purpose.[7]

The "Platonism" of the Renaissance is, in fact, almost a burlesque of the Platonism of Plato. And George Chapman, a Platonist, the most erudite of the Elizabethan dramatists – not even excepting Jonson – for, of the two, Chapman was more of a Hellenist and Jonson more of a Latinist – is a particularly interesting example of English Renaissance learning united with English Renaissance poetic genius. Professor Schoell throws light on a great deal of the obscurity of Chapman – especially the obscurity of the poems – a great deal more light, in fact, than is thrown by Swinburne. For Swinburne (lacking the knowledge of sources) is content to speak of the "vigorous but unfixed and clouded intellect" of Chapman; to admit the "powerful mind," the "intellectual energy"; and to imply that in Chapman a profound mind was struggling through great difficulties of expression.[8] Mr. Schoell's accurate display of sources confirms the belief, to which some of us were inclined before, that Chapman is, like other poets, a man of emotional rather than "intellectual" power. To have "intellect," a "powerful mind," is, we suppose, to think for oneself; and Mr. Schoell allows us very little excuse for imagining that Chapman took the trouble to do much thinking for himself. Chapman was, in fact, an illustrious example of that numerous tribe – very numerous in the Renaissance – for whom the value of a philosophy resides in the subjective emotion which they can relevantly or irrelevantly impose upon it. Chapman's Platonism, Mr. Schoell shows in his first chapter, is the Platonism of Marsilio Ficino. He used extensively (there can now he little doubt of it) Ficino's translation of Plato; he draws no distinction between the thought of Plato and that of neo-Platonism;[9] and when he professes to cite Plato, he is often citing Ficino or some other Renaissance commentator. The Renaissance in Italy did, it must be allowed, produce some fine criticism, not only of Plato, but of Aristotle: it produced the splendid and still illuminating Aristotelian commentaries of Pacius and Zabarella;[10] but such work was not of a kind to interest Chapman or other poets. The "obscurity" of Chapman's *Hymn to Night*, *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, *Andromeda*,[11] and other poems, turns out to be due to the fact that Chapman lifted bodily passages from Ficino and from Italian manuals of classical mythology.[12] In his plays, again, as Mr. Schoell shows, he took much of his Senecal philosophy from the *Adages* of Erasmus[13] and from versions of Epictetus and Plutarch by Italian scholars and translators.[14] Even in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* Chapman stirred not a step without consulting Latin translations.[15] Yet Chapman knew Greek and used the Greek text faithfully. Mr. Schoell generalizes:

> Le choix qu'a fait Lord North de la traduction plutarquienne d'Amyot comme point de départ de son Plutarque anglais (1579) n'est pas un fait isolé dans l'histoire des rapports entre France et Angleterre. Il n'est que la marque d'un état de choses général à la fin du XVIe siècle: la dépendance totale de l'Angleterre vis-à-vis du continent en général, et de la France en particulier, en matière d'hellénisme . . . Ce n'est pas de la côte grecque que Chapman a rapporté toutes ses plus lourdes dépouilles grecques. Il en est beaucoup, et de fort belles, qu'il n'a point eu à dépasser la côte française pour rencontrer, saisir et faire siennes. [177][16]

In this book Mr. Schoell has reported in detail most interesting borrowings of Chapman from Ficino, Gyraldus, Comes (he might have made it a little more obvious to the ordinary reader that N. Comes and Natali Conti are the same person),[17] Erasmus, Xylander, Wolfius, Stephanus, and Spondanus.[18] We await with impatience Professor Schoell's complete study of Chapman, which Professor Émile Legouis promises in his preface [v].[19]

NOTES

1. Franck L. (Louis) Schoell (1889-1982), described on the title page as an *ancien élève* (alumnus) and *agrégé* (fellow) of the École normale supérieure (Paris, founded 1794), had achieved its highest diploma through *agrégation* (competitive examinations). Formerly Professor of Romance Languages at the University of Chicago (1919-21), he taught at the time at the University of California, Berkeley. After *TLS* editor Bruce Richmond passed on to TSE Schoell's letter of appreciation for this anonymous review, TSE wrote to Schoell on 7 Mar: "it gives me great pleasure to know that my review . . . was satisfactory to you, and I will add that the book seems to me to have great importance, that it will in the future be of great use to myself"; he also apologized for "having rather gratuitously assumed that you were an American" (*L3* 436).

2. TSE wrote in "Philip Massinger" (1920) that "the advantage of good scholarship is that it presents us with evidence which is an invitation to the critical faculty of the reader: it bestows a method, rather than a judgment" (2.244).

3. Coleridge's Shakespeare criticism appears in *Lectures* (1808-19), *Table-Talk* (1835), and *Biographia Literaria* (1817). TSE invokes Coleridge on Shakespeare in "Philip Massinger" (1920) (2.257, n.2) and "Mr. J. M. Robertson and Shakespeare" (1926) (2.874). Swinburne's writings on the Elizabethans include studies of Chapman, Shakespeare, Jonson, and Marlowe.

4. The book's subtitle lists eight scholars of focus: M. Ficinus, L. Gyraldus, N. Comes, D. Erasmus, G. Xylander, H. Wolfius, H. Stephanus, and J. Spondanus.

5. Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris* (1831) [*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*] is set in the fifteenth century. Huysmans's *Là-Bas* (1891) [*Down There*], which has in its background a fifteenth-century alchemist and child-killer, was familiar to TSE, who quotes from chapter XIII in "Donne and the Trecento" (1926) (2.660) and in "Baudelaire in our Time" (1927), observing there that "Huysmans . . . might have been much more in sympathy with the real spirit of the thirteenth century if he had thought less about it . . . he is much more 'mediaeval' (and much more human) when he describes the visit of Madame Chantelouve to Durtal than when he talks about his Cathedral" (000). Ruskin's writings on Renaissance art include his five-volume *Modern Painters* (1843-60); TSE's annotated copy of the first edition of Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance* (1873) is at King's.

6. Sir John Cheke (1514-57), humanist scholar, Greek philologist, and first Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge (1540-51), taught and influenced the Greek scholar-teacher Roger Ascham, who praised Cheke in *The Scholemaster* (1570).

7. In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), TSE observes: "Nevertheless, there is, in some of the great tragedies of Shakespeare, a new attitude. . . . It is the attitude of self-dramatization assumed by some of Shakespeare's heroes at moments of tragic intensity" (3.247), and in "Niccolo Machiavelli" (1927), he declares in contrast that "Machiavelli . . . had no capacity for self-deception or self-dramatization" (3.118).

8. In *George Chapman: A Critical Essay* (London: Chatto, 1875), Swinburne says of Chapman in comparing him to Browning: "Obscurity is the natural product of turbid forces and confused ideas; of a feeble and clouded or of a vigorous but unfixed and chaotic intellect" (15-16).

9. Neoplatonism, a school of Greek philosophy founded by the Roman philosopher Plotinus (205-270 AD) in the third century, drew upon earlier Platonism, Aristotelian thought, and some aspects of Stoicism.

10. Julius Pacius (Giulio Pace, 1550-1635), Vicentine scholar of Aristotle, Greek, and jurisprudence, known for his translation and commentary of Aristotle's six logical treatises, the *Organon* (1584). TSE owned Aristotle, *De anima libri III* [Of the Soul], with the commentary of Wilhelm Biehl, ed. Otto Apelt (Leipzig, 1911), on which he noted on the flyleaf, "extracts from Pacius' commentary on the De Anima, which Joachim made me read." Giacomo Zabarella wrote a commentary on the *Posterior Analytics* (1582), which TSE also read under Joachim. "The *Posterior Analytics* I find very difficult," TSE wrote to J. H. Wood on 9 Nov 1914 of his Oxford studies. "I accompany it with the commentary of Zabarella" (*L1* 74).

11. *The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes* (1594); *Ovid's Banquet of Sence: A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie* (1595, 1639); *Andromeda Liberata; or, The Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda* (1614).

12. Such as Lilio Gregorio Giraldi's *De deis gentium varia et multiplex historia* [*The History of the Gods*] (1548) and Conti's *Mythologiae* (1551), as described by Schoell (22-23).

13. *Proverbs or Adagies with Newe Addicions, Gathered Out of the Chiliades of Erasmus by R. Taverner* (1539), with five subsequent editions (1539-69), followed by *Adagia in Latine and English* (1622).

14. Schoell's six chapters are devoted to Chapman and Ficino, Renaissance Italian mythologists and Elizabethan poetry, the influence of Erasmus's *Adages*, Xylander's Latin Plutarch, and the Latin Epictetus of Hieronymous Wolfius, and French Hellenism in England.

15. *The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets in his Iliads and Odysses*, trans. George Chapman "according to the Greeke" (1616).

16. *Trans:* Lord North's choice of Amyot's translation of Plutarch as a starting point for his English Plutarch (1579) is not an isolated case in the history of Anglo-French relations. It is but the sign of a general state of things at the end of the sixteenth century: England's complete reliance on the Continent in general, and on France in particular, when it comes to Hellenism . . . It is not from the Greek coast that Chapman has brought back all of his biggest Greek spoils. There are many, and very beautiful ones, that he did not have to go past the French coast to encounter, seize and make his own.

17. Schoell does give Conti's Latin (Natalis Comes) and French (Noël Le Comte) names (23).

18. Schoell examines the extent to which Chapman borrows from Lilius Gregorious Gyraldus (Lilio Gregorio Giraldi, 1479-1552), Ferrarese scholar whose *De deis gentium varia et multiplex historia* [*The History of the Gods*] (1548) was used by Chapman; Natale Conti (1520-83), Milanese-Venetian humanist, scholar, historian, and mythologist and author of the ten-volume *Mythologiae* (1551); Guilielmus Xylander (1532-76), German classicist, Professor of Greek and Logic at Heidelberg, known for his Latin translations of Dio Cassius, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, Strabo, and Euclid (into German); Hieronymus Wolfius (1516-80), classical scholar whose Latin translations of Epicetus Chapman used exclusively; Henricus Stephanus (Henri Estienne, ca. 1528-98), French printer and classical scholar known for his four-volume Greek thesaurus, *Thesaurus linguae graecae* (1572) and his editions of the Greek New Testament; Johannes Spondanus (Jean de Sponde, 1557-95), Huguenot humanist and translator whose Greek and Latin edition of and commentary on Homer's works, *Homeri quae extant omnia. Ilias, Odyssea* . . . (1583), Chapman actively used.

19. Émile Legouis (1861-1937), critic, translator, and Professor of English Language and Literature at the Sorbonne, 1904-32. No such book was published.

On 11 Nov 1927, TSE wrote to Mario Praz about Schoell's book, with reference to his own thesis in "A Neglected Aspect of Chapman": "I am very gratified to find that you like the book as much as I do . . . I do not think, however, that Schoell's discoveries dispose of my comparison of Chapman with Dostoevski"; and again on 18 Nov, with reference to his fifth Clark lecture: "As for Chapman, I only meant that what strikes me as puzzling in *Bussy D'Ambois* remains the same for me in spite of Schoell" (*L3* 815, 833). The typescript of this review is in King's (P37).

The Problems of the Shakespeare Sonnets

A review of *The Problems of the Shakespeare Sonnets*, by J. M. Robertson

London: Routledge, 1926. Pp. vii + 291.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 40 (12 Feb 1927) 664, 666

Anyone with only ordinary literary knowledge of the subject, of which Mr. Robertson is one of the few experts, may be excused for adopting a somewhat more personal tone, in reviewing his book, than would be suitable from his peers. A detailed criticism of Mr. Robertson's theories – such a criticism as might be of interest to the author – could only be performed by one of half-a-dozen other specialists.[1] An ordinary man of letters, even if he have some special interest in the period and the subject, is entitled to an opinion only in the rough; but his general assent or disagreement may have some weight. I admit that I have always agreed (in the rough) to Mr. Robertson's "disintegration" of the Shakespeare Canon,[2] though I may question, or at least marvel at, the precision with which he and other specialists in Elizabethan textual criticism identify line by line; I am predisposed to accept his general theory of the Sonnets also.[3]

Mr. Robertson's theory is simple, it is ingenious but not sensational, it is quite possible according to the curious practices of publishers in Tudor times. It is sure to impress anyone who, like myself, has never been sure either that the Sonnets were all in the right order, or that the whole one hundred and twenty-six were really a sequence at all, or that they were all by the same hand. Admit one of these doubts, and you admit the others; the only solid alternative to Mr. Robertson's theory is to maintain that the Sonnets are all Shakespeare's, that they were written consecutively, and that they all refer to the same experience or nexus of experiences. But the genuineness of certain sonnets has already been called into question; it has already been asserted that they form not one but several cycles, and that they are not all addressed to the same person; and there are good reasons, which you will find exposed in Mr. Robertson's book, for believing that they were written at intervals over a long period of time. Consequently, the way is open for Mr. Robertson's theory.

Mr. Robertson expounds his views, as we should expect, in great detail (with a useful index to his mention of every sonnet); and recapitulates most of the views of his predecessors and contemporaries. I have neither space nor competence to resume all this matter. In brief, his conclusion is this: the first seventeen sonnets were written at an early date by Shakespeare, to be presented to young Southampton by his mother. Shakespeare received his commission by the intermediary of Mr. (Sir) William Hervey, the third husband of Southampton's mother.[4] They were copied into an album by Thorpe (the publisher), who subsequently, from time to time added other sonnets (apparently such as struck his fancy), and who eventually published the whole volume as *Shakespeare's Sonnets*, dedicating the book to Hervey (Mr. W. H.), to whose efforts, perhaps at whose suggestion, the first set of sonnets had been written.[5] Of the rest, some are by Shakespeare, many are not. Of those by Shakespeare, some are perfunctory, some intimate, some early, some late; but they allude to several experiences and moods.

This solution is both revolutionary and modest. It disposes at once of the more sensational, gossipy, or mystery-mongering theories. At the same time it leaves Shakespeare with most of the best sonnets (and you are at liberty to disagree about many individual sonnets – though I should not venture myself to disagree about more than a very few – if you cherish as Shakespeare's such lines as –

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,[6]

you can do so without rejecting Mr. Robertson's thesis). And it leaves him with the dignity of his mystery and privacy. Mr. Robertson does not try to identify the Dark Lady, or the friend (although he sticks to Chapman as the rival poet).[7] There are two points on which the literary critic ought to support the textual critic: in his reticence about the "autobiographic" element, and in his reliance upon exact stylistic texts rather than upon enthusiasm.

For the first point, I believe that experience, for the poet, is a very different thing from experience for the stockbroker. A love affair, successful or fatal, might cause a successful or bad investment; it cannot, without a great many other and alien experiences of which the ordinary man is incapable, cause good poetry. Nowhere is the public, in general, more at fault than in its decipherings of the meaning of poems according to some "experience." A fine poem which appears to be the record of a particular experience may be the work of a man who has never had that experience; a poem which *is* the record of a particular experience may bear no trace of that or of any experience.[8] About good poetry, the public (including often critics and experts) is usually quite wrong: the experience it sees behind the poem is its own, not the poet's. I do not say that poetry is not "autobiographical": but this autobiography is written by a foreign man in a foreign tongue, which can never be translated.

For the second point, it is likely that when a mere literary critic attempts the ascription of a poem to an author, on his "feeling," he will go very wrong indeed. Poets, and trained critics of exceptional sensibility, may be the best judges of *value*, but not of *authorship*. The greater the verse, the less it seems to belong to the individual man who wrote it. The difference is like the difference between psychology and the meaning of a statement. Even if we sometimes disagree, we shall do better on the whole, to trust the tests of Mr. Robertson. A well-known art critic –whose name I have now forgotten – wrote an interesting treatise to show that in attempting to ascribe a painting of unknown authorship we should examine most carefully the parts which the artist painted most carelessly – probably the ears.[9] Mr. Robertson is prepared to take the trouble to look at the ears. Let those disagree with Mr. Robertson, in details, who possess his equipment and training. But his book is equally important for those who are not competent, but who care for the poetry of Shakespeare. It is indispensable: certainly it is the best discussion of the subject that I have ever read. "Let the Sonnets," he says at the end, mixing his metaphors divertingly, "simply stand on their own feet, as they very well can, when we weed out the lame, the halt and the blind" [281].

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Robertson had developed his controversial authorship theory regarding the composition of Shakespeare's works in such studies as *The Shakespeare Canon, Part I* (1922), *Part II* (1923), and *Part III* (1925), and *An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon, Proceeding on the Problem of "Titus Andronicus"* (1924). In *The Disintegration of Shakespeare* (London: Oxford UP, 1924), the drama critic E. K. Chambers discussed Robertson as the heir of F. G. Fleay, the pioneer of metrical and linguistic tests of authorship, and as one who had mounted a "devastating offensive" against Shakespeare's canon (7, 9).

2. In Dec 1926, TSE joined John Middleton Murry in defending Robertson's scholarship against a columnist for the *Nation and Athenaeum* who criticized Robertson for "his remorseless 'disintegration' of Shakespeare." See "Mr. J. M. Robertson and Shakespeare" (2.874).

3. Robertson notes that "orthodox editors have made three ill-warranted assumptions which they have never tested: (1) that all (or at least some 150) of the Sonnets in the Quarto are really penned by Shakespeare; (2) that 126 are addressed to a man; and (3) that these must all refer to

one man – whether Southampton, Pembroke, or an untraced 'Mr. W. H.,' whereas we have found reasons for regarding a large number of Sonnets as non-Shakespearean, and a number more as having had a different destination from that commonly inferred, thus *pro tanto* [to that extent] altering our conception of Shakespeare for the better" (vi-vii).

4. The naval officer Sir William Hervey (d. 1642) married the older, twice-widowed Mary Browne in 1598, despite the objections of her son Henry, third Earl of Southampton (1573-1624), to whom Shakespeare dedicated *Venus and Adonis* (1593). "We are thus sent back to the 'W. H.' problem," Robertson writes, "with the query whether, and how, Hervey could be regarded as the 'onlie begetter.' Now, the really plausible aspect of the Hervey clue is that that gallant gentleman . . . who later became the husband of the Countess of Southampton . . . may well have been her intermediary in inducing Shakespeare to write the early Sonnets which seek to persuade a certain young man to marry – the young man . . . being the young Southampton. For the writing of those first seventeen Sonnets really requires *some* such causation . . . And it is much more likely that Shakespeare should be commissioned, about 1591-3, by the mother of Southampton, to persuade her son, aged about twenty, to marry. . . . Lady Southampton's reasons for getting her son married to Burleigh's granddaughter, Elizabeth Vere, were weighty and pressing" (122-23).

5. The printer and bookseller Thomas Thorpe (1571/2-1625?) published the volume in 1609. Robertson states that Hervey "may very well have had copies of all or many of Shakespeare's Sonnets and also of other sonnets and poems submitted or addressed to Southampton. And of such . . . there may have been made for him a transcript, in an album, frequently added to. . . . How a collection belonging to Hervey should come into the hands of Thorpe is a question on which we can but speculate" (131-32).

6. From Sonnet 94, "They that have power to hurt, and will do none" (ll. 9-10). Robertson, who does not quote these lines, remarks that he is inclined to regard Sonnet 94 as non-Shakespearean (266).

7. The Dark Lady is the addressee of Sonnets 127-52, with preceding sonnets addressed to the beautiful youth. For Robertson's discussion of Chapman as a rival poet, see 226-40.

8. TSE writes in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927): "I admit that my own experience, as a minor poet, may have jaundiced my outlook; that I am used to having cosmic significances, which I never suspected, extracted from my work (such as it is) by enthusiastic persons at a distance; and to being informed that something which I meant seriously is *vers de société*; and to having my personal biography reconstructed from passages which I got out of books, or which I invented out of nothing because they sounded well; and to having my biography invariably ignored in what I did write from personal experience; so that in consequence I am inclined to believe that people are mistaken about Shakespeare just in proportion to the relative superiority of Shakespeare to myself" (3.246).

9. The Italian art critic Giovanni Morelli (1816-91) developed the "Morellian method" of attribution, which focuses on small, characteristic details, like ears, as described in his *Die Werke italienischer Meister* (1890) [*The Works of the Italian Masters*], published in English as *Italian Painters: Critical Studies of their Works*, trans. Constance Jocelyn Ffoulkes (1892-93).

Epigrams of an Elizabethan Courtier

An unsigned review of *The Epigrams of Sir John Harington*, ed. Norman Egbert McClure. A Thesis Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School in Partial Fulfillments of the Requirement for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania, 1926. Pp. *l* + 250.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1307 (17 Feb 1927) 104

These are the epigrams to which Charles Lamb referred when he said of Coleridge's epigrams, "as good as Harington's."[1] The reader who is led by this compliment to expect brilliant wit or neat phrase from Harington will be disappointed. Even Dr. McClure,[2] who has produced the first edition of the epigrams since the seventeenth century, including some not previously printed, and has made the edition, with his introduction and notes, into a substantial thesis for his doctorate, makes no assertions of literary merit. He merely points out, as he is quite right in doing, that these epigrams are worth reprinting on account of their popularity in their own time, and because they are at least as good as any others of that time. That Lamb liked them does not prove that they are good, but it does prove that they have a strong genuine Elizabethan flavour.[3] And undoubtedly they were highly admired.

John Harington – there were several John Haringtons – belonged to a numerous family of some prominence in Tudor times.[4] The John Harington who wrote these epigrams was born about 1561. Queen Elizabeth was his godmother; he was educated at Eton and King's College.[5] At Cambridge he appears to have devoted himself to the study of what was considered the more frivolous literature, such as Italian poetry.[6] In later life, however, he was well-read in Latin literature, especially Ovid, Virgil, Horace and Martial; as well as Rabelais, Ariosto and Petrarch. He collected plays and manuscript poems; and as a frequenter of the best society of the time was acquainted with the more courtly poets, being on specially friendly terms with Daniel.[7] Harington's life was by no means passed altogether in the precincts of the Court. He was more than once sent on official journeys to

Ireland, was there with Essex, who knighted him, and returned with Essex.[8] As courtier and public servant he was not very successful, and consequently spent many years of his life cultivating his estates in Somerset.[9] His literary ventures sometimes irritated his godmother, the Queen; and did not succeed in forwarding his interests with her successor King James. His first literary attempt, the translation of *Orlando Furioso*,[10] raised objections from the Queen on the ground of indelicacy; but when he completed it, he seems to have altered the offensive passages, for it appeared in 1591 with a dedication to the Queen.[11] As this was in Ben Jonson's opinion one of the worst translations ever made, one stanza is perhaps worth quoting, which Dr. McClure has selected as one of the best:[12]

> The precious time that fooles mis-spend in play,
> The vain attempts that never take effect,
> The vows that sinners make, and never pay,
> The counsels wise that carelesse men neglect,
> The fond desires that lead us oft, astray,
> The praises that with pride the heart infect,
> And all we lose with folly and mis-spending,
> May there be found unto this place ascending.[13]

His next attempt was a satire called the "Metamorphosis of Ajax," written in the hope of attracting notice at Court. He did; but the notice came near to being a summons at law, and he had to retire again to his patrimony of Kelston.[14] The Queen seems always to have thought of him impatiently as a hare-brained fellow; indeed, from some of her remarks, rather a bore; and at best smiled but sourly at his witticisms.[15] He had much industry and persistence, but no success, and died at home in Somerset in 1612. And that is all there is to the life of a man who could not be called a person of much importance even in his own day. The information is given in Dr. McClure's introduction, gathered, we should suppose, from every accessible record.

The "epigram" as written by Sir John Harington, and by some of his contemporaries, is not strictly in epigrammatic form. It is in fact any short poem, usually in pentameter, but with various rhyme patterns, of which the mood is wit or satire. It is sometimes good-humoured, sometimes snarling, sometimes anecdotal; it is sometimes a witless indecency. It is seldom – with Harington – very near to Martial; it is rather a type of little poem developed a hundred years later by Swift, Gay and Prior. Harington employs a great many weak verse endings, betraying the influence of the Italian poetry which he affected. They illustrate well the mentality of a cultivated and wholly uninspired country gentleman of the time: his attitude toward his wife, his mother-in-law, his friends and his enemies, his attitude towards sectarian religious differences. The following is a fair specimen of his work, and shows him as a modest, if self-satisfied, amateur:[16]

I near desearvd that gloriows name of Poet;
No Maker I, nor do I care who know it.
Occasion oft my penn doth entertayn
With trew discourse; let others Muses fayn;
Myne never sought to set to sale her wryting;
In part her frends, in all her selfe delighting,
She cannot beg applause of vulgar sort,
Free born and bred, more free for noble sport.
  My Muse hath one still bids her in her eare;
  Yf well disposed, to write; yf not, forbear.

The epigrams passed through six or seven editions before 1625, when they began to pass into obscurity.[17] We can imagine that by the time of Charles I taste had altered.[18] In our time, Harington's Letters would probably make more interesting and lively reading, for there his wit and humourousness appear more informal and less pretentious; we hope that Dr. McClure will address himself to the task of editing them.[19]

NOTES

1. *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E. V. Lucas, 7 vols (London: Methuen, 1903-05; 1912), 258. Quoted in McClure's "Introduction" (43).

2. N. E. (Norman Egbert) McClure (1893-1990), American scholar and Professor of English at Millersville State Normal School from 1917 to 1928, later edited John Chamberlain's letters, Harington's letters, and a book of sixteenth-century verse.

3. Lamb's Elizabethan anthology, *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (1808), was well known.

4. Sir John Harington (1560-1612), courtier, author, and godson of Elizabeth I, was the eldest son of John Harington (1517-82), courtier in the service of Henry VIII and Elizabeth I, and the father of John Harington (1589-1654), parliamentarian and diarist.

5. Harington was at Eton in 1570. He matriculated at King's College, Cambridge in 1576, where he took a BA (1578) and MA (1581), before proceeding to the Inns of Court and admission to Lincoln's Inn.

6. In the preface to his edition of *Orlando furioso*, Harington identifies his classical tutor Doctor Samuel Fleming, who "deprecated the influence of Italian literature" (McClure, 12).

7. Samuel Daniel, poet and author of *Defense of Rhyme* (1603).

8. Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex, politician, soldier, and courtier of Elizabeth I, led a campaign to Ireland in 1599, with Harington in charge of horsemen, and knighted him and sixty others for their services. McClure quotes records describing how Essex's "making so many knights" was one "of the five special crimes tried on the earl" in June 1600 (23).

9. The seat of the Harington estate was in Kelston, near Bath, in the southwestern county of Somerset.

10. Harington's 1591 edition was the first complete English translation of Ariosto's 1532 Italian epic in *ottava rima*.

11. An eighteenth-century anecdote told by Henry Harington in his preface to *Nugae Antiqua* [*Old Jokes*]: *Being a Collection of Original Papers in Prose and Verse, Written in the Reigns of Henry VIII, Queen Mary, Elizabeth, King James, &c*, ed. Henry Harington (London, 1779), describes how, after circulating "some indelicate passages" among Elizabeth's ladies-in-waiting, the Queen banished Harington from court until he had translated the poem in its entirety.

12. From Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond*, quoted by McClure (17).

13. *Orlando furioso* XXXIII.74; quoted in McClure (16).

14. This poem's titular pun (a jakes, or toilet) partly describes its subject, the mechanical flushing toilet, which Harington invented and for which he provided an illustrated design. Published in 1596 under the pseudonym "Misacmos" [hater of filth], the satire caused "a storm at court"; according to McClure, Harington was punished with a "threatened Star Chamber suit, and banishment to Kelston" (19).

15. McClure quotes from a letter in which the Queen laments the "'ladies sportes and frolicks' of her godson" (19).

16. Quoted from McClure, who introduces the passage: "In an age when the writing of a verse was a gentleman's pastime, he employed his talents for the entertainment of himself and his friends" (34).

17. McClure records four seventeenth-century editions – 1615, 1618, 1625, and 1633 (appended to *Orlando furioso*) – and two manuscripts (45-46, 49).

18. Charles I took the throne on 27 Mar 1625.

19. Only nineteen of Harington's letters were collected in *Nugae Antiquae*, from which McClure quotes. On 25 Feb 1927, a week after this review appeared, TSE remarked to editor Bruce Richmond: "I admit that I am not acquainted directly with Harington's letters. All I know is that Dr. McClure quotes some of them, which quotations are very agreeable, and that he speaks himself of them as if they might make better reading than the Epigrams" (*L3* 425). McClure's edition of Harington's *Letters and Epigrams, together with The Prayse of Private Life* (1930) contains forty-three additional letters.

Literature, Science, and Dogma[1]

A review of *Science and Poetry*, by I. A. Richards

New York: W. W. Norton and Company, 1926. Pp. 96.

The Dial, 82 (Mar 1927) [239]-243

Mr. I. A. Richards is both a psychologist and a student of literature; he is not a psychologist who has chosen to exercise his accomplishments at the expense of literature, nor is he a man of letters who has dabbled in psychology. One might expect, in our time, to come across numerous individuals of his species; but the double gift, rarer than the double training, is rarely given; and Mr. Richards is almost alone.[2] The *Foundations of Aesthetics* and *The Meaning of Meaning* (works of collaboration) are books which will certainly gain in importance and estimation.[3] His first wholly original book, *The Principles of Literary Criticism*, is a milestone, though not an altogether satisfactory one.[4] Mr. Richards had difficult things to say, and he had not wholly mastered the art of saying them; it is probable that what he has there said with much difficulty, he will be able to say better. The present little book marks a distinct advance in Mr. Richards' power of expression and arrangement. It is very readable; but it is also a book which everyone interested in poetry ought to read.[5]

The book is notable not because of providing the answer to any question. Such questions as Mr. Richards raises are usually not answered; usually they are merely superseded. But it will be a long time before the questions of Mr. Richards will be obsolete: in fact, Mr. Richards has a peculiar gift for anticipating the questions which the next generations will be putting to themselves. And the question which he asks here is one of the greatest moment; to realize this and kindred questions is almost to be unable thenceforth to keep one's mind on any others.[6] Exactly what these questions are will cause us some trouble to explain. This book of ninety-six small pages is, first of all, an enquiry into a new and unexplored aspect of the Theory of Knowledge: into the relation between *truth* and *belief*, between rational and emotional assent. It is an essay in The Grammar of Belief; the first intimation that I have met with that there is a problem of different types of belief.[7] It touches on the immense problem of the relation of Belief to

Ritual.[8] It sketches a psychological account of what happens in the mind in the process of appreciation of a poem. It outlines a theory of value.[9] Incidentally, it contains much just observation on the difference between true poetry and false. One cannot swallow all these concentrated intoxicants in ninety-six small pages without becoming a little dizzy.

Mr. Richards' importance – and I have suggested that he is indeed important – is not in his solutions but in his perception of problems. There is a certain discrepancy between the size of his problems and the size of his solutions. That is natural: when one perceives a great problem, one is the size of one's vision; but when one supplies a solution, one is the size of one's training. There is something almost comic about the way in which Mr. Richards can ask an unanswerable question which no one has ever asked before, and answer it with a ventriloqual voice from a psychological laboratory situated in Cambridge. Some of his faiths seem to be knocking each other on the head. ". . . Our thoughts are the servants of our interests," he says on page 22: it is the up-to-date psychologist speaking. But as we read on we find our thoughts turning out to be very poor servants indeed. For it appears to be to our interest (what *is* to our interest, we ask) to hold some kind of belief: i.e. a belief in objective values issuing from objective reality. One would expect Mr. Richards to maintain – and he does maintain in part – that "science" is purely a knowledge of how things work, and that it tells us nothing of what they ultimately *are*. "Science," he says, "can tell us nothing about the nature of things in any *ultimate* sense" (63). In that case, we should expect that science would leave "the nature of things in their ultimate sense" quite alone, and leave us free to "believe," in the "ultimate" sense, whatever we like. Yet science *does* interfere with the "ultimate," or Mr. Richards would not have had to write this book; for his view is just that science (restricted though it be) has squashed the religious, ritual, or magical view of nature upon which poetry has always depended.[10] I think that Mr. Richards will have to reperpend this matter: the objection is not so petty and frivolous as it looks.[11] If one is going to consider philosophically the nature of Belief, it is as dangerous to be a scientist as to be a theologian; the scientist, still more – in our time – than the theologian, will be prejudiced as to the nature of Truth. Mr. Richards is apt to ask a supra-scientific question, and to give merely a scientific answer.

In his theory of value, again, Mr. Richards asks the supra-scientific question, and gives merely the scientific answer. His theory of value appears to be the same as it was in his *Principles of Literary Criticism*. Value is organization:

"For if the mind is a system of interests, and if an experience is their play (*what does "play" mean?*) the worth of any experience is a matter of the degree to which the mind, through this experience, attains a complete equilibrium" (38). "Interests," for Mr. Richards, tend to be atomic units; a difference of strength between interests tends to be merely quantitative. The difference between Good and Evil becomes therefore only the "difference between free and wasteful organization": Good is Efficiency, a perfectly working mental Roneo Steel Cabinet System.[12] The best life for "our friend" (whom we wish well) is one "in which as much as possible of himself is engaged (as many of his impulses as possible)" (42). St. Francis (to take a figure in the public eye at the moment) might have chosen a life in which *more* of his impulses were engaged, than in the life which he did choose; he might have chosen a life in which his impulse toward fine clothes (not in itself a bad impulse) might have been included.[13] The goal is the avoidance of "conflict" and the attainment of "equilibrium." The Buddhists have a different name for "equilibrium."[14]

I am not so unsophisticated as to assert that Mr. Richards' theory is *false*. It is probably quite true. Nevertheless it is only one aspect; it is a psychological theory of value, but we must also have a moral theory of value. The two are incompatible, but both must be held, and that is just the problem. If I believe, as I do believe, that the chief distinction of man is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever, Mr. Richards' theory of value is inadequate: my advantage is that I can believe my own and his too, whereas he is limited to his own.[15] Mr. Richards' faculty for belief, in fact, suffers, like that of most scientists, from too specialized exercise; it is all muscle in one limb, and quite paralysed in another. When I peruse Mr. Russell's little book, *What I Believe*, I am amazed at Mr. Russell's capacity for believing – within limits.[16] St. Augustine did not believe more. Mr. Russell believes that when he is dead he will rot; I cannot subscribe with that conviction to *any* belief.[17] Nevertheless, I cannot "believe" – and this is the capital point – that I, any more than Mr. Russell and others of the more credulous brethren, get on for one moment without believing *anything* except the "hows" of science.[18]

Mr. Richards seems to me to be the dupe of his own scepticism, first in his insistence on the relation of poetry to belief in the past, and second in his belief that poetry will have to shift without any belief in the future. He admits that "even the most important among our attitudes can be aroused and maintained without any belief entering in at all" and goes on to say that "we need no beliefs, and indeed we must have none, if we are to read

King Lear" (72). *King Lear* is after all a pretty huge exception; but the statement is very questionable. I do not know whether Mr. Richards meant to imply that Shakespeare must have had no beliefs in writing it; but I cannot for the life of me see that I need any more belief to read *Paradise Lost* than to read *King Lear*: and if yielding oneself to works of art fostered beliefs, I should say that I was more inclined to a belief of *some* kind after reading the play of Shakespeare than after the poem of Milton. I wish, in any case, that Mr. Richards had given an example of a work of art which could not have been produced without belief. Throughout this chapter (Poetry and Beliefs) Mr. Richards seems to me to be using the word "belief" very hazily, usually with the intimation of *religious* belief, though I do not see why he should limit himself to that. I do not suppose that he imagines that Homer believed in the "historicity" of all the monkey-shines of the Olympian troupe; and Ovid, who rather specialized in anecdotes of divinities, could hardly be cited as an example of Roman fundamentalism.[19] Of the Roman poets, the one with the most "belief" was (I venture to suggest) Lucretius, whose beliefs were precisely of a scientific kind, and whose belief in his phantom Venus is very attenuated indeed.[20] But even if we take the poet who might seem the aptest for Mr. Richards' purpose – Dante: what right have we to assert what Dante actually believed, or *how* he believed it?[21] Did he believe in the *Summa* as St. Thomas believed in it, and did even St. Thomas believe in it as M. Maritain does?[22] And how dependent is Dante upon the "magical view of nature"? [57-58]

The whole problem turns on the question whether emotional values can be maintained in a scientific universe. Mr. Richards is very well aware – as I know from conversations with him – and I know no one who is more aware – that emotions and sentiments appear and disappear in the course of human history, and rapidly too; that certain sentiments of the late Middle Ages, which we should be glad to have if we could, have completely disappeared, like the secrets of the best stained glass or Byzantine enamel-work. It seems quite possible, as Mr. Richards suggests, that a future increase in scientific knowledge may be accompanied by a steady deterioration in "spirituality" (the word is mine, not Mr. Richards'). Mr. Richards thinks that the only thing that can save us from "mental chaos" is poetry, a poetry of the future detached from all belief. What this poetry will be I cannot conceive.[23] If his description of the "poetry of belief" were clearer, we should also have a clearer idea of what he means by the poetry of unbelief. If there is such a distinction as he draws, between the poetry of all the past and the poetry of all the future, then I do not think that he is justified in making exceptions of such poems as *King Lear*. If he is right, then I think that the chances for the future are not so bright as he hopes. Poetry "is capable of saving us," he says; it is like saying that the wall-paper will save us when the walls have crumbled. It is a revised version of *Literature and Dogma*.[24]

The chief fault of the book is that it is too small; the subject is immense. In the ninety-six pages Mr. Richards covers so much ground that I have had to leave some of his most interesting theses, and all of his penetrating and highly valuable criticism of contemporary poetry, untouched. He has worried and tantalized us, and we demand a bigger book.

It is a pity, by the way, that the seventh line of Wordsworth's sonnet (19) by which Mr. Richards illustrates his theory of the process of appreciation of poetry, should have been printed with one syllable omitted (for *to* read *unto*).[25]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. On 15 Dec 1926, TSE wrote to Richards, "I have just been reading and reviewing for *The Dial* your *Poetry and Science* and I should have liked to show you my review and to discuss it with you before publication, especially as there are several points on which I may have misunderstood you" (*L3* 340). Richards later replied that "a good deal of misunderstanding *had* occurred" (*Selected Letters* [Oxford: Clarendon, 1990] 43). TSE's title refers to Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma: An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible* (1873). This review continues and extends TSE's "Note on Poetry and Belief," which responded to I. A. Richards's *Criterion* essay "Background for Contemporary Poetry" (July 1925), and in which TSE states, "Mr. Richards seems to me to be slightly under the sentimental influence of Matthew Arnold" (3.19).

2. Richards writes, "Neither the professional psychologist, whose interest in poetry is frequently not intense, nor the man of letters, who as a rule has no adequate ideas of the mind as a whole, has been equipped for the investigation [of the importance of poetry]. Both a passionate knowledge of poetry and a capacity for dispassionate psychological analysis are required if it is to be satisfactorily prosecuted" (17).

3. C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards, and James Wood, *Foundations of Aesthetics* (1922); Ogden and Richards, *The Meaning of Meaning: A Study of the Influence of Language upon Thought and of the Science of Symbolism* (1923).

4. Richards, *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1925); the second edition (1926) included a lengthy discussion of Eliot's poetry from Richards's 1926 review of *Poems 1909-1925* (289-95).

5. In a letter to Richard Aldington on 24 Feb 1927, TSE wrote: "look at our friend Richards, who is a most brilliant chap; if you read his little book on *Science and Poetry* you will find that he can be quite good on Poetry, and I dare say quite good on Science, at any rate quite glib on Psychology; but the two don't fit in the least, his right and his left hand function quite

independently, though he thinks they work together. . . . To come down to brass tacks, I don't believe that the study of Science is going to help one to write better poetry" (*L3* 423).

6. "It will be best to begin," states Richards, "by asking 'What *kind of a thing*, in the widest sense, is poetry?' When we have answered this we shall be ready to ask 'How can we use and misuse it?' and 'What reasons are there for thinking it valuable?'" (18); "What can the dawning science of psychology tell us about poetry? . . . and to what extent may science make obsolete the poetry of the past?" (52).

7. An allusion to Cardinal Newman's *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870). Chapter VI of *Science and Poetry*, "Poetry and Beliefs," distinguishes between "statement" and poetic "pseudo-statement" and the truth-value of each.

8. Chapter V, "The Neutralisation of Nature," concerns the "downfall of the Magical View," including the "belief in Inspiration and the beliefs underlying Ritual" (58). TSE had been interested in the question of ritual since his graduate days; see "The Interpretation of Primitive Ritual" (1913) (1.106).

9. Chapter II, "The Poetic Experience"; Chapter III, "What is Valuable?"

10. "There is some evidence that Poetry, together with the other Arts, arose with this Magical View. It is a possibility . . . that Poetry may pass away with it. . . . It fell through the extension of [man's] knowledge of and command over nature" (58-59).

11. perpend (OED): "to ponder, consider; to examine, investigate"

12. "Now that the mind is seen to be a hierarchy of interests," writes Richards, "what will for this account be the difference between Good and Evil? It is the difference between free and wasteful organization, between fullness and narrowness of life" (38).

Roneo Steel Cabinet System: the Roneo company manufactured office equipment throughout the twentieth century, including filing cabinets. Richards responded to TSE's characterization of his concept of efficiency in a note to *Practical Criticism* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1929), calling it a "large misunderstanding" (286-87).

13. The year 1926 was the 700th anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi, making him the subject of an encyclical letter by Pope Pius XI and numerous tributes and articles in the press such as "The Popularity of St. Francis of Assisi" in the Dec 1926 *Bookman*. TSE responds here to Richards's remark, "People who are always winning victories over themselves might equally well be described as always enslaving themselves. Their lives become unnecessarily narrow. The minds of many saints have been like wells; they should have been like lakes or like the sea" (42-43).

14. TSE may refer to "samata," equality or sameness ("sama" can be translated as "equal" and is found in other related terms such as "samadhi," the control over consciousness induced by complete meditation, and "samanya," equal or universal); "nirvana," the release from suffering, anger, and craving; or "shantih" (as spelled by TSE in *The Waste Land*; also "zanti," "shanti," "santhi"), peace or tranquility.

15. TSE quotes here from the Westminster Shorter Catechism: "Question 1: What is the chief end of man? Answer: Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." The Westminster Confession of Faith was adopted by the English Parliament in 1648. On 13 Nov 1926, TSE requested confirmation in the Church of England, and the ceremony took place on 29 June 1927.

16. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (Jan 1926), TSE identified Bertrand Russell's *What I Believe* (1925) and two other books as exemplifying "that part of the present which is already

dead," observing that the authors hold "amateur religions based apparently upon amateur or second-hand biology" (2.765). In a letter to Richard Aldington about *Science and Poetry* (24 Feb 1927), TSE commented, "read any of the more recent philosophical works of Bertrand Russell, and see what a dark age of gross superstition we still live in" (*L3* 424). In "John Bramhall" (July 1927), TSE associated Richards's *Principles* and Russell's *What I Believe* with Thomas Hobbes on the basis of a shared moral philosophy that would "make value reside entirely in the degree of organization of natural impulses" (3.145).

17. "I shall rot, and nothing of my ego will survive" (Russell, *What I Believe*, 13).

18. "In knowledge, in the 'How?' of events," states Richards, "we can find hints by which to take advantage of circumstances in our favour and avoid mischances. But we cannot get from it a *raison d'être* or a justification of more than a relatively lowly kind of life" (78).

19. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, completed in AD 8, chronicles the history of the world, particularly the amorous exploits of the gods.

20. Lucretius's exposition of atomic theory and Epicurean beliefs in *De rerum natura* [*Of the Nature of Things*] begins by invoking Venus as his muse.

21. In "Dante" (1920), TSE considered the question of Dante's belief but emphasized the different point that his philosophy and his poetry should not be taken separately ("Sometimes the philosophy is confused with the allegory. The philosophy is an ingredient, it is a part of Dante's world just as it is a part of life; the allegory is the scaffold on which the poem is built") (2.228).

22. The first part of Maritain's "Poetry and Religion," translated by TSE, appeared in the Jan 1927 *Criterion*; citing Aquinas, Maritain argued that poetry is "in a certain way *for man*" and it "wastes away in the end if it refuses . . . the service of general culture, which demands that it shall be readable, accessible, free to take up the heritage of reason and wisdom by which we live" (11).

23. TSE here partly responds to Richards's comment that in *The Waste Land*, "by effecting a complete separation between his poetry and *all* beliefs," Eliot "has realised what might otherwise have remained largely a speculative possibility, and has shown the way to the only solution of these difficulties" (76). In "A Note on Poetry and Belief," TSE replied to Richards, "I cannot see that poetry can ever be separated from something which I should call belief . . ." (3.19), and in "Dante" (1929), TSE calls Richards's claim "incomprehensible" (3.728).

24. See note 1. TSE commented in "Arnold and Pater" (1930) that the aim of Arnold's works on Christianity, including *Literature and Dogma*, "is to affirm that the emotions of Christianity can and must be preserved without the belief. . . . The total effect of Arnold's philosophy is to set up Culture in the place of Religion, and to leave Religion to be laid waste by the anarchy of feeling" (4.178, 180).

25. Wordsworth, "Composed upon Westminster Bridge": "Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie / Open unto the fields, and to the sky."

A Study of Marlowe

An unsigned review of *Christopher Marlowe*, by U. M. Ellis-Fermor

London: Methuen, 1927. Pp. xii + 172.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1309 (3 Mar 1927) 140

In devoting a whole book – the first of its kind – to the life and work of Christopher Marlowe, Miss Ellis-Fermor has done a substantial service to the reputation of that great poet and dramatist.[1] The mere fact that there is now a book about him means a great deal, will do something to remove him from the position of being merely Shakespeare's greatest predecessor, and will do much to win him further consideration as a poet and dramatist, very different in temperament from Shakespeare, with a development and a unity, an *œuvre*, of his own. As for the "Life," there is, of course, very little of it: out of Miss Ellis-Fermor's 168 pages, only seven and a half are required for Marlowe's life. This does not matter: what a book like this performs is to establish, as something to be reckoned with in future by even the most casual of literary critics, the fact that in the work of Marlowe there is both coherence and development. It is easy to recognize the coherence and development in the long work of Shakespeare: it is easy to overlook it in the work so brief and so prematurely cut short as that of Marlowe.[2] And whether we agree or not with Miss Ellis-Fermor's judgments, with her determination of order and value, we must admit that she establishes the importance of the Marlowe canon.

Miss Ellis-Fermor's critical analysis of the more important plays of Marlowe is, on the whole, appreciative and just; she makes many observations that are both new and interesting. Her second chapter should do much to bring to notice the great literary value of the early verse of Marlowe, the translations from Ovid and Lucan. In successive chapters she discusses *Tamburlaine*, *Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, *The Massacre at Paris*, *Edward II*, and *Hero and Leander*.[3] Her views of *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* are, perhaps, the most interesting and the most acceptable. She is, we think, quite just in admitting that the greater part of the second part of *Tamburlaine* is inferior to the first. After the first part, there is nothing more for Tamburlaine to do except to repeat himself and then to die – and his death, of course, is equal to any part of the play. The first part, as Miss Ellis-Fermor rightly observes, is much more the vehicle for Marlowe's philosophical speculations; she is quite right in emphasizing the philosophical quality of Marlowe's mind; he has indeed, as she says, a certain affinity to Lucretius; his feeling towards his universe was Lucretian. Nothing in English is more Lucretian than the lines (from the second part, indeed) which Miss Ellis-Fermor quotes:

> . . . he that sits on high and never sleeps,
> Nor in one place is circumscriptible,
> But every where fils every Continent
> With strange infusion of his sacred vigor. [32][4]

She is quite justified, also, in assigning a personal meaning to the treatment of the Christians and Christianity in that play. Though she seeks to mitigate his hostility by saying that it was the practice of Christianity that he hated, not its original inspiration or the personality of its founder, it seems to us more likely that Marlowe, at his age, in his time, and with his impetuous impatience, hardly discriminated, and that he was experimenting in revolt and audacity as far as he could go. Further on, in commenting on the poverty and crudity of Marlowe's colour sense, compared with Milton's subtle variety of hues, she makes some very acute criticism. She draws implicitly the distinction, which is probably a true one, that Milton is primarily a sensuous poet, whilst Marlowe is primarily an intellectual poet, employing only as exact a vision as is necessary to realize an idea.

> When rapture touches him he is, as to the language of the senses, speechless, except for an image or two. He cannot give direct utterance to an emotion or an impression made upon his senses, because that is not the habit of his thought. He may perhaps succeed in touching upon accompanying emotions or images, but it is in the world of the ideas that lie behind these outward forms that he moves familiarly, and in the almost mystic utterance of the spirit itself that his wealth lies. He is most himself when he strikes out a line such as "Like his desire, lift upwards and divine," but there is nothing concrete there, and it hardly borrows anything from the physical world. [58-59]

The value of Marlowe's verse is inseparable from the value of his thought; the value of Milton's verse has no relation to the value of his thought; we may say that the value of Shakespeare's verse transcends and includes the value of his thought.

On *Faustus* Miss Ellis-Fermor is particularly good. The central idea of the play, she says, is "an idea of loss" [62]. And the play is, as she hints (it has been said before, but not so well), a morality play: unlike the typical Elizabethan play, it deals not with the relation of man to man, but with the relation of man to God – for Marlowe was (unlike Shakespeare) definitely either a great atheist or a great Christian: the enchantments of Faustus are the *paradis artificiels* of Baudelaire.[5] Her words about the final passage are well worth quoting:

> In the final and all but inconceivable agony [Faustus] becomes a sentient nucleus of nerves at the mercy of that terror which leaves him only the power to suffer and to exclaim against his suffering. There is no question any longer of self-reliance or of the preservation of any of the barriers which hold the personality together. For personality is dissolving under "a touch more rare" than has ever been portrayed in art, and we have only absolute and isolated passion, unmodified and uncontaminated by the influences which must confuse all others. The mind, upon the verge of dissolution, is given over to pure fear, absorbed by the inexpressible horror of the doom before it. A strange spiritual alchemy is at work; the soul itself disintegrates under our eyes. Marlowe follows Faustus further across the border line between consciousness and dissolution than do any of his contemporaries. With Shakespeare, with Webster, death is a sudden severing of life; their men die, conscious to the last of some part at least of their surroundings, influenced, even upheld, by that consciousness and preserving the personality and characteristics they have possessed through life. [86-87]

This is well said. For Shakespeare is isolated from the other Elizabethans largely by degree; Marlowe is isolated primarily in kind.

Having said this much in praise of Miss Ellis-Fermor's book, we must admit that its value is in literary criticism rather than in scholarship. It is a pity that the first considerable work of recent years on Marlowe should not be remarkable in both. In her scholarship, Miss Ellis-Fermor seems to rely too exclusively upon her master, Professor Tucker Brooke.[6] Though a good bibliography is given after Chapter I, we find the index very scanty, and we particularly miss any reference to the careful labours of the last few years in examination of authorship.[7] She ignores the possibility of Marlowe having had a hand in any play except those usually attributed in whole to him. She requires only a footnote to say that "the majority of Marlowe's biographers" reject *Arden*, *Richard III* and *Titus* [9].[8] She alludes to resemblances between *Edward II* and *Richard II* without apparently suspecting that any respectable scholar could believe Marlowe to have had a hand in the latter. She is certain that *Dido* is Marlowe's earliest dramatic work; she does not consider the possibility that any other author had a hand in it.[9] In the literary criticism there are many points on which we may disagree, but none on which Miss Ellis-Fermor's opinion is not worthy of respectful consideration. The chief defect of the book is its neglect of recent textual criticism. To the plays which are undoubtedly Marlowe's the author has evidently devoted long and patient study, and with good result; the book is, within its limitations, a good book; but the limitations are regrettable.

NOTES

1. U. M. (Una Mary) Ellis-Fermor (1894-1958), scholar of Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, taught at Bedford College, University of London, from 1918 to 1958. For TSE's earlier appreciation of Marlowe, see "Christopher Marlowe" (1919).

2. Marlowe (b. 1564) died on 30 May 1593, age twenty-nine, when he was stabbed in a tavern dispute by Ingram Frizer.

3. Marlowe's poem, *Hero and Leander*, unfinished at his death, was "finished by George Chapman" and published in 1598 (8).

4. *Tamburlaine, Part II* II.ii.2906-09.

5. In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), TSE states that Marlowe is "the most thoughtful, the most blasphemous (and therefore, probably, the most Christian) of his contemporaries" (3.251). In "Baudelaire" (1930), TSE writes similarly of Baudelaire, author of *Les Paradis artificiels* (1860), an account of experience with hashish and opium: "Genuine blasphemy, genuine in spirit and not purely verbal, is the product of partial belief, and is as impossible to the complete atheist as to the perfect Christian" (4.157).

6. C. F. (Charles Frederick) Tucker Brooke (1883-1946), American scholar of Elizabethan literature and Professor of English at Yale University from 1909 to 1946. Author of *The Shakespeare Apocrypha* (1908), he was also known for his scholarship on Marlowe and edited what became the standard edition, *The Works of Christopher Marlowe* (1910), which Ellis-Fermor follows. She notes that her book "was begun in America some years ago, when the sympathy and advice of Professor C. F. Tucker Brooke went far to help its progress" (vi).

7. TSE was familiar with the textual and author-attribution studies of Brooke's *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, which he listed in his 1918 Extension lecture syllabus (1.758); J. M. Robertson's *The Shakespeare Canon*; Dugdale Sykes's *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924) and other of his joint-authorship studies, of which TSE wrote in "Four Elizabethan Dramatists" (1924) "I am under a great debt"; and others listed in the following note.

8. *Arden of Feversham* (1592), author unknown, has been attributed to Marlowe, Kyd, and Shakespeare and is included in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*; critics have argued that Marlowe,

Kyd, and Peele had a hand in the composition of *Titus Andronicus* (1594), thought to be Shakespeare's first tragedy. TSE notes in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" that he agrees "with that body of opinion which attributes *Arden* to Kyd, e.g. Fleay, Robertson, [Charles] Crawford, Dugdale Sykes, [Henry Ernest Clark] Oliphant," and then asserts that *Titus Andronicus* is "one of the stupidest and most uninspired plays ever written, a play in which it is incredible that Shakespeare had any hand at all, a play in which the best passages would be too highly honoured by the signature of Peele" (3.208).

9. The title page of *The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage* (1594) attributes the play to Marlowe and Thomas Nashe, but the extent of collaboration remains controversial: Tucker Brooke in his introduction to the play found Nashe's contribution to be "uncertain, and on the evidence of style . . . slight" (388). In "Christopher Marlowe," TSE finds the play "hurried" but "underrated": "But even here there is progress. The account of the sack of Troy is in this newer style of Marlowe's, this style which secures its emphasis by always hesitating on the edge of caricature at the right moment."

Spinoza[1]

An unsigned review of *The Oldest Biography of Spinoza*, ed. A. Wolf

London: Allen and Unwin, 1927. Pp. 196.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1316 (21 Apr 1927) 275

The figure of Spinoza has been almost more important in the last hundred years than the philosophy of Spinoza. Few people have mastered the *Ethics*, but every one knows that Spinoza polished lenses; few people have read the *Tractatus Politicus*, but the whole world has been impressed by his excommunication from the Jewish Church.[2] He has been almost a Saint of Deists; and even for those to whom he is hardly a "Saint" he is unquestionably a hero, a symbolic hero of modern Europe.[3] So that the celebration of the 250th anniversary has a different meaning from the anniversary of an Aristotle, an Aquinas, or a Kant; it is the recognition not so much of a philosophy as of a personality in which certain human ideals seem to be realized.[4]

The brief biography of which Professor Wolf has published the French text with his English translation does not bring to light any new facts of importance, but it helps to convince us that there are no facts to bring to light.[5] It reads like a kind of funeral oration rather than a biography; and it shows that a third-rate French disciple got from his personal acquaintance with Spinoza essentially the same impression that we get, after 250 years, from his works and from the few meagre facts generally known. Here and there is an anecdote; but all anecdotes of Spinoza are essentially the same, in that they all illustrate the same attitude of that composed mind. It is pleasing to read that Spinoza "was extremely tidy, and whenever he went out there was something about his clothes which usually distinguishes a gentleman from a pedant" [63-64]. Professor Wolf in his introduction gives reason for believing that this biography was written about 1688.[6] It was first published in 1735. It has been attributed to one or the other of two French refugees in Holland, M. de Saint-Glain and Jean Maximilian Lucas.[7] Mr. Wolf gives good reason for believing the latter to be the author. The chief importance of this biography is due to the probability that it is the first account of Spinoza ever written. Until recently it has been supposed that the first biography of Spinoza was that of Colerus, which was published in 1705.[8]

The chief interest of this early biography of Spinoza by a mediocrity who knew him, but who could hardly have appreciated him,[9] is that it shows that Spinoza had already become at his death a symbolical figure, without being in any way a myth. He was a man of the greatest reticence, but with nothing to conceal; a man of intensely "private life," but wholly transparent. Professor Wolf, in making a book of this very short treatise, has given in addition to text, translation, and introduction, several extracts of later biographical matter, including one from Bayle's Dictionary.[10] It would have been interesting if Mr. Wolf had shown the later developments of Spinoza worship by a series of extracts from the criticism of the nineteenth century beginning with the German philosophers and Goethe, and including such critics as Renan and Matthew Arnold.[11] Such a survey would show the confluence of a stream of influence from Spinoza with the stream of influence from Rousseau, affecting liberal theology.

NOTES

1. Composed after 11 Mar 1927, when TSE wrote to Bruce Richmond, "I have also just received the Spinoza book, so that I have plenty to do" (*L3* 442).

2. Spinoza's major works are the *Tractatus theologico-politicus* [*Theological-Political Treatise*] (1670), which examines the Scriptures as historical documents and makes a case for religious freedom, and the posthumously published *Ethica* [*Ethics*] (1677), concerning the nature of God, nature, human emotions, and free will. His unfinished *Tractatus politicus* [*Political Treatise*], also 1677, covers much the same ground as his earlier treatise on politics but is focused more on the organization of the state and addressed to philosophers rather than to Christian theologians. TSE read the *Ethics* at Harvard and discussed Leibniz's response to Spinoza in "The Development of Leibniz's Monadism" (1916) (1.440); his library included an annotated copy of *Spinoza's Ethics* in English and the Latin *Opera* [Works], including the *Tractatus politicus*. See "Humanist, Artist, Scientist" (1.36, n.9).

3. In "Hooker, Hobbes, and Others," TSE remarked that "while Spinoza was certainly, as Dr. Lindsay says, 'a great and good man,' it is perhaps permissible to suggest that the word 'saint' might be reserved for more precise applications" (2.849). In "Spinoza and the Bible" (1863), Matthew Arnold commented, "Jews of the Portuguese synagogue at Amsterdam took . . . their leave of their erring brother. . . . They remained children of Israel, and he became a child of modern Europe" (*Essays in Criticism* [London: Macmillan, 1865], 254).

4. The Spinoza Society commemorated the 250th anniversary of Spinoza's death on 21 Feb 1927 at the Hague.

5. TSE had reviewed Abraham Wolf's *The Philosophy of Nietzsche* in 1916 (1.401).

6. Wolf points out that the author of the biography refers to "the late war," which Spinoza "was not fortunate enough to see the end of"; war with France had ended in 1678, a year after his death, but began again in 1689, an event to which the author makes no reference (19).

7. Gabriel de Saint-Glain (French) or Ceinglein (Dutch) (ca. 1620-84), French journalist at the liberal *Gazette d'Amsterdam* and translator of Spinoza's *Tractatus theologico-politicus*. Jean Maximilien Lucas (1646-97), free-thinking French journalist, bookseller, and publisher of *La Quintessence* and other anti-royalist periodicals, repeatedly censured for his views and ultimately exiled from Amsterdam. Wolf attributes to Lucas the "superficial, tactless, free-thinking treatise" *The Spirit of Spinoza*, a work that "contains an attack on the founders of the three historic religions, and roundly charges all three with having been impostors" (27).

8. Johann Colerus (1647-1707), German minister who served at the Lutheran Churches in Amsterdam and the Hague, author of *On the True Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead, Defended against Spinosa and his Followers* and *The Life of Spinoza* (both 1705).

9. Wolf takes pains to dissociate Spinoza from his supposed biographer Lucas, whose treatise *The Spirit of Spinoza* "illustrates the kind of thing that tended to bring the name of Spinoza into disrepute. Unfortunately, it is the common fate of great teachers to be betrayed by weak disciples. Lucas would have deserved more if he had written less" (27).

10. Pierre Bayle (1647-1706), French philosopher and author of the *Historical and Critical Dictionary* (1697), mainly consisting of biographies, which advocated religious toleration and influenced the Enlightenment encyclopedists.

11. Many of the German Idealists studied or paid homage to Spinoza's works; Lessing, Jacobi, Moses Mendelssohn, and Goethe discussed and corresponded about Spinoza at length. In his autobiography *Aus meinem Leben: Dichtung und Wahrheit* [*From My Life: Poetry and Truth*], Goethe wrote that "After looking through the world in vain, to find a means of development for my strange nature, I at last fell upon the Ethics of [Spinoza]" (*The Autobiography of Goethe; Truth and Poetry: From My Own Life*, trans. A. J. W. Morrison [London: Bell & Daldy, 1868], II. 26). Using methods first applied by Spinoza to the Pentateuch, Ernest Renan's popular and influential *Vie de Jesus* [*Life of Jesus*] (1863), examined the Gospels as historical texts. In an 1877 address on Spinoza, Renan hailed Spinoza as "the man who possessed the highest God-consciousness of his day" (*Spinoza: Four Essays*, ed. William Knight [London: Williams and Norgate, 1882], 149). Admirer of both Goethe and Renan, Matthew Arnold preferred Spinoza's methods of Biblical criticism over those of his contemporary Bishop Colenso, whom he attacked in a review that became his 1865 essay "Spinoza," later "Spinoza and the Bible." There he wrote that "Spinoza's name has silently risen in importance, the man and his work have attracted a steadily increasing notice, and bid fair to become soon what they deserve to become, – in the history of modern philosophy the central point of interest" (*Essays in Criticism* [London: Macmillan, 1864], 254). Of Renan, TSE wrote to the editor of the *Church Times* in Nov 1927 that Charles Maurras "belongs to what I should call a 'sacrificed generation' – a generation brought up in the shadow of Renan . . . a generation for which religious belief never came into consideration" (3.290).

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 5 (May 1927) 187-90[1]

We by no means regret that *The Criterion* and its successor, *The New Criterion*, began and continued for four years as a Quarterly. It was part of the original programme, in 1922, to revive some of the characteristics of the quarterly reviews of a hundred years ago, which had languished in this century of rapid production and consumption. The contents were to consist largely of essays written for *The Criterion* or with *The Criterion* in view, essays, as the announcement predicted, "longer and more considered than are possible in reviews which appear at shorter intervals."[2] These articles were to be, and were, the work of men who were not hurried, and who could have the incentive of knowing that a part at least of their readers would read their work with corresponding care and leisure. With the leisure, ripeness and thoroughness of the reviews of a hundred years ago, *The Criterion* was to join another of their characteristics, a certain corporate personality which had almost disappeared from quarterly journalism; it was to exhibit, without narrow exclusiveness or sectarian enthusiasm, a common tendency which its contributors should illustrate by conformity or opposition.[3] It was to be up-to-time in its appreciation of modern literature, and in its awareness of contemporary problems; it was to record the development of modern literature and the mutations of modern thought.

The Criterion will retain the benefit of its experience as a quarterly. Rather than publish every month brief notes of events in music, art and the drama, we propose to preserve, in the chronicles, the quarterly point of view: Mr. J. B. Trend will continue every three months the international survey of music to which he has given such distinction, and this will alternate with art and dramatic chronicles.[4] In each number we shall publish one foreign chronicle, and each foreign literature will be chronicled twice a year. Books will be reviewed with the same care and at the same length, and will be reviewed more quickly after publication. During the next few months there will be a little delay; for we have still to notice some of the most important books that have appeared since our January number.

WHAT BOOKS SHOULD BE REVIEWED?

The selection of books for review – and even the shortest notices represent a very careful selection – is regularly one of the most difficult of editorial problems. We should always be glad to receive from readers reminders of omissions, or suggestions. But we have sought always to avoid the perfunctory review; a long notice should be either a review of an authority by an authority, or a review of an important book by someone whose opinions on that book are likely to be interesting or valuable. We do not review a book merely because every other journal has done so. On the contrary, when a book appears, such as *Revolt in the Desert*, which is fully treated by every daily and weekly newspaper, we consider that we are not called upon to review it at all, unless we wish to say something that has not been said already.[5] But if a book seems to have been overlooked or mishandled, or, on the other hand, over-praised, then we have an obligation towards it. Part of the function of a monthly periodical is to follow the daily and weekly journals, and criticise and correct at more leisure.

THE FIVE O'CLOCK PHILOSOPHERS

It is quite possible that the public of the future will dispense altogether not only with quarterly reviews, but with monthlies and weeklies, and will find all the aliment it requires in its daily and Sunday newspapers. Certainly the daily papers are more and more able to provide mankind with its daily opinions, not only on politics but on everything else. So far as the journals may be supposed to encourage any interest in the public mind, other than wireless and professional sport, this may be a good thing. It does not seem always to be good for the minds of the distinguished authors whose opinions the newspapers purchase. We have already had occasion to hint at the effect on the mind of the Dean of St. Paul's of providing rush-hour thought for the City worker.[6] Not that excellent articles do not appear in the daily papers; but the difficulty of this kind of composition, for a writer of great reputation, seems to be to stick to his own subject. Mr. Arnold Bennett knows a good piece of fiction when he sees it, and his comments are often extremely shrewd. But when he tells the Tube-Reader how poetry should be written, we must protest. He suggests that the versifier who cannot turn out more than "a fifty-page volume of verse" per annum is guilty of idleness.[7] The latest edition of Poe has 133 pages of verse; the cheap edition of Baudelaire has about 275. A little arithmetic would give us the index-number of idleness of these and other poets. Mr. Bennett is not altogether wrong; but he is altogether misleading, in so far as he confuses energy with industry, and industry with print.

THE PRAYER BOOK

We found ourselves in agreement with Mr. J. C. Squire about the alteration of certain words in the new Prayer Book (see *The Observer*, February 13th, 1927).[8] Mr. Squire contents himself with pointing out alterations to which he objects. The two words to which we would call attention again are *infinite* and *eternal*, where they have been substituted for *incomprehensible* and *everlasting*. The word *infinite* (besides being less comprehensible than *incomprehensible*) has gained a shoddy prestige from the reputable uses of the word in mathematics; its use throws a mathematical cloak over theology. The word *eternal* evades all difficulties of time. Whether the words were supposed to clarify theology or not, they make the English language vaguer; we are sorry to see them receive the benediction of the Prayer Book in these contexts. Some clue may be found in the Preface to the Book. The Preface reads like a rather embarrassed apology for change: everything is changing, so the Prayer Book must change. "Far and wide the country has yielded place to the town, and the growth of knowledge has given to millions instead of thousands new means of earning their daily bread" [1]. That may be so; but what connexion have these economic phenomena with the revision of a Prayer Book; and if they are connected, are they connected *rationally*? "With the rise of numbers has come also a shifting of power from the few to the many." A shifting of power, certainly; but is it from the few to the many? or from demagogue to demagogue? And what, again, has Universal Suffrage (now approaching its consummation) to do with revision of a Prayer Book?[9] The editors continue: "in religion as in all else truth is not prized less highly because it is no longer fenced on any side" [1]. But when fences are down the cattle will roam, including two vagrant beasts named *infinite* and *eternal*, words which will wander so far, the fence of meaning being down, that they will cease to belong anywhere.

NOTES

1. With this issue, *The New Criterion: A Quarterly Review* became *The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review*. TSE and Herbert Read first discussed the advantages of moving from a quarterly to a monthly publication in Aug 1926, with Read stating that the quarterly had become "an obsolete form of journal" and that there was "such a multiplicity of appeals to the literary public that it is difficult to create a *continuity of interest* at intervals of three months" (*L3* 245). After discussions with friends, contributors, and financial supporters, TSE wrote to Lady

Rothermere on 3 Feb 1927 that he planned to produce a monthly number "in April – if we are going to change it would be merely a waste of money to bring out another quarterly number" (*L3* 405). In Mar 1928, it returned to quarterly publication.

2. From the anonymous announcement of the first number of the *Criterion* in *TLS* of 17 Aug 1922, 525.

3. See TSE's previous "Commentary" (3.2).

4. J. B. Trend (1887-1958), music journalist and Hispanist, published his "The Moors in Spanish Music" in the *Criterion* of Feb 1924 and thereafter wrote the Music Chronicle from Oct 1924 to July 1933, when he was appointed to a chair in Spanish at Cambridge.

5. T. E. Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, an abridged account of his war experiences from *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* (1926), appeared in Mar 1927 and became a best seller.

6. In his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Apr 1924, TSE reproved the Very Revd. William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1911 and columnist for the *Evening Standard* from 1921, for his "violent and unmeasured statements on literary matters," stating that "the Underground Railway public deserves a little better food from a writer whose scholarship and ecclesiastical preferment command respect" (2.523).

7. See Bennett's article "Do our Young Writers Lack Faith?" in his column for the *Evening Standard* (3 Feb 1927, 5); rpt. as part III of "Young Authors" in his *The Savour of Life: Essays in Gusto* (London: Cassell, 1928): "Idleness is the curse of this epoch. . . . Why, if a versifier publishes a fifty-page volume of verse he thinks he has done a year's work" (54).

8. In "The New Prayer-Book," Squire was among the first to respond to changes proposed in The Book of Common Prayer, issued on 7 Feb by the National Assembly of the Church of England: "Book proposed to be annexed to the prayer book measure 192—Provisional" (Oxford UP), deposited with the Clerk of the Parliaments and known as "The Deposited Book." Squire objected mainly to verbal modifications "that substitute prose for poetry" and to the truncated description of the Ten Commandments (4). The controversy over alterations, the first in 300 years, continued through the year until the Prayer Book Measure, approved by the House of Lords, was defeated in the House of Commons on 15 Dec, thereby obviating presentation for the Royal Assent. An amended version of the Deposited Book was defeated on 14 June 1928.

9. Parliamentary debates were under way to expand the Representation of the People Act 1918, which gave property-owning women over age thirty the vote in Parliamentary elections. The Equal Suffrage Act 1928, which became law in July, gave women over age twenty-one electoral equality with men regardless of property ownership.

Popular Theologians: Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc and Mr. Murry[1]

An omnibus review of *The Life of Jesus*,
by J. Middleton Murry
London: Cape, 1926. Pp. 317.

A Companion to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History,"
by Hilaire Belloc
London: Sheed and Ward, 1926. Pp. 119.

Mr. Belloc Objects to the "Outline of History,"
by H. G. Wells
London: Watts, 1926. Pp. vii + 55.

Mr. Belloc Still Objects to the "Outline of History,"
by Hilaire Belloc
London: Sheed and Ward, 1926. Pp. x + 43.

The Anglo-Catholic Faith, by T. A. Lacey
London: Methuen, 1926. Pp. xix + 185.

Modernism in the English Church, by Percy Gardner
London: Methuen, 1926. Pp. xv + 176.

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 5 (May 1927) 253-59

This is sometimes called the age of the specialist; it is also the age of the brilliant and voluble amateur. In some sciences, as mathematics and physics, the specialist is highly respected; in some, as in anthropology, it is difficult for the outsider always to distinguish between the specialist and the brilliant amateur; in others, such as history and theology, which have fallen into a certain decline, the amateur has it almost all his own way; and is judged, even from his lack of credentials, to speak with more authority than the specialist. An examination of the books under review will justify this assertion; a comparison of their sales would probably prove it.

The debate between Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells is properly a theological debate, but, as is natural, our interest and amusement at the spectacle of these two highly paid pugilists is likely to eclipse our interest in the points at issue. Two black men, in a controversy, will sometimes taunt each other with being "niggers"; Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc undertake to show each other up in their knowledge of sciences in which both are amateurs. Both seem to the uninstructed reader to have succeeded. Towards the end (if it is the end) Mr. Wells gains a tactical advantage. We observe that in the *Companion* Mr. Belloc attacks him on a number of points of ancient and modern history. Mr. Wells has not an historical mind; he has a prodigious gift of historical imagination, which is comparable to Carlyle's, but this is quite a different gift from the understanding of history. *That* demands a degree of culture, civilization and maturity which Mr. Wells does not possess. I observe that he does not answer Mr. Belloc's objections to his account of history, and restricts the debate, on his side, to questions of comparative anatomy and pre-history. In this field he is much more competent, and here his peculiar imaginative gifts flourish. Mr. Belloc accordingly follows him on to this ground. He holds his own pretty well; but we feel that there is justice in Mr. Wells's complaint that he has not made any clearer the real position of the Catholic Church concerning evolution theories. We distrust them both; we agree with them both. But journalism begets journalism; only journalism can triumph over journalism. In such a debate as this, the reader is only convinced of what he believed already.

Mr. Belloc says that Mr. Wells has never learned to think. He is probably quite right. Whether he has himself learned to think is not conclusively proved by the present discussion, for in such a discussion the processes of thinking play very little part; the form of assertion is everything; and the faculty which is chiefly exercised by the kind of activities in which Mr. Belloc and Mr. Wells engage is the faculty of bluff. Still, Mr. Belloc was educated in a tradition formed by men who did think, and is therefore able to "place" Mr. Wells rather better than Mr. Wells places him. Neither Mr. Wells nor Mr. Belloc could be called a philosopher, and neither seems to have a very firm grasp of metaphysical essentials, but when Mr. Belloc attempts to describe the *tone* of Mr. Wells's utterances we find ourselves in agreement with him.

Whether we accept or reject Mr. Belloc's own religious beliefs, we must accept the following paragraph:

> The reason, for instance, that you do not have mawkish religious sentiment hanging about such minds as, in Catholic countries, have lost the Faith, is that those minds are founded upon Intelligence and despise muddle-headed emotionalism. They admit their loss of doctrine, and they are not afraid to face the consequence of what they conceive to be the truth.
>
> But in nations not of Catholic culture it is the other way about. Men like Mr. Wells, who have ceased to believe that Our Blessed Lord was God, or even that He had Divine authority, cling desperately to the emotions which the old belief aroused – because they find those emotions pleasant. That is a piece of intellectual weakness for which corresponding men, atheists of the Catholic culture, very properly feel a hearty contempt.[2]

That is well said, and it applies to many persons in England besides Mr. Wells. It applies to Mr. Middleton Murry. Mr. Murry is in every way far above the level of Mr. Wells as a theologian: he is better educated, he has a much more subtle mind and a much more refined sensibility, and is altogether a more serious and responsible person. While Mr. Wells merely panders to the general unthinking desire to have one's cake and eat it too, to have a religion without believing in anything except the latest theories of comparative anatomy, anthropology and psychology, Mr. Murry is really aware that there are difficulties in the way, that to be religious without belief is not easy. His book is written in a simple style which gives evidence of hard labour, and I imagine that he has consulted most of the authorities of the day in New Testament criticism.

There are several points of detail, in this biography, worth mention for approval or reproach; these I shall take up presently. The essential matter is to state concisely and unmistakeably, if possible, what Mr. Murry believes Jesus to be. Perhaps the best paragraph to quote for this purpose is the following:

> . . . To most of those who would have cared (about His message)[3†] the way to understanding has been marred by their belief in Jesus as God, as the Son of God in some peculiar and transcendental sense.
>
> This he was not, nor ever claimed to be. He believed he was the son of God, in precisely the same sense as he believed all men to be sons of God.

> The difference between him and other men, in his eyes, was simply this: that he knew he was the son of God, while they did not. Therefore he was God's first-born, or first-reborn, son. But even that had no part in his message. His wonderful news was simply this: that all men were God's sons, if they would but become his sons, and that he was sent to show them the way. [43-44][4*]

This is the familiar gospel of Rousseau: the denial of Original Sin.[5] It is partially clear from this passage what Mr. Murry believes about Jesus; what is not clear (and is never clear) is what he believes about God. The term "Son of God" is used as if it had a precise meaning. We question whether it is anything but a wholly vague metaphor. But we cannot tell until Mr. Murry defines God: we suggest that the *Life of Jesus* ought to be supplemented by a *Life of God*, for you cannot be precise about Jesus unless you are precise about God.

At first blush it would seem that Mr. Murry is merely an orthodox Unitarian. This he would emphatically deny. And there is much in Unitarianism that he does deny: not only its "comfortable nineteenth-century liberalism," but that which is the best aspect of Unitarianism, a kind of emotional reserve and intellectual integrity. But it is against emotions, rather than ideas, that Mr. Murry reacts the most strongly. Unitarianism is not ecstatic enough for him.[6]

There is another quotation which may be joined to the former to expose Mr. Murry's teaching concerning Jesus and God. It is as follows:

> Therein we touch the secret centre of Jesus' profoundest teaching: it is no less than that man must *be* God. It is the highest and the truest wisdom ever taught to men; and of the man who lived it is no mystery that his followers should have come to believe that he was God made man. And, even to-day, there are only two things that can be believed about Jesus by those who can see the facts at all. Either Jesus was God made man, or he was man made God. It is easier and less exacting to believe the former: but the latter is the truth. [196]

I do not know why Mr. Murry thinks that "the former" is "easier and less exacting"; it seems to require as stern an act of faith on our part to accept as the latter. It is easier, only in that it is acceptable, and the other is not. Unless we are to accept some easy tergiversation of metaphor, it is terribly hard to believe with Mr. Murry that man is "the son of God" and also that he "must be God." If we must, by one metaphor, be "sons," and by another metaphor which is built upon the first but which cancels it, "be God" – if the term *son* and the term *father* are to mean the same thing – I find this idea more incomprehensible, more difficult to accept, than any of the dogmas, any of the miracles, which Mr. Murry rejects. But Mr. Murry maintains the rosy tradition of Rousseau and Mr. Wells.

On some of the miracles, Mr. Murry seems not to have made up his mind. One of the most vital, one would suppose, is the miracle of the disappearance of the body of Christ from the tomb; it is impossible to find out what Mr. Murry thinks actually happened to that body. Mr. Murry accepts, in quite an Unitarian way, the healing of the sick – faith healing; he accepts the casting out of demons, and admitting that he leaves loopholes of psychotherapy for himself, this is quite one of the best parts of the book, for it implies that for Mr. Murry Evil is quite real. But generally Mr. Murry tends to rationalize; to such a point as to provide us with several delightful thrills. According to Mr. Murry, the whole drama of the betrayal, trial and crucifixion was a frameup; a political game rigged by Jesus himself. He had an accomplice, and the accomplice was Judas.

> He could not openly proclaim himself that Messiah; it would be only a derision and a blasphemy. . . . His secret Messiahship should be betrayed at his own appointed time to the rulers of Jerusalem. . . . He needed but one man: one to betray him. . . . [E]ven by the believers in the God-man, the name of Judas should have been revered as the name of the man by whose hand God's sacrifice was made possible. . . . For he, when all were without understanding, must have understood. . . . The man who betrayed Jesus and hanged himself in sorrow, judged by the commonest measure, was a man, and perhaps more a man than the disciples who left their master and fled, or than Peter who denied him thrice. [212-13]

Mr. Murry has great gifts; gifts which would have led him, as a member of the Society of Jesus, to eminence, power and peace of mind. Instead, with a chatter of applause from Dean Inge and Miss Maude Royden,[7] he leads his train of disciples into the wilderness.

> *The poor procession without music goes.*[8]

Mr. Murry has certain affinities with Modernism.[9] He says in one place:

> . . . the old forms are *forms*. We see their beauty and their necessity. The man who sees nothing in the great Christian dogmas but illusion and error, is blind indeed. [209]

This has a modernist ring. But when we compare his book with that of Professor Percy Gardner, we find the tone of Mr. Murry and the tone of modernism very different. This series[10]* promises from the first two volumes (that of Professor Gardner and that of Canon Lacey) to be informative and very useful, and the volumes in the list are all to be by competent authorities.[11] Professor Gardner avows himself a pragmatist; he is not only a disciple of James, but has some sympathy with MM. Blondel, Laberthonnière and Le Roy in France.[12] Dr. Gardner has read a great deal, and I do not believe that Dr. Jacks could have chosen anyone better informed, or more likeable, to represent the modernist (Anglican) faith. Dr. Gardner is a very different sort of person from Mr. Murry. Whilst Mr. Murry is peculiar in our time in his attempt to transplant the emotions which flourished on Catholic dogma, Dr. Gardner is satisfied with a little emotion and a little dogma. Mr. Murry would, I am sure, feel much genuine appreciation and understanding of the struggles of St. John of the Cross; to Dr. Gardner, I doubt whether this saint means anything more than one of the *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Where Mr. Murry is, doctrinally, inclined to Unitarianism, and, emotionally, inclined to Jesuit Catholicism of the seventeenth century, Dr. Gardner tries to be doctrinally an Anglican, and is certainly emotionally an Unitarian. He has all the sweet and temperate reasonableness, all the up-to-dateness; and his prose style is quite without distinction. Very different from the style of Canon Lacey, who – with an interesting echo of Newman – writes with an ingenious simplicity and a sophisticated elegance: Canon Lacey writes well. It must be understood that Dr. Gardner's book is not a philosophical study of the bases of modernism; it must not be judged as such, but as an introductory handbook in a series. For the way in which he has fulfilled his task, we can have only praise; if the book does not commend modernism to us, that, we feel, is not the fault of the book but the weakness of modernism. Those who know the religious views and religious feelings of William James will know the strength and the weakness of Anglican modernism.

Canon Lacey's book is parallel in scope to that of Dr. Gardner. It is not a work of constructive theology, it is a popular exposition, and an extremely convenient one. Without entering deeply into philosophy or theology, it gives valuable information, and a temperate general view of Anglo-Catholicism.

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NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*; Gallup: "Title from wrapper."

2. Belloc, *A Companion*, 108.

3†. TSE's parenthesis

4*. TSE's note: "The pronouns are a little confusing, but it must be remembered that Mr. Murry spells not only those referring to Jesus, but also that referring to God, with a small 'h.'"

5. Rousseau repudiated the Catholic doctrine of Original Sin in Book II of *Émile* (1762), declaring that man is a being naturally good: "il n'y a point de perversité originelle dans le cœur humain" [*trans*: there is no original perversity in the human heart]. In his 1916 Extension course on Modern French Literature, TSE described one of Rousseau's main tendencies as "Humanitarianism: belief in the fundamental goodness of human nature."

6. On 7 Feb 1927, TSE wrote to Revd. William Force Stead about his proposed baptism in the Church of England and his estrangement from a Unitarian upbringing: "my people considered that they were identical with the Unitarian church—their position in Boston Unitarianism is like that of the Borgias in the Papacy! . . . I never communicated; my parents did, regularly; but they did not bother about me" (*L3* 412).

7. Maude Royden (1876-1956) was the first woman in the Church of England to serve as assistant preacher at the City Temple in London. A suffragist and advocate for the ordination of women, her numerous books include *Sex and Common-Sense* (1922), *Church and Woman* (1924), and *I Believe in God* (1927). She and Dean Inge were members of the Modernist movement in the Church, described below.

8. First stanza of Lionel Johnson's "Dead": "In Merioneth, over the sad moor / Drives the rain, the cold wind blows: / Past the ruinous church door, / The poor procession without music goes." TSE wrote to Murry on 1 Feb 1927, "I have written very heavily about *The Life of Jesus* – you may not be pleased, but you know I take theology seriously, as you do" (*L3* 398).

9. Anglican Modernism originated in the Modern Churchmen's Union, founded 1898, as a liberal movement to bring the Church of England to acceptance of evolutionary biology and modern thought. The Modernists focused on the teachings of the historical Jesus but rejected the virgin birth and bodily resurrection. Their reforms included the ordination of women priests.

10*. TSE's note: "*The Faiths: Varieties of Christian Expression*. Edited by L. P. Jacks." L. P. Jacks (1860-1955), Professor of Philosophy and Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, since 1903, was a widely known British Unitarian who edited the *Hibbert Journal* from its founding in 1902 to 1948.

11. Percy Gardner (1846-1937), classical archaeologist, Modernist theologian, and author of *The Practical Basis of Christian Belief* (1923). T. A. Lacey (1853-1931), an editor of the *English Hymnal* (1906), became Canon of Worcester Cathedral in 1918 and wrote *The Anglo-Catholic Faith* as a member of the Anglo-Catholic Congress Continuation Committee.

12. TSE refers to William James, to whose *The Varieties of Religious Experience* he refers below; Gardner does not mention the Modernist theologian Maurice Blondel (1861-1949); he expresses his indebtedness to Émile Boutroux and his *Science et Religion dans la philosophie contemporaine* (1908); to Lucien Laberthonnière (1860-1932) and his *Essais de philosophie religieuse*

(1903); and to Édouard Le Roy (1870-1954) and his *Dogme et critique* (1907). "It is very suggestive to note," Gardner writes, "that it is in the direction of an activist or pragmatist philosophy that the Modernists of France have moved. The great names, Boutroux, Laberthonnière, Le Roy and the rest all show this movement. In my opinion it is the natural and almost inevitable result of an acceptance of Modernist principles" (71).

Baudelaire in our Time[1]

Mr. Symons has made a good translation, in the Symons style.[2] If our point of view to-day was the point of view of thirty years ago, or even of twenty years ago, we should call it a good translation. To read Mr. Symons now, is to realize how great a man is Baudelaire, who can appear in such a different form to the 'nineties and to the nineteen-twenties. In the translation of Mr. Symons, Baudelaire becomes a poet of the 'nineties, a contemporary of Dowson and Wilde. Dowson and Wilde have passed, and Baudelaire remains; he belonged to a generation that preceded them, and yet he is much more our contemporary than are they.[3] Yet even the 'nineties are nearer to us than the intervening generation – I date in *literary* generations; and the fact that they were interested in Baudelaire indicates some community of spirit. Since the generation – the *literary* generation – of Mr. Symons and the 'nineties, another generation has come and gone – the *literary* generation which includes Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Wells, and Mr. Lytton Strachey.[4] This generation, in its ancestry, "skipped" the 'nineties: it is the progeny of Huxley, and Tyndall, and George Eliot, and Gladstone.[5] And with this generation Baudelaire has nothing to do; but he had something to do with the 'nineties and he has a great deal to do with us.

But the present volume should perhaps, even in fairness, be read as a document explicatory of the 'nineties, rather than as a current interpretation of Baudelaire. In an interesting preface – too short – Mr. Symons avows that the *Fleurs du mal* "in regard to my earliest verses, was at once a fascination and an influence, and because from that time onward his fascination has been like a spell to me, and because that masterpiece has rarely, if ever, been equalled, has rarely, if ever, been surpassed" [v]. Mr. Symons is himself, we must remember, no mean poet; he is typical of the 'nineties; this influence of Baudelaire upon Mr. Symons was manifestly genuine and profound. Why is Baudelaire so different now? We can learn something about Baudelaire, and about the 'nineties, and about ourselves.

Mr. Symons's preface is very interesting: it is perhaps the most important part of the book. What is interesting is the attitude, so completely of his epoch, toward "vice." For Mr. Symons there is, at least *en principe*, a ritual, an hierarchy, a liturgy, of "vice" or "sin." Here is a whole paragraph so significant that I beg to give it entire:

> In the poetry of Baudelaire, with which the poetry of Verlaine is so often compared [*i.e. compared by Mr. Symons and his friends – we no longer find much in common*], there is a deliberate science of sensual and sexual perversity which has something curious in its accentuation of vice with horror, in its passionate devotion to passions. Baudelaire brings every complication of taste, the exasperation of perfumes, the irritant of cruelty, the very odours and colours of corruption, to the creation and adornment of a sort of religion, in which an Eternal Mass is served before a veiled altar. There is no confession, no absolution, not a prayer is permitted which is not set down on the ritual. . . . 'To cultivate one's hysteria,' I have written, 'so calmly, and to affront the reader (*Hypocrite lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère*)[6] as a judge rather than a penitent; to be a casuist in confession; to be so much a moralist, with so keen and so subtle a sense of the ecstasy of evil that has always bewildered the world, even in his own country, where the artist is allowed to live as experimentally as he writes. Baudelaire lived and died solitary, secret, a confessor of sins who had never told the whole truth, *le mauvais moine* of his own sonnet, an ascetic of passion, a hermit of the Brothel.'[7]

This paragraph is of extraordinary interest for several reasons. Even in its cadences it conjures up Wilde[8†] and the remoter spectre of Pater. It conjures up also Lionel Johnson with his "life is a ritual."[9] It cannot get away from religion and religious figures of speech. How different a tone from that of the generation of Mr. Shaw,[10*] and Mr. Wells, and Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Ernest Hemingway! And how different from our own! Mr. Symons seems to us like a sensitive child, who has been taken into a church, and has been entranced with the effigies, and the candles, and the incense. *Such rugs and jugs and candle lights!*[11]

And indeed the age of Mr. Symons was the "golden age" of one kind of child, as the age of Mr. Shaw was the age of another kind of child.[12] If you take his paragraph to pieces, you will find much that is wrong; though if you swallow it whole, you will digest something that is right. "*Passionate devotion to passions*": no man was ever less the dupe of passions than Baudelaire; he was engaged in an attempt to explain, to justify, to make something of them, an enterprise which puts him almost on a level with the author of the *Vita Nuova*.[13] "*The irritant of cruelty*" – did Baudelaire "bring" it, or did he not merely examine it (there are some important paragraphs in *Mon Cœur Mis à Nu*).[14] Who ever heard of a Mass before a veiled altar? And hysteria! was any one ever less hysterical, more lucid, than Baudelaire?[15*] There is a difference between hysteria and looking into the Shadow. And when Mr. Symons says, a few pages later, that Baudelaire's "impeccable" work is "the direct result of his heredity and of his nerves" I can only protest violently [ix]. If any work is to be described as the "direct" result of heredity and nerves – and "direct" here can only suggest that heredity and nerves sufficiently account for the work – then I cannot agree that such work is impeccable. We cannot be *primarily* interested in any writer's nerves (and remember please that "nerves" used in this way is a very vague and unscientific term) or in any one's heredity except for the purpose of knowing to what extent that writer's individuality distorts or detracts from the objective truth which he perceives. If a writer sees truly – as far as he sees at all – then his heredity and nerves do not matter.[16*] What is right in Mr. Symons's account is the impression it gives that Baudelaire was primarily occupied with religious values. What is wrong is the childish attitude of the 'nineties toward religion, the belief – which is no more than the game of children dressing up and playing at being grown-ups – that there is a religion of Evil, or Vice, or Sin. Swinburne knew nothing about Evil, or Vice, or Sin – if he had known anything he would not have had so much fun out of it. For Swinburne's disciples, the men of the 'nineties, Evil was very good fun.[17†] Experience, as a sequence of outward events, is nothing in itself; it is possible to pass through the most terrible experiences protected by histrionic vanity; Wilde, through the whole of the experiences of his life, remained a little Eyas, a child-actor.[18] On the other hand, even to act an important thing is to acknowledge it; and the childishness of the 'nineties is nearer to reality than the childishness of the nineteen-hundreds. But to Baudelaire alone, these things were real.

Mr. Symons appears a more childish child than Huysmans, merely because a childish Englishman – bred a Protestant – always appears more childish than a childish Frenchman – bred a Roman.[19] Huysmans' fee-fi-fo-fum *décor* of mediaevalism has nothing on Mr. Symons' "veiled altar." Huysmans, by the way, might have been much more in sympathy with the real spirit of the thirteenth century if he had thought less about it, and bothered less about architectural lore and quotations from philosophers whom he may have read but certainly did not understand: he is much more "mediaeval" (and much more human) when he describes the visit of Madame Chantelouve to Durtal than when he talks about his Cathedral.[20]

I have already suggested that Mr. Symons, as a translator,[21†] turns Baudelaire into a contemporary of Symons. To say this is at once a very high compliment – for the work of translation is to make something foreign, or something remote in time, live with our own life, and no translator can endow his victim with more abundant life than he possesses himself – and a warning.[22] It is not a warning against Mr. Symons as translator. Mr. Symons is as great a translator as Mr. Symons can be. That is to say that his translation is, from his own point of view, almost perfect; we have no suggestions to make to Mr. Symons himself.[23†] Only, it is what Baudelaire means to Mr. Symons's generation; it is not what Baudelaire means to us. For one thing we now are much better qualified to appreciate the very traditional character of Baudelaire's verse; we are nearer to Racine than is Mr. Symons; and if we translated Baudelaire ourselves we should bring out just those resemblances to Racine which disappear completely in Mr. Symons's translation. It is a pity that Mr. Symons has not translated some of the poems in which this affinity with Racine is most apparent. The poet who wrote

> Andromaque, des bras d'un grand époux tombée,
> Vil bétail, sous la main du superbe Pyrrhus . . .[24]
>
> De l'ancien Frascati vestale enamourée . . .[25]
>
> Nos Pylades là-bas tendent leurs bras vers nous.
> 'Pour rafraîchir ton cœur nage vers ton Electre!'. . .[26]

is not remote from the poet who wrote of "La fille de Minos et Pasiphaë . . ."[27] We can, however, call attention to passages where it seems to us that Mr. Symons has enveloped Baudelaire in the Swinburnian violet-coloured London fog of the 'nineties. His paraphrase of "L'Invitation au Voyage" is significant.

> My child and my star,
> Let us wander afar. . . [156]

Baudelaire wrote

> Mon enfant, ma sœur,
> Songe à la douceur
> D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble.[28]

The word *soeur* here is not, in my opinion, chosen merely because it rhymes with *douceur*; it is a moment in that sublimation of passion toward which Baudelaire was always striving; it needs a commentary out of his

Correspondence, for instance the astonishing letter to Marie X... cited by Charles Du Bos.[29]* (On this whole subject Du Bos, whose essay on Baudelaire is the finest study of Baudelaire that has been made, has some admirable words: *ce désir contemplatif qui n'a besoin que de la présence, et qui ne possède vraiment que parce qu'il ne possède pas*).[30] And further on, in the same poem, when we come to the magnificent lines

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté[31]

we are surprised to receive from Mr. Symons

There all is beauty, ardency,
Passion, rest and luxury. [156]

The only one of these words that is right is "beauty." Baudelaire did not, we may be sure, take these substantives at random, nor did he arrange them at random. It is not for nothing that he put *ordre* first; and if Mr. Symons had understood *notre* Baudelaire he would not have substituted – "ardency"![32] But order is positive, chaos is defect, and we imagine that Mr. Symons was not trying to *avoid* Order – he simply did not recognize it. We can see that Mr. Symons, trained in the verbal school of Swinburne, is simply anxious to get a nice sounding phrase; and we infer that all that he found in Baudelaire was a nice sounding phrase.[33] But Baudelaire was not a disciple of Swinburne: for Baudelaire every word counts.

Here is another passage where Mr. Symons seems to me merely to have made a smudgy botch. It is striking because it is Baudelaire in his most sardonic, bathetic vein – something which might be called strictly "modern," and which should therefore (considering that Mr. Symons belongs to a younger generation than Baudelaire) have appealed to Mr. Symons. These are well-known lines from the "Voyage à Cythère."

Quelle est cette île triste et noire? C'est Cythère,
Nous dit-on, un pays fameux dans les chansons,
Eldorado banal de tous les vieux garçons.
Regardez, après tout, c'est une pauvre terre.[34]

Mr. Symons astounds us with the following:

What is this sad dark Isle? It is Cythera whose birth
Was famed in songs, made famous as the fashions

> Of the most ancient and adulterous passions:
> It is a beautiful and a barren earth. [211]

Here Mr. Symons's "stretchèd metre," always reminiscent of Cynara,[35] fits Baudelaire's deliberately broken alexandrines better than it does in many places (in many of the poems, one feels that Pope would have been better fitted than Mr. Symons). But such a mistranslation cannot be merely a confession of impotence to translate the words of Baudelaire into English; it expresses an impotence to *feel* the moods of Baudelaire – they can be expressed in English just as well as in French – an impotence to use words definitely, to use words at all unless they are the few poor counters of habitual and lazy sentiment. *Fashions and Passions* – how well we know them![36†]

The important fact about Baudelaire is that he was essentially a Christian, born out of his due time, and a classicist, born out of his due time. In his verse technique, he is nearer to Racine than to Mr. Symons; in his sensibility, he is near to Dante and not without a sympathy with Tertullian.[37] But Baudelaire was not an aesthetic or a political Christian; his tendency to "ritual," which Mr. Symons, with his highly acute but blind sensibility, has observed, springs from no attachment to the outward forms of Christianity, but from the instincts of a soul that was *naturaliter* Christian.[38] And being the kind of Christian that he was, born when he was, he had to discover Christianity for himself.[39] In this pursuit he was alone in the solitude which is only known to saints.[40†] To him the notion of Original Sin came spontaneously, and the need for prayer.

> Tout chez Baudelaire est fonction de son génie: or il n'y a rien dont ce génie puisse moins se passer que de Dieu, – d'un Dieu qui plutôt qu'objet de foi est réceptacle de prières, – j'irai jusqu'à dire d'un Dieu qu'on puisse prier sans croire en lui . . . Cet incoercible besoin de prière au sein même de l'incrédulité, – signe majeur d'une âme marquée de christianisme, qui jamais ne lui échappera tout à fait. La notion de péché, et plus profondément encore le besoin de prière, telles sont les deux réalités souterraines qui paraissent appartenir à des gisements enfouis bien plus avant que ne l'est la foi elle-même. On se rappelle le mot de Flaubert: "Je suis mystique au fond et je ne crois à rien"; Baudelaire et lui se sont toujours fraternellement compris.[41]

So far Charles Du Bos. Other essays, not so satisfactory as that of M. Du Bos, but recent and explanatory of Baudelaire as he is now understood, are

Notre Baudelaire by Stanislas Fumet, and *La Vie Douloureuse de Baudelaire* by François Porché.[42]

And Baudelaire came to attain the greatest, the most difficult, of the Christian virtues, the virtue of humility. Only by long and devoted study of the man and his work and his life can we appreciate the significance of that great passage in *Mon Cœur Mis à Nu*:

> Faire tous les matins ma prière a Dieu, réservoir de toute force et de toute justice, à mon père, à Mariette et à Poë, comme intercesseurs; les prier de me communiquer la force nécessaire pour accomplir tout mes devoirs, et d'octroyer à ma mère une vie assez longue pour jouir de ma transformation; travailler toute la journée, ou du moins tant que mes forces me le permettront; me fier à Dieu, c'est-à-dire à la Justice même, pour la réussite de mes projets; faire, tous les soirs, une nouvelle prière, pour demander à Dieu la vie et la force pour ma mère et pour moi; faire, de tout ce que je gagnerai, quatre parts, – une pour la vie courante, une pour mes créanciers, une pour mes amis, et une pour ma mère, – obéir aux principes de la plus stricte sobriété, dont le premier est la suppression de tous les excitants, quels qu'ils soient.[43]

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NOTES

1. As revised and printed in *FLA*, originally published as "Poet and Saint . . ." in the *Dial*, 82 (May 1927), 424-31. A review of *Baudelaire: Prose and Poetry*, trans. Arthur Symons (New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1926). Pp. xv + 280.

The original title referred to Abraham Cowley's "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw" (1656): "Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given / The two most sacred names of earth and heaven." In his Clark lecture on Cowley, TSE alluded to "On the Death of Mr. Crashaw" as "one of his finest poems" (2.726). TSE may have in mind Cowley's position as an Anglican writing about a Catholic poet: "And I myself a Catholic will be, / So far at least, great saint, to pray to thee." Cowley, *Poems*, ed. A. R. Waller (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1905), 48.

When Marianne Moore asked TSE to review Symons's book for the *Dial*, he responded on 8 Jan 1927, "it would please me very much to review this book. . . . There are two new editions of Baudelaire in progress to one of which I have subscribed and I think the time is ripe for re-opening this subject" (*L3* 364). On 3 Feb, he wrote again, "I thought it was to be a book about Baudelaire and was surprised to find that it is a series of translations. I shall have to pitch into the publishers for the effrontery in calling it *Baudelaire Complete*. There are about fifteen volumes of Baudelaire and Symons hasn't even translated the whole of *Les Fleurs du mal*" (*L3* 405). For TSE's criticism of the publishers in the *Dial* version, deleted in *FLA*, see textual note.

2. For TSE's earlier assessment of Symons as an "impressionistic critic," see "The Perfect Critic" (2.263).

3. TSE lectured on Dowson and Wilde in the section of his 1917 Modern English Literature course devoted to "The Nineties" (1.591). Following Symons's 1919 addition of a chapter on Baudelaire to his revised *Symbolist Movement in Literature*, quoted in this essay, TSE discussed Baudelaire in "Modern Tendencies in Poetry" (1920), calling his form "often absurdly antiquated" (2.216), and in "The Lesson of Baudelaire" (1921), writing: "All first-rate poetry is occupied with morality: this is the lesson of Baudelaire" (2.306). The present review initiated a more substantial engagement that culminated in "Baudelaire" (1930) (4.155).

4. In "A Preface to Modern Literature" (1923), TSE sketched a similar history in which Wilde's trial and imprisonment had a "fatal" impact on English literary culture, leading to a period of "industrious, popular and rather vulgar super-journalism" associated with Wells, Bennett, Shaw, and Chesterton (2.482). Works by Wells and Shaw were the subject of TSE's recent *Criterion* pieces, "The Idea of a Literary Review" (Jan 1926) (2.762), "Mr. Robertson and Mr. Shaw" (Apr 1926) (1.781), and "Popular Theologians" (May 1927) (3.63).

5. Victorian scientists Thomas Henry Huxley and John Tyndall (1820-93) supported Darwin's theory of natural selection and argued for the separation between science and religion. William Gladstone, Prime Minister and author, promoted reforms such as the abolition of compulsory church rates and disestablishment of the Irish Anglican church. TSE discussed Huxley's agnosticism in his graduate paper of 1913, "Report on the Relation of Kant's Criticism to Agnosticism" (1.40). He proposed a similar historical scheme pitting Victorian progressives against Baudelaire and Symbolism in his Clark lecture "The Nineteenth Century," stating that "most of the literature of England . . . in the nineteenth century, is based on the doubt or disbelief in Good and Evil," and identifying in particular George Eliot for her "moral detachment" in contrast to Baudelaire's preoccupation with the problem of evil (2.742).

6. *Trans*: "Hypocrite reader, my fellow creature, my brother"; this line, which appears at the end of Section I of *The Waste Land*, is the last line of Baudelaire's "Au Lecteur" ("To the Reader") from *Les Fleurs du mal* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 1868), 81; see notes 25 and 45 on TSE's use of this edition).

7. In this passage from the introduction [vi], Symons quotes from his expanded edition of *The Symbolist Movement in Literature* (NY: E. P. Dutton, 1919), 115. "Le Mauvais moine" [The Bad Monk] is the title of a sonnet in *Les Fleurs du mal*.

8†. In *Dial*: "(past ruined Regent Street Lord Henry Wootton lives)"; Lord Henry Wotton is a character in Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (1891).

9. In "The Trembling of the Veil" (1922), Yeats wrote that Johnson's favorite phrase was "life is ritual." *Autobiographies* (London: Macmillan, 1926), 372.

10*. TSE's note: "Of course Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are also much occupied with religion and *Ersatz-Religion*. But they are concerned with the spirit, not the letter. And the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life." TSE alludes to 2 Corinthians 3:6: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." He wrote in a letter of 29 Apr 1927, "I by no means fail to admire some of the work of such persons as Shaw or Wells; but I attack them as symbolical figures" (*L3* 491).

11. Edward Lear, "The Daddy Long-Legs and the Fly": "Why do you never come to court? / I wish you'd tell me why. . . . And if you went, you'd see such sights! / Such rugs! and jugs! and candle-lights!" *Nonsense Songs and Stories* (London: Frederick Warne, 1888), 21.

12. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (Jan 1926), TSE wrote that "Mr. Shaw reveals himself as the artist whose development was checked at puberty" (2.765).

13. In "The Lesson of Baudelaire" (1921), TSE described Baudelaire as "a deformed Dante . . . [who] aimed, with more intellect *plus* intensity, and without much help from his predecessors, to arrive at a point of view toward good and evil" (2.306).

14. Baudelaire's private journal was published posthumously as *Mon cœur mis à nu* [*My Heart Laid Bare*], in *Œuvres posthumes et correspondence inédites* (Paris: Quantin, 1887).

15*. TSE's note: "It is true that Baudelaire says 'J'ai cultivé mon hystérie.' But it is one thing for him to say it of himself, another for Mr. Symons to say it about him." *Trans*: "I have cultivated my hysteria," from *Mon cœur mis à nu*, 119. Quoted by Charles Du Bos in *Approximations* (Paris: Plon, 1922), 237; see note 29.

16*. TSE's note: "There is a better, and very interesting, account of Baudelaire's heredity in Léon Daudet's book, *L'Hérédo*." Léon Daudet (1867-1942), French journalist and author, co-founded and edited the ultraroyalist Catholic journal *L'Action française* with Charles Maurras. His *L'Hérédo: Essai sur le drame intérieur* [*Heredity: Essay on the Inner Drama*] (Paris: Nouvelle librairie nationale, 1917) argues against determinism, supposing that self and heredity struggle within us for dominance. Daudet describes Baudelaire's mood swings as the effect of this struggle: "Il n'y eut pas d'homme plus hanté que Baudelaire par les furies de l'hérédité, il n'y en eut pas de plus tiraillé entre des personnages différents, superposés à son personnage" (232). [*Trans*: There was never a man more haunted by the furies of heredity than Baudelaire, there was never anyone more torn between different characters, superimposed upon his own personality.]

17†. In *Dial*, "quite exciting."

18. Eyas (OED): "A young hawk taken from the nest for the purpose of training, or one whose training is incomplete"; Hamlet, discussing the war of the theaters with Rosencrantz, refers to "an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top o' the question" (*Hamlet* II. ii.335-6).

19. i.e., Roman Catholic

20. TSE refers to two novels by Joris-Karl Huysmans, *Là-bas* (1891; *trans*: Down There) and *Le Cathédral* (1898). In Chapter VIII of *Là-bas*, Hyacinthe Chantelouve visits the novelist Durtal, and they begin an adulterous liaison that leads to their shared investigations of Satanism. TSE also referred to this episode in the third Clark lecture (2.660). Subsequent novels traced Durtal's path toward Catholicism; in *Le Cathédral*, Durtal studies the medieval symbolism of Chartres Cathedral. In his conclusion to the Clark Lectures, TSE also associated Huysmans and Baudelaire ("even Satanism – the cultivation of Evil – in any of its curious forms, in part of Baudelaire, in Barbey d'Aurevilly, in Huysmans, in Wilde's *Pen, Pencil and Poison* – is a derivative or an imitation of spiritual life") (2.742).

21†. In *Dial*, "As a translator, I have already suggested that Mr. Symons"

22. In his introduction, Symons quotes Dante Gabriel Rossetti's rule of thumb for translation: "'The life-blood of rhythmical translation,' said Rossetti, is this commandment – that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one" (v).

23†. In *Dial*, deleted in *FLA*: "His translation of Baudelaire is a permanent part of literature."

24. *Trans*: "Andromache, fallen from the arms of a great husband, / A degraded animal, in the hands of proud Pyrrhus," from "Le Cygne," *Les Fleurs du mal* (1868), 260 ("The Swan," trans. Wallace Fowlie, *The Flowers of Evil and Other Works* [NY: Dover, 1963], 77).

25. *Trans*: "Vestal of love, from old Frascati's rooms," from "Les Petites Vieilles," *Les Fleurs du mal*, 266 ("The Little Old Women," trans. James McGowan, *The Flowers of Evil* [NY: Oxford UP, 1993] 182). In the corrected editions of Baudelaire's work that began appearing in 1918, this line read "De Frascati défunt Vestale enamourée"; TSE refers here to the 1868 Calmann-Lévy edition of *Les Fleurs du mal* (reissued multiple times before 1926). Page numbers of quotations from Baudelaire are taken from this edition.

26. *Trans*: "Our Pylades over there extend their arms to us. / 'To refresh your courage, swim toward your Electra!'" from "Le Voyage," *Les Fleurs du mal* (1868), 350 ("The Voyage," trans. Fowlie 103).

27. *Trans*: "the daughter of Minos and of Pasiphae," Hippolyte's description of Phaedra in the opening scene of Racine's *Phèdre* (I.i).

28. *Trans*: "My child, my sister, / Think of the delight / Of going far off and living together!" *Les Fleurs du mal* (1868), 166 ("Invitation to the Voyage," trans. Fowlie 57).

29*. TSE's note: "Charles Du Bos, *Approximations*, p. 219." This volume by Charles Du Bos (1882-1939), French critic who translated some of TSE's essays and contributed to the *Criterion*, included "Méditation sur la vie de Baudelaire" [Meditation on the Life of Baudelaire]. TSE thanked Du Bos on 16 June 1927 for an inscribed copy of *Approximations* and for "your words about my Baudelaire" (*L3* 563).

In his letter of 1852 to Marie X, Baudelaire declares his love, telling Marie that through her refusal of his love, "you have inspired me with respect" and "you are a cult object for me." He declares, "Like Petrarch, I will immortalize my Laura. Be my guardian angel, my muse and my Madonna, and guide me on the path to Beauty" (Baudelaire, *Lettres* [Paris: Mercure de France, 1907], 43-44; quoted in Du Bos 221).

30. *Trans*: "This contemplative desire that needs only presence, and that only truly possesses because it doesn't possess" (Du Bos, *Approximations*, 222).

31. *Trans*: "There, all is order and beauty, / Richness, quiet and pleasure" (Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal* [1868] 167, trans. Fowlie 57).

32. TSE refers below to Stanislas Fumet's book *Notre Baudelaire* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1926).

33. In "Swinburne as Poet" (1920), TSE deprecates Swinburne's verse as "diffuse," writing that Swinburne's "meaning is merely the hallucination of meaning, because language, uprooted, has adapted itself to an independent life of atmospheric nourishment" (2.184).

34. *Trans*: "What is this sad dark island? It is Cythera, / They tell us, a famous country in songs, / The banal Eldorado of all the playboys. / Look! After all, it's a poor land" from "Un voyage à Cythère," Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal* (1868), 319 ("A Voyage to Cythera," trans. Fowlie 89).

35. TSE alludes to Shakespeare's Sonnet 17, "Who will believe my verse in time to come": "So should . . . your true rights be termed a poet's rage / And stretchèd metre of an antique song." Ernest Dowson's "Cynara" is written in alexandrines, rhyming "passion" and "fashion" in the first stanza.

36†. In *Dial*: "We wonder even whether Mr. Symons has not confused (*whose birth*) Cythera with Cytherea." Cythera is a Greek island; Cytherea, a name for Greek goddess Aphrodite.

37. Tertullian (160-225 AD), early Christian writer. In *Notre Baudelaire*, Fumet observes that for Baudelaire, "love has the color of sin. He is excessive in his judgment, like Tertullian" (211). In Chapter III of *À rebours* [Against the Grain], Huysmans discusses Tertullian's complex style and his prohibitions against female finery.

38. naturaliter: "anima naturaliter Christiana" [a naturally Christian soul], a phrase used by Tertullian in *Apologeticum* XVII.6.

39. In the introduction to Baudelaire's *Intimate Journals* (1930), TSE wrote, "in the adjustment of the natural to the spiritual, of the bestial to the human and the human to the supernatural, Baudelaire is a bungler compared with Dante; the best that can be said, and that is a very great deal, is that what he knew he found out for himself" (4.162).

40†. In *Dial*: "great saints"

41. *Trans*: "Everything in Baudelaire depends on his genius; and yet there's nothing this genius could less do without than God – a God who is a receptacle of prayers rather than the object of faith, – I will go so far as to say a God one could pray to without believing in him. . . . This uncontrollable need for prayer in the midst of disbelief, – major sign of a soul marked by Christianity, who will never entirely escape from it. The notion of sin and still more deeply the need for prayer, such are the two subterranean realities that appear to belong to the deposits buried well before faith itself is. One recalls the saying of Flaubert: 'I am a mystic at heart and I don't believe in anything'; he and Baudelaire always had a brotherly understanding." Du Bos, *Approximations*, 217. The omitted passage indicated by TSE's ellipsis consists of a letter from Baudelaire to his mother explaining his suicidal urges, prayers, and uncertainty about God's existence.

42. Stanislas Fumet (1896-1983), French essayist, poet, editor, and art critic; François Porché (1877-1944), French dramatist, poet, and literary critic who authored *La Vie douloureuse de Charles Baudelaire* [*The Painful Life of Charles Baudelaire*] (Paris: Plon, 1926).

43. *Trans*: "To pray every morning to God, the source of all power and all justice; to my father, to Mariette and to Poe, as intercessors; that they may give me the necessary strength to fulfil all my appointed tasks and that they may grant my mother a sufficient span of life in which to enjoy my transformation; to work all day long, or as long, at any rate, as my strength allows me; to put my trust in God, that is, in Justice itself, for the success of my plans; to offer, every evening, a further prayer, asking God for life and strength for my mother and myself; to divide all my earnings into four parts – one for current expenses, one for my creditors, one for my friends and one for my mother – to obey the strictest principles of sobriety, the first being abstinence from all stimulants whatsoever." Section LXXX of *Mon cœur mis à nu. Œuvres posthumes et correspondence inédites* (Paris, Quantin, 1887), 124. Quoted by Du Bos, 241-42; trans. Christopher Isherwood, *Intimate Journals* (London: Blackamore Press, 1930), 105-06.

44. *Trans*: "Spleen and the Ideal" (the first and longest section of *Les Fleurs du mal*, from which, however, Symons did translate some poems); "Artificial Paradises" (a prose work, first published in 1860, about the effects of opium and hashish adapted from Thomas de Quincy's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*); "Little Poems in Prose" (also known as "Spleen de Paris" or "Paris Spleen," a collection of fifty-one prose poems published in 1859).

45. Until 1917, when Baudelaire's published works fell into the public domain, the *Fleurs du mal* was known almost exclusively by the posthumous 1868 edition (with editorial changes to the text and omission of censored poems). Beginning in 1918, Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue française published the *Œuvres complètes de Charles Baudelaire*, edited by Félix François Gautier and Yves-Gérard Le Dantec. The first volumes of the Conard edition, *Œuvres complètes*, edited by Jacques Crépet and Claude Pichois, appeared in 1922. TSE writes in this essay that he has subscribed to one of these editions but apparently was still consulting the 1868 text (see note 25).

TEXTUAL NOTE

As printed in the *Dial*, "Poet and Saint . . ." began with the following paragraph:

> First I must protest against the words *Baudelaire Complete* which the publishers have placed on the wrapper of this book. There are two hundred and seventy-eight pages of translation. Mr. Symons has translated most, but not all, of *Les Fleurs du Mal*: he has not included the section "Spleen et Idéal," and even the most casual admirer of Baudelaire will miss "Le Voyage"; he has translated part, but by no means all, of *Les Paradis Artificiels*; only the *Petits Poèmes en Prose* are complete.[44] But even if Mr. Symons had given us the whole of the poetry, and the whole of the *Paradis Artificiels*, the word *Complete* would still be deplorable. There are now two fine editions of Baudelaire Complete in process of publication: that of Conard and that of La Nouvelle Revue Française; each runs to about fifteen volumes.[45] In the case of many authors, this misstatement would not have so much mattered; for some even voluminous authors can be judged fairly by a very small part of their work. But not Baudelaire. It is now becoming understood that Baudelaire is one of the few poets who wrote nothing either prose or verse that is negligible. To understand Baudelaire you must read the whole of Baudelaire. And nothing that he wrote is without importance. He was a great poet; he was a great critic. And he was also a man with profound attitude toward life for the study of which we need every scrap of his writing. To call this volume "Baudelaire Complete" is to mislead the public.
>
> To turn from the publishers to the translator is to turn from an error to a defect. But "defect" is not the right word.

Le roman anglais contemporain

La Nouvelle Revue française, 28 (1 May 1927) [669]-75

Dans son petit livre sur Hawthorne, publié il y a bien des années, Henry James écrit ces lignes significatives :

> « Le charme (des œuvres les moins importantes de Hawthorne) vient de ce qu'elles nous font entrevoir un grand espace, le mystère complet et profond de l'âme et de la conscience de l'homme. Elles sont morales et leur intérêt est moral ; elles vont plus loin que les simples accidents et conventions, que les événements superficiels de la vie. Ce qui est beau chez Hawthorne c'est son goût pour la psychologie plus profonde et son effort, à sa manière, pour se familiariser avec elle. »

L'intérêt de ce passage réside dans sa double application : il est vrai en ce qui concerne Hawthorne, il est vrai ou plus vrai encore en ce qui concerne James lui-même. « Elles sont morales et leur intérêt est moral », cela est vrai de la longue série de romans et de nouvelles de James, une série de romans et de nouvelles qui tomba, naturellement, exactement sur les générations les moins qualifiées pour apprécier « l'intérêt moral ». Notez l'expression de « psychologie plus profonde ». Le livre de James sur Hawthorne fut publié en 1879. « Psychologie » n'avait pas encore le sens qu'il a aujourd'hui, où, s'il l'avait déjà, James n'en avait pas connaissance. On ne pourrait à présent user de cette expression sans l'entourer de tout un commentaire pour l'exposer et la défendre. Mais on a l'impression qu'elle est juste, et que nos romanciers contemporains, sous l'influence de la psychologie moins profonde dont à présent nous sommes tous affligés, ont passé à côté de la psychologie plus profonde qui était l'objet de Henry James.

C'est la recherche d'un principe d'unité parmi l'embarrassante diversité des sujets et des formes du roman contemporain en Angleterre et en Amérique qui me ramène à Henry James. La conclusion n'est certes pas réjouissante, car l'unité – ou plutôt l'unanimité – je ne la trouve que dans le fait que tous ces romans sont dépourvus de ce que James me paraît si éminemment posséder : « la préoccupation morale ». Et comme je crois que cette « préoccupation morale » est en train de s'implanter de plus en plus dans l'esprit de ceux qui savent penser et sentir, la conclusion quelque peu extrême s'impose à moi que le roman anglais contemporain est en retard. La production des romans en Angleterre est aujourd'hui à vrai dire considérable ; je n'en ai lu qu'un petit nombre ; mais il me semble que les noms que je puis citer comptent parmi les plus hautement estimés.

Je sais aussi que mon opinion sur Henry James me met en conflit avec une autorité aussi distinguée que M. Abel Chevalley. Si M. Chevalley était seul de son avis, je trouverais fort téméraire de le contredire. Outre que M. Chevalley est aussi bien informé que n'importe quel critique anglais, il a fait preuve à mainte reprise d'une grande connaissance de la langue et de la littérature modernes, et d'un jugement pénétrant ; on peut donc s'attendre à ce que son raisonnement à partir d'un point de vue nouveau le rende redoutable. Mais il se trouve que dans le cas présent l'opinion de M. Chevalley coïncide avec celle de la plupart des critiques anglais et américains de Henry James, en sorte qu'aucune de ses objections ne me prend au dépourvu.

Il appartiendrait à un esprit mieux entraîné et plus spécialisé que le mien de dégager l'influence de la psycho-analyse sur la littérature et la vie depuis environ trente ans. Cette influence est sans doute à la fois plus grande et plus éphémère que nous ne pensons. Il faudrait la distinguer de l'influence de Dostoïevsky ; ou plutôt il faudrait reconstruire hypothétiquement ce que l'influence de Dostoïevsky aurait pu être si l'un des aspects de son œuvre n'avait été extraordinairement accusé par la coïncidence de sa vogue en Europe occidentale avec l'ascension de Freud. Tout ce que je désire affirmer, c'est que presque tous les romans contemporains que je connais sont, soit directement inspirés par une étude de psycho-analyse, soit influencés par l'atmosphère qu'a créée la psycho-analyse, soit animés par le désir d'échapper à la psycho-analyse ; et que, dans chaque cas, le résultat est une perte de sérieux et de profondeur, et la perte en tout cas de cette profondeur que James a toujours cherchée, s'il ne l'a pas toujours atteinte.

Nous prendrons quatre exemples très différents de type et de valeur : D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett et Aldous Huxley. Si jamais quelqu'un fut sérieux, c'est bien M. Lawrence, semble-t-il, toujours intensément occupé des problèmes les plus « fondamentaux ». Nul en tout cas plus que lui ne semble avoir approfondi le problème sexuel, l'unique problème dont nos contemporains conviennent unanimement qu'il est sérieux. L'œuvre de M. Lawrence n'est jamais troublée par l'humour, la gaîté ou le persiflage ; aucune diversion politique, théologique ou artistique n'y vient nous distraire. Dans la suite de ses romans splendides et extrêmement mal écrits – les presses vomissant chacun d'eux avant que nous ayons eu le temps de terminer le précédent – rien ne vient égayer la monotonie des « passions sombres » qui font que ses Mâles et ses Femelles se déchirent eux-mêmes et les uns les autres. Rien ne nous soutient, sauf l'évidente sincérité de l'auteur. M. Lawrence est un démoniaque, un démoniaque simple et naturel muni d'un évangile. Quand ses personnages font l'amour – ou du moins accomplissent ce qui chez M. Lawrence est l'équivalent de l'amour (et ils ne font pas autre chose) – non seulement ils perdent toutes les aménités, raffinements et grâces que plusieurs siècles ont élaborés afin de rendre l'amour supportable, mais ils semblent remonter le cours de l'évolution et de ses métamorphoses, rétrogradant au-delà du singe et du poisson jusqu'à quelque hideux accouplement de protoplasme. Cette recherche de l'explication du civilisé par le primitif, de ce qui est avancé par ce qui est rétrograde, de la surface par les « profondeurs » est un phénomène moderne. (Je suppose que les études de M. Lawrence ne sont pas seulement une projection de l'espèce particulière de conscience de soi propre à M. Lawrence.) Mais il reste contestable que l'ordre de la genèse, psychologique ou biologique, soit nécessairement, pour l'homme civilisé, l'ordre de la vérité. M. Lawrence, il est vrai, n'a pas foi en l'homme civilisé et ne s'intéresse pas à lui, cet homme n'est pas du tout son fait. Il a dépassé Rousseau de beaucoup. Mais même si l'on ne se cabre pas devant la terrible monotonie, sous ses admirables variations du thème de M. Lawrence, on se détourne néanmoins en pensant : « Ceci n'est pas mon monde, tel qu'il est, ou tel que je souhaiterais qu'il fût. »

En vérité, du point de vue que je viens d'indiquer, on peut suivre dans les romans de M. Lawrence, depuis le premier que je crois le meilleur, *Sons and Lovers*, une progressive dégénérescence de l'humanité. Cette dégénérescence est masquée, et jusqu'à un certain point compensée, par les extraordinaires dons de M. Lawrence. M. Lawrence ne le cède pour le génie descriptif à aucun auteur vivant ; il peut non seulement reproduire le son, la couleur et la forme, l'odeur, mais tous les plus fins frémissements de la sensation. Il y a plus : à l'égard de sentiments *détachés* et sans relations, il témoigne souvent de la plus étonnante intuition. Dans *Aaron's Rod* il y a un passage où un marquis italien explique la difficulté de ses rapports avec sa femme. Vous entendez le marquis parler anglais parfaitement mais avec un léger accent étranger ; vous suivez les variations de hauteur : c'est une voix vivante. Et la situation qu'il décrit, n'importe qui pourrait s'y trouver placé – et non pas nécessairement une personne très cultivée ou très complexe – mais cette situation n'avait jamais été traitée aussi complètement et avec autant de justesse. Elle est révélée. Et pourtant, en poursuivant votre lecture, vous avez l'impression que M. Lawrence n'en a pas saisi le sens, qu'en vérité sa *signification*, quoi que ce soit qu'elle puisse être pour nous, n'existe pas pour M. Lawrence. Et voilà une des directions dans lesquelles la psychologie – non pas la psychologie des professionnels, science qui a le droit d'aller où elle veut, mais la psychologie dans ses interprétations populaires – a pu fourvoyer le romancier : c'est en lui suggérant que l'expérience partielle et momentanée est le type même de la réalité, que l'*intensité* est le critère *unique*.

Mrs. Woolf est très différente de M. Lawrence. Non seulement elle est civilisée, mais elle préfère la civilisation à la barbarie ; elle écrit avec grand soin, extrêmement bien, en suivant au moins l'une des grandes traditions de la prose anglaise, et son style est quelquefois d'une étonnante beauté. Elle possède aussi un don descriptif remarquable (comme en témoignent deux courts morceaux, *Kew Gardens* et *The Mark on the Wall*), et ce don, elle le contrôle fortement. Elle ne se laisse pas aller, ainsi que M. Lawrence, à l'extase d'une perception momentanée. Son observation, qui s'exerce d'une façon continue, implique un travail d'organisation immense et soutenu. Elle n'illumine pas par éclairs soudains mais répand une lumière douce et tranquille. Au lieu de rechercher le primitif, elle recherche plutôt le civilisé, le hautement civilisé, un hautement civilisé où pourtant quelque chose se trouve *omis*. Et ce quelque chose est délibérément omis, par ce qu'on pourrait appeler un effort moral du vouloir. Et, se trouvant omis, ce quelque chose est dans un sens, dans un triste sens, présent. De tous les auteurs contemporains Mrs. Woolf est celui qui me rappelle le plus Joseph Conrad. Car si vous effacez des livres de Conrad l'Homme Fort, l'homme isolé en guerre avec les forces de la nature ou de la jungle – et cet Européen isolé des contes de Conrad est une survivance réduite de la fin morale, de la « psychologie plus profonde » de Shakespeare ou de Racine – vous avez l'équivalent des romans de Virginia Woolf. Si la perte de l'homme fort n'est pas une grave perte, alors Mrs. Woolf doit être louée pour avoir accompli à Kew et sur des plages anglaises ce que Conrad a accompli sous les Tropiques et dans les mers du Sud.

Mais Mrs. Woolf, si elle ne construit pas la vie, comme M. Lawrence, avec des sentiments détachés, le fait avec des sentiments reliés entre eux : c'est là en un sens une construction, quoique ce ne soit pas une structure. Et de cette manière, elle aussi, parce qu'elle est une psychologue, en est réduite aux couches proches de la surface. Ce jugement implique évidemment toute une théorie ; car il serait inexact de dire que son œuvre est « superficielle » dans le sens ordinaire du terme. Vous pouvez soutenir qu'elle est plus profonde, mais dans ce cas vous devez avoir, vous aussi, votre théorie.

L'œuvre de Mrs. Woolf est ce que celle de M. Lawrence ne pourrait jamais être, la perfection d'un type. Elle représente fidèlement le roman contemporain, encore qu'on ne trouve rien dans celui-ci qui lui ressemble tout-à-fait. Elle est peut-être plus *représentative* que l'œuvre de M. Joyce. Pour suivre une ligne nouvelle, un romancier doit posséder non seulement de grands dons mais encore une grande indépendance. On ne peut pas « restaurer » tout simplement « l'intérêt moral » : l'homme fort de Conrad, déchu, n'est déjà plus qu'une relique sentimentale. Il faut redécouvrir cet intérêt comme quelque chose de neuf. M. Aldous Huxley, qui est peut-être l'un de ceux qui doivent commettre trente mauvais romans avant d'en produire un bon, a une certaine disposition naturelle, mais peu développée, pour le sérieux. Malheureusement cette disposition est gênée par un talent pour l'assimilation rapide de tout ce qui n'est pas essentiel et par le don du *chic*. Or le don du chic, combiné avec le désir du sérieux, donne ce monstre redoutable : une religiosité chic. C'est là ce que l'on doit craindre pour M. Huxley. Dans son dernier long roman, *Those Barren Leaves*, l'auto-analyse adolescente, dans sa cinglante caricature, semblait avoir été composée par l'auteur sous l'influence de quelque impulsion mystique ou ascétique momentanée, quoiqu'elle fût seulement le cri lyrique d'un cœur affamé. Elle n'était pas encore assez définie pour *informer* les personnages et l'atmosphère où ils vivaient. M. Huxley du moins est insatisfait de lui-même et de la société qu'il a photographiée avec tant d'exactitude et de désolation dans sa récente nouvelle *The Monocle*. Mais sa nature est très fortement imprégnée de sentimentalité, et il court encore le risque de retomber au rang d'une amusante variante moderne de René ou de Werther.

M. Huxley est tourmenté ; M. David Garnett, écrivain bien autrement accompli, est sans inquiétude. M. Garnett est un des plus intéressants exemples de psychologisme. Son intention, à première vue, est de faire revivre le récit simple et direct dans un « conte merveilleux ». On dit qu'il admire Defoe dont il adopte quelquefois le style avec une étonnante virtuosité. Il l'emporte sur tous les prosateurs contemporains pour l'habileté technique de « l'écriture ». Mais si nous examinons avec quelque attention ses deux premiers contes, *Lady into Fox* et *A Man in the Zoo*, nous voyons que son inspiration ne ressemble nullement à celle de Defoe. Le « simple récit » est une façade : les deux contes sont post-balzaciens, aussi post-balzaciens que le temps qui s'est écoulé entre la naissance de Balzac et celle de M. Garnett. Le thème est celui d'*Une Passion dans le Désert* : les possibles relations anormales ou en tout cas spéciales entre l'homme et l'animal. M. Garnett a un

sens tout-à-fait rare et exquis de ces possibilités. Seulement, alors que Balzac donne à ces relations, dans son récit, une réelle signification morale – le récit est un miracle d'humanisation – M. Garnett supprime cette signification : le thème est renversé ; l'humain, avec toute l'ingéniosité du monde, est assimilé au bestial. Et par suite l'histoire de Balzac est *dramatique* et celle de M. Garnett ne l'est pas. La structure des livres de James était dramatique. Ceux de Conrad, en dépit de quelque apparence, ne le sont pas. Et le roman contemporain n'est pas dramatique.

T. S. ELIOT

The Contemporary Novel[1]

In his little book on Nathaniel Hawthorne, published many years ago, Henry James has the following significant sentences:

> The charm (of Hawthorne's slighter pieces of fiction) is that they are glimpses of a great field, of the whole deep mystery of man's soul and conscience. They are moral, and their interest is moral; they deal with something more than the mere accidents and conventionalities, the surface occurrences of life. The fine thing in Hawthorne is that he cared for the deeper psychology, and that, in his way, he tried to become familiar with it.[2]

The interest of this passage lies in its double application: it is true of Hawthorne, it is as true or truer of James himself. "They are moral, and their interest is moral"; this is the truth about all of James's long series of novels and stories; a series of novels and stories which fell, accordingly, exactly upon the generations least qualified to appreciate the "moral interest." Note the term "deeper psychology." James's book on Hawthorne was published in 1879. "Psychology" had not then reached the meaning of to-day, or if it had the meaning had not reached Henry James. One could not use the phrase now without surrounding it with a whole commentary of exposition and defence. But one feels that it is right; and that our contemporary novelists, under the influence of the shallower psychology by which we are all now affected, have missed that deeper psychology which was the subject of Henry James's study.

It is in trying to find some principle of unity among the bewildering diversity of forms and contents of the contemporary novel in England and America, that I am led back to Henry James. The conclusion is certainly not a cheerful one; for I can find unity – or rather, unanimity – only in the fact that they all lack what James seems to me so preeminently to possess: the "moral preoccupation." And as I believe that this "moral preoccupation" is more and more asserting itself in the minds of those who think and feel, I am forced to the somewhat extreme conclusion that the contemporary English novel is behind the times. The production of novels in England at the present time is, it is true, vast; I have only read a few; but I think that the names I can cite are amongst the most highly considered.

I am aware too that in my opinion of Henry James I come into conflict with so distinguished an authority as M. Abel Chevalley.[3] Were M. Chevalley alone in his opinion, I should consider it great temerity to disagree with him. Not only is M. Chevalley as thoroughly documented as any English critic; but a foreign critic with so much knowledge of the language and literature, and with the acumen and judgment which M. Chevalley displays elsewhere, is quite likely to have perceptions, and a line of reasoning starting from a new angle of vision, which will render him decidedly formidable. But in this case M. Chevalley's opinion happens to be, in general, the opinion of that of most English and American critics of Henry James; so that he raises no objection for which I am unprepared.

It would be a work for a more highly trained and specialised mind than my own, to trace the effect of psycho-analysis upon literature and upon life, within the last thirty years or so. This effect is probably both greater and more transient than we suppose. It would have to be distinguished from the influence of Dostoevski; or rather, one would have to reconstruct hypothetically what the influence of Dostoevski would or could have been had not one aspect of his work been tremendously reinforced by the coincidence of his vogue in western Europe with the rise of Freud. All that I wish to affirm is that nearly every contemporary novel known to me is either directly affected by a study of psycho-analysis, or affected by the atmosphere created by psycho-analysis, or inspired by a desire to escape from psycho-analysis; and that, in each case, the result is a loss of seriousness and profundity, of that profundity which Henry James, if he did not always get it, was at least always after.

We will take four examples of very different types and orders of value: D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, David Garnett and Aldous Huxley. Mr. Lawrence, it would seem, is serious if anybody is, is intently occupied with the most "fundamental" problems. No one, at any rate, would seem to have probed deeper into the problem of sex – the one problem which our contemporaries unanimously agree to be serious. No line of humour, mirth or flippancy ever invades Mr. Lawrence's work; no distractions of politics, theology or art [are] allowed to entertain us. In the series of splendid and extremely ill-written novels – each one hurled from the press before we have finished reading the last – nothing relieves the monotony of the "dark passions" which make his Males and Females rend themselves and each other; nothing sustains us except the convincing sincerity of the author. Mr. Lawrence is a demoniac, a natural and unsophisticated demoniac with a gospel. When his characters make love – or perform Mr. Lawrence's equivalent for love-making-and they do nothing else – they not only lose all the amenities, refinements and graces which many centuries have built up in order to make love-making tolerable; they seem to reascend the metamorphoses of evolution, passing backward beyond ape and fish to some hideous coition of protoplasm. This search for an explanation of the civilised by the primitive, of the advanced by the retrograde, of the surface by the "depths" is a modern phenomenon. (I am assuming that Mr. Lawrence's studies are correct, and not merely a projection of Mr. Lawrence's own peculiar form of self-consciousness). But it remains questionable whether the order of genesis, either psychological or biological, is necessarily, for the civilised man, the order of truth. Mr. Lawrence, it is true, has neither faith nor interest in the civilised man, you do not have him there; he has proceeded many paces beyond Rousseau. But even if one is not antagonised by the appalling monotony of Mr. Lawrence's theme, under all its splendid variations, one still turns away with the judgment: "this is not my world, either as it is, or as I should wish it to be."

Indeed, from the point of view which I have indicated, Mr. Lawrence's series of novels mark, from the early (and I think the best) *Sons and Lovers*, a progressive degeneration in humanity.[4] This degeneration is masked, and to some extent relieved, by Mr. Lawrence's extraordinary gifts of sensibility. Mr. Lawrence has a descriptive genius second to no writer living; he can reproduce for you not only the sound, the colour and form, the light and shade, the smell, but all the finer thrills of sensation. What is more, of detached and unrelated feelings, in themselves and so far as they go feelings of importance, he has often the most amazing insight. In *Aaron's Rod* there is a passage in which an Italian marquis explains the difficulty of his relations with his wife.[5] You hear the marquis speaking English perfectly, but with a slightly foreign intonation; you follow every rise and fall; it is a living voice. And the situation he describes is one which might occur to anybody, not necessarily a very complex or very highly cultivated person, but which has never been set forth with such accuracy or completeness before. It is revealed. And yet, when you read on, you feel that Mr. Lawrence has not grasped the meaning, that indeed its meaning, whatever it might mean for us, is meaningless for Mr. Lawrence. And this is one of the directions in which psychology – not psychology for the psychologists, for that is a science with the right to go where it likes, but psychology in its popular inferences – may have misled the novelist: in suggesting that momentary or partial experience is the standard of reality, that intensity is the only criterion.

Mrs. Woolf is a very different type from Mr. Lawrence. She is not only civilised but prefers civilisation to barbarism; and she writes with great care, always extremely well and in one at least of the great traditions of English prose, and sometimes with astonishing beauty. She also has a remarkable descriptive gift (witness two short pieces, *Kew Gardens* and *The Mark on the Wall*), a gift which is very much under her control.[6] She does not like Mr. Lawrence abandon herself to the ecstasy of one moment of perception; her observation is employed continuously and involves an immense and unremitting toil of arrangement; illuminating not by flashes but by a continuous mild and steady light. Instead of seeking the primitive, she seeks rather the civilised, the highly civilised, only with something left out. And this something is deliberately left out, by what may be called a moral effort of will; and being left out it is in a sense, a forlorn sense, present. Of all contemporary authors, Mrs. Woolf reminds me most of Joseph Conrad. For if you expunge from Conrad's book the Strong Man – the isolated man battling against the forces of nature, or the forces of the jungle – and this Isolated European of Conrad's tales is a diminished relic of the moral issue, the "deeper psychology" of Shakespeare or Racine – and you have the equivalent of Virginia Woolf's novels. If the strong man is a loss – and I am not sure that he is – then Mrs. Woolf at least deserves credit for having performed at Kew and at seaside watering places what Conrad performed in the tropics and south seas.

But Mrs. Woolf, if she does not construct life like Mr. Lawrence out of the detached, constructs it out of the connected: for it is in a sense a construction, though not a structure. And in this way she also, by being a psychologist, is restricted to something near the surface. To make such a judgment implies, of course, a whole theory; for it could not be said that her work, or Mr. Lawrence's either for that matter, is in the common sense "superficial." You may say that it is more profound. But in that case you also must have your theory.

Mrs. Woolf's work is what Mr. Lawrence's could never be, the perfection of a type; it is the most faithful representative of the contemporary novel; representative, though there is nothing quite like it; perhaps more representative than the work of Mr. Joyce. To follow a new line a novelist must have not only great gifts but great independence. You cannot simply "restore" the "moral interest"; the decayed strong man of Conrad has already become a sentimental relic. You must rediscover it, as something new. Mr. Aldous Huxley, who is perhaps the sort of writer who must produce thirty bad novels before he arrives at the good one, has a certain natural, if undeveloped talent for seriousness. Unfortunately, this talent is accompanied, and oppressed, by a talent for rapid assimilation of the unessential, and a gift for chic. Now a gift for chic, combined with a craving for seriousness, is always likely to produce that dreadful monster, a chic religiosity. This is what is to be feared for Mr. Huxley. In his last long novel, *Those Barren Leaves*, some mystical or ascetic impulse seemed to detach itself for a moment for the composition of adolescent self-analysis and smart caricature, though only as a lyric cry of a hungry heart.[7] It had not become definite enough to inform the characters and the atmosphere in which they lived. Mr. Huxley is at least dissatisfied with himself and the society which, in a recent short story, "The Monocle," he so accurately and desolately photographed.[8] But Mr. Huxley, with a powerful strain of sentimentality in his nature, might still collapse into an amusingly modern variant of René or Werther.[9]

Mr. Huxley is tormented; Mr. David Garnett, a far more accomplished writer, is secure.[10] Mr. Garnett is one of the most interesting examples of psychologism. His intention, *prima facie*, is to revive the simple and direct narrative in the "tale of wonder." He is said to admire Defoe, whose style he sometimes adopts with astonishing virtuosity. There is no prose writer of the day who displays more pure technical skill in "writing." But if we examine his two first tales, *Lady into Fox*, and *A Man in the Zoo*, with a little care, we find the inspiration to be wholly unlike that of Defoe.[11] The "simple narrative" is a facade; the two tales are post-Balzac, and exactly as much post-Balzac as the time between the dates of birth of Balzac and Mr. Garnett.[12] For the theme is that of "*Une Passion dans le Désert*": the abnormal, or at any rate peculiar relations possible between man and beast.[13] To these possibilities Mr. Garnett has a very rare and exquisite sensibility. Only, while Balzac gives this relation, in his story, a real moral significance – the story is a miracle of humanisation – Mr. Garnett withdraws it: the theme is reversed, the human is assimilated, with every trick of ingenuity, to the beast.[14] And accordingly Balzac's story is dramatic, and Mr. Garnett's is not. Now the structure of Henry James's books is dramatic. Conrad's, in spite of some appearances, are not dramatic. And the contemporary novel is not dramatic.[15]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This is the original English text for the French translation. TSE took up the invitation to write this "chronicle" for the *NRF* early in Jan 1926, writing to editor Jean Paulhan on 16 Jan that he would have the essay ready for him as soon as possible. After its translation and publication in French on 1 May, TSE wrote to Edmund Wilson on 3 June to say that he could have the article for *The New Republic*, promising to send him a copy of the English text; however, on 3 Aug he had to inform Wilson that he had "sent the only copy of the English text to my mother. I have written to ask her to forward it to you if she has read it, but as she has been ill you may not receive it very promptly" (*L3* 602-03). The copy was not sent; it remained in his mother's collection and unpublished in English; see textual note.

2. Henry James, *Hawthorne* (New York: Harper, 1879), 63 (TSE's parenthetical insertion). TSE quotes from this passage in "The Hawthorne Aspect" (1918) (1.738).

3. The French critic and linguist Abel Chevalley (1868-1934), *agrégé* (fellow) of Oxford University and author of *Le Roman anglais de notre temps* (1921), translated as *The Modern English Novel* (1925). Chevalley's survey of the novel from the eighteenth to the early twentieth century includes a chapter on "Henry James et le roman psychologique." TSE had requested the book in Jan 1926 from editor Paulhan for this chronicle, stating that he did not want to write about the subject without being aware of Chevally's opinions (*L3* 30-31).

4. Lawrence's third novel, *Sons and Lovers*, appeared in 1913.

5. TSE refers to chapter XVI, "Florence," of *Aaron's Rod* (1922), in which Manfredi, an Italian colonel and marquis, reveals in dialogue with his neurasthenic American wife, the Marchesa del Torre, and in the presence of Aaron, the state of their marital relationship. See TSE's earlier discussion of *Aaron's Rod* in his London Letter for Aug 1922 (2.413) and in "Contemporary English Prose" (1923) (2.452).

6. E. M. Forster reviewed these "two little-stories, sketches, what is one to call them?" – in the *Criterion* of Apr 1926 (279-80). TSE, who had a first edition of *Kew Gardens* (1919) in his library, probably wrote the unsigned short notice of a new edition in the *Criterion* of Jan 1928: "To review *Kew Gardens* adequately would be to review the whole of Mrs. Woolf's work. But as this, which is certainly one of the most lovely of her short pieces, and perhaps the best introduction to her work as a whole, has been out of print for some years (we guard jealously one copy of the first edition), this new and limited edition . . . deserves mention" (87).

7. Huxley's third novel, *Those Barren Leaves* (1925), had been reviewed in the *Criterion* of Apr 1925 by Conrad Aiken, who admired his "technical virtuosity" but wished that he would abjure his "habit of cynical intrusion" and "give up these emancipated house-parties and exquisite boudoirs" (453). On 13 Feb, TSE wrote to thank Aiken for the review, "which is brilliant, eminently just, and covers the ground perfectly" (*L3* 587).

8. TSE had published "The Monocle" in the *Criterion* of Jan 1926 (48-70); it subsequently appeared in Huxley's fourth collection of short fiction, *Two or Three Graces* (1926).

9. René, the protagonist in the novella by the same name (1802) of François-René de Chateaubriand; Werther, that of Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* [*The Sorrows of Young Werther*] (1744).

10. David Garnett (1892-1981), novelist, publisher, and co-founder of the Nonesuch Press, won the Hawthornden and James Tait Black Prizes for *Lady into Fox* in 1922; *A Man in the Zoo* appeared in 1924.

11. Garnett himself openly professed the influence of Defoe on his early writing, and several reviewers had commented on the striking resemblance of Garnett's style to that of Defoe in *Lady into Fox*.

12. Balzac was born in 1799.

13. Balzac's short story "Une Passion dans le désert" (1830) thematically unites the stories of a couple leaving an animal trainer's show in Paris and that of a French soldier lost in the Egyptian desert who encounters a wild panther that becomes an endearing companion.

14. Edmund Wilson, who had the French version, wrote to TSE on 18 May that he was surprised by his remarks about *Lady into Fox*, thinking that "it was simply a story of a lively and fickle girl married to a very steady and sober-minded man, to whom she is unfaithful. I thought the animal part was merely a metaphor for his point of view about her." In reply on 3 June, TSE wrote that "whatever Garnett thinks he meant I am sure that this curious approximation of the human and animal is a real inspiration. The best part of *The Man in the Zoo* is the account of the affection of the man for his tiger cat; his feeling towards the lady is tame and conventional but his feeling for the cat is really inspired" (*L3* 551).

Garnett's *A Man in the Zoo* was reviewed in the *Criterion* of July 1924 by F. M. [Vivien Eliot]: "What [Garnett] has done is to construct an eighteenth-century incident . . . in an eighteenth-century style, but from a modern, and more than modern, point of view. Having imagined a fantastical premiss, that of a man electing to be exhibited in a cage in the Zoological Gardens . . . Mr. Garnett makes the relationship between a man and an animal natural and just, and makes the animal much more desirable and delicate a companion than, for instance, the negro who . . . comes to occupy the next cage" (483-85).

15. On 3 June, TSE wrote to editor Paulhan to thank him for sending a copy of the issue with his essay, adding that he would like to write another for the *NRF*, either on "History and Contemporary Biography" or "The American Novel and the Anglo-American Literature of Montparnasse." Paulhan replied that he preferred the former, but neither topic materialized (*L3* 549).

TEXTUAL NOTE

Location: Houghton: bMS Am 1691.14 (35); title: "The Contemporary Novel"; TS (carbon), 8 leaves, white unruled paper, 20.6 x 26.0 cm; no watermark; n.d., pages 2-8 numbered; on top of page 1 in pencil in unknown hand: "Red Morocco Case / MSS."; again on verso of page 8, in pencil: "T.S. Eliot (red Morocco case of MS)"; this was his brother's red morocco manuscript case: bMS Am 1691.14 (71), inherited from his mother, which listed this and other prose typescripts.

Israfel[1]

A review of *Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe*, by Hervey Allen

London: Brentano, 1927. Two vols. Pp. xx + 932.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe: The Poems and Three Essays on Poetry, ed. R. Brimley Johnson

London: Oxford UP, 1927. Pp. vii + 570.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe: Tales, ed. R. Brimley Johnson

London: Oxford UP, 1927. Pp. viii + 688.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 41 (21 May 1927) 219

Mr. Hervey Allen has written two large volumes, with many footnotes, illustrations, and appendices.[2] I have not read two or three recent books on Poe – including one by Joseph Wood Krutzsch – but it is hardly possible that any of them contains more facts than this book.[3] No fact about a man like Poe is wholly negligible; and Mr. Allen appears to have found a number of new ones: he is an authority on Poe's brother Henry, and he has digested the Ellis and Allan papers, and he reprints the wills of William Galt and John Allan.[4] All this matter is worth preserving; but Mr. Allen does not make it easy for the reader to sort out the important from the less important. What is less pardonable, though not infrequent with enthusiastic biographers who are steeped in their subject, is that we find it difficult to detach the information from what may be called, euphemistically, the reconstruction. Here is a paragraph describing the first meeting of Poe, as a small boy, with the lady addressed in the poem "To Helen":

> Mrs. Stanard was in one of the front rooms standing by a window niche. The light falling upon her, caught in her dark ringlets crossed by a white snood, glowed in the classic folds of her gown, and flowed about her slenderly graceful figure. Her face, the lineaments of which were turned towards Poe, was tinted by the gold of leaf-filtered sunshine. To the

> astonished boy her very being and body seemed to radiate light. "This is Edgar Poe, mother," said little Robert. "This is 'Helen,' Edgar," said a voice in the boy's soul, "in her behold the comfort of great beauty." On the bewildered ears of the young poet fell the sweet voice of Mrs. Stanard thanking him for his kindness to her little son and bidding him welcome with gracious words to her house. [106-07]

When we are tired or inattentive, it is easy to swallow this sort of stuff whole, especially if, as often in this book, it is interpolated in the midst of minute facts (we are presently told that the Stanard house had a portico and marble stoop with brass rails in front). But if we are wakeful and critical, we begin to look for references. For the paragraph above we find a footnote:

> There is, of course, no precise contemporary account of the actual scene of this meeting. I am giving the descriptions from a knowledge of the house and *descriptions* (italics mine) of a portrait of Jane Stith Stanard. The poem "To Helen" seems to be the first-hand impression of a beloved person bathed in and radiating light. [107]

This is creative biography. It is a pity. For there is some good criticism in the book, and much material for the critic; it is a book which anyone who wants to *write* about Poe ought to read. Not the least useful part of the book is the illustrations – not only the fine portrait, looking like Baudelaire and Buffalo Bill, with a touch of Elijah Pogram, which serves as frontispiece to Volume II, but innumerable views and illustrations of the epoch, which really contribute to make more actual that remote and forgotten society in which Poe lived.[5]

There are matters on which, with all the information given, one still feels wholly in the dark. We leave unpenetrated the mystery of that strange and powerful personality, Mrs. Clemm, and the truth of that strange marriage.[6] On the other hand, we know, if we did not know before, that Poe knew a good deal about opium, and also that he was no drunkard. A man with so weak a head and so delicate a nervous system, living in the world in which Poe lived, could hardly be called a "confirmed" drunkard with less reason; he could be called, at most, an accidental drunkard. Certain errors of this type are rectified, and perhaps more will be rectified in time; but the rectification is only necessary because too much importance has been attached to them in the past. In the end, Poe remains inscrutable.[7] But there is a great deal of matter in this book which is necessary to anyone who would criticize Poe: we wish that Mr. Allen would condense this necessary information into a second edition of one volume.

One of the most useful ways in which this book can assist literary criticism, is its emphasis upon the romantic origins of Poe.[8] Poe was the direct heir of Byron, influenced a little by some of Byron's contemporaries. In following Byron, he was following the great tradition of English poetry in its romantic phase. The romantic phase was an essential phase, not only in England but for the whole of Europe. After the death of Byron it may be said that romanticism became diffused. Two men, and perhaps two men only, inherited the spirit of English romanticism: Poe and Heine.[9] I should add Baudelaire, but Baudelaire is already influenced by Poe – although it is impossible to decide, especially after noticing the resemblance between the portraits of the two men, how much is influence and how much simple kinship. In England the romantic cult was transformed by the enormous prestige of Tennyson; in America by Tennyson also and later by Whitman, the American Tennyson;[10] in France by Victor Hugo and his contemporaries. But the true inheritors of the spirit of romanticism expressed by Byron (and spirit here implies spirituality) were Poe and Heine and Baudelaire. That is why these three poets are more modern to-day than any of their contemporaries: in preserving the spirit of romanticism they preserve the absolute spirit; they provide the explanation of romanticism and open the way to something else.

There is another respect in which Mr. Allen's book ought to help the reputation of Poe. It concerns Poe's critical writings. Poe was not only an heroically courageous critic – the element of malice and irritability subtracted, there remains a large part of his criticism which must be applauded for pure pluck – but a critic of the first rank.[11] The men whom he attacked are utterly insignificant. No one can realize how insignificant they are who has not read some of their works, such as the emasculated pastiche of "Don Juan" produced by Rufus Dawes.[12] Poe not only performed a service to literature in America by exterminating these pests, but incidentally wrote some masterly criticism. A selection of his reviews ought to be republished. The Oxford Press have just published the *Tales of Mystery*, and the poems, together with the three essays on Poetry, edited by R. Brimley Johnson.[13] They would do well to add a third volume of his critical writings.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. "Israfel": title of Poe's 1831 poem with an epigraph from the Koran: "And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

2. The American author William Hervey Allen (1889-1949), soldier, novelist, editor, and teacher; this was his only literary biography.

3. Joseph Wood Krutch (1893-1970), American author and Professor at Columbia University, had recently written *Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius* (1926). TSE's misspelling of Krutch's name suggests the pseudonym "Gus Krutzsch" with which he signed "Song for the Opherian" (1921).

4. William Henry Leonard Poe (1807-31), sailor, amateur poet, and older brother of Edgar Allan Poe. Hervey Allen refers to "the recent discovery of Henry Poe's poems and prose bearing upon Edgar" (x). John Allan (1780-1834), businessman and foster father of Poe, shared a trading business with Charles Ellis; according to the author, their papers contain "a surprisingly complete record of the daily life of the family, and community in which Poe lived during his youth" (viii). William Galt (1755-1825), wealthy Richmond businessman, left a legacy to his nephew John Allan in his will, printed in an appendix to this book.

5. The American soldier, bison hunter, and showman William Frederick "Buffalo Bill" Cody (1846-1917) traveled the United States and Europe with his cowboy and Indian show "Buffalo Bill's Wild West," which performed for Queen Victoria and had last visited England in 1907. An American senator by the name of Elijah Pogram appears in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844), which TSE referred to in "Whitman and Tennyson" (1926) (2.876).

6. Poe went to live with his aunt Maria Clemm (1790-1871) and her daughter Virginia in 1831, an episode that Allen discusses under the chapter title "The Mysterious Years"; Poe married Virginia in 1835.

7. Allen claims on the contrary, "There is no longer any necessity for talking about 'the Poe mystery,' indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that there are few other literary figures whose personal life is so fully documented" (viii).

8. Allen hails Poe's work as "the only lasting creative urge in romantic poetry that the United States produced" (277). In "American Literature" (1919), TSE wrote, "Poe is both the *reductio ad absurdum* and the artistic perfection of [the Romantic] movement" (2.22).

9. Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), German Romantic poet, political dissident, and exile, best known for his 1827 *Buch der Lieder* [*Book of Songs*], many of which were set to music, his prose *Reisebilder* [*Pictures of Travel*] of 1826-31, and late poems written in illness and despair.

10. See TSE's previous development of the parallel in "Whitman and Tennyson" (1926) (2.877), and defense of his use of "the American Tennyson" in his reply to a letter critical of the phrase (3.110).

11. See TSE's praise of Poe's literary criticism in "American Literature" (1919): "he was the directest, the least pedantic, the least pedagogical of the critics writing in his time in either America or England" (2.22).

12. "Geraldine" (1839) by American poet Rufus Dawes (1803-59), which Poe reviewed in 1841, describing it as "a most servile imitation of the 'Don Juan' of Lord Byron," "a mere mass of irrelevancy" embodying "the whole soul of digression" ("Rufus Dawes," *The Works of Edgar Allan Poe*, vol 5, ed. Chester Noyes Greenough [NY: Hearst's International Library, 1914], 228). Greenough was an assistant professor of English at Harvard 1910 to 1914, during the time that

TSE was in the graduate program in philosophy. Allen's biography mentions the review without referring to "Geraldine" (547).

13. British scholar R. [Reginald] Brimley Johnson (1867-1932) wrote literary biographies and edited the works and letters of numerous British and American authors, including the two-volume edition of Poe's work reviewed here; no third volume appeared. The three essays included in this volume are "The Poetic Principle," "The Philosophy of Composition," and "The Rationale of Verse."

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 5 (June 1927) 283-86

POLITIQUE D'ABORD[1]

It is a trait of the present time that every "literary" review worth its salt has a political interest; indeed that *only* in the literary reviews, which are not the conscientious organs of superannuated political creeds, are there any living political ideas. We have just received the first number of *Les Derniers Jours*, a bi-monthly pamphlet edited and at present written by two very intelligent young men of letters, Drieu La Rochelle and Emmanuel Berl. Their interests and their methods are right.[2] But *The Criterion* cannot altogether accept so Spenglerish a point of view;[3] it cannot assume as axiomatic the statement that *tout est foutu*.[4] To assume that everything has changed, is changing, and must change, according to forces which are not human, and that all that a person who cares about the future must or can do is to *adapt himself* to the change, is a fatalism which is unacceptable. It is an exemplification of the modern *time philosophy* discussed by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in *The Enemy*.[5] If we are to be qualified as "neo-classicists," we hope that "neo-classicism" may be allowed to comprise the idea that man is responsible, *morally* responsible, for his present and his immediate future. The authors of a recent interesting little book published by the Hogarth Press, *Coal*, should be in agreement with this statement.[6]

NEO-CLASSICISM

One of our contemporaries, *The Calendar*, has devoted the foot-note of a semi-editorial article (April, 1927) to the dismissal of something called "neo-classicism." Neo-Classicism, we are told, is "the literary version of a reactionary Latin philosophy which is being adapted, in one or two English reviews, into a repressive instrument of literary criticism."[7] As *The New Criterion* was the first English review to publish the work of three of the four French writers whose names are most closely associated in the public mind with the "reactionary Latin philosophy" in question, we suppose that we are indicated; which review may be the other hinted at we have no notion. We have used, and shall continue to use the word "classicism," unsatisfactory as it is – to most people it connotes little more than alexandrine couplets, the painting of David, and the architecture of the Madeleine or possibly the British Museum.[8] The term "neo-classicism" is not ours, and is not particularly commendable; for all "neos" indicate some fad or fashion of the moment, and it is not our concern to be fashionable. Let us concern ourselves, however, with the thing, not the name. In what way is the "instrument of literary criticism," called neo-classicism, so repressive? What testimony of "repression" of anything valuable can be advanced? If this reproach is addressed to us – and at whom else can it be levelled? – it reads more like the cry of a muddled neo-communist against what he believes to be, to adopt his own jargon, a form of neo-fascism.[9] We have always assumed that certain men of genius, such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, were simply irrepressible and therefore not to be repressed, and we have printed them without attempting to repress them.[10]

The foot-note continues, about "neo-classicism": "the mixed merits of 'neo-classicist' literary criticism: the verbal sobriety which disguises its positivism, its calm and socialized demeanour in the midst of the revolutionary concepts by which we are surrounded, and its genuine but exaggerated docility to the world of learning. . . ."[11] We are glad to have merits, and hope they are well mixed, though not so well mixed as the minds of some of our critics. "Verbal sobriety" is good, but how does it "disguise" positivism? and what *is* positivism? which we had always thought was something to do with Comte and Frederic Harrison;[12] and which we had never suspected to be the "reactionary Latin philosophy" in question. And we should like to know in what way we apply "the dogma of an exclusive cultural value" to "the interpretation of those great works of art which proceed from the clash of permanently antagonistic cultural values." *Cultural* is a fine word, hot i' the mouth;[13] and *clash* is one of those words which can only be described (see Fowler: *Modern English Usage*) as having done *yeoman service*.[14]

Those persons who find even a little stay and comfort in the word "classicism" are always at a disadvantage. If they confine themselves to criticism, they are reproached for their lack of creative power; if they do "create," and if (as is sure to happen) what they create bears little resemblance in form to the work of Racine, or Dr. Johnson or Landor, then it is immediately said that their precept and practice are utterly in divorce: for if you cannot deny that their creative work has merit you can always deny that it has any of the characteristics of "classicism."

THE LATEST MUSCOVITE MENACE

Readers of an interesting German book, entitled *Geist und Gesicht des Bolschevismus* (which is about to be published in English), will remember the photograph of a proletarian conductor, with a couple of railway flags, directing some "community singing" from the top of a factory.[15] Of late, whenever any very large number of Britons is assembled in one place for holiday enjoyment, as for a Cup Final or Test Match, we find that a large part of the excitement consists in their singing all together.[16] We have not witnessed such a musical sacrifice, and do not know whether it is as yet merely a newspaper wheeze, or whether it has really taken hold of the British Massenmensch.[17] If it has really caught on, we should like our social philosophers to tell us what it means. It obviously cannot be explained by a new passion for Music; it seems to have more in common with what Matthew Arnold illustrated by "bawling, hustling and smashing" and breaking the Hyde Park railings.[18] We are already accustomed to seeing, from time to time, immense numbers of men and women voting all together, without using their reason and without enquiry; so perhaps we have no right to complain of the same masses singing all together, without much sense of tune or much knowledge of music; we may presently see them praying and shouting hallelujahs all together, without much theology or knowledge of what they are praying about. We cannot explain it. But it should at present be suspect; it is very likely hostile to Art; and it may mark, and be a means of hastening the disappearance of the English Individualist whom we have heard so much about in the past, and his transformation into the microscopic cheese-mite of the great cheese of the future.[19]

NOTES

1. Charles Maurras's exclamatory slogan for the political activism of the Action française, "La politique d'abord!" [Politics first!], his belief that political interests take precedence over all else in national affairs. It first appeared in his *La Politique religieuse* (Paris: Nouvelle librairie nationale, 1912, 376), which TSE assigned in his 1916 Extension course on Modern French Literature (1.480).

2. Pierre Drieu La Rochelle (1893-1945), novelist and political essayist, and Emmanuel Berl (1892-1976), journalist and surrealist, published the first of seven issues of *Les Derniers Jours* [The Last Days] in Feb 1927. They state in their "Prospectus des cahiers": "Nous voulons sortir du cercle fatal de l'après-guerre, lâcher une Europe qui rôde encore autour de son vomissement, une France qui, pendant plusieurs années, a pu se nourrir d'un seul sentiment: la peur. . . . Mais nous ne sommes pas un journal. Nous sommes un tout petit pamphlet et nous pouvons vivre d'une vie extrêmement discrète avec quelques sous." *Trans*: We want to leave the fatal circle of the post-war period, to break away from a Europe that hovers over its own vomit, a France which for many years

has been able to nourish itself on one sentiment alone: fear. . . . But we are not a journal. We are quite a small pamphlet and we can live an extremely discreet life with just a little money.

3. Oswald Spengler, author of *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* [*The Decline of the West*, 2 vols, 1918, 1922].

4. *tout est foutu*: all is rotten; the opening phrase of Drieu La Rochelle's article, "Le Capitalisme, le Communisme et l'Esprit," in the first issue of *Les Derniers Jours*: "Tout est foutu. Tout ? Tout un monde, toutes les vieilles civilisations – celles d'Europe en même temps que celles d'Asie. Tout le passé qui a été magnifique s'en va à l'eau, corps et âme" (1). *Trans*: All is rotten. All ? A whole world, all the old civilizations – those of Europe as well as those of Asia. Everything magnificent of the past is passing into ruin, body and soul.

5. In the *Enemy* of Feb 1927, to which TSE contributed, Lewis attacked the "time-philosophy" of Bergson, Spengler, Whitehead, and others in "The Revolutionary Simpleton," which he relates to the work of Gertrude Stein, Pound, and Joyce. The work, which made up most of the issue (27-192), was revised and incorporated into the first part of his *Time and Western Man* (1927) later in the year.

6. *Coal: A Challenge to the National Conscience*, ed. Alan Porter, appeared in Apr 1927 and contained contributions from V. A. Demant, Philip Mairet, Albert Newsome, Alan Porter, Maurice B. Reckitt, Egerton Swann, and W. T. Symons. TSE reviewed the book in the *Criterion* (July 1927), stating that it should be read by people "who believe in the necessity for a severe spiritual askesis and the discipline and development of the soul" (3.141).

7. Bertram Higgins, one of the founding editors (with Douglas Garman and Edgell Rickword) of *The Calendar of Modern Letters* (Mar 1925), now *The Calendar: A Quarterly Review*, included the note in his article, "Art and Knowledge," 4 (Apr 1927), 56-61; here 58. His reply to the present "Commentary" appeared in the Sept issue of the *Criterion* (258-59).

8. Rhyming alexandrine couplets, the dominant form of seventeenth-century French drama (Corneille, Molière, and Racine); Jacques-Louis David (1748-1825), particularly his *Oath of the Horatii*; *La Madeleine* in Paris, with its 52 Corinthian columns, consecrated as a church in 1842; the British Museum, with its facade of Ionic columns, completed in 1857.

9. Editor Douglas Garman, a Socialist, had returned in Apr 1927 from six months of teaching in the Soviet Union.

10. TSE published Lawrence's story "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman" in the *Criterion* of Oct 1924. *The Calendar*, implying that the *Criterion* would repress authors such as Lawrence, serialized "The Princess" in its first three issues, from Mar 1925, and prized him as a regular contributor.

11. Higgins's note continues: "Yet by applying to the interpretation of those great works of literature which proceed from the clash of permanently antagonistic cultural forces, the dogma of an exclusive cultural value, the critics of this school often effect a foreshortening of the object of thought similar to that which follows the pure aesthete's denial of all definitive cultural values" (58-59).

12. Frederic Harrison (1831-1923), lawyer, disciple of and apologist for Comte's version of positivism. His works include *Positivism: Its Position, Aims and Ideals* (1901) and *The Positive Evolution of Religion* (1913).

13. *Twelfth Night* II.iii.125-26. When asked by Sir Toby, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale ?" Feste the clown replies, "Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too."

14. Lexicologist H. W. Fowler published the first edition of *A Dictionary of Modern English Usage* in 1926. There is no entry for "clash." TSE reviewed the book in the *Criterion* of Jan 1927, stating that "every person who wishes to write ought to read *in* it (for it is inexhaustible) for a quarter of an hour every night before going to bed" (3.11). Yeoman service: faithful service. See *Hamlet* V.ii.36-37: "but sir, now / It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know / The effect of what I wrote?"

15. René Fülöp-Miller's book, trans. as *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism: An Examination of Cultural Life in Soviet Russia* (New York: Knopf, 1928), contains the photograph, captioned "Concert of Factory Sirens and Steam Whistles" (facing 267), in illustration of the textual description of proletarian "machine music" and "factory whistle symphonies."

16. Since 1927 the first and last verses of the hymn "Abide with Me" have been sung at the FA Cup Final before the match, and team songs are traditionally sung at an international cricket Test Match.

17. *Massenmensch* (German): mass man

18. In *Culture and Anarchy* (chapter II), Arnold describes the working-class "Hyde Park rioter" and asks how the educated and intelligent classes should act "when the man who gives an inflammatory lecture, or breaks down the park railings . . . is only following an Englishman's impulse to do as he likes" (77). In chapter III: "The sterner self of the Populace likes bawling, hustling, and smashing; the lighter self, beer" (109). This passage is marked in TSE's copy of *Culture and Anarchy* (London: Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1909), which he later inscribed: "I can't remember when I got this copy – I don't recognize the period of the autograph – but this is the copy from which I almost learnt the book by heart. My livre de chevet [bedside book] of long ago."

19. See the conclusion to "A Romantic Patrician" (1919), where TSE asserts that in the pursuit of the Arts "there is only one man man better and more uncommon than the patrician, and that is the Individual" (2.30).

Recent Detective Fiction[1]

An omnibus review of sixteen detective novels and of *Problems of Modern American Crime*.

The Benson Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine

London: Benn, 1926. Pp. 346.

The Crime at Diana's Pool, by Victor L. Whitechurch

London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1927. Pp. 296.

The Three Taps, by Ronald A. Knox

London: Methuen, 1927. Pp. 248.

The Verdict of You All, by Henry Wade

London: Constable, 1926. Pp. 254.

The Venetian Key, by Allen Upward

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1927. Pp. 319.

Mr. Fortune Please, by H. C. Bailey

London: Methuen, 1927. Pp. 236.

The Colfax Book-Plate, by Agnes Miller

London: Benn, 1927. Pp. 312.

The Clue in the Glass, by W. B. M. Ferguson

London: Jenkins, 1927. Pp. 312.

The Mortover Grange Mystery, by J. S. Fletcher

London: Jenkins, 1926. Pp. 312.

The Green Rope, by J. S. Fletcher

London: Jenkins, 1927. Pp. 312.

The Mellbridge Mystery, by Arthur O. Cooke

London: Arnold, 1926. Pp. 311.

The Cathra Mystery, by Adam Gordon Macleod

London: Harrap, 1926. Pp. 302.

The Devil's Tower, by Oliver Ainsworth

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1927. Pp. 306.

The Spider's Den, by Harrington Strong

London: Hutchinson, 1926. Pp. 252.

Four Knocks on the Door, by John Paul Seabrooke

London: Jarrolds, 1927. Pp. 245.

Murder for Profit, by William Bolitho

London: Cape, 1926. Pp. 320.

Problems of Modern American Crime, by
Veronica and Paul King

London: Heath Cranton, 1926. Pp. 284.

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 5 (June 1927) 359-62

The list above does not approach completeness with respect to the detective fiction of the last few months; but as in this time there has been nothing by either Mr. Freeman[2]* or Mr. Crofts,[3] who seem to be our two most accomplished detective writers, I believe the list to be fairly representative. It is like my previous list, arranged roughly in what I believe to be the order of merit with two exceptions.[4] The two books at the end of the list are placed there because they deal with fact instead of fiction. And I have found it necessary to discriminate between books which are detective fiction proper and those which may better be termed mystery stories. *The Cathra Mystery* and the novels which follow it are mystery stories. The distinction can be drawn clearly, although in practice we must classify the novels according to the predominance of one element or the other. In the detective story nothing should happen: the crime has already been committed, and the rest of the tale consists of the collection, selection and combination of evidence. In a mystery tale the reader is led from fresh adventure to fresh adventure. In practice, of course, most detective stories contain a few events, but these are subordinate, and the interest lies in the investigation. *The Cathra Mystery* is a capital mystery story with some detective interest; *The Devil's Tower* is a very good mystery story with less detective interest; *The Spider's Den* is almost hilariously a pure thriller. Its hero is a criminal occupied in outwitting other criminals; were it better constructed I should give it a high place, but even as it is one's interest can be described as breathless.

One would not suppose from the veracious reports of actual crimes, contained in *Problems of Modern American Crime*, that detective fiction could flourish on American soil. It is true that the most remarkable of the crimes chronicled in this book were committed within the neighbourhood of Los Angeles, and inhabitants of other parts of America may complain that the crimes of Los Angeles and Chicago have something particular about them. But in most of these crimes there is very little room for detective ability. A murder is committed in full view of several witnesses, and the rest of the story may be concerned solely with the process by which the murderer is triumphantly acquitted. According to this book the only persons connected with the detection or punishment of crime in America who acquire any merit are the gaol guards, who sometimes behave with remarkable heroism in quelling the mutinies and insurrections of the prisoners. Interesting the book is, but it is evidence that real crime has very little to do with crime in fiction. Nor do Mr. Bolitho's four great crimes help us very much in the department of literary criticism.[5] They are remarkable crimes, and they make interesting reading, especially as Mr. Bolitho has a copious vocabulary and a gusto of style which he ought to apply to political invective.

In spite of the peculiarities of American crime, and of the whole American criminal system, the best of this group of detective stories is an American story. *The Benson Murder Case* is extremely well built, the criminal is well concealed, and the author shows great ingenuity in his use of evidence. The further adventures of Mr. Philo Vance will be worth watching.[6] Mr. Van Dine has two new ideas: his amateur detective is neither a lawyer nor a scientist, but a highly trained art connoisseur, who applies to crime methods similar to those which Mr. Bernard Berenson applies to paintings.[7] The other point is this detective's theory that motive is of very little use as a clue: there are three or four people in the story each of whom had adequate motive and opportunity for the commission of the crime.

Canon Whitechurch and Father Knox are two able amateurs who have recently burst into this form of literature.[8] I prefer Canon Whitechurch because he is more serious; Father Knox almost spoils his story at the beginning by an element of frivolous fantasy unsuitable to the subject. And his characters tend to be too humorous and amusing. On the other hand, if they are to be humorous they are not humorous enough; they are as witty as most people succeed in being in real life, but that is not witty enough for a book. But his sarcastic schoolmaster is a good character who deserves the leading role in Father Knox's next novel.

The next four books are of almost equal merit. I do not know whether Mr. Fortune has ever figured in a full-length novel; the series of adventures through which he passes in this book are all good; but after one has read several good full-length novels, the episodic method so successful with Conan Doyle is unsatisfying.[9] We require more space for intellectual exercise. But Mr. Fortune has a fine gift for immediately divining the immense importance of trifling tokens and it is a pleasure to follow him. *The Venetian Key* deserves its place with the other two novels of Mr. Upward; it is not so good as *The Domino Club*, but I think it is better than *The House of Sin*, and everyone must regret that the adventures of Sir Frank Tarleton are at an end.[10] *The Colfax Book-Plate* has been very highly praised and I think over praised. Certainly it is a very good tale, but the weakness of the mystery is that it depends on an over-elaborate concealment for which there does not seem to be adequate justification. This is another American novel, and the author seems to be following in this slight excess of elaborateness some of the work of the late Anna Katharine Green.[11] I do not quite know why I am slightly disappointed with the last two novels of Mr. J. S. Fletcher. Mr. Fletcher is a very competent workman; his stories are well thought out and you get your money's worth; but they suffer from the absence of any very interesting character.[12] One likes in a detective story to have the pleasure of following the working of one keen mind. In real keenness of wit and the way in which this keenness is exhibited no one has ever surpassed Poe's Monsieur Dupin.

Without dispraise of any individual writer we may be allowed to complain that modern detective fiction in general is weak in that it fails between two possible tasks. It has neither the austerity, the pure intellectual pleasure of Poe's *Marie Rogêt*, nor has it the fullness and abundance of life of Wilkie Collins. We often wish that the majority of our detective writers would either concentrate on the detective interest, or take more trouble and space over the characters as human beings and the atmosphere in which they live. But the best of these books, including *The Benson Murder Case*, are wholesomely free from sentimental interest.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*; Gallup: "title from wrapper."

2*. TSE's note: "Since this review was written, Mr. Freeman has brought out another book about Dr. Thorndike. But it is a collection of episodes, not a full length novel. That is a pity, as Mr. Freeman has more of the Wilkie Collins abundance than any contemporary writer of detective fiction." The collection was titled *The Magic Casket* (1927). See TSE's review of Freeman's *The D'Arblay Mystery* in "Homage to Wilkie Collins" (3.15-16).

3. Freeman Wills Crofts (1879-1957), an Irish writer of detective fiction and a disciple of R. Austin Freeman, gained acclaim for his first novel, *The Cask* (1920). He introduced his chief detective, Inspector Joseph French, in *Inspector French's Greatest Case* (1924), followed by *The Cheyne Mystery* (1926) and *The Starvel Tragedy* (1927).

4. See TSE's earlier omnibus review of nine detective novels in "Homage to Wilkie Collins."

5. *Murder for Profit*, by William Bolitho, pseudonym of William Bolitho Ryall (1890-1930), is actually based on the crimes of five mass murderers, each given a chapter of the book.

6. Authored by the American art critic and novelist S. S. Van Dine, pseudonym of Willard Huntington Wright (1888-1933), the novel is subtitled "*a Philo Vance story*" – one of twelve in which Vance is featured.

7. Bernard Berenson (1865-1959), art historian known for his studies of Italian painters of the Renaissance, had recently published his *Three Essays in Method* (1927) with chapters on "Nine Pictures in Search of an Attribution," "A Neglected Altar-Piece by Botticelli," and "A Possible and an Impossible 'Antonello da Messina.'"

8. Canon Victor Lorenzo Whitechurch (1868-1957), Church of England clergyman, and Father Ronald A. (Arbuthnott) Knox (1888-1957), Roman Catholic priest, both theologians and authors of detective stories. Whitechurch's previous novel was *The Adventures of Captain Ivan Koravitch* (1925), Knox's *The Viaduct Murder* (1925).

9. Mr. Reginald Fortune is the central character in *Mr. Fortune Please*, a series of episodic stories by H. C. (Henry Christopher) Bailey (1878-1961).

10. For Allen Upward and TSE's review of his *The House of Sin*, see "Homage to Wilkie Collins." *The Domino Club* was also published by Faber & Gwyer in 1926.

11. *The Colfax Book-Plate*, the single detective novel of American author Agnes Miller (dates elusive), who wrote stories for girls, including *Mystery Stories for Girls*. American poet and novelist Anna Katharine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs, 1846-1935), very much alive at the time and regarded as the mother of detective fiction, was best known for her first and most popular novel, *The Leavenworth Case* (1878), which was praised by Wilkie Collins.

12. *The Mortover Grange Mystery* and *The Green Rope*, included after TSE stated in his review of Fletcher's *The Massingham Butterfly*, a collection of stories "too slight to deserve reprinting," that his "longer detective stories are probably very good."

Tennyson and Whitman

To the Editor of *The Nation and Athenaeum*

The Nation and Athenaeum, 41 (4 June 1927) 302

[Mr. T. S. Eliot writes:] Mr. McNulty expresses surprise at my comparison of Whitman and Tennyson.[1] May I assure him that I intended this comparison to be quite serious; and if he will look back at the earlier number of *The Nation* in which I reviewed a recent biography of Whitman, he will see that I have made the same assertion at more length.[2] I would remind him first of Whitman's almost boundless admiration for Tennyson, and second I would say again that Whitman's and Tennyson's respective attitudes toward the society which they inhabited are closely parallel. I quite agree that Tennyson's verse is "perfect"; but I would assert that Whitman's gifts were of exactly the same *kind*. He was, in my opinion, a great master of versification, though much less reliable than Tennyson. It is, in fact, as a verse maker that he deserves to be remembered; for his intellect was decidedly inferior to that of Tennyson. His political, social, religious, and moral ideas are negligible.

[T. S. ELIOT]

NOTES

[1] Brackets in original. J. H. [John Henry] McNulty (1879-1954), English author of *The Dethronement of Shakespeare: Essays and Verses* (1926), wrote a letter to the editor (printed directly above TSE's reply) in response to TSE's reference to Whitman as "the American Tennyson" in "Israfel" (3.97): "What is there in common between the perfect verse of Tennyson and the wild formless writing, neither verse nor prose, of the American? May I ask if the phrase is a slip, or a joke, or whether your reviewer can give the slightest reason for it? I ask this in simple bewilderment."

[2] See "Whitman and Tennyson," *The Nation and the Athenaeum*, 40 (18 Dec 1926) (2.896).

Niccolò Machiavelli[1]

"Because this is to be asserted in general of men, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowards, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely."[2] This sentence, and similar sentences torn from their context, have rankled and worried the minds of men for four hundred years: the words of a retired, inoffensive, quiet Florentine patriot occupied in chopping trees and conversing with peasants on his meagre estate.[3] Machiavelli has been the torment of Jesuits and Calvinists, the idol of Napoleons and Nietzsches, a stock figure for Elizabethan drama, and the exemplar of a Mussolini or a Lenin.[4] Machiavelli has been called a cynic; but there could be no stronger inspiration to "cynicism" than the history of Machiavelli's reputation. No history could illustrate better than that of the reputation of Machiavelli the triviality and the irrelevance of influence. His message has been falsified by persistent romanticism ever since. To the humbug of every century Machiavelli is essential. And yet no great man has been so completely misunderstood. He is always placed a little askew. He does not belong with Aristotle, or with Dante, in political theory; he attempted something different. He does not belong with Napoleon, and still less with Nietzsche. His statements lend themselves to any modern theory of the State, but they belong with none.

On the occasion of Niccolò Machiavelli's anniversary, we should concern ourselves not so much with the history of his influence – which is merely the history of the various ways in which he has been misunderstood – as with the nature of his thought and the reasons why it should have had such influence.

"So that in the first place, I put for a general inclination of all mankind, a perpetual and restless desire of power after power, that ceaseth only in death."[5] Such words of Hobbes seem at first to be uttered in the same tone as those quoted from Machiavelli; and the two names have often been brought together; but the spirit and purpose of Hobbes and of Machiavelli are wholly different. *The Prince* is often taken in the same sense as the *Leviathan*. But Machiavelli is not only not a philosopher of politics in the sense of Aristotle and Dante, he is still less a philosopher in the sense of Hobbes. He has the lucidity of Aristotle and the patriotism of Dante, but with Hobbes he has little in common. Machiavelli is wholly *devoted* – to his task of his own place and time; yet by surrendering himself to the cause of his particular State, and to the greater cause of the united Italy which he desired, he arrives at a far greater impersonality and detachment than Hobbes. Hobbes is not passionately moved by the spectacle of national disaster; he is interested in his own theory; and we can see his theory as partly an outcome of the weaknesses and distortions of his own temperament. In the statements of Hobbes about human nature there is often an over-emphasis, a touch of spleen arising probably from some perception of the weakness and failure of his own life and character. This over-emphasis, so common in a certain type of philosopher since Hobbes's time, may be rightly associated with cynicism. For true cynicism is a fault of the temperament of the observer, not a conclusion arising naturally out of the contemplation of the object; it is quite the reverse of "facing facts."[6] In Machiavelli there is no cynicism whatever. No trace of the weaknesses and failures of his own life and character mars the clear glass of his vision. In detail, no doubt, where the meanings of words suffer a slight alteration, we feel a conscious irony; but his total view was unimpaired by any such emotional colour. Such a view of life as Machiavelli's implies a state of the soul which may be called a state of innocence. A view like Hobbes's is slightly theatrical and almost sentimental. The impersonality and innocence of Machiavelli is so rare that it may well be the clue to both his perpetual influence over men and the perpetual distortion which he suffers in the minds of men less pure than himself.

We do not mean that Machiavelli is wholly cold and impassive. On the contrary, he provides one more piece of evidence that great intellectual power arises from great passions. Machiavelli was not only a patriot, but his patriotic passion is the motor of his mind. It is all very well for writers like Lord Morley to present Machiavelli as a stealthy inhuman surgeon, indifferent to moral exhortation and caring only for his clinical examination.[7] Lord Morley had not, like Machiavelli, seen his country torn and ravaged, humiliated not only by foreign invaders, but by foreign invaders brought in by factious native princes. The humiliation of Italy was to Machiavelli a personal humiliation, and the origin of his thought and his writing.

This intense nationalism by no means suppressed or distorted in Machiavelli the other moral or spiritual values. Only, he is in his writings occupied with these from one point of view always, occupied with them always in their relation to the State. His conception of the State is a large and generous one. He is the adviser of the Prince only because he cares passionately for the good of the commonwealth. For a man like Napoleon – who himself spoke highly of Machiavelli, and whose sense of reality made Machiavelli very sympathetic to him – Machiavelli could have felt only aversion; a foreign usurper and a violent egotist Napoleon would have seemed to him. And Machiavelli is not interested in the modern idea of Empire; a united Italy was the limit of his vision; and indeed we often feel, in reading the most important of his works, the *Discourses on the Decades of Livy*, that he has far more admiration for Republican Rome than for Imperial Rome.[8] His first thought always is for peace and prosperity and the happiness of the governed; but he knows quite well that this happiness does not reside merely in peace and wealth. It depends upon, and in turn supports, the *virtue* of the citizens. Civic virtue cannot exist without a measure of liberty, and he is constantly concerned with what relative liberty is obtainable:

> It seldom happens that the demands of a free people are either unreasonable or prejudicial to liberty, as they commonly proceed either from actual oppression, or the dread of it; but if that apprehension should prove groundless, it is no difficult matter to pacify them by a public conference, where they are always ready to listen to any man of worth and authority that shall think fit to harangue them: for though the people may sometimes be in an error, as Tully says, they are open to better information, and soon convinced, when a person of whose veracity and integrity they have a good opinion undertakes to show them their mistake.[9]

Machiavelli's attitude towards religion and towards the religion of his country has often been the object of misunderstanding. His attitude is that of a statesman, and is as noble as that of any statesman, *qua* statesman. In fact, it could be no other than it is. He is opposed neither to religion nor to the Catholic Church. He saw quite clearly, as he could hardly have avoided seeing, the corruption of the Church and the baseness of the eminent ecclesiastics with whom he had to do. And in the *Mandragora*, his brilliant comedy, he makes excellent fun of the more petty corruptions of the priesthood.[10] He saw, on the one hand, the extent to which the Church and the powerful individual nobles of the Church had contributed to the dissension and desolation of his country. But he maintained steadily that an established Church was of the greatest value to a State:

> All these things being considered, I conclude, that the introduction of Religion at Rome by Numa was one of the causes that chiefly

> contributed to its grandeur and felicity: for Religion produced good order, and good order is generally attended with good fortune and success in any undertaking. And, as a strict observance of Divine worship and religious duties always tends to the aggrandisement of a State, so a neglect and contempt of them may be reckoned amongst the first causes of its ruin. For, where there is no fear of God, it must either fall to destruction, or be supported by the reverence shown to a good Prince; which indeed may sustain it for a while, and supply the want of Religion in his Subjects. But as human life is short, the Government must of course sink into decay when the virtue that upheld and informed it is extinct.[11]

And later (in the *Discourses*) he says still more positively, in words which Archbishop Laud would have approved:

> The rulers of all States, whether Kingdoms or Commonwealths, who would preserve their governments firm and entire, ought above all things to take care that Religion is held the highest veneration, and its ceremonies at all times uncorrupted and inviolable; for there is no surer prognostic of impending ruin in any State, than to see Divine worship neglected or despised. [53]

And he goes on to show, in the same chapter, how the neglect of religion, occasioned by the Church of Rome, has contributed to the ruin of Italy. It is quite possible that an established National Church, such as the Church of England, might have seemed to Machiavelli the best establishment for a Christian commonwealth; but that a religious establishment of some kind is necessary to a nation he is quite sure. If his words were true then they are true now. As for Machiavelli's "personal" religion, it seems to have been as genuine and sincere as that of any man who is not a specialist in devotion but intensely a specialist in statesmanship; and he died with the ministrations of a priest about him. He saw quite clearly and knew instinctively that the efforts of a man like Savonarola could bring no good; his real objection was not to the spirit of Savonarola so much as to the contradiction between the methods of Savonarola and good statesmanship. But with a destructive nature like that of Voltaire the essentially constructive mind of Machiavelli could have felt no community.

In several chapters of *The Prince* and in the *Art of War* it is quite clear that in considering warfare Machiavelli is concerned always with the positive and the constructive. In warfare, and in military government and occupation, he is interested as much in the moral forces as in the technical devices. In his remarks on colonization, on the manner of occupying a foreign territory, and in his repeated admonitions against the use of mercenary troops he is always holding up for admiration the patriot prince and the patriot citizenry. For the prince who is merely a general he has little patience; of an empire like that of Napoleon he would have said at the outset that it could not last. You cannot govern people for ever against their will; and some foreign peoples you cannot rule at all; but if you have to govern an alien and inferior people – a people inferior in the art of government – then you must use every means to make them contented and to persuade them that your government is to their interest. Liberty is good; but more important is order; and the maintenance of order justifies every means. But his soldiers should be citizen soldiers, fighting for something really valuable; and the prince must be a statesman always, and a warrior only when necessary.

No account of Machiavelli's views can be more than fragmentary. For though he is constructive he is not a system builder; and his thoughts can be repeated but not summarized. It is perhaps a character of his amazing exactness of vision and statement that he should have no "system"; for a system almost inevitably requires slight distortions and omissions, and Machiavelli would distort and omit nothing. But what is more curious is that no account or recapitulation of his thought seems to give any clue either to his greatness or to his great and grotesque reputation. When we first read him we receive the impression neither of a great soul nor of a demoniac intellect; but merely of a modest and honest observer setting down matters of fact and comments so true as to be platitudinous. Only after slow absorption and the repeated contrasts which strike the mind between such honesty and the common deceptions, dishonesties, and tergiversations of the human mind in general does his unique greatness reach us. We do not imply that Machiavelli's thought is a solitary exception. A French writer, M. Charles Benoist, has devoted a volume to *Le machiavélisme avant Machiavel*.[12] There are parallels in his own time. Machiavelli could hardly have known Commynes, but the mind and the vision of the great Belgian diplomat who served Louis of France so long and so well are closely akin to those of Machiavelli.[13] But Machiavelli, apart from his difference of method, is a far purer and more intense spirit. The nature of Machiavelli's true greatness and the history of his influence cannot be studied separately. For his influence could not have been without his greatness, but the history of that influence is the history of misunderstandings.

The passionate nationalism of Machiavelli was hardly likely to be understood in his own time; least of all by his compatriots. But the honesty of his mind is such as is hardly understood at any time. From the first his writings seem to have fascinated and terrified Europe. From the fascination people could not escape; from the terror they escaped by turning him into a myth of terror. Even in Italy, as Charbonnel shows in *La pensée italienne au XVI Siècle*, his thought was immediately distorted.[14] Popes and princes seem to have taken from his books what they wanted, but not what Machiavelli wanted to convey. But as his work penetrated farther abroad the greater became the distortion. In France, and especially among the Huguenots, it aroused the most violent rejoinders.[15] He was treated as hardly more than a clever sycophant giving tips to tyrants on the best ways of oppressing their subjects. In France not only religious partisans but the *politiques* – notably Jean Bodin – fell foul of him.[16] Bodin could not get over Machiavelli's praise of Caesar Borgia in *The Prince*; although, to anyone who reads the book without prejudice, it should be quite clear in what respects and with what reservations Machiavelli bestows his praise.[17] In England Thomas Cromwell and others admired his work, but it is quite likely that they hardly understood him better.[18] But the general impression of Machiavelli in England was due to French influence, to the translation of the *Contre-Machiavelli* of Gentillet.[19] At every remove Machiavelli suffered. The civilization of France was in some respects below that of Italy, and the civilization of England had certainly not caught up with the civilization of France. You have only to compare the development of prose style in the three languages. Machiavelli is a master of prose style of any age; his prose is *mature*. There is nothing comparable in France until Montaigne, and Montaigne is not a *classique* for French criticism. And there is nothing comparable in England till Hobbes and Clarendon. But by that time, when the civilization of the three countries was much on a level, there is some deterioration everywhere. Montaigne is inferior to Machiavelli, and Hobbes is inferior to Montaigne. The dramatization of Machiavelli in England has been catalogued by Edward Meyer in his *Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama*, and recently discussed more philosophically by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his extremely interesting study of Shakespeare, *The Lion and the Fox*.[20] The figure of Richard III is the testimony of the impression made by Machiavelli, and the falsity of this impression.[21]

We have therefore to inquire what there is about Machiavelli to impress the mind of Europe so prodigiously and so curiously, and why the European mind felt it necessary to deform his doctrine so absurdly. There are certainly contributing causes. The reputation of Italy as the home of fantastic, wanton and diabolical crime filled the French, and still more the English, imagination as they are now filled by the glories of Chicago or Los Angeles, and predisposed imagination toward the creation of a mythical representative for this criminality. But still more the growth of Protestantism – and France, as well as England, was then largely a Protestant country – created a disposition against a man who accepted in his own fashion the orthodox view of original sin. Calvin, whose view of humanity was far more extreme, and certainly more false, than that of Machiavelli, was never treated to such opprobrium; but when the inevitable reaction against Calvinism came out of Calvinism, and from Geneva, in the doctrine of Rousseau, that too was hostile to Machiavelli.[22] For Machiavelli is a doctor of the mean, and the mean is always insupportable to partisans of the extreme.[23] A fanatic can be tolerated. The failure of a fanaticism such as Savonarola's ensures its toleration by posterity, and even approving patronage. But Machiavelli was no fanatic; he merely told the truth about humanity. The world of human motives which he depicts is true – that is to say, it is humanity without the addition of superhuman Grace. It is therefore tolerable only to persons who have also a definite religious belief; to the effort of the last three centuries to supply religious belief by belief in Humanity the creed of Machiavelli is insupportable. Lord Morley voices the usual modern hostile admiration of Machiavelli when he intimates that Machiavelli saw very clearly what he did see, but that he saw only half of the truth about human nature.[24] What Machiavelli did not see about human nature is the myth of human goodness which for liberal thought replaces the belief in Divine Grace.[25]

It is easy to admire Machiavelli in a sentimental way. It is only one of the sentimental and histrionic poses of human nature – and human nature is incorrigibly histrionic – to pose as a "realist," a person of "no nonsense," to admire the "brutal frankness" or the "cynicism" of Machiavelli. This is a form of self-satisfaction and self-deception which merely propagates the Jew of Malta-Nietzsche myth of Machiavelli.[26] In Elizabethan England the reputation of Machiavelli was merely manipulated unconsciously to feed the perpetually recurring tendency to Manichaen heresy: the desire for a devil to worship.[27] The heretical impulses remain fairly constant; they recur in the Satan of Milton and the Cain of Byron.[28] But with these indulgences of human frailties Machiavelli has no traffic. He had none of the instinct to pose; and therefore human beings, in order to accept him at all, had to make him into a dramatic figure. His reputation is the history of the attempt of humanity to protect itself, by secreting a coating of falsehood, against any statement of the truth.

It has been said, in a tone of reproach, that Machiavelli makes no attempt "to persuade." Certainly he was no prophet. For he was concerned first of all with truth, not with persuasion, which is one reason why his prose is great prose, not only of Italian but a model of style for any language. He is a partial Aristotle of politics. But he is partial not because his vision is distorted or his judgment biased, or because of any lack of moral interest, but because of his passion for the unity, peace, and prosperity of his country. What makes him a great writer, and for ever a solitary figure, is the purity and single-mindedness of his passion. No one was ever less "Machiavellian" than Machiavelli. Only the pure in heart can blow the gaff on human nature as Machiavelli has done. The cynic can never do it; for the cynic is always impure and sentimental. But it is easy to understand why Machiavelli was not himself a successful politician. For one thing, he had no capacity for self-deception or self-dramatization. The recipe *dors ton sommeil de brute*[29] is applied in many forms, of which Calvin and Rousseau give two variations: but the utility of Machiavelli is his perpetual summons to examination of the weakness and impurity of the soul. We are not likely to forget his political lessons, but his examination of conscience may be too easily overlooked.

NOTES

1. As printed in *FLA*. This essay initially appeared as "Nicolo Machiavelli (1469-1527)" in the *TLS*, 1324 (16 June 1927) 413-14. *TLS* editor Bruce Richmond commissioned the piece for the quatercentenary of Machiavelli's death, the date of which TSE comments on in his acceptance letter of 2 Feb 1927: "Of course I am delighted to do Middleton and Machiavelli. . . . I take Machiavelli because I should like to write about him, although I know perfectly well that there are a thousand people more competent than I" (*L3* 400). TSE sent the essay to Richmond on 10 June, noting that "I am not very well satisfied with it myself" (*L3* 554). By 27 July, he had changed his mind, writing to his mother: "I do not think my essay on Middleton very good, at any rate it is inadequate. . . . On retrospect I think my essay on Machiavelli the best, especially as I have had an enthusiastic letter about it from F. S. Oliver, the author of a remarkably fine life of Alexander Hamilton" (*L3* 589). In the preface to his *Essays Ancient and Modern* (1936), however, TSE remarks that he had chosen to omit "two papers with which I was dissatisfied, on Machiavelli and on Crashaw" (5).

2. Nicolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*, trans. W. K. Marriott (London: Dent, 1908), 130 (chapter XVII, "Concerning Cruelty and Clemency, and Whether It Is Better to Be Loved Than Feared").

3. *The Prince* was written ca. 1513 and published posthumously in 1532. Machiavelli lost his government post in 1513 with the return of the Medici to power in Florence. Though imprisoned and tortured, he was released on a general pardon and exiled from Florence to his family home at Sant'Andrea, Percussina, on 13 Mar 1513. In a letter ca. 10 Dec to Francesco Vettori, Machiavelli describes his country life, including timbering and conversing with locals at the inn.

4. In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), TSE writes: "I think that Shakespeare, and other dramatists, used the popular Machiavellian idea, for stage purposes; but this idea was no more like Machiavelli, who was an Italian and a Roman Christian, than Mr. Shaw's idea of Nietzsche – whatever that is – is like the real Nietzsche" (3.247). Vladimir Lenin (1870-1924), Russian leader of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 and premier of the Soviet Union from 1922 until his death.

5. Chapter XI, "Of the Difference of Manners" in Hobbes, *Leviathan; or The Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil* (1651). TSE owned the 1907 reprint of the New Universal Library text (signed and dated by him Feb 1914), with an introduction by Henry Morley (London: Routledge, 1907), 52.

6. In his fourth Clark lecture, "The Conceit in Donne" (1926), TSE writes: "But cynicism is always the indication of a mental chaos, or at least a mental disjunction and lack of unity" (2.676).

7. John Morley, Viscount Morley of Blackburn (1838-1923), writer and politician, author of *Machiavelli: The Romanes Lecture Delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, June 2, 1897* (London: Macmillan, 1897). "His business is that of the clinical lecturer, explaining the nature of the malady, the proper treatment, and the chances of recovery. He strips away the flowing garments of convention and commonplace; closes his will against sympathy and feeling; ignores pity as an irrelevance, just as the operating surgeon does" (20-21).

8. *Discourses on the First Decade of Titus Livius* (1531), in *The Works of Machiavelli*, trans. Ellis Farneworth, vol 3, 2nd edn (London: T. Davies, 1775).

9. *Discourses*, in *Works* (16); *read:* "And it seldom happens"

10. *La mandragola* [*The Mandrake*] (1518). TSE mentioned the play to Leonard Woolf on 10 Nov 1927: "Some time ago, Herbert Read gave me a manuscript of a translation of Machiavelli's only play, *Mandragora*, made by Eric Maclagan. . . . I think the play very amusing" (*L3* 811). Maclagan's translation was not published.

11. *Discourses*, in *Works* (51).

12. Charles Benoist (1831-1936). [*Machiavellism, I: Before Machiavelli*], (Paris: Plon, 1907). Benoist describes the work in its preface as "un essai de psychologie historique" [an essay in historical psychology]" (n.p.).

13. Philippe de Commynes [also, Commines] served Louis XI (1423-83) during the last eleven years of his reign (1472-83).

14. J.-Roger Charbonnel, *La pensée italienne au XVI siècle et le courant libertin* [*Italian Thought in the Sixteenth Century and the Free-Thinking Movement*] (1919), reviewed by TSE in "Humanist, Artist, and Scientist" (2.132).

15. Huguenots: French Calvinist Protestants who suffered religious persecution after the founding of their church in 1559.

16. During the French Wars of Religion between Catholics and Huguenots, the *politiques* were members of a mainly Catholic movement that sought peaceful solutions to civil strife, including founder Jean Bodin (1530-96), a philosopher and political scholar who criticized

Machiavelli's view of sovereignty in *Les Six Livres de la République* [The Six Books of the Commonwealth] (1576).

17. Cesare Borgia (ca. 1475/76-1507), Duke Valentino, Italian ruler. Cesare was an illegitimate son of Rodrigo Borgia, who became Pope Alexander VI. In his papacy, Alexander created Cesare Duke of Romagna in 1501; Machiavelli attended his court as Florentine Ambassador in 1502. Noting his notorious cruelty, Machiavelli praises him in *The Prince* for his *virtù*, expressed in his secrecy, cunning, virtuosity, and the restoration of order in Romagna.

18. Thomas Cromwell's appreciation for *The Prince* and Machiavelli's subsequent influence on Henry's policies is noted anecdotally in Cardinal Reginald Pole's *Apologia ad Carolum Quintum* [Apology for Charles V] (1539).

19. The Huguenot theologian Innocent Gentillet (1535-88) attacked Machiavelli in *Discours sur les moyens de bien gouverner et soutenir en bonne paix un royaume ou autre principauté – contre Machiavel* (1576), translated into English by Simon Patericke in 1602 as *A Discourse upon the Meanes of Wel Governing and Maintaining in Good Peace, a Kingdome, or Other Principalitie . . . against Nicholas Machiavel*.

20. Edward Meyer (b. 1872) asserts in the "Preface" to this book (Weimer: E. Felber, 1897) that Gentillet is, "beyond a doubt, the source of all the Elizabethan misunderstanding" about Machiavelli" (x); Lewis argues in his book (1927), discussed by TSE in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca," that Machiavelli is "the master figure of elizabethan drama. He was known only through the french of Gentillet . . . but he was the great character of supreme intrigue that . . . was at the back of every tudor mind" (64).

21. The eponymous character of Shakespeare's play, Richard, lies, tricks, and murders his way to the throne in the aftermath of the War of the Roses.

22. In the Extension syllabus for his course on Modern French Literature, TSE attributed to Rousseau (who was born in Geneva as a Calvinist, and who returned to Geneva in 1754 and resumed the faith) a tendency of "Humanitarianism: belief in the fundamental goodness of human nature." He further observes that "the classicist point of view has been defined as essentially a belief in Original Sin – the necessity for austere discipline" (1.476).

23. A reference to the Aristotelian mean, described in the *Nicomachean Ethics* as the point of virtue between two extremes of vice (excess and deficiency). In his Extension syllabus on Rousseau, TSE remarks that "Romanticism stands for *excess* in any direction."

24. John Morley states in his *Machiavelli*: "Like most of those who take a pride in seeing human nature as it is, Machiavelli saw only half of it" (21).

25. In "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928), TSE writes that "the humanist has suppressed the divine, and is left with a human element which may quickly descend again to the animal from which he sought to raise it" (3.455).

26. In Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, the "Prologue" is spoken by Machiavel, a caricature of Machiavelli, who remarks: "I count religion but a childish toy / And hold there is no sin but ignorance" (lines 15-16). Barabas, the play's central Machiavellian character, then proceeds to murder his enemies, including nuns and priests, without conscience.

27. Manichaeism: a religious movement founded by the Persian prophet Manes (216-76) upon a combination of Christian, Gnostic, and Zorastian beliefs. Its central doctrine was a dualistic philosophy of spirit and matter and was considered a heresy by the Roman Catholic Church.

28. TSE had asked his readers in "The Lesson of Baudelaire" (1921): "Is anyone seriously interested in Milton's view of good and evil?" (2.307). The Satan of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667) had a significant influence on Byron's *Cain: A Mystery* (1822), in which Cain is counseled by Satan. TSE later discussed diabolism in Byron's *Cain* and other works in "Byron" (1937): "And [Byron's] Promethean attitude merges into a Satanic (Miltonic) attitude. The romantic conception of Milton's Satan is semi-Promethean, and also contemplates Pride as *virtue*."

29. *Trans*: sleep your brutish sleep; from line 5 of Baudelaire's "Le Goût du néant" [The Desire for Annihilation]: "Résigne-toi, mon cœur; dors ton sommeil de brute." [Resign yourself, my heart; sleep thy bestial sleep.] trans. William Aggeler, *The Flowers of Evil* (Fresno, CA: Academy Library Guild, 1954).

Thomas Middleton[1]

Thomas Middleton, the dramatic writer, was not very highly thought of in his own time; the date of his death is not known; we know only that he was buried on July 4, 1627.[2] He was one of the more voluminous, and one of the best, dramatic writers of his time. But it is easy to understand why he is not better known or more popular. It is difficult to imagine his "personality." Several new personalities have recently been fitted to the name of Shakespeare; Jonson is a real figure – our imagination plays about him discoursing at the Mermaid, or laying down the law to Drummond of Hawthornden;[3] Chapman has become a breezy British character as firm as Nelson or Wellington; Webster and Donne are real people for the more intellectual; even Tourneur (Churton Collins having said the last word about him) is a "personality."[4] But Middleton, who collaborated shamelessly, who is hardly separated from Rowley,[5] Middleton, who wrote plays so diverse as *Women Beware Women* and *A Game at Chesse* and *The Roaring Girl*,[6] Middleton remains merely a collective name for a number of plays – some of which, like *The Spanish Gypsy*, are patently by other people.[7]*

If we write about Middleton's plays we must write about Middleton's plays, and not about Middleton's personality. Many of these plays are still in doubt. Of all the Elizabethan dramatists Middleton seems the most impersonal, the most indifferent to personal fame or perpetuity, the readiest, except Rowley, to accept collaboration. Also he is the most various. His greatest tragedies and his greatest comedies are as if written by two different men. Yet there seems no doubt that Middleton was both a great comic writer and a great tragic writer. There are a sufficient number of plays, both tragedies and comedies, in which his hand is so far unquestioned, to establish his greatness. His greatness is not that of a peculiar personality, but of a great artist or artisan of the Elizabethan epoch. We have *The Changeling*, *Women Beware Women*, and *A Game at Chesse*; and we have *The Roaring Girl* and *A Trick to Catch the Old One*.[8] And that is enough. Between the tragedies and the comedies of Shakespeare, and certainly between the tragedies and the comedies of Jonson, we can establish a relation; we can see, for Shakespeare or Jonson, that each had in the end a personal point of view which can be called neither comic nor tragic. But with Middleton we can establish no such relation. He remains merely a name, a voice, the author of certain plays, which are all of them great plays. He has no point of view, is neither sentimental nor cynical; he is neither resigned, nor disillusioned, nor romantic; he has no message. He is merely the name which associates six or seven great plays.

For there is no doubt about *The Changeling*. Like all of the plays attributed to Middleton, it is long-winded and tiresome; the characters talk too much, and then suddenly they stop talking and act; they are real and impelled irresistibly by the fundamental motions of humanity to good or evil. This mixture of tedious discourse and sudden reality is everywhere in the work of Middleton, in his comedy also. In *The Roaring Girl* we read with toil through a mass of cheap conventional intrigue, and suddenly realize that we are, and have been for some time without knowing it, observing a real and unique human being. In reading *The Changeling* we may think, till almost the end of the play, that we have been concerned merely with a fantastic Elizabethan morality, and then discover that we are looking on at an impassionate exposure of fundamental passions of any time and any place. The conventional opinion remains the just judgment: *The Changeling* is Middleton's greatest play. The morality of the convention seems to us absurd. To many intelligent readers this play has only an historical interest, and only serves to illustrate the moral taboos of the Elizabethans. The heroine is a young woman who, in order to dispose of a *fiancé* to whom she is indifferent, so that she may marry the man she loves, accepts the offer of an adventurer to murder the affianced, at the price of becoming the murderer's mistress. Such a plot is, to a modern mind, absurd; and the consequent tragedy seems a fuss about nothing. But *The Changeling* is not merely contingent for its effect upon our acceptance of Elizabethan good form or convention; it is, in fact, far less dependent upon the convention of its epoch than a play like *A Doll's House*.[9] Underneath the convention there is the stratum of truth permanent in human nature. The tragedy of *The Changeling* is an eternal tragedy, as permanent as *Oedipus* or *Antony and Cleopatra*; it is the tragedy of the not naturally bad but irresponsible and undeveloped nature, suddenly caught in the consequences of its own action. In every age and in every civilization there are instances of the same thing: the unmoral nature, suddenly caught in the inexorable toils of morality – of morality not made by man but by Nature – and forced to take the consequences of an act which it had planned light-heartedly. Beatrice is not a moral creature; she becomes moral only by becoming damned. Our conventions are not the same as those which

Middleton assumed for his play. But the possibility of that frightful discovery of morality remains permanent.

The words in which Middleton expresses his tragedy are as great as the tragedy. The process through which Beatrice, having decided that De Flores is the instrument for her purpose, passes from aversion to habituation, remains a permanent commentary on human nature. The directness and precision of De Flores are masterly, as is also the virtuousness of Beatrice on first realizing his motives –

Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty.
To make his death the murderer of my honour!
Thy language is so bold and vicious,
I cannot see which way I can forgive it
With any modesty.[10]

– a passage which ends with the really great lines, lines of which Shakespeare or Sophocles might have been proud:

Can you weep Fate from its determined purpose?
So soon may you weep me.[11]

But what constitutes the essence of the tragedy is something which has not been sufficiently remarked; it is the *habituation* of Beatrice to her sin; it becomes no longer sin but merely custom. Such is the essence of the tragedy of *Macbeth* – the habituation to crime, the deadening of all moral sense. And in the end Beatrice, having been so long the enforced conspirator of De Flores, becomes (and this is permanently true to human nature) more *his* partner, *his* mate, than the mate and partner of the man for the love of whom she consented to the crime. Her lover disappears not only from the scene but from her own imagination. When she says of De Flores,

A wondrous necessary man, my lord,[12]

her praise is more than half sincere; and at the end she belongs far more to De Flores – towards whom, at the beginning, she felt such physical repulsion – than to her lover Alsemero.[13] And it is De Flores, in the end, to whom she belongs, as Francesca to Paolo:[14]

Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;

I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed:[15]

And De Flores's cry is perfectly sincere and in character:

I loved this woman in spite of her heart:
Her love I earned out of Piracquo's murder . . .
Yes, and her honour's prize
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing
But that pleasure; it was so sweet to me,
That I have drunk up all, left none behind
For any man to pledge me.[16]

The tragedy of Beatrice is not that she has lost Alsemero, for whose possession she played; it is that she has won De Flores.[17†] Such tragedies are not limited to Elizabethan times: they happen every day and perpetually. The greatest tragedies are occupied with great and permanent moral conflicts: the great tragedies of Aeschylus, of Sophocles, of Corneille, of Racine, of Shakespeare have the same burden. In poetry, in dramatic technique, *The Changeling* is inferior to the best plays of Webster, or even of Tourneur. But in the moral essence of tragedy it is safe to say that in this play Middleton is surpassed by one Elizabethan alone, and that is Shakespeare. In some respects[18†] in which Elizabethan tragedy can be compared to French or to Greek tragedy *The Changeling* stands above every tragic play of its time, except those of Shakespeare.

The genius which blazed in *The Changeling* was fitful but not accidental. The best tragedy[19†] after *The Changeling* is *Women Beware Women*. The thesis of the play, as the title indicates, is more arbitrary and less fundamental.[20] The play itself, although less disfigured by ribaldry or clowning, is more tedious. Middleton sinks himself in conventional moralizing of the epoch; so that, if we are impatient, we decide that he gives merely a document of Elizabethan humbug – and then suddenly a personage will blaze out in genuine fire of vituperation. The wickedness of the personages in *Women Beware Women* is conventional wickedness of the stage of the time; yet slowly the exasperation of Bianca, the wife who married beneath her, beneath the ambitions to which she was entitled, emerges from the negative; slowly the real human passions emerge from the mesh of interest in which they begin. And here again Middleton, in writing what appears on the surface a conventional picture-palace Italian melodrama of the time, has caught permanent human feelings. And in this play Middleton shows his interest – more than any of his contemporaries – in innuendo and double meanings; and makes use of that game of chess, which he was to use more openly and directly for satire in that perfect piece of literary and political art, *A Game at Chesse*.[21] The irony could not be improved upon:

> Did not I say my duke would fetch you o'er, widow?
> I think you spoke in earnest when you said it, madam.
> And my black king makes all the haste he can too.
> Well, madam, we may meet with him in time yet.
> I've given thee blind mate twice.[22]

There is hardly anything truer or more impressive in Elizabethan drama than Bianca's gradual self-will and self-importance in consequence of her courtship by the Duke:

> Troth, you speak wondrous well for your old house here;
> 'Twill shortly fall down at your feet to thank you,
> Or stoop, when you go to bed, like a good child,
> To ask you blessing.[23]

In spite of all the long-winded speeches, in spite of all the conventional Italianate horrors, Bianca remains, like Beatrice in *The Changeling*, a real woman; as real, indeed, as any woman of Elizabethan tragedy. Bianca is a woman of the type[24†] who is purely moved by vanity.

But if Middleton understood woman in tragedy[25†] better than any of the Elizabethans – better than the creator of the Duchess of Malfy[26], better than Marlowe, better than Tourneur, or Shirley, or Fletcher, better than any of them except Shakespeare alone – he was also able, in his comedy, to present a finer woman than any of them. *The Roaring Girl* has no apparent relation to Middleton's tragedies, yet it is agreed to be primarily the work of Middleton. It is typical of the comedies of Middleton, and it is the best. In his tragedies Middleton employs all the Italianate horrors of his time, and obviously for the purpose of pleasing the taste of his time; yet underneath we feel always a quiet and undisturbed vision of things as they are and not "another thing."[27] So in his comedies. The comedies are long-winded; the fathers are heavy fathers, and rant as heavy fathers should; the sons are wild and wanton sons, and perform all the pranks to be expected of them; the machinery is the usual heavy Elizabethan machinery; Middleton is solicitous to please his audience with what they expect; but there is underneath the same steady impersonal passionless observation of human nature. *The Roaring Girl* is as artificial as any comedy if the time; its plot creaks loudly; yet the Girl herself is always real. She may rant, she may behave preposterously, but she remains a type of the sort of woman who has renounced all happiness for herself and who lives only for a principle. Nowhere more than in *The Roaring Girl* can the hand of Middleton be distinguished more clearly from the hand of Dekker. Dekker is all sentiment; and, indeed, in the so admired passages of *A Fair Quarrel*, exploited by Lamb, the mood if not the hand of Dekker seems to the unexpert critic to be more present than Middleton's.[28] *A Fair Quarrel* seems as much, if not more, Dekker's than Middleton's. Similarly with *The Spanish Gypsy*, which can with difficulty be attributed to Middleton. But the feeling about Moll Cut-Purse of *The Roaring Girl* is Middleton's rather than anybody's; and after Miranda, and Dante's Beatrice, there is hardly any heroine of fiction who does more honour to her sex than Moll.[29] In Middleton's tragedy there is a strain of realism underneath, which is one with the poetry; and in his comedy we find the same thing.

In her recent book on *The Social Mode of Restoration Comedy,*[30†] Miss Kathleen Lynch calls attention to the gradual transition from Elizabethan-Jacobean to Restoration comedy.[31] She observes, what is certainly true, that Middleton is the greatest "realist" in Jacobean comedy.[32] Miss Lynch's extremely suggestive thesis is that the transition from Elizabethan-Jacobean to later Caroline comedy is primarily economic: that the interest changes from the citizen aping gentry to the citizen become gentry and accepting that code of manners.[33†] In the comedy of Middleton certainly there is as yet no code of manners; but the merchant of Cheapside is *aiming* at becoming a member of the county gentry. Miss Lynch remarks: "Middleton's keen concentration on the spectacle of the interplay of different social classes marks an important development in realistic comedy" [28]. She calls attention to this aspect of Middleton's comedy, that it marks, better than the romantic comedy of Shakespeare, or the comedy of Jonson, occupied with what Jonson thought to be permanent and not transient aspects of human nature, the transition between the aristocratic world which preceded the Tudors and the plutocratic modern world which the Tudors initiated and encouraged. By the time of the return of Charles II, as Miss Lynch points out, society had been reorganized and formed, and social conventions had been created.[34] In the Tudor times birth still counted (though nearly all the great families were extinct); by the time of Charles II only breeding counted. The comedy of Middleton, and the comedy of Brome, and the comedy of Shirley, is intermediate, as Miss Lynch remarks.[35] Middleton, as she observes, marks the transitional stage in which the London tradesman was anxious to cease to be a tradesman and to become a country gentleman. The words of his City Magnate in *Michaelmas Terme* have not yet lost their point:

> A fine journey in the Whitsun holydays, i'faith, to ride down with a number of citizens and their wives, some upon pillions, some upon side-saddles, I and little Thomasine i' the middle, our son and heir, Sim Quomodo, in a peach-colour taffeta jacket, some horse length, or a long yard before us – there will be a fine show on's I can tell you.[36]

But Middleton's comedy is not, like the comedy of Congreve, the comedy of a set social behaviour; it is still, like the later comedy of Dickens, the comedy of individuals, in spite of the perpetual motions of city merchants towards country gentility. In the comedy of the Restoration a figure such as that of Moll Cut-Purse would have been impossible. As a social document the comedy of Middleton illustrates the transition from government by a landed aristocracy to government by a city aristocracy gradually engrossing the land. As such it is of the greatest interest. But as literature, as a dispassionate picture of human nature, Middleton's comedy deserves to be remembered chiefly by its real – perpetually real – and human figure of Moll the Roaring Girl. That Middleton's comedy was "photographic," that it introduces us to the low life of the time far better than anything in the comedy of Shakespeare or the comedy of Jonson, better than anything except the pamphlets of Dekker and Greene and Nashe, there is little doubt.[37] But it produced one great play – *The Roaring Girl* – a great play in spite of the tedious long speeches of some of the principal characters, in spite of the clumsy machinery of the plot: for the reason that Middleton was a great observer of human nature, without fear, without sentiment, without prejudice.[38†]

And Middleton in the end – after criticism has subtracted all that Rowley, all that Dekker, all that others contributed – is a great example of great English drama. He has no message;[39†] he is merely a great recorder. Incidentally, in flashes and when the dramatic need comes, he is a great poet, a great master of versification:

> I that am of your blood was taken from you
> For your better health; look no more upon't,
> But cast it to the ground regardlessly,

> Let the common sewer take it from distinction:
> Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor
> Ever hung my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;
> I ne'er could pluck it from him; my loathing
> Was prophet to the rest, but ne'er believed.[40]

The man who wrote these lines remains inscrutable, solitary, unadmired;[41†] welcoming collaboration, indifferent to fame; dying no one knows when and no one knows how;[42†] attracting, in three hundred years, no personal admiration. Yet he wrote one tragedy which more than any play except those of Shakespeare has a profound and permanent moral value and horror; and one comedy which more than any Elizabethan comedy realizes a free and noble womanhood.[43†]

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*. This essay originally appeared as a "leader" in the *TLS*, 1326 (30 June 1927), 445-46. Bruce Richmond commissioned the essay, along with "Niccolò Machiavelli," to commemorate the quatercentenary of the deaths of Machiavelli and Middleton. "Middleton I should be very glad to tackle," TSE wrote to him on 30 Dec 1926. "Yes this is a good subject because there is nothing very final about him" (*L3* 349); he wrote again on 2 Feb 1927: "Of course I am delighted to do Middleton and Machiavelli. . . . I accept Middleton because I think I can do him as well as anybody" (*L3* 400). TSE was initially dissatisfied with the essay, writing on 27 July to his mother: "I do not think my essay on Middleton very good, at any rate it is inadequate and needs a good deal more to be said about his cooperation with other writers" (*L3* 589).

2. Middleton, son of a gentleman bricklayer, was baptized 18 Apr 1580 and buried in St. Mary's Churchyard, Newington, on 4 July 1627. Although he matriculated in Apr 1598 at Queen's College, Oxford, he did not take a degree. By 1600, he was working as a writer in London, and by 1602, he was writing for the Admiral's Men. He collaborated with many of his contemporaries, including Dekker, Rowley, and Tourneur, and he was entrusted by Shakespeare's company with the adaptation of *Macbeth* in 1616 and *Measure for Measure* in 1621.

3. The Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street served as a meeting place for London dramatists early in the seventeenth century. Francis Beaumont's verse epistle to Jonson, "The Sun which doth the greatest comfort bring" (1605), describes "things we have seen / Done at the Mermaid." Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond* (1711; ed. David Laing, 1833) records his visit with Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden during his Scottish trip of 1618-19.

4. Literary critic John Churton Collins (1848-1908) was the first modern editor of Tourneur's works, bringing out the two-volume *Plays and Poems* in 1878. In "Cyril Tourneur" (1930), TSE writes that "Churton Collins's introduction to the works is by far the most penetrating interpretation of Tourneur that has been written" (4.202).

5. The playwright William Rowley (1585?-1626) collaborated with Middleton on *The Changeling* (produced 1623; published 1653).

6. *Women Beware Women* (ca. 1621; 1657); *A Game at Chesse* (1624; 1625); *The Roaring Girl; or, Moll Cut-Purse* (with Dekker) (ca. 1604-08; 1611).

7*. TSE's note (not in *TLS*): "Mr. Dugdale Sykes has written authoritatively on this subject." *The Spanish Gypsy* (1623; 1653) was attributed to Middleton and Rowley on the title page; Sykes in his *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924) used stylistic and textual evidence to dispute their authorship in favor of John Ford. The play is now thought to be the work of Ford, Dekker, and Rowley.

8. *A Trick to Catch the Old One* (1605; 1608)

9. In Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* (1879), the protagonist Nora, who feels that she has been used as a doll in a male-dominated culture and home, leaves her husband and children to discover herself.

10. III.iv.120-24

11. III.iv.162-63

12. V.i.91, Beatrice to her father, Vermandero, whose preceding remark praises De Flores's wit: "That fellow's good on all occasions." There is a double-sense to Beatrice's affirmation, she knowing what De Flores has done and now plans to do (murder her waiting-woman to keep their secret).

13. At the beginning of Act V, Beatrice praises De Flores privately: "How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one, / But look upon his care, who would not love him?" (V.i.70-71).

14. The damned lovers in Canto V of Dante's *Inferno*; TSE writes about this episode in "Dante" (1920) (2.229) and quotes from the passage, including Francesca's description of Paolo as "questi, che mai da me non fia diviso [he, who shall never be divided from me]" (135), in "Dante" (1929) (3.708).

15. V.iii.154-57; Beatrice's confession of her crimes.

16. V.iii.165-66, 168-71. TSE drew upon the first line of this passage in "Reflections on *Vers Libre*" (1917), misquoting it as "I loved this woman in spite of my heart" (1.514).

17†. *TLS*: "it is that she has won De Flores, that she thereafter belongs to him and he to her. *The Changeling* is one of the great tragedies of character originally neither good nor bad deflected by circumstance (as character neither good nor bad may always be) towards evil."

18†. *TLS*: "In every essential respect"

19†. *TLS*: "The next tragedy"

20. The play centers on a wealthy Venetian, Bianca, who secretly marries the poor Leantio for love. During his first absence, she is spied at a window by the Duke of Florence, who desires her and strives to obtain her by offering her riches.

21. A game of chess is played at II.ii.270-480 between Leantio's mother, who is guarding Bianca in her son's absence, and Livia, a woman who schemes to help the Duke seduce Bianca. The game is a ruse held in order to entice Bianca into Livia's home and distract the mother while the Duke attempts his seduction. TSE entitled part II of *TWL*, "A Game of Chess," including a note to line 138 ("And we shall play a game of chess"): "Cf. the game of chess in Middleton's *Women Beware Women*."

22. *Women Beware Women* II.ii.391-94; these lines are spoken, respectively, by Livia, Mother, Livia, Mother. TSE does not include the speech-indicators; "blind mate" is an old chess term for a checkmate given when it is not immediately seen by the opponent, sometimes retracted so the game may continue.

23. *Women Beware Women* III.i.42-45

24†. *TLS*: "a type of the woman"

25†. *TLS*: "this obscure and uninteresting person, understood the female"

26. John Webster, *The Tragedy of the Dutchesse of Malfy* (1623).

27. An allusion to the well-known epigram of English bishop Joseph Butler (1692-1752): "Every thing is what it is, and not another thing."

28. Lamb prints a passage (II.i) from Middleton's *A Fair Quarrel* (1617) in *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* (1808), commenting at the end of the selection: "The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment; a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us." *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, with Notes, and Including the Extracts from the Garrick Plays* (London: Bohn, 1854), 284.

29. Miranda is Prospero's daughter in *The Tempest*; Beatrice was in her life the object of Dante's courtly love, and after her death became his guide through the *Paradiso*. *The Roaring Girl* is about Mary Frith (ca. 1584-89-1659), known as Moll Cut-Purse, a London thief notorious for her singular ways, including dressing in men's clothes and smoking.

30†. *TLS*: "(reviewed here on February 24)." The unsigned review by Harold Hannyngton is on page 122.

31. *The Social Mode of Restoration Comedy* (London: Macmillan, 1926), by Kathleen M. (Martha) Lynch (b. 1898). This was her doctoral dissertation at the University of Michigan in 1924; she became an Assistant Professor of English at Mount Holyoke College in 1926.

32. "As the great realist in Elizabethan drama, Middleton is a hearty observer of life at first hand" (25).

33†. *TLS*: "from the bourgeois aping gentry to the bourgeois become gentry and accepting a code of manners."

34. Charles II retook the throne at the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, in May 1660.

35. Lynch states: "The world of fashion, the increasing authority of which Middleton and especially Brome had suggested . . . stands out in splendid isolation from the world at large; its fastidious members constitute a supreme commonwealth in their own conceit . . . Shirley has not studied this world with completeness of detail . . . He does not break away from the Elizabethan tradition sufficiently to recognize a socially revised moral code for his people of fashion. . . . Yet he successfully illustrates the two types of comic effect which were never to be obscured in the world of Restoration dramatists" (42).

36. *Michaelmas Terme* IV.i (ca. 1605; 1607); quoted by Lynch as an example of how "the social attitudes which Middleton best describes are those of exceptionally prosperous and correspondingly ambitious London citizens who aspire to the privileges of people of fashion" (26). In 1909, TSE's Harvard teacher George Pierce Baker assigned him to edit the play, which TSE later described as "a profitless task" (*L3* 349n).

37. Greene wrote several "conny-catching" pamphlets on London's underclass, ca. 1592: *The Art of Conny-Catching*, *A Disputation between a Hee Conny-Catcher, and a She Conny-Catcher*, and *Thieves Falling Out, True Men Come to their Goods*. Dekker wrote "villainy" pamphlets, ca. 1608-18: *The Belman of London, Bringing to Light the Most Notorious Villanies*, *Villanies Discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, *English Villanies Six Severall Times Prest to Death,*

Now the Seventh Time Discovered. Nashe's satirical pamphlets were largely attacks on religious policy, including weighing in on the Martin Marprelate debate with *An Almond for a Parrot* (1590).

38†. *TLS*: "without prejudice, without personality."

39†. *TLS*: "He means nothing, he has no message;"

40. *The Changeling*, V.iii.150-57. TSE quotes from the Mermaid edition, edited by Havelock Ellis and including a textual emendation by Ellis in the first line (150): "I that am of your blood," against the quarto reading, "I am that of your blood." TSE follows this emendation in his allusion to this passage in "Gerontion" (1920), line 55: "I that was near your heart was removed therefrom." Ellis's emendation shifts the sense of the phrase, and posits Beatrice suggesting that she is the changeling of the play's title, rather than, as in the quarto, a metaphorical poison or ill humor bled out to preserve Vermandero's health.

41†. *TLS*: "unadmired; purely an Elizabethan and not himself;"

42†. *TLS*: "how, or with what thoughts, if any;"

43†. *TLS*: "womanhood; and he remains, inscrutable, unphilosophical, interesting only to those few who care for such things."

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (July 1927) 1-3

INTERNATIONALIZED INTELLECT

We have received a small pamphlet published in Paris by the League of Nations, and entitled: *The International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation*.[1] This Institute, which is housed not in Geneva but in the Palais Royal in Paris, appears to be a department of the League. The pamphlet is a preliminary one, stating that the Institute has been at work only for several months. The names of the officers are given; as we might expect, most of them are unknown to us: but we are not surprised to find that Professor Murray represents the British Empire (although India, which we had supposed to be still a part of the Empire, has a separate representative, the eminent botanist, Sir J. C. Bose). Great Britain is further represented by Mr. Zimmern (we trust that this is Alfred Zimmern) and by Mrs. James, and by Mr. Vetch.[2] But we are more concerned with the twelve problems on which the Institute is engaged. As not everyone will have seen the pamphlet, we quote these in full:

> (a) The international organization of bibliography and scientific information.
> (b) The extension of the international exchange of publications.
> (c) The unification of scientific nomenclatures.
> (d) International measures to facilitate the circulation of books and printed matter.
> (e) The adoption of a general scheme for the exchange of professors and students, and for the equivalence of degrees and credentials.
> (f) The possibility of creating rights of scientific property.
> (g) The extension of the laws and regulations protecting works of art and the rights of the artist in their productions.
> (h) The development of instruction on international questions.
> (i) The regulation by international agreement of archaeological research, and the protection of historic buildings.
> (j) International co-operation among museums and exhibitions.

(k) International co-operation among libraries.
(l) International measures for the development and improvement of the cinematograph. [6-8]

Our first suspicion is that the Institute, after founding itself, has cast about for causes to further. This may be unjust, but certainly there is a lack of coherence, of any unifying idea; some of the causes seem rather trifling to occupy the time of an Institute in the Palais Royal; others seem more adapted to specialized bodies; and all are vague. Even though the Institute has been in existence only a few months, it must know what it means by "The extension of the international exchange of publications"; but the uninstructed reader would like to know too. We are frankly sceptical about the improvement of the cinema by any such sanctified organization. (a), (b), (i) and (j) seem good, but vague. (h) depends on the instructors. As for (c) we should think that that might be dealt with by international scientific congresses of the various sciences. If (d) is concerned with the difficulties of sending books from country to country, that is a good point. (e) "the equivalence of degrees and credentials" in the present state of education, seems pernicious; until education is far more standardized there can be no equality: even inside America alone, the value of any degree varies indefinitely according to the university which gives it. Of all these proposals, the most needed and hopeful reforms appear to be contained in (f) and (g), which deal with scientific property and copyright.

COPYRIGHT LAW IN AMERICA

Here is a matter which touches closely anyone who publishes a book, or even a periodical article, in Great Britain. Yet here, perhaps, we may find our ray of hope deceptive. The Institute does not "in any way concern itself with the private relations of one nation to another." (In this it seems more cautious than the League itself, which undoubtedly concerned itself with the private relations of Sweden and Finland over the Åland Islands).[3] So that if this problem proves a ticklish one it will probably be referred to the "private relations" of Great Britain and America. Yet the present American Copyright Law is a flagrant injustice to British and still more to Irish writers, and one of the first particulars to which "International Intellectual Co-operation" should be directed.[4] We still hope that it may claim some of the attention of Professor Murray, and Mr. Zimmern, and Mrs. James, and Mr. Vetch.

We must not forget, however, amongst these glorious public meetings, proposals and resolutions, that real *intellectual* co-operation is something far less conspicuous in its time. It is something created by the state of mind of men of letters, men of science, education and art. It is not, in any country, the vogue of a foreign dramatist or a foreign novelist, that counts; but the state of mind which is strongly conscious of a national and an imperial tradition, and at the same time of a European tradition; and which makes the intelligent Englishman, or Frenchman, or German, or citizen of any other country, aware of the vital problems of European civilization as a whole. The *honnête homme*[5] will keep a due balance between these three points of view.

NOTES

1. Paris: The League of Nations, 1926. Pp. 15.

2. Professor Gilbert Murray and Sir J. C. Bose (1858-1937), Bengali scientist and first Indian elected to the Royal Society, were members of the Governing Body; Sir Alfred Zimmern (1879-1957), political scientist, was Deputy Director of the Institute and a member of the League of Nations; Mrs. James, Assistant Chief of Administrative Services, and Mr. Vetch, Distribution Officer, were otherwise unidentified.

3. In 1920-21, the predominantly Swedish-speaking population of the Åland Islands wished to be incorporated into Sweden rather than Finland, but a special committee of the League of Nations determined that the Islands should remain under Finnish sovereignty.

4. The International Copyright Act of 1891, also known as the Chace Act, provided limited protection to some foreign copyright holders against piracy by U.S. publishers; however, it required foreign books to be printed in the United States in order for the publisher to obtain American copyright. TSE's "Eeldrop and Appleplex" and "Fragment of an Agon" [*Sweeney Agonistes*, II] had been pirated by the American Samuel Roth in his *Two Worlds Monthly*; TSE wrote to the *New York Evening Post* and other papers on 26 July 1927 to protest Roth's serial publication of Joyce's *Ulysses* and the further insult of dedicating the issue to TSE (3.179).

5. *honnête homme*, from Montaigne: honest man, gentleman, open-minded in intellectual considerations.

Political Theorists[1]

An omnibus review of *A Defence of Conservatism: A Further Text-Book for Tories*, by Anthony M. Ludovici

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1927. Pp. vii + 276.

The Outline of Sanity, by G. K. Chesterton

London: Methuen, 1926. Pp. vii + 230.

The Servile State (Third edition with a new preface), by Hilaire Belloc

London: Constable, 1927. Pp. xxii + 188.

The Conditions of Industrial Peace, by J. A. Hobson

London: Allen & Unwin, 1927. Pp. 123.

Coal: A Challenge to the National Conscience, by seven authors

London: The Hogarth Press, 1927. Pp. 84.

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (July 1927) 69-73

These five books deserve to be reviewed together. Each is the work of a person or person seriously concerned with the political and economic anarchy of the present time; each is written from a different point of view. Whoever is interested by one of these books ought to read the others. The authors have much in common; however various their points of view, they all represent the present time in that they recognize, explicitly or implicitly, that salvation is not to be found by either of two methods with which the nineteenth century consoled itself – either the Smith-Ricardo method or the Carlyle-Ruskin method.[2] Neither statistics nor revival meetings will save us, and we seem to have a much keener consciousness than either Carlyle or Ruskin that we stand presently in need of salvation.

Mr. Ludovici is engaged in forming what might be called a myth or idea for the Tory Party.[3] Such a myth or idea has much to commend it; and

I sympathise with so many of his views that I may declare at once what seems to me the great weakness of his construction: he isolates politics from economics, and he isolates it from religion. He would build a conception of the Tory without taking account of those vast and international economic transformations, a vague awareness and anxiety about which is what drives most of us to think about politics at all. He has a great deal to say about the "health" of the nation. So far as this goes, it is right and important, and supports what Mr. Ludovici says in his book, *Man: An Indictment* (reviewed elsewhere).[4] And it is an excellent object to recommend to Tories – housing and pure food. But as part of an imaginative construction of Toryism, it is open to this objection, that Liberals and Labours will have legitimate devices for hitching the same reforms on to Liberalism and Labour. A shilling pamphlet by Mr. Runciman or Mr. Clynes will do it.[5] For practical politics, the public health is vitally important; for a philosophic treatise on the nature of Toryism, one feels that it is temporising with details. It is grasping the economic problem by the tail instead of the horns. But this is merely a weakness; Mr. Ludovici seems to me more essentially wrong in his conception of the relation of Toryism to the Church. With some of his comments on the vagueness of the Church one is inclined to agree. But his cardinal point seems to be that Toryism should discard the Church of England in favour of a better organized and more firmly hieratic Church, the Church of Rome. In this I believe – apart from the fact that he will offend the sentiments of many Conservatives who might have much to learn from him – that he is wrong in principle and betrays some ignorance of history. Toryism is essentially Anglican; Roman Catholicism, which in our time draws its greatest support from America, is more in harmony with Republicanism. Mr. Ludovici is deceived by appearances. If he studied the history of Guelf and Ghibbeline, of French Gallicanism in the seventeenth century, or if he followed contemporary French politics and the relations of the Vatican with Royalism and Republicanism in France, he might come to different conclusions.[6] The problem of Toryism should be rather to make the Church of Laud survive in an age of universal suffrage, an age in which a Parliament elected by persons of every variety of religious belief or disbelief (and containing now and then a Parsee)[7] has a certain control over the destinies of that Church. This problem Mr. Ludovici does not touch.

Mr. Ludovici has much to say, especially in the first part of his book, which everyone interested in political theory should study. His book is in some ways an excellent corrective to Lord Hugh Cecil's rather milk-and-watery

Conservatism.[8] His historical perceptions are good but fitful. He appreciates the merit of Charles I, admires Burke not to excess. It is a pity that his only reference to Bolingbroke is a footnote, in which, however, the genius of that great statesman shines out luminously.[9] He is not led to repose too much weight upon Disraeli, he recognizes that Aristotle is a much firmer rock of foundation. He has considerable political wisdom, and *wisdom*, joined with a passion for ideas, is what we lack and require. And not the least valuable of Mr. Ludovici's recommendations – but the one which is certainly the most unlikely to be accepted – is that it would pay the Conservative party to encourage *thought* – to encourage the activity of men of thought who are not and who do not desire to be Parliamentarians. For Parliamentarians can at best only make the policy of to-day and the policy of tomorrow, and their living is necessarily from hand to mouth. Matthew Arnold was hardly qualified to appreciate the *theology* of the Oxford Movement – a theology which had its own defects – but no one was better qualified to appreciate its social importance, or to see the relations to practical life of things which most men ignore.

> "Who will estimate" (he wrote) "how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism, – who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared for its sudden collapse and supersession?"[10]

For the politics of the future is determined largely by blind or unconscious forces – forces which give us greater and greater anxiety – but also by the activity of men who appear to be occupied with something else or something irrelevant – scientists, artists and men of thought; the good "politician" is merely the man who is sensitive to the best of these currents and knows how to apply them to the questions of the moment.

Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc sing the same tune together. I cannot admit that either of these writers "writes well." The former's *Outline of Sanity* is the work of the brilliant but sporadic essay writer, scoring point after point at the cost of lucidity and cumulative effect. Mr. Chesterton is an inheritor of the older generation of Victorian prophets with a touch, in fact too many touches, of Arnold's irony. In essays such as *Orthodoxy*, *Heretics*, or *The Defendant*, his style is admirable for his purpose; he often has unique perceptions; but his mind is not equipped for sustained argument.[11] Here Mr. Belloc, with a more pedestrian gait, is his superior. It is a pity that Mr. Belloc, who is a lucid writer, should be also a careless one. *The Servile State* is not a new book, though still timely.[12] We are glad that Mr. Belloc has dressed it out with a new preface; for it deserves new readers. But I regret that Mr. Belloc has not taken the time, since the book first appeared, to polish the writing. Like so much of his work, it reads as if it had been dictated and never revised. If Mr. Belloc would look at pages 106 and 107 of this edition, he might find repetitions which bear evidence of hasty composition.

One has much sympathy with the Belloc-Chesterton gospel of Distributive Property.[13] It is a fertile idea; and in the form of exposition which they have chosen there is material for one excellent essay. But in full books we expect more than that: we expect some indication of a "way," answers to some of the objections that occur to us, and an admission that the problem is simplified for expository purposes. But there is another, perhaps more serious suspicion which lurks in our minds in reading the economics of Chesterton and Belloc. We suspect that their thorough-going Romanism – not their Romanism of religion, but their Romanism of politics and economics – sometimes blinds them to the realities of Britain and the British Empire. With their eye on the much-exploited French "peasant proprietor" (never on problems of French industrialism or the French industrial town), they seem to neglect fundamental differences between the French State and the English State. Mr. Belloc has done good work in emphasising the historical points of unity between Britain and France; but these resemblances would be only the firmer if he would admit also the present points of difference. Does he think, too, that French democracy has proved itself a greater success than English democracy? or does the French peasant solve the problems of Creusot, Schneider, the Compagnie des Batignolles or the Wagons-Lits?[14] Is the civilization of Lyons much higher than the civilization of Birmingham? Is Herriot superior to Macdonald, or Schrameck to Joynson-Hicks?[15]

There could be no greater contrast than that between Mr. Belloc and Mr. J. A. Hobson.[16] Mr. Hobson is a serious economist of the old school, earnest, heavy-writing, uninspired. Whatever he has to offer, he knows his subject matter in detail. And he makes no false simplifications; indeed, a large part of his book is occupied with showing how complicated it all is. On the nature of Capitalism, he is at one point far more illuminating than Belloc. He observes, in effect, that the "evils" of capitalism are not primarily due to the concentration of ownership, and are therefore not mitigated by the multiplication of small owners. On the contrary, the multiplication of small security-holders places more power in the hands of the few directors who have the knowledge; diffusion of ownership diffuses their responsibility. The "Capitalist" is this director or manager; it would not matter if the shares of a bank or great industry were held by a million retired clergymen, grocers, and widows. And it would not alter matters much if the shares of Tobacco were all held by small tobacconists, or the shares of collieries by miners. Mr. Hobson seems to see the situation more exactly as it is than Mr. Belloc – but his solution seems all the more hopeless. Can our problems be solved by the institution of more and more numerous "National Councils"? But his great merit lies in his way of putting the problem. He reminds us again and again that a "solution" for one difficulty, one company or one union or one industry, can be only temporary; that there are not many unrelated problems, but only *one* problem. And this problem is so huge that he leaves us almost in a state of despair of human ability to solve it.

It is when people reach the point to which Mr. Hobson brings us, that they produce books like *Coal*. This book, curiously enough, brings us round to the position of Mr. Ludovici again: the importance of imagination, the value, as some might say, of illusions. Mr. Ludovici has partly attempted, (and partly succeeded) to extract the spiritual ideal of Toryism. I do not think that he has quite made the most of his opportunity, though, were his book a better book it would very likely be a less useful one, for it would be intelligible to fewer people. He fails with the relation of Church and State. This is a point at which the authors of *Coal* also fail.[17] They are inspired by the best motives, and it is indeed their *spirit*, rather than their proposals, which is hopeful. They would seem to be a kind of Socialist Christians – I assume that they are Christians, otherwise they would have no right to tell the Church how much it has to do. But they are hasty in their scorn for the "Constitution." In pointing out the humbugs of it, and the incoherences of popular government, they are to be praised. But if the Church is to do what they want, it must have more power, and if it is to be strengthened, then the Kingship must be strengthened. But *Coal* is a book which everyone ought to read, for its insistence that economics and politics, in their most exact sense, deserve the attention of people who believe in the spiritual askesis and the discipline and development of the soul.[18]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion; Gallup: "title from wrapper."*

2. TSE signed and underlined passages in his two-volume Everyman edition (1917, 1921) of Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* (1776), and his Everyman edition (1923) of *The Principles of Political Economy and Taxation* (1817) by economist David Ricardo (1772-1823). He also signed and marked passages in his Everyman edition (1913) of Ruskin's *Unto This Last & Other Essays on Art and Political Economy*, and the Everyman (1914) of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus: On Heroes, Hero-worship and the Heroic in History*. He taught Carlyle's *Past and Present* (1843) and Ruskin's *Unto This Last* (1862), comparing them as social reformers in his 1916 tutorial course on Modern English Literature (1.480).

3. Anthony M. Ludovici (1882-1971), English social critic, author of *A Defence of Aristocracy: A Text-Book for Tories* (1915) and *The False Assumptions of "Democracy"* (1921). After reading Ludovici's proposal for *A Defence of Conservatism*, TSE wrote to Geoffrey Faber on 27 Aug 1925: "I know nothing of Ludovici's published work or of its sale. This is the sort of book which one feels one could write oneself better than anyone else! But I must say that the outline seems to me *excellent*, and predisposes me very favourably. I should like to see this published" (*L2* 731). Ludovici wrote the Italian Chronicle for the *Criterion* in June 1927.

4. Reviewed anonymously in this issue of the *Criterion*, 84-85.

5. Walter Runciman (1870-1949), Liberal Party politician, currently in opposition to party leader David Lloyd George; J. R. Clynes (1869-1949), served as leader of the Labour Party under Prime Minister Ramsay Macdonald following the general election of 1922.

6. Conflicts between political factions and the Vatican: between the Italian Guelphs, the Papal party, and the anti-Papal Ghibbelines in the middle ages; between the Ultramontane policy of the Pope's absolute authority and French monarchs whose Gallican theory and articles held that kings are not subject to the Pope or Papal decrees; between the Action française and the Papacy which condemned it on 29 Dec 1926.

7. Parsee, or Parsi: a member of the Zoroastrian faith in India. Three Parsis had been elected to Parliament: Dadabhai Naoroji, founder of the Indian National Congress, for the Labour Party (1892-95); Sir Mancherjee Bhownagree, lawyer, for the Conservative Party (1895-1906); and Shapurji Saklatvala, politician, for the Communist Party (1922-23, 1924-29). Saklatvala was arrested and jailed for two months in 1926 for a speech in support of the coal miners' strike.

8. Lord Hugh Cecil (1869-1956), Conservative MP for Oxford, provides a summary history of modern Conservatism after the Elizabethan period in his *Conservatism* (1912).

9. Ludovici's note refers the reader to and quotes from Bolingbroke's *A Dissertation on Parties* (1733): "Absolute monarchy is tyranny, but absolute democracy is tyranny and anarchy both" (73). TSE published Charles Whibley's two-part essay on Bolingbroke (Apr and July 1923) and F. W. Bain's essay on Disraeli (Feb 1924).

10. See *Culture and Anarchy*, 38; TSE's parenthesis.

11. *The Defendant* (1901), *Heretics* (1905), *Orthodoxy* (1915).

12. The first edition appeared in 1912.

13. Catholic authors Chesterton, in *The Outline of Sanity*, and Belloc, in *The Servile State*, developed their economic theory of distributism (distribution of property) from the social injustices described by Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical *Rerum Novarum* [*Of New Things*] (1891), in which he affirmed the right of all men to own property.

14. Joseph-Eugène Schneider (1803-75) and his brother Adolphe (1802-48) founded the Schneider ironworks that built the Creusot steam hammer in 1877, named after the French industrial town of Le Creusot; the firm expanded into locomotives, steamships, and armaments at the turn of the century. The Compagnie des Batignolles, a civil engineering company that originally built locomotives, became involved in 1924 in the forced-labor building of the Congo-Ocean Railway. The international sleeping-car company, Wagon-Lits, founded in 1874, held a monopoly on European rail travel before World War I, when its cars were confiscated for military use. In 1925, its service was restored in a sphere-of-influence agreement with the German company, Mitropa.

15. Édouard Herriot (1872-1957), Radical Party politician, statesman, man of letters, and recent Prime Minister of France (1924-25, 1926); James Ramsay Macdonald (1866-1937), Labour Party politician, first Labour Prime Minister (1924), and now Leader of the Opposition; Abraham Schrameck (1867-1948), Interior Minister of Paul Painlevé's Cartel des gauches [Left-Wing Coalition], had his death called for by Charles Maurras in 1925; William Joynson-Hicks, incumbent Home Secretary under Stanley Baldwin.

16. The economist J. A. Hobson (1858-1940), member of the Liberal Party, was widely known for his anti-imperialist views in *Imperialism* (1902) and for his pacifist stance in *Towards International Government* (1914).

17. For the list of seven authors, see TSE's "Commentary" in the *Criterion* of June 1927 (3.103, n.6). They were members of the Chandos Group (after the Chandos Restaurant, their meeting place), all contributors to A. R. Orage's *New Age*, which advocated Social Credit policies. Meeting in response to the economic and social problems created by the miners' strike and the General Strike of 1926, they collectively authored *Coal: A Challenge to the National Conscience*. TSE joined their circle and attended their meetings in the 1930s.

18. *askesis* (Greek): asceticism in pursuit of heightened spiritual awareness. TSE, who had been baptized and confirmed in the Church of England on 29-30 June 1927, wrote to Paul Elmer More on 10 Apr 1928, "I feel that I need the most severe, . . . the most Latin, kind of discipline, Ignatian or other. . . . I feel that nothing could be too ascetic, too violent, for my own needs" (*L4* 128).

John Bramhall[1]

John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry under Charles I and Primate of Ireland under Charles II, is not at all an easy subject for a biography.[2] He was a great man; but either by defect of genius or by ill-luck he is not known as he should be known, and his works are not read as they should be read. Indeed, it is largely ill-luck. Not only were his immense energy and ability divided among a number of important actions, so that he has never become the symbolical representative of anything; but some of his most important activity was exerted upon causes which are now forgotten. As Bishop of Derry, as the lieutenant of Wentworth and Laud, he did much to reform and establish the Irish Church and to bring it into conformity with the English Church; he saw his work largely undone by Cromwell; as Primate of Ireland during the first years of Charles II, and in his old age, he set to work to build it up again. Had his labours been in England instead of Ireland he might now be better remembered. His middle years were spent in exile; and perhaps it is the work he performed during these years, often in illness, danger, and vicissitudes, that should earn him particular gratitude from his Church. This is a chapter of Church history which is too little known; few people realize how nearly in those years the English Church came to perishing utterly, or realize that had the Commonwealth survived a few years longer the Church would have fallen into a disorder from which it might never have recovered. During the exile Bramhall was the stoutest inheritor of the tradition of Andrewes and Laud.

Canon Sparrow-Simpson[3†] has treated the history of Bramhall's career in Ireland and his activities abroad during the Commonwealth fully, but with a proper sense of proportion.[4] He leaves himself space to devote several chapters to Bramhall's controversial writings; he is specially to be praised for the skill with which he has digested these writings and condensed and organized so much various information into two hundred and fifty-one pages. With the purely historical matter I am not competent to deal; Bramhall's life includes an important part of the history of the Church and the history of England. But there is still much interest to be found in Bramhall's writings, and some of them are very much to the point at the present day. One part of his work that is of particular importance is his controversy with Hobbes.[5] It is sometimes cited by historians of philosophy, but has never received the attention it deserves. Bramhall, as Dr. Sparrow-Simpson points out, had by no means the worst of the argument, and the whole debate, with the two striking and opposed personalities engaged in it, throws light upon the condition of philosophy and theology at that time. The most important of the questions at issue are two: the freedom of the will and the relation between Church and State.

Thomas Hobbes was one of those extraordinary little upstarts whom the chaotic motions of the Renaissance tossed into an eminence which they hardly deserved and have never lost. When I say the Renaissance I mean for this purpose the period between the decay of scholastic philosophy and the rise of modern science.[6†] There was nothing particularly new about the determinism of Hobbes; but he gave to his determinism and theory of sense perception a new point and piquancy by applying it, so to speak, almost to topical questions; and by his metaphor of Leviathan he provided an ingenious framework on which there was some peg or other to hang every question of philosophy, psychology, government, and economics.[7]

Hobbes shows considerable ingenuity and determination in his attempt to carry out his theory of the Will rigorously to explain the whole and every aspect of human behaviour. It is certain that in the end he lands himself in sophistries. But at the time of Hobbes and Bramhall, and indeed ever since until recently, it was impossible that a controversy on this subject should keep to the point. For a philosopher like Hobbes has already a mixed attitude, partly philosophic and partly scientific; the philosophy being in decay and the science immature. Hobbes's philosophy is not so much a philosophy as it is an adumbration of the universe of material atoms regulated by laws of motion which formed the scientific view of the world from Newton to Einstein. Hence there is quite naturally no place in Hobbes's universe for the human will; what he failed to see is that there was no place in it for consciousness either, or for human beings. So his only philosophical theory is a theory of sense perception, and his psychology leaves no place in the world for his theory of government. His theory of government has no philosophic basis: it is merely a collection of discrete opinions, prejudices, and genuine reflections upon experience which are given a spurious unity by a shadowy metaphysic.

The attitude of Hobbes toward moral philosophy has by no means disappeared from human thought; nor has the confusion between moral philosophy and a mechanistic psychology. There is a modern theory, closely akin to that of Hobbes, which would make value reside entirely in the degree of organization of natural impulses. I cite the following passage from an important book by one the most acute of younger psychologists:

> Anything is valuable which will satisfy an appetency without involving the frustration of some equal or more important appetency; in other words, the only reason which can be given for not satisfying a desire is that more important desires will thereby be thwarted. Thus morals become purely prudential, and ethical codes merely the expression of the most general schemes of expediency to which an individual or a race has attained.[8]

And Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his book, *What I Believe*, sings the same tune:

> The practical need of morals arises from the conflict of desires, whether of different people or of the same person at different times or even at one time. A man desires to drink, and also to be fit for his work next morning. We think him immoral if he adopts the course which gives him the smaller total satisfaction of desire.[9]

The difficulty with such theories[10*] is that they merely remove the inherently valuable a further degree; just as Hobbes's Theory of Will removes freedom from the individual considered as the object of psychology, but really implies the reality of freewill in society. It will be remembered that Hobbes wished to maintain the activity of human legislation in his deterministic universe; so he considered that law acts as a deterrent force. He did not consider that if human laws themselves are created by the same necessity under which human beings act when encouraged or deterred by the laws, then the whole system ceases to have any meaning, and all values, including his own value of good government, disappear.

It should not be expected that the arguments advanced by Bramhall against this position should appear very powerful when opposed to[11†] those of modern disciples of Hobbes. But in their own time and place they were excellent. I disregard that part of Bramhall's reasoning which consists in showing that Hobbes's system was incompatible with Christianity. Hobbes was here in a very weak position of which the Bishop with praiseworthy slyness took full advantage. Hobbes was undoubtedly an atheist and could hardly have been unconscious of the fact; but he was no Spinoza, and would hardly have been willing to sacrifice his worldly prospects for the sake of establishing consistency in his argument. Therefore he has always the worst of the debate. But this is a minor point. Bramhall was able to meet Hobbes also on his own ground. His method of attack illustrates very clearly his type of mind. It was not a subtle mind: it had not the refinement necessary to make a scholastic metaphysician, nor was it the mind of a doctor of the Church who could develop and explicate the meaning of a dogma. It was essentially common sense and right instinct, a mind not gifted to discover truth but tenacious to hold it. It was typical of the best theological minds of that age. Hobbes suffers from not only a tactical but a real disadvantage in his confusion of the spheres of psychology and ethics. Bramhall is single-minded; he does not penetrate the real philosophical incoherence of Hobbes's position; but he touches the point of practical importance and implies the profounder objection to Hobbes when he says simply that Hobbes makes praise and blame meaningless. "If a man be born blind or with one eye, we do not blame him for it; but if a man have lost his sight by his intemperance, we blame him justly."[12] This objection is finally unanswerable.

I have asserted that Hobbes's psychological analysis of the human mind has no rational connection with his theory of the State. But it has, of course, an emotional connection; one can say that both doctrines belong naturally to the same temperament. Materialistic determinism and absolutist government fit into the same scheme of life.[13†] And this theory of the State shows the same lack of balance which[14†] is a general characteristic of philosophers after the Renaissance. Hobbes merely exaggerates one aspect of the good State. In doing so he developed a particularly lamentable theory of the relation between Church and State.

There is no question to which a man like Hobbes can give a less satisfactory answer than that of Church and State. For Hobbes thought in extremes, and in this problem the extreme is always wrong. In the relation of Church and State, a doctrine when pushed to the extreme may even be transformed to the opposite of itself. Hobbes has something in common with Suarez.[15]

Bramhall's position on this subject is characteristic of his sense of realities and his ability to grasp what was expedient. He had also what Hobbes lacked, the historical sense, which is a gift not only of the historian, but of the efficient lawyer, statesman, or theologian.[16] His account of the relations of the English kings with the Papacy, from the earliest times, and his selection of parallels from the history of continental Europe, show both wide knowledge and great skill in argument. His thinking is a perfect example of the pursuit of the *via media*, and the *via media* is of all ways the most difficult to follow. It requires discipline and self-control, it requires both imagination and hold on reality. In a period of debility like our own, few men have the energy to follow the middle way in government; for lazy or tired minds there is only extremity or apathy: dictatorship or communism, with enthusiasm or with indifference. An able Conservative writer, Mr. Keith Feiling, in his *England under the Tudors and Stuarts*, refers to Hobbes as "the acutest thinker of the age."[17] It would be equally true to say that he is the most eminent example in his age of a particularly lazy type of thinker. At any rate, the age owes a very great part of its distinction, both in England and in France, to thinkers of wholly the opposite type to Hobbes.

The French Church in the time of Louis XIV ("il fut gallican, ce siècle, et janséniste")[18] resembled the English Church under the Stuarts in several respects. In both countries a strong and autocratic civil Government controlled and worked with a strongly national Church. In each country there was a certain balance of power; in France between the throne and the papacy; in England an internal balance of power between strong personalities. There was much in common between Bramhall and Bossuet.[19] But between Bramhall and Hobbes there is no sympathy whatever. Superficially their theories of the kingship bear some resemblance to each other. Both men were violently hostile to democracy in any form or degree. Both men believed that the monarch should have absolute power. Bramhall affirmed the divine right of kings: Hobbes rejected this noble faith,[20†] and asserted in effect the divine right of power, however come by. But Bramhall's view is not so absurdly romantic, or Hobbes's so soundly reasonable, as might seem. To Bramhall the king himself was a kind of symbol, and his assertion of divine right was a way of laying upon the king a double responsibility. It meant that the king had not merely a civil but a religious obligation toward his people. And the kingship of Bramhall is less absolute than the kingship of Hobbes. For Hobbes the Church was merely a department of the State, to be run exactly as the king thought best. Bramhall does not tell us clearly what would be the duties of a private citizen if the king should violate or overturn the Christian religion, but he obviously leaves a wide expedient margin for resistance or justified rebellion. It is curious that the system of Hobbes, as Dr. Sparrow-Simpson has observed, not only insists on autocracy but tolerates *unjustified* revolution. Hobbes's theory is in some ways very near to that of Machiavelli, with this important exception, that he has none of Machiavelli's profound observation and none of Machiavelli's limiting wisdom. The sole test and justification for Hobbes is in the end merely material success. For Hobbes all standards of good and evil are frankly relative.

It is extraordinary that a philosophy so essentially revolutionary as that of Hobbes, and so similar to that of contemporary Russia, should ever have been supposed to give any support to Toryism. But its ambiguity is largely responsible for its success. Hobbes was a revolutionary in thought and a timid conservative in action; and his theory of government is congenial to that type of person who is conservative from prudence but revolutionary in his dreams. This type of person is not altogether uncommon. In Hobbes there are symptoms of the same mentality as Nietzsche: his belief in violence is a confession of weakness. Hobbes's violence is of a type that often appeals to gentle people. His specious effect of unity between a very simple theory of sense perception and an equally simple theory of government is of a kind that will always be popular because it appears to be intellectual but is really emotional, and therefore very soothing to lazy minds.

Bramhall's abilities of thought and language are nowhere better displayed than in his *Just Vindication of the English Church*. As for the language of Bramhall, I think that Dr. Sparrow-Simpson does him less than justice. It is true that he employs in his vocabulary the most extraordinary confections of Latinity, but the catalogue of some of these expressions which Dr. Sparrow-Simpson gives would lead one to believe that they occur in every sentence.[21] And although Bramhall is not an easy writer, his phrases are lucid and direct and occasionally have real beauty and rhythm. A theologian of his powers, at that period of English prose, a man trained on the theology and the style of Bishop Andrewes, could hardly fail to write prose of distinction.

> Every sudden passionate heat or misunderstanding or shaking of charity amongst Christians, though it were even between the principal pastors of the Church, is not presently schism. As that between Saint Paul and Barnabas in the Acts of the Apostles – who dare say that either of them were schismatic? or that between Saint Hierome and Ruffinus, who charged one another mutually with heresy; or that between Saint Chrysostom and Epiphanius, who refused to join in prayers; Saint Chrysostom wishing that Epiphanius might never return home alive, and Epiphanius wishing that Saint Chrysostom might not die a Bishop; both which things, by the just disposition of Almighty God, fell out according to the passionate and uncharitable desires of these holy persons; who had Christian charity still radicated in their hearts, though the violent torrent of sudden passion did for a time bear down all other respects before it.[22]

This is rather heavy going, and the word "radicated" is one of those blemishes to which Dr. Sparrow-Simpson calls attention;[23] but the style has distinction. In prose style, as well as in theology, Bramhall is a link between the generation of Andrewes and the generation of Jeremy Taylor. The prose of Bramhall is great prose only in the sense that it is good prose of a great epoch. I cannot believe that Bramhall was a great preacher. Andrewes and Donne and Taylor had a poetic sensibility; that is to say, they had the sensitiveness necessary to record and to bring to convergence on a theological point a multitude of fleeting but universal feelings. Their words linger and echo in the mind as Bramhall's never do;[24†] we forget Bramhall's phrases the moment we turn away from Bramhall's subject.

But for ordonnance,[25†] logical arrangement, for mastery of every fact relevant to a thesis, Bramhall is surpassed only by Hooker; and I am not sure that in the structure of the *Just Vindication of the English Church* he does not surpass even Hooker. And this book is no antiquity; it is a work which ought to be studied by anyone to whom the relation of Church and State is an actual and importunate problem. There could hardly be a greater difference than that between the situation during the first half of the seventeenth century and the situation to-day. Yet the differences are such as to make the work of Bramhall the more pertinent to our problems. For they are differences in relation to a fundamental unity of thought between Bramhall, and what he represents, and ourselves.

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*, 354-62; originally printed as "Archbishop Bramhall" in *Theology* (London), 15 (July 1927), 11-17; a signed review of *Archbishop Bramhall*, by W. J. Sparrow-Simpson, London: S.P.C.K., Macmillan, 1927. Pp. 259; rpt. with revisions as "John Bramhall" in *FLA* and with further revisions in *SE* (1932); the hybrid text in *EAM* (1936) is based largely on *FLA*. On 20 Apr 1927, TSE wrote to the editor, Revd. E. G. Selwyn: "I have been working on the article with many interruptions. . . . I have found it necessary to do a great deal of reading both of Bramhall himself and of Laud, and I am at present re-reading parts of Hobbes" (*L3* 486).

2. John Bramhall (1594-1663), Anglican theologian, apologist, and royalist, went to Ireland with Wentworth in 1633 and was consecrated Bishop of Derry in 1634. After returning to England in 1642 as a supporter of the royalist cause, he went into exile two years later on the Continent and in Ireland and began writing treatises in defense of the English Church against Puritan and Roman Catholic attacks, including *Just Vindication of the English Church from the Unjust Aspersion of Criminal Schism* (1654). After the Restoration, he served as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland from 1660 to his death.

3†. In *Theology*, *FLA* and *EAM*: Dr. Sparrow-Simpson; in *SE* (1932): Canon Sparrow-Simpson

4. Canon W. J. (William John) Sparrow-Simpson, D. D. (1859-1952), Anglo-Catholic priest, historian, editor, and hymnist whose numerous works include *The Resurrection and Modern Thought* (1911), served as chaplain of St. Mary's Hospital, Great Ilford, Essex, from 1904 to his death.

5. The thirteen-year controversy over the nature of liberty and necessity between the libertarian Bramhall and the determinist Hobbes began, without intention of publication, in Paris in 1645. However, Hobbes's *Of Liberty and Necessity* (1654) obliged Bramhall to answer in *A Vindication of True Liberty from Antecedent and Extrinsical Necessity* (1655), provoking Hobbes to write *The Questions concerning Liberty, Necessity and Chance* (1656). The ripostes came to a close with Bramhall's *Castigations of Mr. Hobbes his Last Animadversions in the Case concerning Liberty and Universal Necessity* (1658).

6†. The following passage in *Theology* was partially deleted in *FLA* and *EAM*, completely in *SE* (1932):

> The thirteenth century had the gift of philosophy, or reason; the later seventeenth century had the gift of mathematics, or science; but the period between had ceased to be rational without having learned to be scientific. Three men who are typical of this interim epoch are Machiavelli, Montaigne, and Hobbes. Machiavelli is so much the greatest of these three (and in some ways so much more mediaeval) that it is a pity that he must be included with the others; but he is guilty of the same type of error. It is characteristic of all these men that their ideas are often right and sometimes profound; but that they are always one-sided and imperfect. They are therefore typical heresiarchs; for the essence of heresy is not so much the presentation of new and false notions, as the isolation and exaggeration of ideas which are true in themselves but which require completion and compensation. Hobbes, like Machiavelli and Montaigne, did not invent errors; he merely forced certain ideas as far as they can be made to go; his great weakness was lack of balance. Such men have an historical justification, for they show us the points at which we shall arrive if we go far enough in directions in which it is not desirable to go.

The section including "Three men are typical . . . not desirable to go" was deleted in *FLA* and *EAM*.

7. Drawing graphically and metaphorically on the biblical Leviathan (sea monster) described in Job 41, Hobbes developed his political philosophy of royal power to the furthest extreme in *Leviathan; or, The Matter, Forme and Power of a Common Wealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil* (1651), in which he ascribes both spiritual and temporal authority to the throne. TSE's personal copy in the New Universal Library series (London: Routledge, 1907) is signed and dated Feb 1914. See TSE's comparison of Hobbes in *Leviathan* with Machiavelli in *The Prince* in "Niccolò Machiavelli" (3.111).

8. I. A. Richards, *Principles of Literary Criticism* (London: Kegan Paul, 1924), 48.

9. Russell, *What I Believe* (London: Kegan Paul, 1925), 43. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (1926), TSE included this book among those "which represent to my mind that part of the present which is already dead" and described it in a note as "a complete credo of die-hard radicalism" (2.765). See TSE's recent discussion of the book in "Literature, Science, and Dogma" (3.46).

10*. TSE's note: "A thoroughgoing 'Behaviourism' as of Professor Watson, is a very different affair." TSE had invited I. A. Richards to review John B. Watson's *Behaviourism*. It appeared in the *Criterion* for Apr 1926 (372-78), declaring that "there are very few people competent to tackle this book which seems to me an important one" (*L3* 37).

11†. In *Theology*: contrasted with; in *FLA*, *SE* (1932) and *EAM*: It is not to be expected

12. Quoted in Sparrow-Simpson (137), from Bramhall's *Castigations of Mr. Hobbes his Last Animadversions*, in *The Works of the Most Reverend Father in God, John Bramhall*, vol 4 (London: John Henry Parker, 1844), 276.

13†. In *Theology*: *Weltanschauung*

14†. In *Theology*: which I affirmed to be a general characteristic of the philosophers of

15. Francisco Suárez (1548-1617), Spanish Jesuit theologian and philosopher, author of *Disputationes metaphysicae* (1597), which treats problems of human will, and treatises on the nature of the Christian state, including *Defensio fidei catholicae* (1613), which opposed the doctrine, espoused by many Anglican theologians and by James I, of the divine right of kings, i.e., that kings derive their authority from God and thus are not accountable to temporal authorities.

16. See "Tradition and the Individual Talent": "the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence . . . This historical sense, which is a sense of the timeless as well as of the temporal and of the timeless and the temporal together, is what makes a writer . . . most acutely conscious of his place in time, of his own contemporaneity" (2.106).

17. Keith Grahame Feiling (1884-1977), lecturer in Modern History at Christ Church, Oxford, *England under the Tudors and Stuarts, 1485-1688* (London: Oxford UP, 1927), 249.

18. *Read*: janséniste! *Trans*: It was Gallican, that era, and Jansenist!; Paul Verlaine, from *Sagesse* (1881), opening line of Sonnet X.

19. Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet (1627-1704), French bishop, staunch defender of absolute monarchy and of the French Church against papal authority. Bossuet studied English theologians and involved himself in Anglican Church affairs.

20†. In *Theology*: this noble but untenable faith

21. Sparrow-Simpson's catalog of Bramhall's Latinized diction includes "inusitate," "velitations," "digladiations," "redargution," "coarctation," and "humicubation" (245-46).

22. In closing chapter I of *Just Vindication of the English Church*, Bramhall states his intention to write in answer "to those objections, which those of the Roman communion do bring against us to prove us schismatics." TSE quotes from the opening of chapter II, in *The Works of . . . John Bramhall*, vol 1 (1842), 98.

23. radicated (OED): rooted, deep-seated, firmly established; it is not included in Sparrow-Simpson's list of Bramhall's "peculiar" diction.

24†. In *Theology*: universal human feelings. They knew how to relate human passions with religious thought. Hence their words linger

25†. In *Theology* and *FLA* (but not *EAM*): *ordonnance*

Plays of Ben Jonson

An unsigned review of *Ben Jonson*, vol III: *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Case Is Altered*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, ed. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson
Oxford: Clarendon, 1927. Pp. xv + 608.

Eastward Hoe, by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston, edited with an introduction by Julia Harris
New Haven: Yale UP; London: Oxford UP, 1927. Pp. lviii + 191.

The Alchemist, replica of First Quarto, by Ben Jonson
London: Noel Douglas, 1927. n.p.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1329 (21 July 1927) 500

The appearance of Volume I (the Introduction) of this magnificent Herford and Simpson edition of Jonson was noticed everywhere with the applause that it deserved.[1] For any but an audience of highly trained specialists there is less matter for discussion in the subsequent volumes containing the plays; but each merits, and the future volumes will merit, distinguished mention and the renewed thanks of the general as well as the academic public. For exact texts are the basis of literary criticism and appreciation; we have now, after three hundred years, a definitive text of Jonson, the text which everyone who writes about Jonson will have to use.

The text of Jonson's plays has always been thought to be the most nearly accurate in the whole of Elizabethan drama. So they are: Jonson took great trouble over the publication of his plays; of all the Elizabethans it was he who cared most deeply for the judgment of posterity. He cared also for his plays, not only as drama but as literature; thought of them probably as matter that would be read as well as played. One of the things to be learnt about Jonson from this edition, which gives every important variant, is the labour of alteration and improvement which he expended in giving literary perfection and polish to his work: he would have continued to revise and alter with every new edition. He it is who taught the English poet to write with care and revise with labour; he is the ancestor of Dryden and Pope, the first "classic" of English literature in the French sense.[2] Nevertheless any one of the short prefaces prefixed by the editors of this edition to the several plays is the fruit of great labour of textual criticism. We think of the Elizabethans as careless editors of their own texts and of the Elizabethan publishing trade as swarming with "pirates." But Jonson was not a careless editor, and we are not at the mercy of piratical publishers of his plays; yet the state of the publishing trade and the printing art in his time was so undeveloped that even Jonson could not expect to produce a perfect text. And this being so, the situation is only complicated by Jonson's passion for revision. The editors say modestly that "no problem arose" in editing the first two plays of this volume, though they admit a few confused passages and a number of misprints [xi]. For the text of *The Case is Altered* they make handsome recognition of the work of Whalley (1756) and Gifford (1816).[3] But –

> in *Every Man out of his Humour* Jonson did not rewrite, he revised his early version. He worked over the Quarto text, submitted it to a close scrutiny, and retouched it in detail. Occasionally he makes a point a little clearer for the actor, but usually he strengthens or improves the phrasing. The underlying spirit of the changes is not so much the attitude of a practical playwright as a distant approach to Pope's standard of correctness. [xii]

Miss Harris's edition of *Eastward Hoe* was a dissertation for the doctorate.[4] Apart from its great interest as a study in collaboration the play is still a lively and amusing play, and deserves this full edition with every sort of critical apparatus and informative note. It will be interesting to compare Miss Harris's conclusions with those of Dr. Herford and Dr. Simpson. The chief interest of the book is Miss Harris's skilful and intelligent distribution of authorship; her preliminary account of the history of the prodigal son theme in drama is valuable chiefly in establishing the presumption that Chapman was responsible for those parts of the play which follow most closely the Italian tale of Masuccio.[5] When Jonson alluded to the play in conversation with Drummond he seems from his words to dissociate himself from it, and to intimate that he assumed responsibility only from a loyalty to Chapman and Marston, whose imprisonment he shared.[6] Miss Harris comes to the conclusion that Jonson had much to do with the structure of the plot – which is certainly better built than most of Chapman's or

Marston's – but very little to do with the actual writing. He is not therefore wholly innocent of the phrases which offended King James, though he did not write them. The offending phrase (it would be very astonishing if the King had *not* been annoyed!) was, of course, "I ken the man weel, he's one of my thirty pound knights" [xlv].[7] Chapman (as the editor points out) has elsewhere alluded to the sale of honours. But if he conceived this offensive insult Miss Harris thinks that it was Marston who put it into Scots. She sums up:

> Jonson planned the play, wrote the prologue and epilogue, and perhaps inserted a few clauses here and there. Marston wrote all of Act I, a large part of Act II, the last few lines of Act III, and the first part of Act V. In addition to this, he worked with Chapman in Acts II, III, and IV, where the main plot and subplot join, and inserted in Chapman's scenes a few clauses containing the parodies on Shakespeare, and the slighting references to the Scots. The remainder, the largest share of the play, was written by Chapman. [lii]

Messrs. Noel Douglas's replica of the first Quarto (1612) of *The Alchemist* is charmingly produced, and the price for such an edition is moderate.[8] Lovers of Jonson will hope that other plays will follow. But it is to be desired that when the edition of Dr. Herford and Dr. Simpson is completed the Oxford Press text may consider the publication of the text alone of the more important plays singly, in a form which will put them within the means of students in schools and colleges.

NOTES

1. C. H. [Charles Harold] Herford, Professor of English at Manchester University, and Percy Simpson (1865-1962), a London schoolmaster and then Reader in Bibliography at Oxford, collaborated on their eleven-volume scholarly edition of Jonson's works with substantial assistance from Simpson's wife Evelyn (first recognized on the title page in vol 6). Herford contributed the first two volumes, a biography, and introductions to the plays; Simpson's text and commentaries began appearing in vol 3.

2. In Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve's famous essay "Qu'est-ce qu'un classique" [What is a classic] (1850), which TSE read at Harvard, the French critic explains that the term "classic" refers to "an old author canonised by admiration," and usually implies qualities of "uniformity, wisdom, moderation, and reason . . . unity of design, arrangement, and execution." *Essays by Sainte-Beuve*, trans. Elizabeth Lee (London: Walter Scott, 1900), 1, 4, 5.

3. In vol 1 of *Ben Jonson*, the editors identify *The Case Is Altered* as a comedy of romantic adventure probably first performed in 1597-98 (306). Peter Whalley (1722-1791), clergyman and author, produced the first critical edition of the works of Ben Jonson (7 vols), which was

superseded in 1816 by the "elaborate edition" of William Gifford (1756-1826), Tory satirist and editor of *The Antijacobin* and the *Quarterly Review* (xi).

4. Julia Hamlet Harris (1884-1965) taught English at Meredith College in North Carolina after receiving her doctorate from Yale in 1922. She states that *Eastward Hoe*, jointly attributed to Chapman, Jonson, and Marston and first performed in the winter of 1604-05, "embodies, in the garb of a comedy of London life, the fundamental idea of the prodigal-son drama" (ix).

5. The Italian poet Masuccio Salernitano (ca. 1410-75), born Tommaso Guardati of Salerno, wrote *Il novellino*, a collection of fifty *novelle*, or short stories. Harris identifies two tales from *Il novellino* (14 and 34) that Chapman may have used, but not Jonson, who did not know Italian (xxiv, xxix-xxx).

6. Harris writes, "There is very little external evidence for determining the division of authorship of *Eastward Hoe*. Jonson had declared in his conversations with Drummond that 'he was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them'" (xxiv). Jonson continued that he was at risk of having his ears and nose cut off as punishment for his part in writing the play.

7. According to Harris, "Chapman in other plays satirized the purchase of knighthood . . . the number of new knights . . . and the character of the nobility . . . but it seems most unlikely that he would have been guilty of the impertinence of mimicking the King's Scotch brogue" (xlv).

8. The firm of Noel Douglas was a publishing venture operating out of the Labour Publishing Company offices on Great Ormond Street, London, established in 1926 or 1927 by George Douglas Howard Cole, university teacher and political theorist, and Bernard Noel Langdon-Davies, socialist and publisher. They combined their middle names to create the name of the press, which produced mainly poetry and facsimile volumes similar to those of the Nonesuch Press. The price of their edition of *The Alchemist* was six shillings.

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Aug 1927) 97-100

THE EUROPEAN IDEA

Nine years after the end of the War we are only beginning to distinguish between the characteristics of our own time and those inherited from the previous epoch. One of the latter was Nationalism. We have been for nine years reminded, by the facts and fancies of the press, of the growth of the spirit of nationalism, of the greater number of nationalities, and of the multiplicity of the reasons which all these nations have for failing to get on with each other. Instead of a few "oppressed minorities," the oppressed minorities seem to be almost in a majority; instead of a few potential Sarajevos, we seem to have dozens.[1] But the *Idea* of Nationality is no longer the same idea that it was for Mrs. Browning or Swinburne; like most of Woodrow Wilson's ideas it was aged when he discovered it; it will not explain fascism any more than it will explain bolshevism. Not how Europe can be "freed," but how Europe can be organized, is the question of the day.

One of the ideas which characterizes our age may be called The European Idea. It is remarkable first because of the variety of its appearances; it may take the form of a meditation on the decay of European civilization by Paul Valéry,[2] or of a philosophy of history such as that of Oswald Spengler, or it may appear allied with an intense nationalism as in the work of Henri Massis.[3] It is remarkable second in that it is primarily an appeal to reason rather than an emotional summons to international brotherhood. It has no obligation to the thought of Romain Rolland, to nineteenth-century socialism, or to the humanitarian sentiments out of which the League of Nations arose; and it has as yet no direct connection with the League and no perceptible influence upon it. It owes its origin probably to a new feeling of insecurity and danger; it goes to prove that the most important event of the War was the Russian Revolution. For the Russian Revolution has made men conscious of the position of Western Europe as (in Valéry's words) a small and isolated cape on the western side of the Asiatic Continent.[4] And this awareness seems to be giving rise to a new European consciousness.

It is a hopeful sign that a small number of intelligent persons are aware of the necessity to harmonize the interests, and therefore to harmonize first the ideas, of the civilized countries of Western Europe. We are beginning to hear mention of the reaffirmation of the European tradition. It will be helpful, certainly, if people will begin by believing that there is a European tradition; for they may then proceed to analyse its constituents in the various nations of Europe; and proceed finally to the further formation of such a tradition. We may mention two recent articles by contributors to *The Criterion*: "Difesa dell'Europa," by G. B. Angioletti, in the *Fiera Letteraria* for June 19th, and "Französische Civilisation und Abendland," by E. R. Curtius, in the *Europäische Revue* for June.[5] Mr. Curtius is chiefly concerned with the relations of France and Germany and the possibility of harmonizing the German idea of Culture with the French idea of Civilization. We regret that his discussion found no place for England, as we believe that there is a British idea of culture and a British idea of civilization, both quite distinct from either French or German. But this would have complicated his problem. He offers a desirable caution against the danger of conceiving the future of Europe in terms of one country only, and proceeds:

> If peace for Europe and enduring co-operation between Germany and France are desired, then neither treaties of Locarno nor European congresses are enough, nor the exchange of eminent personages of the world of thought or of the stage . . .When we have examined the psychological conditions we must advance beyond the position of enthusiasm and beyond the negation of disillusion to a third stage, that of analysis.[6]

It is for us to see that in this reorganization of the ideas of Europe, the ideas of Britain and the British Empire have their place.

Such an analysis as that of which Mr. Curtius speaks is neither politics nor work for politicians. It is work for all those who are concerned with the general ideas of art, literature and philosophy, as well as the social sciences. We think that Professor Worringer's essay in this number of *The Criterion* has some bearing upon these problems.[7]

ANCIENT BUILDINGS AGAIN

In our January issue we commented on the Report of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. Two similar publications have lately been received: *The Preservation of Ancient Cottages*, published by the Royal Society of Arts, and *London's Squares and How to Save Them*, Issued by the London Society (the latter 1s.). The former is an appeal by the Prime Minister, with a note by Thomas Hardy.[8] Both of these pamphlets ought to be in the hands of everyone interested in the preservation of historic Britain. We hope to refer to these matters at more length in a later issue. At the moment we only raise the question: would it not be well if some close co-operation existed between these organisations of similar purpose? It is intelligible that they should wish to preserve their separate identities; for some individuals will be reached more directly by an appeal for London Squares, or for City Churches, and others by an appeal for country cottages. But there must be many occasions on which the united force of these societies might well be exercised.

We regret that, owing to lack of space, we have been obliged to postpone the publication of our regular chronicles, as well as of certain correspondence that would otherwise have appeared in this number. Some of this correspondence includes criticism of Mr. Middleton Murry's article, "Toward a Synthesis," which appeared in the June number. The questions dealt with by Mr. Murry are in themselves so important, that we propose to publish several of the rejoinders in the September number.[9]

NOTES

1. The Balkan city of Sarajevo, where the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of the Austro-Hungarian Empire by a Serbian nationalist in June 1914 sparked the onset of World War I.

2. TSE refers to Valéry's "La crise de l'esprit," first published in English in the *Athenaeum* in two parts, "The Spiritual Crisis" (19 Apr 1919, 182-84) and "The Intellectual Crisis" (2 May 1919, 279-80). Famous for its first sentence, "Nous autres, civilisations, nous savons maintenant que nous sommes mortelles" [trans: We civilizations now know that we are mortal], the essay was published in French in the Aug 1919 of *La Nouvelle Revue française* and included in Valéry's collection of essays, *Variété* (1924).

3. TSE refers further to Spengler's two-volume *The Decline of the West* (1918, 1922) and to Henri Massis's two-part essay, "Defence of the West," in the *Criterion*, 4 (Apr and June 1926), 224-43, 476-93. TSE had written to Massis on 16 Jan 1926 for permission to reprint the essay, "La Défense de l'Occident," describing it as "an article which deals most authoritatively with a problem of great importance for the whole of Europe, and a subject which has so far escaped the attention of English men of letters" (*L3* 27).

4. TSE appears to quote and translate directly from the French edition of "La crise de l'esprit" in *Variété* (Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue française, 1924), as his phrasing is much closer to the French version than the English: "L'Europe deviendra-t-elle *ce qu'elle est in réalité*, c'est-à-dire: un petit cap du continent asiatique?" (24).

5. *La fiera letteraria* (19 June 1927, 6): Angioletti declares at the beginning: "É risorta, cioè, l'idea europea" [The European idea is resurgent]. G. B. (Giovanni Battista) Angioletti (1896-1961) contributed the Italian Chronicle in the *New Criterion* of June 1926 and June 1927; Ernst Robert Curtius had written on "Balzac" in the second issue of the *Criterion* (Jan 1923) and "On the Style of Marcel Proust" (Apr 1924).

6. TSE's translation. *Europäische Revue*, 3 (June 1927), 178-92: "Wenn man eine Befriedung Europas und eine dauerhafte Zusammenarbeit von Deutschland in Frankreich wünscht, dann genügen weder Locarno-Verträge, noch Europäer-Kongresse, noch der Austausch von Prominenten der Intelligenz und der Bühne. . . . Wenn man die psychologischen Gesetzmäßigkeiten durchschaut hat, wird man über die Position des Enthusiasmus und über die Negation der Enttäuschung gelassen weiter schreiten zu einer dritten Etappe: derjenigen der Analyse" (189-90).

7. The German art historian Wilhelm Worringer (1881-1965), "Art Questions of the Day," 101-17; "The substance of an address delivered to the Munich Branch of the Goethe Fellowship."

8. In *The Preservation of Ancient Cottages* (1927), which contains photographs of preserved, derelict, and destroyed cottages, Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin appeals "to all those who appreciate the beauty of our old English cottages to contribute to the Fund which has been inaugurated" (5). Hardy testifies that as a child he saw the construction of one of the last of these "'mud-wall' and thatch" cottages and that he has "seen many of them vanish under the hands of their owners, through mistaken views not only of their appearance, but on their substantiality and comfort" (13). He urges owners "to let as many as are left of their old cottages remain where they are, and to repair them instead of replacing them with bricks, since, apart from their warmth and dryness, they have almost always great beauty and charm. Not only so, but I would suggest that their construction might be imitated when rebuilding is absolutely necessary" (16). The illustrated pamphlet on *London's Squares and How to Save Them* (1927) called for a "No building" policy that would provide for landlords to hand over the care of squares and open spaces to the London County Council.

9. Murry's "Towards a Synthesis" (294-313) was written in argumentative response to positions taken by TSE on the Thomist theory of knowledge in his review of Herbert Read's *Reason and Romanticism* and Ramon Fernandez's *Messages* in the *Criterion* of Oct 1926 (2.834). TSE published Revd. M. C. D'Arcy's response, "The Thomistic Synthesis and Intelligence," and that of Charles Mauron, "Concerning 'Intuition'" in the Sept issue; the reply of Ramon Fernandez, "A Note on Intelligence and Intuition," and TSE's own "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis," appeared in the Oct issue (3.271).

Why Mr. Russell Is a Christian[1]

A review of *Why I Am Not a Christian*, by the Hon. Bertrand Russell

London: Watts, 1927. Pp. 31.

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Aug 1927) 177-79

Mr. Russell can write extremely well, and usually does write well, except when carried away by emotion. This little essay – a lecture delivered at the Battersea Town Hall[2] – has all of Mr. Russell's usual merit of lucidity and straightforwardness, and in addition a kind of briskness which gives charm. As a statement of faith by so distinguished a philosopher, it has considerable importance, and rewards patient study. For Mr. Russell's lucidity is often that of a mirror rather than that of clear water, and is not so easy to see through as it appears to be. And this pamphlet is undoubtedly one of the curiosities of literature.

The title itself is curious. We should not expect it necessarily to mean that it will be followed by an account of the reasons and causes which influenced Mr. Russell to become not a Christian. We are quite prepared to find that the reasons will be such as the author thought of afterwards, in order to fortify his faith with the appearance of reason. Still, the word "why" does suggest some notion of cause, and Mr. Russell reminds us quite early that "cause is not quite what it used to be." "The philosophers and the men of science," he says brightly, "have got going on cause, and it has not anything like the vitality that it used to have" [10]. One wonders what would happen if the philosophers and the men of science got going on the causes of Mr. Russell's religious faith. "There is no reason," he says, "why the world could not have come into being without a cause" [11]; and I infer that there is no reason why Mr. Russell's philosophy of religion should not have come into being without a cause either. And that – as I think Mr. Russell would admit, for he is not lacking in candour – seems to be exactly what did happen. It would be possible to give a completely different account of the reasons, or of the causes why Mr. Russell believes and disbelieves what he does, and give it more appearance of plausibility than his own statement; but in the end we should be forced to agree that there is no cause: it just happened.

At any rate, Mr. Russell's words are incontrovertable: "I do not think that the real reason why people accept religion is anything to do with argumentation. They accept religion on emotional grounds" [26]. What he does not remark explicitly, though I am sure he would admit it, is that his own religion also rests entirely upon emotional grounds. But perhaps a consideration of this sort would have been too profound for the comprehension of an audience at the Battersea Town Hall. This emotional basis is especially manifest in the last paragraph, where he swings into the triumphant strains of the Free Man's Worship:[3]

We want to stand upon our own feet and look fair and square at the world – its good facts, its bad facts, its beauties and its ugliness; see the world as it is, and be not afraid of it. Conquer the world by intelligence, and not merely by being slavishly subdued by the terror that comes from it. . . . *et caetera*.[4]

Mr. Russell is very keen on looking at things "fair and square," and on standing up rather than sitting down; for he says again: "we ought to stand up and look the world frankly in the face" [30]. He reminds me of Mr. Clive Bell, who once observed, in an effusive moment, that he loved Truth, Beauty and Liberty.[5]

Mr. Russell's words will stir the hearts of those who employ the same catchwords as himself. He has a wholly unreasoning prejudice in favour of freedom, kindliness and such things, and the same unreasoning prejudice against tyranny and cruelty. I quite agree that fear is a bad thing, and I wish I was more courageous than I am. But a skilled theologian might protest that "fear" has several shades of meaning, and that the fear of God is quite different from the fear of burglars, fire or bankruptcy.[6] And Mr. Russell would agree that it is (of the two) better to fear God than to fear insolvency or the disapproval of one's neighbours; I do not know whether he could be induced to agree that the proper fear of God may make us more indifferent to these unworthy terrors. At any rate, our theologian would observe that there is a good and a bad fear of God; the bad way of fearing God is the way that produces toxins in the blood, horripilation, and the other symptoms which we associate with the fear of snakes and footpads.

Mr. Russell's "arguments" might be dealt with one by one. They are all quite familiar. I remember that his argument of the First Cause (as put to J. Stuart Mill by James Mill) was put to me at the age of six by a devoutly Catholic Irish nursemaid.[7] Mr. Russell supposes that he is not a Christian, because he is an Atheist. He should know, as well as anyone, that what matters is not what he *thinks*, but how he *behaves*, in the psychologist's sense of Behaviour. As we become used to Atheism, we recognize that Atheism is often merely a variety of Christianity. In fact, several varieties. There is the High Church Atheism of Matthew Arnold, there is the Auld Licht Atheism of our friend Mr. J. M. Robertson, there is the Tin Chapel Atheism of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. And there is the decidedly Low Church Atheism of Mr. Russell.[8] For one only ceases to be a Christian by being something else definite – a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, a Brahmin. The only genuine exception is Mr. Irving Babbitt who, being a real Atheist, is at the same time essentially a most orthodox Christian. Mr. Russell is essentially a low Churchman, and only by caprice can call himself an Atheist. And there is the genuine Heretic – a very rare bird – such as Mr. Middleton Murry. But Mr. Murry is a theologian;[9] we can take his Heresy seriously, as we cannot take Mr. Russell's Atheism. Just as Mr. Russell's Radicalism in politics is merely a variety of Whiggery, so his Non-Christianity is merely a variety of Low Church sentiment. That is why his pamphlet is a curious, and a pathetic, document.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*: Gallup: "title from wrapper."

2. Russell's lecture, delivered on 6 Mar 1927 under the auspices of the South London Branch of the National Secular Society, was published as a pamphlet in Apr 1927. TSE wrote to Russell on 22 June 1927: "I have just read your little pamphlet on Christianity. With some sadness. All the reasons you advance were familiar to me, *I think*, at the age of six or eight; and I confess that your pamphlet seems to me a piece of childish folly. But I was brought up as an Atheist, and you were evidently brought up, and in my opinion remain, an Evangelical. Why don't you stick to mathematics?" (*L3* 568).

3. In "How I Write" (1954), Russell confessed his dislike of the rhetorical quality of "A Free Man's Worship" (1903), "a work of which I do not now think well," written when he had "more florid and rhetorical ambitions . . . I was steeped in Milton's prose, and his rolling periods reverberated through the caverns of my mind." See *Portraits from Memory and Other Essays* (New York: George Allen and Unwin, 1956), 196. For TSE's comparison of the concluding paragraphs of "A Free Man's Worship" and Pater's *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, see "Style and Thought" (1.691).

4. Russell continues: "The whole conception of God is a conception derived from the ancient Oriental despotisms. It is a conception quite unworthy of free men. When you hear people in church debasing themselves and saying that they are miserable sinners, and all the rest of it, it seems contemptible and not worthy of self-respecting human beings" (30).

5. In *Pot-Boilers* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1918), a collection of essays on art reviewed by TSE in the *Egoist* (1.723), Bell states, "It charms me to notice as I read these essays, with what

care and conscience they are done. . . . I seem consistently to have cared much for four things—Art, Truth, Liberty, and Peace" (6).

6. TSE alludes to Psalm 111:10: "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom"; also Proverbs 9:10 and Job 28:28.

7. Russell reveals that at age eighteen he read the *Autobiography* (1873) of John Stuart Mill and found the question put to him by his father-tutor, the philosopher James Mill (1773-1836): "My father taught me that the question, Who made me? cannot be answered, since it immediately suggests the further question, Who made God?" Russell comments: "That very simple sentence showed me, as I still think, the fallacy in the argument of the First Cause. If everything must have a cause, then God must have a cause" (11).

Annie Dunne (1864-1946), Missouri-born daughter of Irish parents from County Cork and mother of six children. "I was devoted to her – " TSE wrote, "she sometimes took me into the local Catholic Church [Immaculate Conception] when she went to say her prayers, and I liked it very much: the lights, the coloured statues and paper flowers, the lived-in atmosphere, and the fact that the pews had little gates that I could swing on." See Janet Adam Smith, "Tom Possum and the Roberts Family," *Southern Review*, 21 (Oct 1985), 1060.

8. Auld Licht: Old Light, referring to the Auld Licht conservative party (versus New Light) of the Scottish Presbyterian movement. TSE's Scots friend and Renaissance scholar Robertson was also a leader of the secularist and free-thinking movements in Edinburgh and London. Tin Chapels, made from corrugated galvanized iron, accompanied the spread of industrialism in coal mining and railworks towns in Great Britain after 1850. In a letter of 24 Feb, TSE had described some of his other categories of atheism to Richard Aldington: "Atheism should always be encouraged (i.e. rationalistic not emotional atheism) for the sake of the Faith: a distinction is to be drawn between people like Leonard Woolf and J. M. Robertson (and I hope yourself) who are Good (or White) Atheists, and people like *Russell and Murry who are Bad (or Red) Atheists*, otherwise heretics" (*L3* 424).

9. See TSE's review of Murry's *The Life of Jesus* and depiction of him as a theologian in "Popular Theologians" (3.65).

Wilkie Collins and Dickens[1]

It is to be hoped that some scholarly and philosophic critic of the present generation may be inspired to write a book on the history and aesthetic of melodrama. The golden age of melodrama passed, it is true, before any person living was aware of its existence: in the very middle of the last century. But there are many living who are not too young to remember the melodramatic stage before the cinema replaced it; who have sat entranced, in the front stalls of local or provincial theatres, before some representation of *East Lynne*, or *The White Slave* or *No Mother to Guide Her*[2]; and who are not too old to have obsessed with curious interest the replacement of dramatic melodrama by cinematographic melodrama, and the dissociation of the elements of the old three-volume melodramatic novel into the various types of the modern 300-page 7s. 6d. novel. Those who have lived before such terms as "high-brow fiction," "thrillers" and "detective fiction" were invented realize that melodrama is perennial and that the craving for it is perennial and must be satisfied. If we cannot get this satisfaction out of what the publishers present as "literature," then we will read – with less and less pretence of concealment – what we call "thrillers." But in the golden age of melodramatic fiction there was no such distinction. The best novels *were* thrilling; the distinction of *genre* between such-and-such a masterly "detective" novel of today is greater than the distinction of *genre* between *Wuthering Heights*, or even *The Mill on the Floss*, and *East Lynne*, the last of which "achieved an enormous and instantaneous success, and was translated into every known language, including Parsee and Hindustani."[3]

We believe that several contemporary novels have been "translated into every known language"; but we are sure that they have less in common with *The Golden Bowl* or *Ulysses*, or even *Beauchamp's Career*, than *East Lynne* has in common with *Bleak House*.[4]

In order to enjoy and to appreciate the work of Wilkie Collins, we ought to be able to reassemble the elements which have been dissociated in the modern novel. Collins is the contemporary of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot; of Charles Reade and Captain Marryat.[5] He has something in common with all of these novelists; but particularly and significantly with Dickens. Collins was the friend and sometimes the collaborator of Dickens;

and the work of the two men ought to be studied side by side.[6] There is, unhappily for the literary critic, no full biography of Wilkie Collins; and Forster's *Life of Dickens* is, from this point of view, most unsatisfactory.[7] Forster was a notable biographer; but as a critic of the work of Dickens his view was a very narrow view. To anyone who knows the bare facts of Dickens's acquaintance with Collins, and who has studied the work of the two men, their relationship and their influence upon one another is an inexhaustible subject of study. And a comparative study of their novels can do much to illuminate the question of the difference between the dramatic and the melodramatic in fiction.

Dickens's "best novel" is probably *Bleak House*; that is Mr. Chesterton's opinion, and there is no better critic of Dickens living than Mr. Chesterton.[8] Collins's best novel – or, at any rate, the only one of Collins's novels which every one knows – is *The Woman in White*.[9] Now *Bleak House* is the novel in which Dickens most closely approaches Collins (and after *Bleak House*, *Little Dorrit* and parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit*);[10] and *The Woman in White* is the novel in which Collins most closely approaches Dickens. Dickens excelled in character; the creation of characters of greater intensity than human beings. Collins was not usually strong in the creation of character; but he was a master of plot and situation, of those elements of drama which are most essential to melodrama. *Bleak House* is Dickens's finest piece of construction; and *The Woman in White* contains Collins's most real characterization. Everyone knows Count Fosco and Marian Halcombe intimately; only the most perfect Collins reader can remember even half a dozen of his other characters by name.[11]

Count Fosco and Marian are indeed real personages to us; as "real" as much greater characters are, as real as Becky Sharp or Emma Bovary.[12] In comparison with the characters of Dickens they lack only that kind of reality which is almost supernatural, which hardly seems to belong to the character by natural right, but seems rather to descend upon him by a kind of inspiration or grace. Collins's best characters are fabricated, with consummate skill, before our eyes; in Dickens's greatest figures we see no process or calculation. Dickens's figures belong to poetry, like figures of Dante or Shakespeare, in that a single phrase, either by them or about them, may be enough to set them wholly before us. Collins has no phrases. Dickens can with a phrase make a character as real as flesh and blood –"What a life young Bailey's was!"[13†] – like Farinata.

> Chi fur gli maggior tui?[14]

or like Cleopatra,

> I saw her once
> Hop forty paces through the public street.[15]

Dickens's characters are real because there is no one like them; Collins's because they are so painstakingly coherent and lifelike. Whereas Dickens often introduces a great character carelessly, so that we do not realize, until the story is far advanced, with what a powerful personage we have to do, Collins, at least in these two figures in *The Woman in White*, employs every advantage of dramatic effect. Much of our impression of Marian is due to the words in which she is first presented:

> The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; comely and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her waist, perfection in the eyes of a man, for it occupied its natural place, it filled out its natural circle, it was visibly and delightfully undeformed by stays. She had not heard my entrance into the room, and I allowed myself the luxury of admiring her for a few moments, before I moved one of the chairs near me, as the least embarrassing means of attracting her attention. She turned towards me immediately. The easy elegance of every movement of her limbs and body as soon as she began to advance from the far end of the room, set me in a flutter of expectation to see her face clearly. She left the window – and I said to myself, The lady is dark. She moved forward a few steps – and I said to myself, The lady is young. She approached nearer – and I said to myself (with a sense of surprise which words fail me to express), The lady is ugly![16]

The introduction of Count Fosco – too long to quote in full – requires many more small strokes; but we should observe, Marian Halcombe being already given, that our impression of the Count is made very much stronger by being given to us as Marian's impression of him:

> There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements, which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them, or to ridicule them in *him*?[17]

After this who can forget the white mice or the canaries, or the way in which Count Fosco treated Sir Percival's sulky bloodhound?[18] If *The Woman in White* is the greatest of Collins's novels, it is so because of these two characters. If we examine the book apart from Marian and Fosco, we must admit that it is not Collins's finest work of construction, and that certain of his peculiar melodramatic gifts are better displayed in other books. The book is dramatic because of two characters; it is dramatic in the way in which the dramatic differs from the melodramatic. Sir Percival Glyde is a figure of pasteboard, and the mystery and the plot of which he is the centre are almost grotesque. The one of Collins's books which is the most perfect piece of construction, and the best balanced between plot and character, is *The Moonstone*; the one which reaches the greatest melodramatic intensity is *Armadale*.[19]

The Moonstone is the first and greatest of English detective novels. We say *English* detective novels, because there is also the work of Poe, which has a *pure* detective interest.[20] The detective story, as created by Poe, is something as specialized and as intellectual as a chess problem; whereas the best English detective fiction has relied less on the beauty of the mathematical problem and much more on the intangible human element. In detective fiction we are inclined to assert that England probably excels other countries;[21†] but in a *genre* invented by Collins and not by Poe. In *The Moonstone* the mystery is finally solved, not altogether by human ingenuity, but largely by accident. Since Collins, the best heroes of English detective fiction have been, like Sergeant Cuff, fallible; they play their part, but never the sole part, in the unravelling.[22] Sherlock Holmes, not altogether a typical English sleuth, is a partial exception; but even Holmes exists, not solely because of his prowess, but largely because he is, in the Jonsonian sense, a humorous character, with his needle, his boxing, and his violin.[23] But Sergeant Cuff, far more than Holmes, is the ancestor of the healthy generation of amiable, efficient, professional but fallible inspectors of fiction among whom we live today. And *The Moonstone*, a book three times the length of the "thrillers" that our contemporary masters write, maintains its interest and suspense at every moment. It does this by devices of a Dickensian type; for Collins, in addition to his particular merits, was a Dickens without genius. The book is a comedy of humours.[24] The eccentricities of Mr. Franklin Blake, the satire on false philanthropy in the character of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite (to say nothing of the Life, Letters and Labours of Miss Jane Ann Stamper), Betteridge with his *Robinson Crusoe*, and his daughter Penelope, support the narrative.[25] In other of Collins's novels, the trick of passing the narration from one hand to another, and employing every device of letters and diaries, becomes tedious and even unplausible (for instance, in *Armadale*, the terrific villain, Miss Gwilt, commits herself to paper far too often and far too frankly); but in *The Moonstone* these devices succeed, every time, in stimulating our interest afresh just at the moment when it was about to flag.

And in *The Moonstone* Collins succeeds in bringing into play those aids of "atmosphere" in which Dickens (and the Brontës) exhibited such genius, and in which Collins has everything except their genius. For his purpose, he does not come off badly. Compare the description of the discovery of Rosanna's death in the Shivering Sands – and notice how carefully, beforehand, the *mise-en-scène*[26] of the Shivering Sands is prepared for us – with the shipwreck of Steerforth in *David Copperfield*.[27] We may say "There is no comparison!" but there *is* a comparison; and however unfavourable to Collins, it must increase our estimation of his skill.

There is another characteristic of Wilkie Collins which also brings him closer to Dickens, and it is a characteristic which has very great melodramatic value: compare the work of Collins with the work of Mrs. Henry Wood, already mentioned, and one sees how important for melodrama is the presence or absence of this. Forster, in his *Life of Dickens*, observes:

> On the coincidences, resemblances, and surprises of life, Dickens liked especially to dwell, and few things moved his fancy so pleasantly. The world, he would say, was so much smaller than we thought it; we were all so connected by fate without knowing it; people supposed to be far apart were so constantly elbowing each other; and to-morrow bore so close a resemblance to nothing half so much as to yesterday.[28]

Forster mentions this peculiarity early in the life of Dickens, long before Dickens became acquainted with Collins. We may take it that this feeling was[29†] common to Dickens and Collins, and that it may have been one of the causes of their being drawn so sympathetically together, once they had become acquainted. The two men had obviously in common a passionate feeling for the drama. Each had qualities which the other lacked, and they had certain qualities in common. It is perfectly reasonable to assert that the relations of the two men – of which Forster gives us only the barest and most unsatisfactory hints – affected profoundly the later work of each. We seem to find traces of it in *Little Dorrit* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. Collins could never have invented Durdles and Deputy; but Durdles and Deputy were obviously to play their part in a whole, *bien charpenté* as Collins's work is, and as the work of Dickens prior to *Bleak House* is not.[30]

One of the minor works of Collins which illustrates especially this insistence upon the "coincidences, resemblances and surprises of life" is *The Frozen Deep*. The story, as we read it, was patched up from the melodrama which Collins wrote first; which was privately performed with great success on several occasions, and in which Dickens took the leading part.[31] Collins was the cleverer at writing stage pieces; but we may imagine that Dickens was the cleverer at acting them; and Dickens may have given to the role of Richard Wardour,[32†] in acting it, an individuality which it certainly lacks in the story. This story, we may add for the benefit of those who have not read it, depends upon coincidence with a remarkably long arm; for the two men who ought not to meet – the accepted and the rejected lover – do meet, and under the most unlikely conditions they join, without knowing each other's identity, the same Polar Expedition.

In *The Frozen Deep* Collins wrote a piece of pure melodrama. That is to say, it is nothing but melodrama. We are asked to accept an improbability, simply for the sake of seeing the thrilling situation which arises in consequence. But the frontier of drama and melodrama is vague; the difference is largely a matter of emphasis; perhaps no drama has ever been greatly and permanently successful without a large melodramatic element. What is the difference between *The Frozen Deep* and *Oedipus the King*? It is the difference between coincidence, set without shame or pretence, and fate – which merges into character. It is not necessary, for high drama, that accident should be eliminated; you cannot formulate the proportion of accident that is permissible. But in great drama character is always felt to be – not more important than plot – but somehow integral with plot. At least, one is left with the conviction that if circumstances had not arranged the events to fall out in such and such a way, the personages were, after all, such that they would have ended just as badly, or just as well, and probably more or less similarly. And sometimes the melodramatic – the accidental – becomes for Collins the dramatic – the fatal. There is one short tale, not one of his best known, and far from being his best – a tale with an extremely improbable ghost – which nevertheless is almost dramatic. It is called *The Haunted Hotel*;[33] what makes it better than a mere readable second-rate ghost story is the fact that fatality in this story is no longer merely a wire jerking the figures. The principal character, the fatal woman, is herself obsessed by the idea of fatality; her motives are melodramatic; she therefore compels the coincidences to occur, feeling that she is compelled to compel them. In this story, as the chief character is internally melodramatic, the story itself ceases to be merely melodramatic, and partakes of true drama.

There is another characteristic of certain tales of Collins's, which may be said to belong to melodrama, or to the melodramatic part of drama. It consists in delaying, longer than one would conceive it possible to delay, a conclusion which is inevitable and wholly foreseen. A story like *The New Magdalen* is from a certain moment merely a study in stage suspense; the *dénouement* is postponed, again and again, by every possible ingenuity; the situations are in the most effective sense theatrical, without being in the profounder sense dramatic.[34] They are seldom, as in *The Woman in White*, situations of conflict between significant personalities; they are more often conflicts between chessmen which merely occupy hostile positions on the board.

Such, for instance, is the prolonged battle between Captain Wragge and Mrs. Lecomte at Aldburgh, in *No Name*.[35]

The one of Collins's novels which we should choose as the most typical, or as the best of the more typical, and which we should recommend as a specimen of the melodramatic fiction of the epoch, is *Armadale*. It has no merit beyond melodrama, and it has every merit that melodrama can have. If Miss Gwilt did not have to bear such a large part of the burden of revealing her own villainy, the construction would be almost perfect. Like most of Collins's novels, it has the immense – and nowadays more and more rare – merit of being never dull. It has, to a very high degree, the peculiar Collins merit above mentioned, which we might call the air of spurious fatality. The machinery of the book is operated by the Dream. The mind of the reader is very carefully prepared for acceptance of the Dream; first by the elaborately staged coincidence of the two cousins getting marooned on the wreck of the ship on which the father of the one had long before entrapped the father of the other; secondly by the way in which the Dream is explained away by the doctor. The doctor's explanation is so reasonable that the reader immediately reacts in favour of the Dream. Then, the character of the dreamer himself is made plausibly intuitive; and the stages by which the various parts of the Dream are realized are perfectly managed. Particularly is this true of the scene in which, after some excellent comedy of humours on the boating party, Miss Gwilt arrives at sunset on the desolate shore of the Norfolk Broads. By means of the Dream, we are kept in a state of tension which makes it possible to believe in characters which otherwise we should find preposterous.

The greatest novels have something in them which will ensure their being read, at least by a small number of people, even if the novel, as a literary form, ceases to be written. It is not pretended that the novels of Wilkie Collins have this permanence. They are interesting only if we enjoy "reading novels." But novels are still being written; and there is no contemporary novelist who could not learn something from Collins in the art of interesting and exciting the reader. So long as novels are written, the possibilities of melodrama must from time to time be re-explored. The contemporary "thriller" is in danger of becoming stereotyped; the conventional murder is discovered in the first chapter by the conventional butler and the murderer is discovered in the last chapter by the conventional inspector – after having been already discovered by the reader. The resources of Wilkie Collins are, in comparison, inexhaustible.

And even if we refused to take Collins very seriously by himself, we can hardly fail to treat him with seriousness if we recognize that the art of which he was a master was an art which neither Charles Reade nor Dickens despised. You cannot define Drama and Melodrama so that they shall be reciprocally exclusive; great drama has something melodramatic in it, and the best melodrama partakes of the greatness of drama. *The Moonstone* is very near to *Bleak House*. The theft of a diamond has some of the same blighting effect on the lives about it as the suit in Chancery; Rosanna Spearman is destroyed by the diamond as Miss Flite is destroyed by Chancery.[36] Collins's novels suggest questions which no student of "the art of fiction" can afford to neglect. It is possible that the artist can be too conscious of his "art." Perhaps Henry James – who in his own practice could not only be "interesting," but had a very cunning mastery of the finer melodrama – may have had as a critic a bad influence.[37] We cannot afford to forget that the first – and not one of the least difficult – requirements of either prose or verse is that it should be interesting.

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*; originally under the same title in the *TLS*, 1331 (4 Aug 1927), [525]-26. TSE wrote to Richmond on 11 Mar 1927, expecting "to have the Wilkie Collins ready very soon" (*L3* 442). TSE worked on this essay simultaneously with his introduction to Collins's *The Moonstone* (3.356).

2. *East Lynne* (1861) by Ellen (Mrs. Henry) Wood (1814-87); *The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive* (1852), by Richard Hildreth (1807-1865); *No Mother to Guide Her; or, A Fatal Step* (1902), by Mrs. E. Burke Collins (b. 1858), no relation. These novels were all adapted for the stage.

3. *Wuthering Heights* (1847), by Emily Brontë; *The Mill on the Floss* (1860), by George Eliot. The quotation regarding the extraordinary success of Ellen Wood's *East Lynne* is a partial paraphrase by TSE of the account given by her son Charles W. Wood in *Memorials of Mrs. Henry Wood* (London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1895): "Time has proved that *East Lynne* . . . is even more popular to-day than when it appeared. It has been translated into every known tongue, including Parsee and Hindustanee" (248).

4. Henry James, *The Golden Bowl* (1904); James Joyce, *Ulysses* (1922); George Meredith's *Beauchamp's Career* (1876); Charles Dickens, *Bleak House* (1853).

5. Charles Reade, author of popular novels, including *Peg Woffington* (1853), *It Is Never Too Late to Mend* (1856), and *The Cloister and the Hearth* (1861), all of which TSE included on his 1916 syllabus on Modern English Literature (1.473); Frederick [Captain] Marryat (1782-1848), naval officer and author of several popular novels and children's books, including *Peter Simple* (1834), *Jacob Faithful* (1834), *Mr. Midshipman Easy* (1836), and *The Children of the New Forest* (1847).

6. The pair met in 1851 and eventually became close friends, though Collins was twelve years younger than Dickens. From 1853, Collins contributed to both of Dickens's journals, *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*; in 1854, he dedicated his novel *Hide and Seek* to Dickens, and in 1856, they collaborated on the Christmas number of *Household Words*.

7. John Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, 3 vols (1872-74). Forster (1812-76), Dickens's friend, executor, and the heir of his manuscripts, did not focus critical attention on the relationship with Collins.

8. In *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Work of Charles Dickens* (London: Dent, 1911), Chesterton declares: "*Bleak House* is not certainly Dickens's best book; but perhaps it is his best novel. Such a distinction is not a mere verbal trick; it has to be remembered rather constantly in connection with his work" (148). Chesterton earlier published *Charles Dickens* (1906) and wrote the preface for each of the twenty-two volumes of The Rochester Edition (1907-11), reissued in 1925. TSE wrote to him on 8 May 1929, to say "your study of Dickens was always a delight to me" (*L4* 493).

9. The novel began serialization in Dickens's periodical *All the Year Round* in 1859 and was published in three volumes in 1860.

10. *Little Dorrit* (1857); *The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* (1844).

11. Count Fosco, an obese, eccentric, and manipulative Italian with a mysterious past, and Marian Holcombe, an unattractive but highly intelligent and assertive woman, are mutually attracted to each other. TSE consistently misspells Marian as Marion (corrected).

12. Becky Sharp is a central figure in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* (1848). Emma Bovary is the eponymous character in Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* (1856).

13†. In *TLS*: "as real as flesh and blood: like Farinata . . ." The quotation, from chapter XLIX of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, was added in *SE* (1932).

14. *Inferno* X.42; *read*: "Chi fur li maggior tui?" *trans*: "Who were thy ancestors?" (*DC1* 102-03). As the proud and disdainful leader of the Ghibelline party, Farinata wants to know the party of Dante and his ancestors, who are Guelfs. Farinata is in the circle of the heretics, in large part for his Epicurean beliefs.

15. Shakespeare, *Anthony and Cleopatra* II.ii.243. This line about Cleopatra is spoken by Enobarbus.

16. *The Woman in White*, vol I (London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co., 1860), chapter VI, 46-47.

17. *The Woman in White*, vol II, 38.

18. Marian remarks on the Count's "extraordinary fondness for pet animals . . . he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice . . . he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him and familiar with him" (II, 41). The Count also "put his hand on the head of a chained bloodhound – a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach" (II, 43). After giving the hound a talk, "with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other" about how "you big dogs are all cowards," "the dog crept meekly back to his kennel" (II, 44).

19. Accepting Milford's offer to introduce *The Moonstone* (1868), TSE remarked that "it certainly deserves a place in your series. *I* think that *Armadale* [1866] is also worth your consideration" (*L3* 396).

20. Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1841), one of the first detective stories, focuses on detective C. Auguste Dupin solving a difficult crime through rational and deductive means. Other detective stories by Poe featuring Dupin are *The Mystery of Marie Rogêt* (1842) and *The Purloined Letter* (1845). TSE discusses Poe's detective stories in relation to English detective stories in "Homage to Wilkie Collins" (3.13) and "Recent Detective Fiction" (3.105).

21†. In *TLS*: "England at present 'whips the universe.'" Vincent Lean's *Lean's Collectanea* (1902) records the expression (under "America / Uncle Sam," ascribed to Lowell): "England whips the universe, and America whips England."

22. Cuff is the central detective in *The Moonstone*, sent from London especially to investigate the disappearance of the diamond. Mr. Franklin declares, "when it comes to unravelling a mystery, there isn't the equal in England of Sergeant Cuff!" Quotations from *The Moonstone* are from the World's Classics edition, Introduction by T. S. Eliot (London: Oxford UP, Humphrey Milford, 1928), 106.

23. Holmes's habits include injecting a 2% solution of cocaine, boxing practice, and playing a violin.

24. In the Jonsonian sense, which TSE says in "Ben Jonson" (1919) "does not consist in the dominance of a particular humour or monomania" but "in the seizing of aspects relevant to the relief of an emotional impulse which remains the same for that character, in making the character conform to a particular setting . . . it is an art of caricature . . . which is beautiful; and a great humour, which is serious" (2.159).

25. Godfrey Ablewhite, Mr. Franklin Blake, and Gabriel and Penelope Betteredge (not Betteridge) are characters in *The Moonstone*. "The Life, Letters and Labours of Miss Jane Ann Stamper, forty-fourth edition" is one of Ablewhite's "precious publications" (284), and Betteredge's "remedy" "in cases of doubt and emergency": "I wanted a whiff of my pipe, and a turn at *Robinson Crusoe*" (37).

26. *mise-en-scène*: scene setting. French term for the visual arrangement of actors, costumes, scenery, lighting, and other properties for a dramatic production.

27. Rosanna Spearman, a reformatory girl who becomes second housemaid in Lady Verinder's household, commits suicide on the Shivering Sands, a patch of quicksand near the Verinder house in Yorkshire, after being suspected of the diamond's theft. In chapter 57 of *David Copperfield*, James Steerforth, who had stolen Little Em'ly from her fiancé Ham Peggotty, is caught in a

ferocious shipwreck near the Peggoty home at Yarmouth. When Ham attempts to rescue the lone surviving sailor (Steerforth), both are killed by a strong wave.

28. Forster, *The Life of Charles Dickens*, vol I (London: Chapman and Hall, 1874), 91.

29†. In *TLS*: this "feeling" was

30. *bien charpenté*: well constructed; Durdles, a stonemason, and Deputy, his assistant, feature in *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870), Dickens's last unfinished novel.

31. The play was written in collaboration with Dickens in 1856 and staged as an amateur theatrical in his Tavistock House in 1857, with Dickens playing Richard Wardour to Collins's Frank Aldersley, rivals for the hand of Clara Burham. It was rewritten by Collins as a novella and published in 1874.

32†. In *TLS*: the *rôle* of Richard Wardour

33. Collins's story, *The Haunted Hotel: A Mystery of Modern Venice*, was serialized in 1878 and published separately in 1879.

34. *The New Magdalene: A Novel* (1873) focuses on the story of a former prostitute, Mercy Merrick, who becomes a brave and skillful nurse in the Franco-Prussian war but who in financial desperation impersonates an apparently dead woman for her inheritance. When the woman recovers and returns, Mercy confesses, marries a clergyman, and goes off to nurse orphans.

35. In *No Name* (1862), serialized by Dickens from Mar 1862 to Jan 1863, Captain Horatio Wragge is the novel's villain, Mrs. Virginie Lecount (not Lecomte) his antagonist. Aldeburgh is a town in Suffolk where most of the book takes place.

36. Miss Flite, a character in *Bleak House* whose family has been destroyed by a long-running case in the Chancery court system, keeps a flock of caged birds that she intends to free when there is a judgment in the case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* (chapter XIV).

37. In "The Art of Fiction" (1884, 1888), James notes: "The only obligation to which in advance we may hold a novel, without occurring the accusation of being arbitrary, is that it be interesting." Collected in *Partial Portraits* (London: Macmillan, 1888), 384.

The Twelfth Century

An unsigned review of *The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century*, by Charles Homer Haskins

Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP; London:
Milford, 1927. Pp. viii + 437.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1332 (11 Aug 1927) 542

Professor Haskins – who, incidentally, has been Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences in Harvard University – is not only a well-known specialist in medieval history, but has had long experience in lecturing to young undergraduates unacquainted with his subject.[1] We have the right to expect from him both original and accurate scholarship and ability in popular exposition. In this volume we are not disappointed. Professor Haskins is a modest person, and in his preface he hastens to admit that the book covers more ground than his own – or, indeed, we may add, than any one person's – first-hand knowledge. In some chapters he is able to speak with his own authority; where he cannot we may be sure that he speaks with the support of the best authority. To those who do not know Mr. Haskins's own work the fact that he has had, in the chapter dealing with philosophy, the assistance of Professor Étienne Gilson is sufficient testimony.[2]

The twelfth century was a time of very various activity; and Professor Haskins limits himself to the "Latin Side."[3] That is, he refrains from discussing vernacular literature or the Provençal tradition. What he is himself interested in, we suspect, is medieval law, for his chapter on "The Revival of Jurisprudence" is especially brilliant and interesting. But within his limits we can say that he touches on everything with interest and in a way to arouse interest; whether it be Latin poetry, or the Arabic influence, or the universities. His chapters on the Latin language – he defends the medieval Latinity – and on Latin poetry, both devotional and secular, are wholly admirable, and will tempt readers of Remy de Gourmont's *Le Latin Mystique* or Professor Phillimore's *Hundred Best Latin Hymns* to explore the bibliography which he has appended.[4] No one has more clearly, in a few pages, exposed the twelfth-century anomaly – and yet the essential congruity – of the finest religious verse and the most brilliant, blasphemous verse. To the present generation of versifiers, so deficient in devotion and so feeble in blasphemy, the twelfth century might offer an edifying subject of study.

Our only reservation against Professor Haskins's book is one which is often applicable to works of popularization: that where we already have some acquaintance with the subject we have little to learn from him. For instance, his review of twelfth-century philosophy is excellent. It is accurate and well balanced. Yet we fail to learn from it what are the important gifts of thought of Anselm, or Abelard, or John of Salisbury;[5] and of Hugh and Richard of St. Victor we learn only that they were writers of mystical feeling, with a strong tendency toward allegory or symbolism.[6] Any one of these writers alone is still capable of rousing a keen enthusiasm in whoever will take the trouble to read him; but all of these writers together are quite incapable of stimulating the slightest interest. The trouble, of course, is not with either Mr. Haskins's knowledge or Mr. Haskins's powers of exposition; it is with the method.

When a scholar of such qualifications has written so readable a book, and when, moreover, every chapter of this book is garnished with a very complete and highly useful bibliography, and when the writer is manifestly inspired with a real enthusiasm for his subject, it may be captious and ungrateful to hint that the method is wrong. But we feel that Professor Haskins's book, like many books by American scholars, is affected in its form by the needs of his own more juvenile students, rather than by the needs of the mature literate public. For a student beginning a course of study of medieval history Mr. Haskins's book is admirably formed; such a student must perforce study the twelfth century, and if the student has any possibility of feeling for the medieval mind he will be led by this book to further studies. But for that general awakening of interest in the later Middle Ages of which there are signs to-day, this book is not quite what we want. It deals with the twelfth century in extension, emphasizes the multitude and variety of its interest and achievements. But the twelfth century is not, and Mr. Haskins does not present it as, an isolated period; its idea is continuous with the thirteenth century. Unless one is a romantic medievalist or period hunter it is difficult to work up an enthusiasm for one century. There is here no question of "redressing a balance," for no one can say that the thirteenth century has been over-exploited. The most fruitful kind of interest in the Middle Ages is not the interest in a remote or obscure "period," but the interest which finds lessons for the present time from particular traditions of art, of philosophy and theology, or of social organization. In detail, Mr. Haskins's point of view is right and useful; and anyone who is interested in philosophy, in law, or in literature and poetry will have profit in reading his book; but we feel that the form of the whole is too much dictated by classroom needs. We should have preferred Mr. Haskins to write several books, each dealing more fully with one subject; but in default of these the present volume must be recommended. In his modest preface Professor Haskins expresses the hope that "some individuality still remains [in his exposition] to such figures as Abelard, John of Salisbury, and the Latin poets" [vii]. Abelard and John of Salisbury remain rather shadowy; but with the Latin poets, especially "the Primate" and "the Arch-Poet," he is much more successful.[7]

NOTES

1. Charles Homer Haskins (1870-1937) taught at Harvard from 1902 to 1931, and TSE was a student in his course on Medieval History (History 1a) during his freshman year (1906-07). Haskins, Dean of the Graduate School (1908-24) during TSE's graduate studies, had just completed his tenure as the first chairman of the American Council of Learned Societies (1920-26).

2. Haskins expresses gratitude to Gilson, Professor of medieval philosophy at the Sorbonne and visiting professor at Harvard in 1926-27, for a critical reading of the manuscript. TSE praised the value of Gilson's two-volume *La Philosophie au Moyen Âge* [*Philosophy in the Middle Ages*] (1922) in his second Clark lecture (2.633) and in "Medieval Philosophy" (1926) (2.870).

3. Haskins delimits his study of the twelfth-century renaissance in the preface: "We shall confine ourselves to the Latin side . . . the Latin classics and their influence, the new jurisprudence . . . the new knowledge of the Greeks and Arabs and its effects upon Western science and philosophy, and the new institutions of learning" (vi-vii).

4. Remy de Gourmont's *Le Latin mystique. Les Poètes de l'antiphonaire et la symbolique au Moyen Âge* [*Mystical Latin: Antiphonal and Symbolic Poets in the Middle Ages*], an anthology, with commentary, of medieval Latin poetry, appeared in 1892. The classical scholar J. S. (John Swinnerton) Phillimore (1873-1926), Professor at the University of Glasgow, published his popular selection of *The Hundred Best Latin Hymns* in the year of his death.

5. Italian-born Saint Anselm of Aosta (ca. 1033-1109), Christian philosopher, theologian, and founder of scholasticism, served as Archbishop of Canterbury from 1093 to his death; Peter Abelard (1079-1142), French poet, musician, scholastic philosopher, and logician; John of Salisbury (ca. 1115-80), English philosopher, historian, church diplomat, and dialectician, studied under Abelard.

6. Haskins describes Hugh briefly as "the great mystical philosopher of this period" (350) but does not mention Richard. TSE discusses the two Victorines in his third Clark lecture (2.652).

7. The Primate is identified only as Hugh, a French Goliardic poet who served as canon and teacher at Orleans ca. 1140: "Small and deformed, the loss of wealth and position embittered him while it sharpened his biting wit. A careful student of the classics . . . 'author of mordacious

and rough verses mixed of French and Latin; now a conscious poet of elegant diction, now spewing forth nastiness that would shame a gamin of the streets . . . with every shading that combined erudition, acumen, and intuition can disclose'" (180-81).

The name of the Archpoet is unknown; Haskins says that he was a follower of Reinald, Archbishop of Cologne, and that he wrote his poems for patrons in Germany, Provence, and Italy, ca. 1161-65. "Of knightly origin and classical education, he was dependent upon the archbishop's bounty . . . a poet of real merit, greatest perhaps of the Goliardic school and author of its masterpiece, the *Confession of Golias* . . . which describes the temptations of youth in Pavia" (180-81).

To the Editor of the *New York Evening Post*

New York Evening Post (11 Aug 1927) [26][1]

[Dear Sir,]

Owing to the generous activities of Miss Sylvia Beach and others, the affair of Mr. Samuel Roth and his serial publication of *Ulysses* has already received some publicity.[2] But I feel such a matter can only be effectively dealt with if it is continually kept before the public eye; and I have just seen, by the courtesy of Mr. James Joyce, a copy of Mr. Roth's *Two Worlds Monthly* dated May-June, 1927, which gives me every excuse for another protest. This number contains its usual installment of *Ulysses* and contains also a piece of verse of my own reprinted from *The Criterion*.[3] It is unnecessary for me to say that this republication is quite unauthorized and that I have received from Mr. Roth no offer of payment or communication of any kind. This is all part of Mr. Roth's game and calls for no special comment. But I should like the advantage of your columns, and that of any fair-minded American paper which is willing to print this letter, to protest most strongly against the effrontery of Mr. Roth's dedication of this number of *The Two Worlds Monthly* to myself. If this is not adding insult to injury I do not know what is. Mr. Roth's little epitaph runs as follows:

> "I dedicate this issue of Two Worlds Monthly to T. S. Eliot, who has given us some excellent verses, several sound critical formulae, and one of the most charming literary personalities of our time."

"Has given us" is a real stroke of humour; Mr. Roth chooses to interpret any gift to the world as a gift to himself.

In the same manner[4†] Mr. Roth has a great deal to say for himself, and states that he offered Mr. Joyce a thousand dollars.[5] I did not know this interesting fact, but I am certainly in a position to say that Mr. Roth has not offered me a penny. It would appear that the flow of money, if any is to flow, is to be in the opposite direction, for he devotes a page to an advertisement, one sentence of which runs as follows:

"If you have money and wish to invest it in one of the most fascinating of civilized ventures write to Mr. Samuel Roth, care of *Two Worlds Monthly*."

[I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT][6†]

NOTES

1. TSE sent this letter (with copies to the *Dial* and the *Nation*) on 26 July 1927 to complain about the unauthorized printing of "Eeldrop and Appleplex, A Fragment," and two parts of *Sweeney Agonistes* in Samuel Roth's *Two Worlds Monthly*, already notorious for pirating episodes of Joyce's *Ulysses*. The editor sent TSE's letter to Roth, requesting his side of the story. Roth obliged, with an offer to pay for TSE's work, and both letters were printed, with salutations and signatures deleted, as part of an article by Robert W. Potter entitled "T. S. Eliot Reopens Roth 'Piracy' Row / Famous Poet Objects to Unauthorized Publication of his 'Wanna Go Home, Baby?' / Mr. Roth Makes Retort." TSE wrote to his mother on 2 Sept about this episode as "an amusing fight with a man . . . who pirated one of my poems in a periodical of his. I wrote to the *Evening Post* about it, and they have given the matter two columns. What is amusing is that Mr. Sam Roth has since sent me a cheque for twenty-five dollars, as he says 'in full Payment' for the poem which he printed without permission; and I have sent this cheque to the *Evening Post* asking them to return it to Mr. Roth, saying that I do not accept any form of hush money and do not wish to have anything directly to do with Mr. Sam Roth" (*L3* 683). Roth reprinted TSE's letter and his own, with commentary and reply, in *Two Worlds Monthly*, 3 (Oct 1927) 237-38, complaining: "Potter was all obeisance to Mr. Eliot and all insolence to me. He even misquoted my letter. I take this opportunity to publish both communications in their entirety." The TSE-Roth-Potter exchange appeared with additions in *transition*, 9 (Dec 1927). See also *L3* 584-85.

2. Samuel Roth (1893-1974), American author and oft-prosecuted publisher of avant-garde and erotic literature, took advantage of Joyce's lack of copyright on *Ulysses* (banned in the United States since 1920) to print expurgated episodes of the novel in his *Two Worlds Monthly* from June 1926 to Oct 1927. After Joyce's publisher Sylvia Beach contacted TSE on 13 Dec 1926 to inform him of the piracy of "Eeldrop," he joined over 160 other literary and intellectual figures in a protest against the "appropriation and mutilation of Mr. Joyce's property" (see his reply to Beach on 15 Dec *L3* 341-42). Their statement appeared on 2 Feb 1927 in the *New York Times* and the *New York Herald Tribune* (see *Letters of James Joyce*, ed. Ellmann, vol 3 [151-153]) and in *transition* 1 (Apr 1927). Joyce filed suit in the Supreme Court in Mar 1927 to restrain Roth from using his name in the magazine, claiming $500,000 in damages, leading Roth to defend himself in an editorial in the *New Statesman* (19 Mar 1927).

Owner of Shakespeare and Company, the Paris bookstore that became a literary meeting place in the 1920s, Sylvia Beach (1887-1962) supported Joyce financially and published his novel when it could not be printed in the United Kingdom or the United States. On her death, TSE recollected in "Miss Sylvia Beach" (1963), "I made the acquaintance of Sylvia Beach, and at the same time of her friend Adrienne Monnier, on a visit to Paris early in the nineteen twenties, and thereafter saw them frequently during that decade. Only the scattered survivors of the Franco-Anglo-American literary world of Paris of that period, and a few others like myself who made frequent excursions across the Channel, know how important a part these two women played in the artistic and intellectual life of those years."

3. This was "Fragment of an Agon. From *Wanna Go Home, Baby?*" (*Criterion* Jan 1927) printed in *Two Worlds Monthly* (June 1927) as "Wanna go home baby? Fragment of an Agon."

4†. a misprint for "number," as typed in the carbon (*L3* 584) and printed in *Two Worlds Monthly* and *transition*.

5. Roth wrote in the previous issue (May-June), "I offered Mr. Joyce $1000 for the use of *Ulysses*, and had placed the money on deposit with Mr. Joyce's American attorney, Arthur Garfield Hays, who returned it to me when Mr. Joyce decided to sue me for half a million dollars" (120). "It is Mr. Roth's claim," reported *Publishers' Weekly*, "with regard to Joyce's *Ulysses* that he obtained the rights thru Ezra Pound as Joyce's agent. He offered $1000 but had no answer. Subsequently, he claims, Arthur Garfield Hays approached him about paying for *Ulysses* and he paid $200 cash and $800 in 3 month notes. He also claims that he offered Joyce $2,000 a year to control his output and to be contributing editor" (2 Apr 1927, 1416).

6†. Signature printed only in *Two Worlds* and *transition*. The *New York Post* article continued with extracts from Roth's reply claiming that he published TSE's poem "as an interesting example of the sort of rubbish which is ladled out to us these days as poetry. . . . It certainly was of no commercial value to me . . . yet as a mere formality, I am, under separate cover, sending him a check for $25." In *Two Worlds Monthly*, Roth's letter continues, "I assure you from what I know of Mr. Eliot's beggarly past (I once contributed to a fund, instigated by himself towards raising money for him on the plea that he was consumptive and about to die) that I could buy all of his good will and future patronage with less than $25, but I fling the money in his teeth. . . . Mr. Eliot is not any of things indicated in my dedication, and since he has been careful enough to bring proof of it to the *Evening Post* and two other American papers, I feel entirely free to say that I think he is both a prig and a blackguard" (*L3* 617-19). Roth refers to Pound's 1922 "Bel Esprit" scheme to help TSE leave Lloyds Bank for full-time writing (see *L3* 647-50). TSE returned Roth's $25 in his letter of 22 Aug (3.296).

An unsigned review of *The Playgoers' Handbook to the English Renaissance Drama*, by Agnes Mure Mackenzie

London: Jonathan Cape, 1927. Pp. 191.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1334 (25 Aug 1927) 577

Miss Mure Mackenzie's purpose is apparently to make the Elizabethan drama, besides Shakespeare, understanded of the people.[1] Her book is a summary account and criticism of the chief Elizabethan dramatists and their more important plays, with a chapter of hints on how they should be produced by amateurs (including useful remarks about costume and scenery), an appendix of dates, an appendix of bibliography, and an appendix of the societies which have produced some of these plays. Miss Mure Mackenzie sets out to rescue the Elizabethan drama from the highbrow, and to show to the plain person that these plays are really very good stuff. But when she comes to express her opinion of the dramatists severally her enthusiasm cools. To Lyly, indeed, she is fair, though she does not encourage reproduction of his plays; about Kyd she is discouraging; she says that "verve and pace, and a certain hard brilliant glitter" are the "main qualities" of Jonson's plays [82]; to Chapman she is hardly kinder: "The plays have passion in them, but it is mainly a passion of the intellect" [92]; Marston is "rather an odd sort of person" [93]; and as for Middleton, Rowley, Webster, and Tourneur she remarks "the absence of any real emotional quality" [115]. If Miss Mure Mackenzie is writing for plain people who are innocent of any knowledge of Elizabethan drama, she certainly says very little to encourage them to become acquainted with it.[2]

ORIGINAL TEXT OF THE REVIEW:

Miss Mure Mackenzie's purpose is apparently to make the Elizabethan Drama, besides Shakespeare, understanded of the people. Her book is a summary account and criticism of the chief Elizabethan dramatists and their more important plays, with a chapter of hints on how they should be produced by amateurs (including some useful remarks about costume and scenery), an appendix of dates, an appendix of bibliography, and an appendix of the Societies which have produced some of these plays. Miss Mure Mackenzie starts with a violent prejudice in favour of the Old Vic audience, and an equally violent, but less commendable, prejudice against the person who she calls the "highbrow." She says that in recent years the Elizabethan Drama has been to many people "a highbrow cult," but assures us by adding that the highbrows are now "moving on" to the Restoration and the Russians. And throughout her preface she protests her attachment to the plain and popular cause, and her aversion for the "highbrows," who apparently haunt "the university class room," and "the Café Royal." Her book, she avers, is written for people like herself, "plain men and women without claim to scholarship and with a considerable objection to highbrows and such vermin of the arts." Now "vermin" is strong language, and moreover unfair. The Phoenix Society was founded and supported throughout its difficult career by disinterested and unselfish "highbrows"; its audience, such as it was, was largely a "highbrow" audience; but for the "highbrows" the plays of Jonson and Dryden would never have been produced. Jonson and Dryden and Congreve were great dramatists, but did they not write for, and was their drama not made possible by, the same sort of people whom Miss Mure Mackenzie derides and vilifies as "highbrows." We may refer Miss Mure Mackenzie, with her tiresome championship of "plain people," to Mr. Leonard Woolf's recent lucid pamphlet *Hunting the Highbrow*;[3] and content ourselves with saying that Miss Mure Mackenzie's violence and intemperance prejudices her own cause. Miss Mure Mackenzie sets out to rescue the Elizabethan Drama from the highbrow, and to show to the plain person that these plays are really very good stuff. Unfortunately, when she comes to express her opinion of the dramatists severally, her enthusiasm seems to cool. To Lyly indeed she is fair, though she does not encourage reproduction of his plays; about Kyd she is discouraging (incidentally she does not seems to be aware that *Arden of Feversham* is now attributed to Kyd by the best authorities). She takes for granted that *Richard II* and *Richard III* are both entirely by Shakespeare. She says that "verve and pace, and a certain hard brilliant glitter," are the "main qualities" of Jonson's plays. To Chapman she is hardly kinder: "the plays have passion in them, but it is mainly a passion of the intellect." Marston is "rather an odd sort of person." *Eastward Hoe* she says is Dekker's, though the best thing that Marston did is his share, "whatever it was," in this play. Incidentally, in her chronology, she dates *Eastward Hoe* 1604. It was printed in 1605, and was apparently produced in the same year. As for Middleton, Rowley, Webster and Tourneur, she remarks "the absence of any real emotional quality." If Miss Mure Mackenzie is writing for plain people who are innocent of any knowledge of Elizabethan Drama, we can only say that she says very little to encourage them.[4]

NOTES

1. Agnes Mure Mackenzie (1891-1955), Scottish historian, novelist, and critic, previously published her doctoral dissertation, *The Women in Shakespeare's Plays* (1924). TSE's phrase "understanded of the people" is taken from the *Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion* (1563) for the Church of England, article XXIV: "It is a thing plainly repugnant to the Word of God . . . to have public Prayer in the Church, or to minister the Sacraments, in a tongue not understanded of the people."

2. See textual note at end.

3. Leonard Woolf's fifty-two-page pamphlet appeared as one of the Hogarth Essays, second series, at the Hogarth Press in 1927.

4. Textual note: When TSE sent his full review (private), reproduced above, to Bruce Richmond on 26 July, he wrote that he was "strongly of the opinion that this book does not deserve a review at all, or at most, a paragraph in small pica. . . . I should be very glad if you would print it in small pica at the very end of the paper." After sending a copy to Mackenzie, who protested the review, Richmond truncated the text and wrote to TSE on 26 Aug, including two letters from her: "I am sorry to trouble you with this excitable lady; and, as we cut down your remarks, I am afraid the blame, if any, may attach here. I do not want you to bother to write an answer to any of her general remarks; but merely to see whether we can benefit any charity to the extent of £5." TSE replied on 27 Aug, returning the author's letters: "I will send you back the book next week so that you may judge for yourself. I don't know whether your Charity will get the £5. But if you think she is in the right I will gladly contribute the £5 myself. I know nothing about Miss Mackenzie except this one book, and read it without prejudice." After TSE's altered review appeared, she wrote again to the editor, accusing her anonymous reviewer of quoting her statement about "the absence of any real emotional quality" out of context and adding, "As for being 'discouraging' about Kyd, is it discouraging to describe *The Spanish Tragedy* as an excellent acting play? . . . I do not accept the attribution of *Arden* to him; but in any case I have said it acts effectively and commented on its excellent psychology" (*TLS*, 8 Sept, 608). In his undated reply, which Richmond did not publish, TSE stated that there is "nothing whatever to indicate that [the quoted phrase] is not meant to apply generally and equally to the work of these four dramatists," reaffirmed the attribution of *Arden* to Kyd by "several specialists," and underscored his belief "that Marston, with all his faults, deserves a higher place than Miss Mackenzie allows him." None of this correspondence is included in vol 3 of TSE's *Letters*.

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Sept 1927) 193-96

NEO-CLASSICISM AGAIN

In a letter published in this issue, and in an editorial note in *The Calendar*, Mr. Bertram Higgins and Mr. D. R. Garman respectively take up a point raised in our June number.[1] While these contributions do not seem to go very far toward clearing up the issues, it is a good thing that interest should be directed upon the meaning and use of the Protean term "classicism"; and we hope at a later date to organize some more general discussion of the matter.

Mr. Higgins indicates that he used the term "neoclassicism" in extension to denote certain writers here and abroad, and remarks that the term has been used in the same way by contributors to *The Criterion*. That may be so: but it is dangerous to use a term in extension which cannot be safely used in intension also.

"Neo-classicism" cannot have a definite meaning until "classicism" has a definite meaning. But there was never any age or group of people who professed "classicism" in the sense in which St. Thomas and his followers professed "Thomism." One of the points to be cleared up is this: whether the term "classicism" can be used in England as it can be used in France; and whether, in either country, it can be applied strictly to *literary* or *art* criticism; or whether it has meaning only in relation to a view of life as a whole.

We are still puzzled to know why the policy of *The Criterion*, neo-classical or no, should be qualified as "repressive." Mr. Garman says "it is possible that such criticism . . . could have a repressive influence by an over-insistence or an undue appreciation of the dogmas which support neo-classicism."[2] It is not clear to what dogmas he refers; but everybody, who insists at all, is apt to over-insist; and everyone, who believes in anything, must desire that some things should be altered or controlled. We could only "repress" a writer of genius by influencing him, and the repression consequently would take the form of the writer's criticism of his own work. If there is any other repression, it is only in the sense in which Mr. Jack Dempsey is anxious to repress Mr. Gene Tunney.[3]

We take the opportunity of expressing regret at the suspension of *The Calendar*. Were the demise of one literary review useful to the success of another, we should assume no mask of hypocrisy; but this is not at all the fact. Our complaint against most of our contemporaries is that they are so little interested in ideas that it is never worth while either to agree or disagree with them; but in *The Calendar* and *The Adelphi* we have sometimes found, at least, a common ground for disagreement.

SIR EDMUND GOSSE ON FRENCH POETRY

On the books with which Sir Edmund Gosse usually concerns himself, in his weekly causeries, one usually prefers to accept Sir Edmund's opinions, along with his copious information, rather than bother to hold an opinion of one's own. But in a recent essay on "Symbolist Poetry" Sir Edmund seems to have gone seriously wrong.[4]

Some protest ought to be raised first against his dismissal of Jules Laforgue and Tristan Corbière as "eccentrics" (the last he calls "sheer eccentric" – one marvels why he has not called Rimbaud an "eccentric" too); and second against his statement that "the interesting French poetry of the end of last century (including apparently the poets just mentioned) . . . has had practically no influence at all on English metrical writers."[5] The latter assertion goes to suggest that Sir Edmund Gosse is completely out of touch with modern poetry.

THE NEGLECT OF ENGLISH MUSIC

The International Festival of contemporary music at Frankfurt is described on another page. It was held in connexion with an exhibition: "Music in the Life of the Nations," ethnological, historical and commercial, in which nearly all countries seem to have been represented except England.[6] It would be interesting to know why England did not take part, for England is now recognized abroad to be once more one of the great musical nations. Moreover it has taken a considerable part in the organization of the International Society; the central offices are in London; and the Chairman is Professor Edward Dent of Cambridge, who is freely admitted all over Europe to have done more than any man living to help young composers.[7] Neither the British Museum nor the Victoria and Albert Museum is allowed to send objects on loan, even in England; but other collections, both public and private, even in Frankfurt itself, might have made up a very good historical exhibit of old English music-books and instruments. And what (it may be asked) was the Federation of British Music Industries doing? They might reply that the exhibition of British pianofortes abroad is rendered impossible by carriage and customs duties, while the brass instruments made in this country can never be sold abroad owing to the difference of pitch. Yet even if it were not worth while to send instruments, surely printed music might have been sent? There are two or three firms in England which can engrave music as well as any firm in Europe; there are others which specialize in music for educational purposes. Why were they not represented? Why does someone always let English music down? As it was, the few British exhibits at Frankfurt were there by accident in the sections belonging to other countries: the pianoforte which Messrs. Broadwood presented to Beethoven about 1820 – the most beautiful instrument in the whole exhibition – and the scarlet gown presented to Dvorak in 1891 on the occasion of his receiving the honorary degree of Mus.D. at Cambridge.[8]

TWO NEW MEASURES

There are two small measures now awaiting the attention of Parliament which deserve reading and watching. Both can be obtained, for a penny each (why is it so difficult to obtain copies of such Bills?) from H. M. Stationery Office in Kingsway. One is entitled *Wild Protection*, which would give to certain wild birds an approximation to the protection which they receive in the more northern states of the United States; and the other is entitled *London Squares and Enclosures (Preservation)*. The former is considered by some critics to be inadequate (see recent correspondence in *The Observer*);[9] and in any case negative protection, in the present state of bird life in the British Isles, needs to be supplemented by positive encouragement of breeding; but such a Bill ought not to be rejected unless it is to be replaced by a better one. Everyone who cares for the preservation of whatever is worth preserving, should obtain these two Bills and signify his opinion to his Parliamentary representative.[10]

NOTES

1. TSE refers to his rebuttal in the June number of an article by Bertram Higgins (1901-74), an assistant editor of the *Calendar*, who implied that the *Criterion* was a review that had adapted Neo-classicism "into a repressive instrument of literary criticism" (3.100). Higgins replied in a letter "To the Editor" in this issue of the *Criterion* to reiterate his belief that TSE's sense of the term was reactionary: "The aim and hope of Neo-Classicism is to repress certain modern developments of the theory of beauty; and in this its exponents follow the lead of those contemporary French philosophers who aim to repress similar, and in some cases parallel developments in the theory of knowledge" (259). In the final issue of the *Calendar*, 4 (July 1927, 154-55), his fellow assistant editor Douglas R. Garman (1903-69) wrote "A Reply to the *Criterion*"

in support of Higgins's criticism, stating that TSE's "inapposite and sentimental" remarks provide "some sort of a justification of Mr. Higgins's implication that neo-classicism does not prove itself a fully adequate basis for a critical structure" (155).

2. "A Reply to the *Criterion*," 155.

3. TSE refers to the famous rematch on 22 Sept 1927 of world heavyweight boxing champion Gene Tunney (1897-1978) and former champion Jack Dempsey (1895-1983). Tunney won in a unanimous but highly controversial decision.

4. Edmund Gosse wrote a weekly column titled "The World of Books" for the *Sunday Times* from 1919 to 1927. On 10 July 1927, he published his article on "Symbolist Poetry" (8), a review of John Charpentier's *Le Symbolisme* (1927).

5. Gosse states that the precursors to the French symbolist poets are "Verlaine, Rimbaud, Mallarmé, and two sheer eccentrics, the so-called Comte de Lautréamont and Tristan Corbière . . . In all of them, however, even in such eccentric examples as Laforgue or M. Francis Jammes, there is always the intangible and imponderable kinship which holds the writers together in the Symbolist bond to a degree quite unparalleled in English poetry of the same date. It is for this reason . . . that the interesting French poetry of the end of the last century . . . has had no influence at all on English metrical writers" (8).

6. The author of the Music Chronicle for the *Criterion*, J. B. Trend, attended and reported on "The International Festival at Frankfurt" (243-49), which ran from 30 June to 5 July. He returned to editorial meetings with the catalog and commented on the extensive exhibition of music and musical instruments, items from which TSE describes at the end of this section.

7. Musicologist E. J. (Edward Joseph) Dent (1876-1957) was music critic of the *Athenaeum* and the *Nation and Athenaeum* from 1919 to 1924, founding chairman of the International Society of Contemporary Music from 1922 to 1938, and Professor of Music at Cambridge from 1926 to 1941.

8. After meeting Beethoven in Vienna in 1817, the London piano manufacturer Thomas Broadwood offered and shipped to Beethoven a pianoforte that arrived damaged in June 1818. Beethoven had it repaired and kept it until 1827 (now in the Hungarian National Museum).

The Czech composer Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904), one of the honorary degree recipients habited in scarlet robes at the Cambridge commencement on 16 June 1891, directed a performance of his *Stabat Mater* by the Cambridge University Musical Society the previous day. "An interesting incident of the morning rehearsal for the concert," the *Times* reported on 18 June, "was the presentation to Herr Dvořák, on behalf of the society, of the doctor's robes he is now . . . entitled to wear" (13).

9. A "special correspondent" for the *Observer* complained in "Protection of Birds: A Complicated Bill" on 3 July that the Bill gives full protection to some thirty species of rare birds and only partial protection to some thirty other species, resulting in "a measure for the protection of rare birds rather than wild bird life," one that also fails "to suppress the private collector whom every naturalist and bird lover knows to be the rare bird's most dangerous enemy" (13). Another contributor (F. H. L.) countered on 10 July that "a scheme of general protection is the worst possible thing for bird life as a whole," declaring that "the greatest menace" is not the avid collector but the professional dealer, "the man who takes every egg he sees for the simple reason that its value to him is represented by pounds, shillings, or even pence" (8). Additional letters called for a "better" Bill on 17 July (5).

10. *Wild Birds Protection. A Bill to Amend the Wild Birds Protection Acts, 1880-1904*: the Bill was dropped by the House of Commons on 13 July "for want of agreement as to methods," one MP stated, and from "opposition of the farmers" said another (*Times*, 14 July 1927, 8); *London Squares and Enclosures (Preservation). A Bill to Prohibit the Erection of Buildings and Structures on Certain Lands in the Administrative County of London; and for Other Purposes*: a Royal Commission was appointed on 5 Aug and held hearings on the Bill until its report on 26 Sept 1928. The report led to the *London Squares Preservation Act, 1931*, which gave protection to 461 squares and other green enclosures.

The Silurist

A review of *On the Poems of Henry Vaughan: Characteristics and Intimations*, by Edmund Blunden

London: R. Cobden-Sanderson, 1927. Pp. 64.

The Dial, 83 (Sept 1927), 259-63

Mr. Edmund Blunden is very well known as the poet of certain parts of rural England. This little essay on Vaughan ought to interest everyone who likes Mr. Blunden's poetry. For Mr. Blunden feels warm sympathy towards Vaughan, and makes the reader feel that Blunden and Vaughan really have much in common. The evidence is that Mr. Blunden has translated Vaughan's Latin poems with remarkable success. He has succeeded so well that the result is more than a *tour de force*; it seems very like what the poems would have been if Vaughan had written them himself in English. This is in my opinion the best part of the book; and as the poems themselves are pretty and charming, they make the book worth reading.

This is not, strictly speaking, a critical study. It is an "appreciation." Nevertheless, it has some critical value; for Vaughan is in fact more like Blunden than like some images of himself that have been projected; and wherever Vaughan is like Blunden, there Mr. Blunden's view of him is right.

One of the aspects of Vaughan which Mr. Blunden's study should correct, is that of Vaughan as mystic. There is apt to prevail a critical misconception about any poet who is also suspected of being a mystic. The question whether a poet is a mystic is not, for literary criticism, a question at all. The question is, how far are the poetry and the mysticism one thing? Poetry is mystical when it intends to convey, and succeeds in conveying, to the reader (at the same time that it is real poetry) the statement of a perfectly definite experience which we call the mystical experience. And if it is real poetry it will convey this experience in some degree to every reader who genuinely feels it as poetry. Instead of being obscure, it will be pellucid. I do not care to deny that good poetry can be at the same time a sort of cryptogram of a mysticism only visible to the initiate; only, in that case, the poetry and the mysticism will be two different things. Some readers have professed to discover in Vaughan the traces of an hermetic philosophy of profound depths.

It may be there; if so, it belongs not to literature but to cryptography. The mystical element in Vaughan which belongs to his poetry is there for any one to see; it is "mysticism" only by a not uncommon extension of the term.[1] A genuine mystical *statement* is to be found in the last canto of the *Paradiso*; this is primarily great poetry.[2] An equally genuine mysticism is expressed in the verses of St. John of the Cross;[3] this is not a statement, but a riddling expression; it belongs to great mysticism, but not to great poetry. Vaughan is neither a great mystic nor a very great poet; but he has a peculiar kind of feeling which Mr. Blunden is qualified to appreciate.

Vaughan is in some ways the most modern – that is to say, the most nineteenth-century – of the so-called metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. He has much more in common with the age to which Mr. Blunden belongs than Donne, or Crashaw, or Herbert, or Benlowes. A poem to which Mr. Blunden seems particularly attached is "The Retreat," the poem of Vaughan which has become famous as the precursor of the Ode on Intimations of Immortality of Wordsworth.[4] The comparison is of course (it is a tradition of criticism, not an invention of Mr. Blunden's) unfair to Vaughan and to Wordsworth also. The two poems have little in common; Wordsworth's Ode is a superb piece of verbiage, and Vaughan's poem is a simple and sincere statement of feeling. But Mr. Blunden's praise of this poem, and praise of this sort of poetry which is reminiscent of childhood and its imagined radiance, is significant of the weakness of both Vaughan and Blunden.

> Lamb's dream in prose, "The Child Angel," appears to have turned upon a reminiscence of Vaughan. . . . There is a general strange correspondence between the essay and the poem; yet not so strange, for what was Elia also by his own confession but a man in love with his childhood? [26][5]

And so forth; but it does not occur to Mr. Blunden that this love of one's own childhood, a passion which he appears to share with Lamb and Vaughan, is anything but a token of greatness. We all know the mood; and we can all, if we choose to relax to that extent, indulge in the luxury of reminiscence of childhood; but if we are at all mature and conscious, we refuse to indulge this weakness to the point of writing and poetizing about it; we know that it is something to be buried and done with, though the corpse will from time to time find its way up to the surface. About Charles Lamb I know little, and care less; but this reminiscent humour of Vaughan, upon which Mr. Blunden has pounced so delightedly, has always seemed to me one of the reasons for his inferiority to the best of his contemporaries. It is not a common weakness at that time; it is rather prophetic; and it can be recognized and diagnosed by any one who has read Rousseau's Confessions. "The very word *young*," Mr. Blunden tells us complacently, "is henceforward charged with a yearning pathos in his mind" [27]; and that yearning pathos, we might add, is exactly the material out of which poetry is not made. Vaughan's apparent love of the country and country life, presently connected by Mr. Blunden with his yearning pathos of childhood, comes also to assume a neurasthenic complexion; and the fact that Vaughan was a stout Royalist, with some experience of civil scuffling, and a stout Anglican, does not atone for it. Even Vaughan's religion is a little suspect; Mr. Blunden apologizes for such severity as Vaughan displays in the matter of feasts and revels; and Vaughan's Anglicanism is far from the cheerfulness and democracy of Laud, and rather near to a sombre Welsh nonconformity.

Vaughan is usually considered as the poet of occasional fine lines, and of no perfect poem. Mr. Blunden would like to take more of him than that, and make him out a complete nature poet like himself. "The Vaughan landscape," he says, "is inimitable. Its clouds are so fleecy, its winds so eager to address and arouse man, its sunbeams so vital, its pasturing life so unalarmed and unalterable, that it needs no signature" [40]. And more in the same strain. The effect is to obliterate our memory of such lines as

I saw Eternity the other Night . . .[6]

and leave only a mild pastoral poet – that is to say, a poet who, enjoying fresh air and green hillsides, occupies himself in plastering nature with his own fancies.

But this marks the limitation of criticism such as Mr. Blunden's. Instead of projecting himself into the seventeenth century, and endeavouring to understand its quite peculiar modes of thought and feeling, he tears a figure out of the seventeenth century and assimilates it to himself. To some extent this unhistorical method is informative – exactly to the extent to which Mr. Blunden is himself interesting or typical of his own time – and no further. This is a certain resemblance between Vaughan and Blunden, and Vaughan is in some ways more nineteenth century than most of his contemporaries. On the other hand, Vaughan does belong to his own time. He employs the *conceit*, though with a difference, and the conceit is not merely a negligible affectation of seventeenth-century poets; it represents a particular way of thinking and feeling: Vaughan is related to poets who have little in common with Mr. Blunden. And it is impossible to understand or place or value any poet of this time without saturating oneself in all of the poets of this time. Thus Mr. Blunden appears to understand Vaughan so long as he confines himself to Vaughan; but the one comparison that he draws is by no means fortunate. He admits, what is certain, that Vaughan owed much to the work of George Herbert; but he considers that Herbert is inferior to Vaughan.

> Herbert seems to be usually concerned with putting things quaintly; his piety is running an obstacle race; no doubt God is the prize, but our attention is too much occupied with the feats and acrobatics on the course. [48]

This, after a number of quotations in which Vaughan appears particularly conceited and a child of his age, is infelicitous. No poet, of all that age, ever brought his quaintness more exactly to the verge of pure simplicity than George Herbert; and no poet of that passionately religious time wrote such fine devotional verse. Mr. Blunden says that Herbert aimed at "God according to vestry arrangements," and compares his religious feeling unfavourably with Vaughan's "solar, personal, firmamental, flower-whispering, rainbow-browed, ubiquitous, magnetic Love" [48]. I am unable to attach any meaning to this incoherent chain of adjectives. To appreciate Herbert's sensibility we have to penetrate the thought and emotion of the time; we should know Andrewes and Hooker. In short, the emotion of Herbert is clear, definite, mature, and sustained; whereas the emotion of Vaughan is vague, adolescent, fitful, and retrogressive. This judgement is excessively harsh; but it is only as much as to say that Mr. Blunden, like some persons of vague thinking and mild feeling, yearns towards a swooning ecstasy of pantheistic confusion. Vaughan is a true poet; and he wrote fine lines that no one else has written;[7] but his best qualities are those which he shares with other and greater poets of his time, rather than those which he shares with Mr. Blunden.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Though TSE stated in his first Clark lecture that he planned to examine the religious verse of Vaughan, Herbert, and Traherne, he did not in the end do so, but in "Mystic and Politician as Poet" (1930), he argued that Traherne "is more mystic than poet. Vaughan just preserves the balance where Traherne upsets it. . . . His chief inspiration is the same curious mystical experience of the world in childhood which had also touched Vaughan" (4.99).

2. See *Paradiso* XXXIII.85-96, which TSE quotes in "Dante" (1929) and states: "Nowhere in poetry has experience so remote from ordinary experience been expressed so concretely, by a

masterly use of that imagery of *light* which is the form of certain types of mystical experience. . . . One can feel only awe at the power of the master who could thus at every moment realize the inapprehensible in visual images" (3.725-26).

3. TSE later wrote in a lecture on George Herbert for Friends of the Salisbury Cathedral: "Indeed the only poetry that I can think of which belongs to quite the same class as Herbert – as expression of purity and intensity of religious feeling, and, as I am told by those who can appreciate Spanish literature more accurately than I, for literary excellence – is St. John of the Cross." *Salisbury and Winchester Journal* (27 May 1938), 12.

4. *Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood* (1807). Blunden states that "The Retreat" (1650?) "is that by which Vaughan is best known, and those who know it all recognize the resemblance of its theory to that of Wordsworth's more sumptuous 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality'" (25).

5. Charles Lamb, under pseudonym Elia, wrote essays and stories on childhood dreams, reveries, and suffering, including "The Child's Angel: A Dream" and others collected in *Essays of Elia* (1923) and *Last Essays of Elia* (1833).

6. The first line of Vaughan's "The World," published in *Silex Scintillans* (1650). TSE quoted the line in his Clark Lectures as "an accidental echo" of Dante's "La forma universal di questo nodo / credo ch'io vidi" (*Paradiso* XXXIII.91-92). *Trans:* ("The universal form of this complex I think that / I beheld" (*DC3* 404-05) (2.708).

7. TSE incorporated part of a line from Vaughan's "The Night" ("Where I in him / Might live invisible and dim") into the sixth stanza of "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service" ("Where the souls of the devout / Burn invisible and dim.")

Seneca in Elizabethan Translation[1]

No author exercised a wider or deeper influence upon the Elizabethan mind or upon the Elizabethan form of tragedy than did Seneca. To present the Elizabethan translations of the tragedies in their proper setting, it is necessary to deal with three problems which at first may appear to be but slightly connected: (1) the character, virtues and vices of the Latin tragedies themselves; (2) the directions in which these tragedies influenced our Elizabethan drama; (3) the history of these translations, the part they played in extending the influence of Seneca, and their actual merit as translation and as poetry. There are here several questions which, with the greater number of important Tudor translations, do not arise. Most of the better-known translations are of authors whose intrinsic merit is unquestioned, and the translations derive some of their prestige from the merit and fame of the author translated; and most of the better-known prose translations have an easy beauty of style which arrests even the least prepared reader. But with the translations of the *Tenne Tragedies*[2†] (for they are by several hands) we are concerned first of all with a Latin poet whose reputation would deter any reader but the most curious; with translations of unequal merit, because by different scholars; and with translation into a metre – the "fourteener" – which is superficially a mere archaism, and which repels readers who have not the patience to accustom their ears and nerves to its beat.[3] The translations have, as I hope to show, considerable poetic charm and quite adequate accuracy, with occasional flashes of real beauty; their literary value remains greater than that of any later translations of Seneca's tragedies that I have examined, either in English or French. But the appreciation of the literary value of these translations is inseparably engaged with the appreciation of the original and of its historical importance; so that although at first sight a consideration of the historical problems may appear irrelevant, it should in the end enhance our enjoyment of the translations as literature.

I

In the Renaissance, no Latin author was more highly esteemed than Seneca; in modern times, few Latin authors have been more consistently damned. The prose Seneca, the "Seneca morale" of Dante,[4] still enjoys a measure of tepid praise, though he has no influence; but the poet and tragedian receives from the historians and critics of Latin literature the most universal reprobation. Latin literature provides poets for several tastes, but there is no taste for Seneca. Mackail, for instance, whose taste in Latin literature is almost catholic, dismisses Seneca with half a page of his *Short History of Latin Literature*, and a few of the usual adjectives such as "rhetorical."[5] Professor Mackail is inclined by his training and taste to enjoy the purer and more classical authors, and is inclined by his temperament to enjoy the more romantic: like Shenstone or some other eighteenth-century poets, Seneca falls between. Nisard, in his *Poètes Latins de la decadence*, devotes many pages and much patience to the difference of conditions which produced great tragedy in Athens, and only rhetorical declamation in Rome.[6] Butler, after a more detailed and more tolerant examination from a more literary point of view (*Post-Augustan Poetry*), commits himself to the damaging statement that "to Seneca more than to any other man is due the excessive predominance of declamatory rhetoric, which has characterized the drama throughout Western Europe from the Renaissance down to the latter half of the nineteenth century."[7] The most recent critic, Mr. F. L. Lucas (*Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy*), admits "the exasperatingly false rhetoric of the Senecan stage, with its far-fetched and frigid epigrams."[8] Yet this is a dramatist whom Scaliger preferred to Euripides, and whom the whole of Europe in the Renaissance delighted to honour.[9] It is obviously a task of some difficulty to disentangle him from his reputation.

We must admit, first, that the tragedies of Seneca deserve the censure that has been directed upon them. On the other hand, it may be true – I think it is true – that the critics, especially the English critics, have been often biased by Seneca's real and supposed bad influence upon the Renaissance, that they have included the demerits of his admirers in his own faults. But before we proceed to what redemption of his fame is possible, it is expedient to resume those universally admitted strictures and limitations which have become commonplaces of Senecan criticism. First, it is pretty generally agreed that the plays of Seneca were composed, not for stage performance, but for private declamation.[10]* This theory attenuates the supposed "horrors" of the tragedies, many of which could hardly have been represented on a stage, even with the most ingenious machinery, without being merely ridiculous; the Renaissance assumption to the contrary gave licence to a taste which would probably have been indulged even without Seneca's authority.[11] And if the plays were written to be declaimed, probably by a single speaker ("elocutionist" is really the word), we can account for other singularities. I say "account for," I do not say without qualification that this peculiar form was the "cause"; for the ultimate cause was probably the same Latin temper which made such an unacted drama possible. The cause lies in the Latin sensibility which is expressed by the Latin language. But if we imagine this unacted drama, we see at once that it is at one remove from reality, compared with the Greek. Behind the dialogue of Greek drama we are always conscious of a concrete visual actuality, and behind that of a specific emotional actuality. Behind the drama of words is the drama of action, the timbre of voice and voice, the uplifted hand or tense muscle, and the particular emotion. The spoken play, the words which we read, are symbols, a shorthand, and often, as in the best of Shakespeare, a very abbreviated shorthand indeed, for the acted and felt play, which is always the real thing. The phrase, beautiful as it may be, stands for a greater beauty still. This is merely a particular case of the amazing unity of Greek, the unity of concrete and abstract in philosophy, the unity of thought and feeling, action and speculation, in life. In the plays of Seneca, the drama is all in the word, and the word has no further reality behind it. His characters all seem to speak with the same voice, and at the top of it; they recite in turn.

I do not mean to suggest that the method of delivery of a play of Seneca was essentially different from that of Greek tragedy. It was probably nearer to the declamation of Greek tragedy than was the delivery of Latin comedy. The latter was acted by professional actors. I imagine that Seneca's plays were declaimed by himself and other amateurs, and it is likely that the Athenian tragedies were performed by amateurs. I mean that the beauty of phrase in Greek tragedy is the shadow of a greater beauty – the beauty of thought and emotion. In the tragedies of Seneca the centre of value is shifted from what the personage says to the way in which he says it. Very often the value comes near to being mere smartness. Nevertheless, we must remember that "verbal" beauty is still a kind of beauty.

The plays were admirably adopted for declamation before an imperial highbrow audience of crude sensibility but considerable sophistication in the ingenuities of language. They would have been as unactable on the Greek stage as they are on the English. Superficially neat and trim, they are, for the stage, models of formlessness. The Athenians were accustomed to long speeches from Messengers, speeches which embarrass both the modern actor and the modern audience; this was a convention with practical advantages; their other long speeches usually have some dramatic point, some place in the whole scheme of the play. But the characters in a play of Seneca behave more like members of a minstrel troupe sitting in a semicircle, rising in turn each to do his "number," or varying their recitations by a song or a little back-chat. I do not suppose that a Greek audience would have sat through the first three hundred lines of the *Hercules Furens*. Only at the 523rd line does Amphitryon detect the sound of Hercules' tread, ascending from Hell, at which inopportune moment the chorus interrupt for two or three pages. When Hercules finally appears, he seems to be leading Cerberus, who presently evaporates, for he is not on the stage a few minutes later. After Amphitryon has in a rather roundabout way, but more briefly than might have been expected, explained to Hercules the pressing danger to his family and country, Hercules makes off to kill Lycus. While Hercules is thus engaged in a duel on the result of which everybody's life depends, the family sit down calmly and listen to a long description by Theseus of the Tartarean regions. This account is not a straight monologue, as Amphitryon from time to time puts leading questions about the fauna, the administration and system of justice, of the world below. Meanwhile, Hercules has (contrary to the usual belief that Seneca murders all his victims in full view of the audience) despatched Lycus off-stage. At the end of the play, when Juno has stricken Hercules with madness, it is not at all clear whether he destroys his family on-stage or off. The slaughter is accompanied by a running commentary by Amphitryon, whose business it is to tell the audience what is going forward. If the children are slain in sight of the audience, this commentary is superfluous; Amphitryon also reports the collapse of Hercules; but presently Hercules comes to, certainly on-stage, and spies his dead wife and children. The whole situation is inconceivable unless we assume the play to have been composed solely for recitation; like other of Seneca's plays, it is full of statements useful only to an audience which sees nothing.[12] Seneca's plays might, in fact, be practical models for the modern "broadcasted drama."

We need not look too closely into the conditions of the age which produced no genuine drama, but which allowed this curious freak of non-theatrical drama. The theatre is a gift which has not been vouchsafed to every race, even of the highest culture. It has been given to the Hindus, the Greeks, the Japanese (if anything so alien can be included), to the English, the French, and the Spanish, at moments; in less measure to the Teutons and Scandinavians. It was not given to the Romans, or generously to their successors the Italians. The Romans had some success in low comedy, itself an adaptation of Greek models, but their instinct turned to shows and circuses, as do that of the later race which created the Commedia dell' Arte, which still provides the best puppet shows, and which gives a home to Mr. Gordon Craig.[13] No cause can be assigned, for every cause demands a further cause. It is handy to speak of "the genius of the language," and we shall continue to do so, but why did the language adopt that particular genius? At any rate, we should discourage any criticism which, in accounting for the defects and faults of the plays of Seneca, made much of the "decadence" of the age of Nero. In the verse, yes, Seneca is unquestionably "silver age," or more exactly he is not a poet of the *first* rank in Latin, he is far inferior to Virgil; but for tragic drama, it would be a gross error to suppose that an earlier and more heroic age of Rome could have produced anything better. Many of the faults of Seneca which appear "decadent" are, after all, merely Roman and (in the narrower sense) Latin.

It is so with the characterization. The characters of Seneca's plays have no subtlety and, strictly speaking, no "private life." But it would be an error to imagine that they are merely cruder and coarser versions of the Greek originals. They belong to a different race. Their crudity is that which was of the Roman, as compared with the Greek, in real life. The Roman was much the simpler creature. At best, his training was that of devotion to the State, his virtues were public virtues. The Greek knew well enough the Idea of the State, but he had also a strong traditional morality which constituted so to speak, a direct relation between him and the gods, without the mediation of the State, and he had furthermore a skeptical and heterodox intelligence. Hence the greater efficiency of the Roman, and the greater interest of the Greek.

Hence the difference between Greek Stoicism and Roman Stoicism – the latter being the form through which Stoicism influenced later Europe. We must think of the characters of Seneca as offspring of Rome, more than we think of them as offspring of their age.

The drama of Antigone – which Seneca did not attempt – could hardly have been transposed for Roman sentiment. In the drama of Seneca there are no conflicts, except the conflict of passion, temper, or appetite with the external duties. The literary consequence, therefore, is the tendency which persists in modern Italy; the tendency to "rhetoric"; and which, on such a large scale, may be attributed to a development of language exceeding the development of sensibility of the people. If you compare Catullus with Sappho, or Cicero with Demosthenes, or Thucydides with a Latin historian, you find that the genius is the genius of a different language, and what is lost is a gift of sensibility. So with Seneca and the Greek dramatists. Hence we should think of the long ranting speeches of Seneca, the beautiful but irrelevant descriptions, the smart stichomythia, rather as peculiarities of Latin than as the bad taste of the dramatist.

The congeniality of Stoicism to the Roman mind is no part of my duty to analyse; and it would be futile to attempt to decide what, in the dialogue and characterization of Seneca's plays, is due to Stoicism, what due to the Roman mind, and what due to the peculiar form which Seneca elected. What is certain is the existence of a large element of Stoicism in the plays, enough to justify the belief that the plays and the prose are by the hand of the same Seneca. In the plays, indeed, the Stoicism is present in a form more quickly to catch the fancy of the Renaissance than in prose epistles and essays. Half of the commonplaces of the Elizabethans – and the more commonplace half – are of Senecan origin. This ethic of sententious maxims was, as we shall see, much more sympathetic to the temper of the Renaissance than would have been the morals of the elder Greek dramatists; the Renaissance itself was much more Latin than Greek. In the Greek tragedy, as Nisard and others have pointed out, the moralizing is not the expression of a conscious "system" of philosophy; the Greek dramatists moralize only because morals are woven through and through the texture of their tragic idea. Their morals are a matter of feeling trained for generations; they are hereditary and religious, just as their dramatic forms themselves are the development of their early liturgies. Their ethics of thought are one with their ethics of behaviour. As the dramatic form of Seneca is no growth, but a construction, so is his moral philosophy and that of Roman Stoicism in general. Whether the Roman scepticism was, as Nisard suggests, the result of a too rapid and great expansion and mixture of races cancelling each other's beliefs, rather than the product of a lively inquiring intelligence, the "beliefs" of Stoicism are a consequence of scepticism; and the ethic of Seneca's plays is that of an age which supplied the lack of moral habits by a system of moral attitudes and poses. To this the natural public temper of Rome contributed. The ethic of Seneca is a matter of postures. The posture which gives the greatest opportunity for effect, hence for the Senecan morality, is the posture of dying: death gives his characters the opportunity for their most sententious aphorisms – a hint which Elizabethan dramatists were only too ready to follow.

When all reserves have been made, there is still much to be said for Seneca as a dramatist. And I am convinced that the proper approach to his appreciation and enjoyment is not by comparison and contrast – to which, in his case, criticism is violently tempted – but by isolation. I made a careful comparison of the *Medea* and the *Hippolytus* of Seneca – perhaps his two best plays – with the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Phèdre* of Racine respectively; but I do not think that any advantage would be gained by reporting the results of this inquiry, by contrasting either the dramatic structure or the treatment of the title figures. Such comparisons have already been made; they magnify the defects and obscure the merits of the Senecan tragedy. If Seneca is to be compared, he should rather be compared for versification, descriptive and narrative power and taste, with the earlier Roman poets. The comparison is fair, though Seneca comes off rather ill. His prosody is monotonous; in spite of a mastery of several metres, his choruses fall heavily on the ear. Sometimes his chorus rhythms seem to hover between the more flexible measures of his predecessors and the stiffer but more impressive beat of the mediaeval hymn.[14*] But within the limits of his declamatory purpose, Seneca obtains, time after time, magnificent effects. In the verbal *coup de théâtre* no one has ever excelled him. The final cry of Jason to Medea departing in her car is unique; I can think of no other play which reserves such a shock for the last word:

> Per alta vade spatia sublimi aethere;
> testare nullos esse, qua veheris, deos.[15*]

Again and again the epigrammatic observation on life or death is put in the most telling way at the most telling moment. It is not only in his brief ejaculations that Seneca triumphs. The sixteen lines addressed by the chorus to the dead sons of Hercules (*Hercules Furens*, I. 1135 ff.), which are exquisitely rendered by the Elizabethan translator,[16†] seem to me highly pathetic. The descriptive passages are often of great charm, with phrases which haunt us more than we should expect. The lines of Hercules,

> ubi sum? sub ortu solis, an sub cardine
> glacialis ursae?[17]

must have lain long in the memory of Chapman before they came out in *Bussy d'Ambois* as

> fly where men feel
> The cunning axle-tree, or those that suffer
> Under the chariot of the snowy Bear.[18]

Though Seneca is long-winded, he is not diffuse; he is capable of great concision; there is even a monotony of forcefulness; but many of his short phrases have for us as much oratorical impressiveness as they had for the Elizabethans. As (to take an unworn example) the bitter words of Hecuba as the Greeks depart:

concidit virgo ac puer;
bellum peractum est.[19]

Even the most sententious sayings of stoical commonplace preserve their solemnity in that Latin language which carries such thoughts more grandly than could any other:

Fatis agimur; cedite fatis.
non sollicitae possunt curae
mutare rati stamina fusi.
quidquid patimur mortale genus,
quidquid facimus venit ex alto,
servatque suae decreta colus
Lachesis nulla revoluta manu.
omnia secto tramite vadunt
primusque dies dedit extremum. – (*Oedipus*, 980 ff.)[20]

But to quote Seneca is not criticism; it is merely to offer baits to a possible reader; it would indeed be bad criticism if we left the impression that these and such as these are moments in which Seneca excels himself, and which he could not sustain. An essential point to make about Seneca is the consistency of his writing, its maintenance on one level, below which he seldom falls and above which he never mounts. Seneca is not one of those poets who are to be remembered because they now and then rise to the tone and the vocabulary of greater poets. Seneca is wholly himself; what he attempted he executed, he created his own genre. And this leads us to a consideration which we must keep in mind in considering his later influence: whether we can treat him seriously as a *dramatist*. Critics are inclined to treat his drama as a bastard form. But this is an error which critics of the drama are in general apt to make; the forms of drama are so various that few critics are able to hold more than one or two in mind in pronouncing judgment of "dramatic" and "undramatic." What is "dramatic"? If one were saturated in the Japanese Noh, in Bhasa and Kalidasa,[21] in Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Aristophanes and Menander, in the popular mediaeval plays of Europe, in Lope de Vega and Calderon,[22] as well as the great English and French drama, and if one were (which is impossible) equally sensitive to them all, would one not hesitate to decide that one form is more dramatic than another? And Seneca's is definitely a "form." It does not fall within either of the categories of the defectively dramatic. There are the "closet dramas" which are mostly simply inferior dramas: the plays of Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne. (Whether a writer expected his play to be played or not is irrelevant, the point is whether it is playable.) And there is another, more interesting type, where the writer is trying to do something more or something different from what the stage can do, but yet with an implication of performance, where there is a mixture of dramatic and extra-dramatic elements. This is a modern and sophisticated form: it contains *The Dynasts*, Goethe's *Faust*, and possibly (not having seen it played I cannot speak with confidence) *Peer Gynt*.[23] Seneca's plays do not belong to either of these types. If, as I confidently believe, they are intended for *recitation*, they have a form of their own; and I believe that they were intended for recitation because they are perfectly adapted for recitation – they are better recited than read. And I have no doubt – though there is no external evidence – that Seneca must have had considerable practice himself in reciting the plays. He would have been, therefore, a playwright of as practical experience as Shakespeare or Molière. His form is a practical form; it is even, I suggest, a form which might be interesting to attempt in our own time, when the revival of the theatre is obstructed by some of the difficulties which made the stage an impossibility in the age of Seneca.

What lessons the Elizabethans learnt from Seneca, and whether they were the same as those which we might learn ourselves, is the next subject to consider. But whether they profited by the study, or whether they admired him and pillaged him to their own detriment, we must remember that we cannot justly estimate his influence unless we form our own opinion of Seneca first, without being influenced by his influence.

II

The influence of Seneca upon Elizabethan drama has received much more attention from scholars than from literary critics. The historical treatment has been very thorough. The admirable edition of the works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, by Kastner and Charlton (Manchester University Press, vol. I, 1921), has a full account of this influence both direct and through Italy and France; in this introduction also will be found the best bibliography of the subject.[24] Dr. F. S. Boas, especially in his edition of Kyd's Plays, has treated the matter at length.[25] Professor J. W. Cunliffe's *Influence of Seneca* *on Elizabethan Tragedy* (1893) remains, within its limits, the most useful of all books, and Mr. Cunliffe has handled the question in a more general way in his *Early English Classical Tragedies*.[26] Indirect Senecan influences have also been studied in detail, as in Professor A. M. Witherspoon's *Influence of Robert Garnier on Elizabethan Drama*.[27] And work which is now being done on the earlier drama (cf. Dr. A. W. Reed's recent *Early Tudor Drama*, 1926)[28] will enable us to understand better the junction of the Senecan influence with the native tradition. It is not fitting that a literary critic should retrace all this labour of scholarship, where either his dissent or his approval would be an impertinence; but we may benefit by this scholarship to draw certain general conclusions.

The plays of Seneca exerted their influence in several ways and to several results. The results are of three main types: (1) the popular Elizabethan tragedy; (2) the "Senecal" drama, pseudo-classical, composed by and for a small and select body of persons not closely in touch or in sympathy with the popular drama of the day, and composed largely in protest against the defects and monstrosities of that drama; (3) the two Roman tragedies of Ben Jonson, which appear to belong between the two opposed classes, to constitute an attempt, by an active practising playwright, to improve the form of popular drama by the example of Seneca; not by slavish imitation but by adaptation, to make of popular drama a finished work of art. As for the ways in which Seneca influenced the Elizabethans, it must be remembered that these were never simple, and became more complicated. The Italian and the French drama of the day was already penetrated by Seneca. Seneca was a regular part of the school curriculum, while Greek drama was unknown to all but a few great scholars. Every schoolboy with a smattering of Latin had a verse or two of Seneca in his memory; probably a good part of the audiences could recognize the origin of the occasional bits of Seneca which are quoted in Latin in some of the popular plays (*e.g.* several times by Marston). And by the time that *The Spanish Tragedy* and the old *Hamlet* had made their success, the English playwright was under the influence of Seneca by being under the influence of his own predecessors.[29] Here the influence of Kyd is of the greatest importance: if Senecan Kyd had such a vogue, that was surely the path to facile success for any hard-working and underpaid writer.

All that I wish to do[30†] is to consider certain misconceptions of the Senecan influence, which I believe are still current in our opinions of Elizabethan drama, although they do not appear in works of scholarship. For such a purpose these contemporary translations possess a particular value: whether they greatly affected the conception of Seneca, or greatly extended his influence, they give a reflection of the appearance of Seneca to the Englishman of the time. I do not suggest that the influence of Seneca has been exaggerated or diminished in modern criticism; but I believe that too much importance has been attached to his influence in some directions, and too little to his influence in others. There is one point on which every one is agreed, and hardly more than one: the five-act division of the modern European play is due to Seneca. What I chiefly wish to consider are, first, his responsibility for what has been called since Symonds' day the Tragedy of Blood – how far Seneca is the author of the horrors which disfigure Elizabethan drama; second, his responsibility for *bombast* in Elizabethan diction; and third, his influence upon the *thought*, or what passes for thought, in the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It is the first which I think has been overestimated, the second misconstrued, the third undervalued.

Certainly, among all national dramas, the Elizabethan tragedies are remarkable for the extent to which they employ the horrible and revolting. It is true that but for this taste and practice we should never have had *King Lear* or *The Duchess of Malfy*; so impossible is it to isolate the vices from the virtues, the failures from the masterpieces of Elizabethan tragedy. We cannot reprehend a custom but for which one great experiment of the human spirit must have been left unmade, even if we cannot like it; nor can we wholly deplore anything which brings with it some information about the soul. And even leaving Shakespeare apart, the genius of no other race could have manipulated the tragedy of horror into the magnificent farce of Marlowe, or the magnificent nightmare of Webster. We must therefore reserve two measures of comparison: one, that between the baser tragedy of the time and the best tragedy of the time, the other (which is perhaps a moral measure, the application of which would lead us too far for the present discussion) between the tragedy of the time as a whole and another tragedy of horror – we think of Dante's Ugolino and the Oedipus of Sophocles – in which, in the end, the mind seems to triumph.[31] Here, the question of Seneca's influence is capital. If the taste for horror was a result of being trained on Seneca, then it has neither justification nor interest; if it was something inherent in the people and in the age, and Seneca merely the excuse and precedent, then it is a phenomenon of interest. Even to speak of Seneca as offering a precedent and excuse is probably to falsify; for it implies that the Elizabethans would otherwise have been a little uneasy in conscience at indulging such tastes – which is ridiculous to suppose. They merely assumed that Seneca's taste was like their own – which is not *wholly* untrue; and that Seneca represented the whole of classical antiquity – which is quite false. Where Seneca took part is in affecting the type of plot; he supported one tendency against another. But for Seneca, we might have had more plays in the *Yorkshire Tragedy* mould; that is to say, the equivalent of the *News of the World* murder report;[32] Seneca, and particularly the Italianised Seneca, encouraged the taste for the foreign, remote, or exotic. No doubt *The Jew of Malta* or *Titus Andronicus* would have made the living Seneca shudder with genuine aesthetic horror; but his influence helped to recommend work with which he had little in common.

When we examine the plays of Seneca, the actual horrors are not so heinous or so many as are supposed. The most unpleasantly sanguinary is the *Thyestes*, a subject which, so far as we know, was not attempted by a Greek dramatist. Even here, if the view that the tragedies were intended only for recitation is true, the cultivated Roman audience were listening to a story which was part of their Hellenic culture, and which is in fact a common property of folklore. The story was sanctified by time. The plots of Elizabethan tragedy were, so far as the audience was concerned, novelties. This plot of *Thyestes* is not employed by any Elizabethan, but the play has undoubtedly more in common with the Tragedy of Blood, especially in its early form, than any other of Seneca's. It has a particularly tedious Ghost. It has, more emphatically than any other, the motive of Revenge, unregulated by any divine control or justice.[33] Yet even in the *Thyestes* the performance of the horrors is managed with conventional tact; the only visible horror is the perhaps unavoidable presentation of the evidence – the children's heads in a dish.[34]

The most significant popular play under Senecan influence is of course *The Spanish Tragedy*, and the further responsibility of Kyd for the translation of the pseudo-Senecan *Cornelia* of Garnier has marked him as the disciple of Seneca.[35] But in *The Spanish Tragedy* there is another element, not always sufficiently distinguished from the Senecan, which (though it may have relations among the Italian Renaissance progeny of Seneca) allies it to something more indigenous. The Senecan apparatus, it is true, is impressive. The Ghost, and Revenge, who replace the Tantalus and the Fury of the *Thyestes*, use all the infernal allusions – Acheron, Charon, and the rest – so dear to Seneca. Temporary insanity is an expedient well known to Seneca. But in the type of plot there is nothing classical or pseudo-classical at all.

"Plot" in the sense in which we find plot in *The Spanish Tragedy* does not exist for Seneca at all. He took a story perfectly well known to everybody, and interested his auditors entirely by his embellishments of description and narrative and by smartness and pungency of dialogue; suspense and surprise attached solely to verbal effects. *The Spanish Tragedy*, like the series of Hamlet plays, including Shakespeare's, has an affinity to our contemporary detective drama.[36*] The plot of Hieronymo to compass his revenge by the play allies it with a small but interesting class of drama which certainly owes nothing essential to Seneca: that which includes *Arden of Feversham*[37*] and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.[38] These two remarkable plays are both based on contemporary or recent crimes committed in England. Unless it be the hint of divine retribution in the epilogue to Arden, there is no token of foreign or classical influence in these two plays. Yet they are bloody enough. The husband in *The Yorkshire Tragedy* kills his two young sons, throws the servant downstairs and breaks her neck, and nearly succeeds in killing his wife. In *Arden of Feversham* the wife and her conspirators stab the husband to death upon the stage – the rest of the play being occupied by a primitive but effective police inquiry into evidence. It is only surprising that there are not more examples of this type of play, since there is evidence of as lively a public interest in police court horrors as there is to-day. One of the pieces of evidence is associated with Kyd; it is a curious little account of a poisoning case, *The Murder of John Brewen*. (A little later, Dekker was to supply the deficiency of penny journalism with his Plague Pamphlets.)[39] In Kyd, whether *Arden* be by him or by an imitator, we find the union of Senecan with native elements, to the advantage of both. For the Senecan influence is felt in the structure of the play – the structure of *The Spanish Tragedy* is more dramatic than that of *Arden* or *The Yorkshire Tragedy*; whilst the material of *The Spanish Tragedy*, like that of the other two plays, is quite different from the Senecan material, and much more satisfying to an unlettered audience.

The worst that can be urged against Seneca, in the matter of responsibility for what is disgusting in Elizabethan drama, is that he may have provided the dramatist with a pretext or justification for horrors which were not Senecan at all, for which there was certainly a taste, and the taste for which would certainly have been gratified at that time whether Seneca had ever written or not. Against my use of *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, it may be said that this play (the crime in question was committed only in 1603) and *Arden* also were written after the success of *The Spanish Tragedy*, and that the taste for horrors developed only after it had received Senecan licence. I cannot *prove* the contrary. But it must be admitted that the greater number of the horrors are such as Seneca himself would not have tolerated. In one of the worst offenders – indeed one of the stupidest and most uninspired plays ever written, a play in which it is incredible that Shakespeare had any hand at all, a play in which the best passages would be too highly honoured by the signature of Peele – in *Titus Andronicus*[40]* – there is nothing really Senecan at all. There is a wantonness, an irrelevance, about the crimes of which Seneca would never have been guilty. Seneca's Oedipus has the traditional justification for blinding himself; and the blinding itself is far less offensive than that in *Lear*.[41] In *Titus*, the hero cuts off his own hand in view of the audience, who can also testify to the mutilation of the hands and the tongue of Lavinia. In *The Spanish Tragedy*, Hieronymo bites out his own tongue. There is nothing like this in Seneca.

But if this is very unlike Seneca, it is very like the contemporary drama of Italy. Nothing could better illustrate the accidental character of literary 'influence' – accidental, that is, with reference to the work exercising the influence – than the difference between Senecan drama in Italy and in France. The French drama is from the beginning restrained and decorous; to the French drama, especially to Garnier, the Senecan drama of Greville, Daniel and Alexander is allied. The Italian is bloodthirsty in the extreme. Kyd knew both; but it was to the Italian that he and Peele yielded themselves with sympathetic delight. We must remember, too, that Italy had developed stagecraft and stage machinery to the highest point – for the most sumptuous masques in England, Italian managers, engineers and artists were brought over; that the plastic arts were much more important in Italy than elsewhere, and that consequently the spectacular and sensational elements of drama were insisted upon; that Italian civilisation had, in short, everything to dazzle the imagination of unsophisticated northerners emerging into a period of prosperity and luxury. I have no first-hand acquaintance with Italian plays of this epoch; it is a library which few readers would penetrate in pursuit of pleasure; but its character, and influence in England, are well attested. It is possible to say that Seneca hardly influenced this Italian drama at all; he was made use of by it and adopted into it; and for Kyd and Peele he was thoroughly Italianized.

The Tragedy of Blood is very little Senecan, in short, though it made much use of Senecan machinery; it is very largely Italian; and it added an ingenuity of plot which is native.

If we wished to find the reason for the sanguinary character of much Elizabethan drama – which persists to its end – we should have to allow ourselves some daring generalizations concerning the temper of the epoch. When we consider it, and reflect how much more refined, how much more *classical* in the profounder sense, is that earlier popular drama which reached its highest point in *Everyman*, I cannot but think that the change is due to some fundamental release of restraint. The tastes gratified are always latent: they were then gratified by the drama, as they are now gratified by crime reports in the daily press. It is no more reasonable to connect Seneca with this aspect of Elizabethan drama than it is to connect Aeschylus or Sophocles with *Jude the Obscure*.[42] I am not sure that the latter association has not been made, though no one supposes that Mr. Hardy prepared himself by close application to the study of Greek drama.

It is pertinent to inquire, in this context, what was the influence of Seneca, in the way of horrors, upon the small body of "Senecal" dramatists who professedly imitated him. But this collation is relevant also to the question of Seneca's influence upon language; so that before making the comparison we may consider this latter question next. Here, the great influence of Seneca is unquestionable. Quotation after quotation, parallel after parallel, may be adduced; the most conspicuous are given in Cunliffe's *Influence of Seneca*, others in Lucas's *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy*.[43] So great is this influence that we can say neither that it was good nor that it was bad; for we cannot imagine what Elizabethan dramatic verse would have been without it. The direct influence is restricted to the group of Marlowe and to Marston; Jonson and Chapman are, each in his own way, more sophisticated and independent; the later or Jacobean dramatists, Middleton, Webster, Tourneur, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, found their language upon their own predecessors, and chiefly upon Shakespeare. But none of these authors hesitated to draw upon Seneca when occasion served, and Chapman owes much, both good and bad, of his dramatic style to his admiration for Seneca. No better examples can be found, however, of plays which, while not Senecan in form, and not containing any of the more obvious Senecan apparatus such as Ghosts, are yet deeply influenced by Seneca in language, than the *True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*,[44] and the Shakespearean *Richard II* and *Richard III*. These, with the work of Kyd and that of Marlowe and of Peele, and several of the plays included in the Shakespeare Apocrypha, have a great deal in common.[45]

The precise pilferings and paraphrases have been thoroughly catalogued by the scholars I have mentioned, and others; hardly a dramatist, between Kyd and Massinger, who is not many times indebted to Seneca. Instead of repeating this labour, I prefer to call attention to his universal influence. Not only the evolution of the dramatic structure, but the evolution of the blank verse cadence, took place under the shadow of Seneca; it is hardly too much to say that Shakespeare could not have formed the verse instrument which he left to his successors, Webster, Massinger, Tourneur, Ford, and Fletcher, unless he had received an instrument already highly developed by the genius of Marlowe and the influence of Seneca. Blank verse before 1600, or thereabouts, is a crude form of music compared to blank verse after that date; but its progress in fifteen years had been astonishing. In the first place, I believe that the establishment of blank verse as the vehicle of drama, instead of the old fourteener, or the heroic couplet, or (what might have happened) a particular form of prose rhythm, received considerable support from its being obviously the nearest equivalent to the solemnity and weight of the Senecan iambic. A comparison of the trotting metre of our translations with Surrey's translation of Virgil will show, I think, that while the former has undeniable poetic charms of its own, the latter would reveal more resources to the ear of the dramatist. The pre-Marlowe versification is competent, but extremely monotonous; it is literally a *monotone*, containing none of the musical counter-rhythms which Marlowe introduced, nor the rhythms of individual speech which were later added.

When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish court:

(Prologue, *Spanish Tragedy*, xxx.)

But to illustrate the early use of this metre under Senecan influence, a worse play serves our purpose better; the Senecan content justifies our quoting at some length from *Locrine*, an early play[46*] of no merit whatever.[47] Here is the Revival of Learning in the brain of a fourth-rate playwright:

HUMBER.
Where may I find some desart wilderness,
Where I may breathe out curses as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning voice;
Where every echo's repercussion

May helpe me to bewail mine overthrow,
And aid me in my sorrowful laments?
Where may I find some hollow uncouth rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill
The heavens, the hell, the earth, the air, the fire,
And utter curses to the concave sky,
Which may infect the airy regions,
And light upon the Brittain Locrine's head?
You ugly sprites that in Cocytus mourn,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments:
You fearful dogs that in black Lethe howl,
And scare the ghosts with your wide open throats:
You ugly ghosts that, flying from these dogs,
Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegiton:
Come, all of you, and with your shriking notes
Accompany the Brittain's conquering host.
Come, fierce Erynnys, horrible with snakes;
Come, ugly Furies, armed with your whips;
You threefold judges of black Tartarus,
And all the army of you hellish friends,
With new-found torments rack proud Locrine's bones!
O gods, and stars! damned be the gods and stars
That did not drown me in fair Thetis' plains!
Curst be the sea, that with outrageous waves,
With surging billows did not rive my ships
Against the rocks of high Cerannia,
Or swallow me into her wat'ry gulf!
Would God we had arriv'd upon the shore
Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell,
Or where the bloody Anthropophagi
With greedy jawes devours the wand'ring wights!
Enter the ghost of ALBANACT
But why comes Albanact's bloody ghost,
To bring a corsive to our miseries?
Is't not enough to suffer shameful flight,
But we must be tormented now with ghosts,
With apparitions fearful to behold?
GHOST.
Revenge! revenge for blood!

HUMBER.
So nought will satisfy your wand'ring ghost
But dire revenge, nothing but Humber's fall,
Because he conquered you in Albany.
Now, by my soul, Humber would be condemned
To Tantal's hunger or Ixion's wheel,
Or to the vulture of Prometheus,
Rather than that this murther were undone.
When as I die I'll drag thy cursed ghost
Through all the rivers of foul Erebus,
Through burning sulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat
That rageth in mine everlasting soul.
GHOST.
Vindicta, vindicta. [Exeunt.[48]

This is the proper Ercles bombast, ridiculed by Shakespeare, Jonson, and Nashe.[49] From this, even to *Tamburlaine*, is a long way; it is too absurdly distorted to serve even as a burlesque of Seneca; but the metre has something Senecan about it. From such verse there is a long distance to the melodies of

Now comes my lover tripping like a roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.[50]

or

Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?[51]

or

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:[52]

that is to say, to the *lyrical* phase of blank verse, before Shakespeare had analysed it into true dramatic differentiation; it belongs to the first or *declamatory* phase. But this declamation is in its impulse, if not in its achievement, Senecan; and progress was made, not by rejection, but by dissociating this type of verse into products with special properties.

The next stage also was reached with the help of a hint from Seneca. Several scholars, Butler in particular, have called attention to a trick of Seneca of repeating one word of a phrase in the next phrase, especially in stichomythia, where the sentence of one speaker is caught up and twisted by the next.[53] This was an effective stage trick, but it is something more; it is the crossing of one rhythm pattern with another.

– Sceptrone nostro *famulus* est potior tibi?
– Quot iste *famulus* tradidit *reges* neci.
– Cur ergo *regi* servit et patitur iugum?

(*Hercules*)[54]

Seneca also gets a kind of double pattern by breaking up lines into minimum antiphonal units:

Rex est timendus.
Rex meus fuerat pater.
Non metuis arma?
Sint licet terra edita.
Moriere.
Cupio.
Profuge.
Paenituit fugae.
Medea,
Fiam.
Mater es.
Cui sim vides.

(*Medea*, 168 ff.)[55]

A man like Marlowe, or even men with less scholarship and less genius for the use of words than he, could hardly have failed to learn something from this. At any rate, I believe that the study of Seneca had its part in the formation of verse like the following:

– Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.
– To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
– Her life is safest only in her birth.
– And only in that safety died her brothers.[56]

It is only a step (and a few lines further) to the pun:

Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd.

Some of the effects in such plays as *Richard II* and *Richard III* are indeed of pre-Marlowe origin, as:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Henry, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.[57]

which is already in even *Locrine*, as:

The boisterous Boreas thundreth forth Revenge,
The stony rocks cry out on sharp revenge,
The thorny bush pronounceth dire revenge,[58]

but in the following lines from Clarence's Dream we see an immense advance over *Locrine* in the use of infernal machinery:

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud, "What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"[59*]

The "kingdom of perpetual night" and the last two lines are a real approximation in English to the magnificence of Senecan Latin at its best; they are far from being a mere burlesque.[60] The best of Seneca has here been absorbed into English.

In *Richard II*, which is usually dated a little earlier than *Richard III*,[61] I find such interesting variations of versification that I am convinced that it is a slightly later play,[62*] or else that there is more of Shakespeare in it. There is the same play of words:

Give Richard leave to live till Richard die.[63]
[. . .]
A brittle glory shineth in this face;
As brittle as the glory is the face.[64]

but there is less stichomythia, less mere repetition, and a dexterity in retaining rhythm with greater freedom and less obvious calculation. (See the long speeches of Richard in Act III, sc. ii. and sc. iii, and compare with the more carefully balanced verses of Queen Margaret's tirade in *Richard III*, Act IV, sc. iv.)[65]

When blank verse has reached this point, and passed into the hands of its greatest master, there is no need to look for fresh infusions of Seneca. He has done his work, and the one influence on later dramatic blank verse is the influence of Shakespeare. Not that later dramatists do not make great use of Seneca's plays. Chapman uses him, and employs the old machinery; but Seneca's influence on Chapman was chiefly on Chapman's "thought." Jonson uses Seneca deliberately; the superb prologues of "Envy" and "Sylla's Ghost" are adaptations of the Senecan ghost-prologue form, not an inheritance from Kyd.[66] Massinger, a most accomplished dramatist and versifier, sometimes falls back most lamentably upon ghosts and spectacles. But the verse is formed, and Seneca no further responsible for its vices or virtues.

Certainly, Elizabethan bombast can be traced to Seneca; Elizabethans themselves ridiculed the Senecan imitation. But if we reflect, not on the more grotesque exaggerations, but on the dramatic poetry of the first half of the period, as a whole, we see that Seneca had as much to do with its merits and its progress as with its faults and its delays. Certainly it is all "rhetorical," but if it had not been rhetorical, would it have been anything?[67] Certainly it is a relief to turn back to the austere, close language of *Everyman*, the simplicity of the mysteries; but if new influences had not entered, old orders decayed, would the language not have left some of its greatest resources unexplored? Without bombast, we should not have had *King Lear*. The art of dramatic language, we must remember, is as near to oratory as to ordinary speech or to other poetry. On the stage, M. Jean Cocteau reminds us, we must weave a pattern of coarse rope that can be apprehended from the back of the pit, not a pattern of lace that can only be apprehended from the printed page.[68] We are not entitled to try fine effects unless we achieve the coarse ones. If the Elizabethans distorted and travestied Seneca in some ways, if they learned from him tricks and devices which they applied with expert hands, they also learned from him the essentials of declaimed verse. Their subsequent progress is a process of splitting up the primitive rhetoric, developing out of it subtler poetry and subtler tones of conversation, eventually mingling, as no other school of dramatists has done, the oratorical, the conversational, the elaborate and the simple, the direct and the indirect; so that they were able to write plays which can still be viewed as plays, with any plays, and which can still be read as poetry, with any poetry.

It is improper to pass from the questions of Seneca's influence upon the Tragedy of Blood and upon the language of the Elizabethans without mentioning the group of "Senecal" plays, largely produced under the aegis of the Countess of Pembroke.[69] The history of this type of play belongs rather to the history of scholarship and culture than to the history of the Drama: it begins in a sense with the household of Sir Thomas More, and therefore is doubly allied to the present subject by our translator Jasper Heywood; it is continued in the conversations at Cambridge of Mr. Ascham, Mr. Watson, and Mr. (later Sir John) Cheke.[70] The first to attack openly the common stage was Sir Philip Sidney, whose words are well known:

> Our Tragedies and Comedies (not without cause cried out against), observing rules neither of honest civility nor of skilful Poetry, excepting *Gorboduc* (againe, I say, of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches and well sounding Phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of Poesie, yet in troth it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieveth me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all Tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. . . . But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the Player, when he cometh in, must ever begin with telling where he is: or else the tale will not be conceived? Now ye shall have three Ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a Garden. By and by, we hear news of shipwrack in the same place, and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a Rock.[71]

It was after Sidney's death that his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, tried to assemble a body of wits to compose drama in the proper Senecan style, to make head against the popular melodrama of the time. Great poetry should be both an art and a diversion; in a large and cultivated public like the Athenian it can be both; the shy recluses of Lady Pembroke's circle were bound to fail. But we must not draw too sharp a line of separation between the careful workman who laboured to create a classical drama in England and the hurried purveyors of playhouse successes: the two worlds were not without communication, and the work of the earlier Senecals was not without fruit.

With the part played by our *Tenne Tragedies* in this Senecan tradition I shall deal in the next section of this essay. Here, I wish only to call attention to certain characteristics of Senecal Tragedy in its final form, in the work of Greville, Daniel and Alexander. I would only remind the reader that these final Senecal plays were written after any real hope of altering or reforming the English stage had disappeared. In the Elizabethan years appeared a succession of tragedies, most performed by the Inns of Court, and therefore not popular productions, which might in favourable circumstances have led to a living Senecan drama. Notably, *Gorboduc* (mentioned by Sidney above), *Jocasta*, and *Gismond of Salerne* (three of the four plays contained in Cunliffe's *Early English Musical Tragedies*).[72] When *The Spanish Tragedy* appeared (with, as I have suggested, its particularly non-classical element) these feeble lights were snuffed out. I pass on to the finished Senecal product, because I am only concerned to elicit the effect of Seneca upon his sedulous admirers and imitators who professed to be, and were, men of taste and culture.

The Monarchic Tragedies of Alexander, Earl of Stirling, are the last on our list, composed under the auspices of the scholarly King James I.[73] They are poor stuff: I imagine that they are more important in the history of the Union than in the history of the Drama, since they represent the choice, by a Scotsman of accidental eminence, to write verse in English instead of in Scots.[74] Their faults are the faults of the other plays of the group; but they have not the virtues of the others. The two plays of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, the friend and biographer of Sidney, have some magnificent passages, especially in the choruses; Greville had a true gift for sententious declamation.[75] But they have much dullness also; and they do not imitate Seneca nearly so faithfully as either those of Alexander or those of Daniel. Greville not only cannot stick to one chorus, but will introduce, on one occasion, a chorus of "Bashas or Caddies," and after the next act, a chorus of "Mahometan Priests"; he introduces the still more doubtful practice of supernatural figures, a "dialogue of Good and Evil Spirits," or even a chorus of two allegorical figures, "Time and Eternity" (ending indeed with the fine line spoken by Eternity: "I am the measure of felicity").[76] The best, the best sustained, the most poetic and the most lyrical, are two tragedies of Samuel Daniel: *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*.[77] They contain many lovely passages, they are readable all through, and they are well built.

Now, in comparison with the supposed influence of Seneca on the barbarity of Elizabethan tragedy, and his supposed bad influence upon the language, what do we find in the plays of those who took him as their model in their attack upon the popular stage, in that attack in which Daniel, in his dedication of *Cleopatra* to the Countess of Pembroke, declared himself the foe of "Gross Barbarism"?[78] Deaths there are, of course, but there is none of these tragedies that is not far more restrained, far more discreet and sober, not only than the Tragedy of Blood, but than Seneca himself. Characters die so decently, so remote from the stage, and the report of their deaths is wrapped up in such long speeches by messengers stuffed with so many moral maxims, that we may read on unaware that any one concerned in the play has died at all. Where the popular playwrights travestied Seneca's melodrama and his fury, the Senecals travesty his reserve and his decorum. And as for the language, that, too, is a different interpretation of Seneca. How vague are our notions of bombast and rhetoric when they must include styles and vocabularies so different as those of Kyd and Daniel! It is by opposite excesses that Senecals and popular dramatists attract the same reproach. The language of Daniel is pure and restrained; the vocabulary choice, the expression clear; there is nothing far-fetched, conceited, or perverse.

CLEOPATRA. What, hath my face yet power to win a Lover?
  Can this torne remnant serve to grace me so,
That it can Caesar's secret plots discover
  What he intends with me and mine to do?
Why then, poor beauty, thou hast done thy last,
  And best good service thou could'st do unto me;
For now the time of death reveal'd thou hast,
  Which in my life did'st serve but to undo me.[79]

The first two lines are admirable; the rest are good serviceable lines; almost any passage from *Cleopatra* is as good, and some are far better. The whole thing is in excellent taste. Yet we may ponder the fact that it would not have made the slightest difference, to the formation of our Augustan poetry, if Daniel and his friends had never written a line; that Dryden and Pope are nearer allied to – Cowley; and that they owe more to Marlowe than to the purest taste of the sixteenth century. Daniel and Greville are good poets, and there is something to be learned from them; but they, and Sir John Davies who somewhat resembles them, had no influence. The only one of Lady Pembroke's heroes who endures is Edmund Spenser.

Within the limits of an essay[80†] it is impossible to do more than touch on the influence of Seneca upon the "thought" of the Elizabethans, or more exactly, upon their attitude toward life so far as it can be formulated in words. I would only say enough, at this point, to remind the reader that Seneca's influence upon dramatic form, upon versification and language, upon sensibility, and upon thought, must in the end be all estimated together; they cannot be divided. How the influence of Seneca is related, in the Elizabethan mind, with other influences, perhaps those of Montaigne and Machiavelli, I do not know; and I think it is a subject still to be investigated. But the frequency with which a quotation from Seneca, or a thought or figure ultimately derived from Seneca, is employed in Elizabethan plays whenever a moral reflection is required, is too remarkable to be ignored; and when an Elizabethan hero or villain dies, he usually dies in the odour of Seneca. These facts are known to scholars; but if known, they are usually ignored by literary critics. In a comparison of Shakespeare with Dante, for instance, it is assumed that Dante leant upon a system of philosophy which he accepted whole, whereas Shakespeare created his own: or that Shakespeare had acquired some extra- or ultra-intellectual knowledge superior to a philosophy. This occult kind of information is sometimes called "spiritual knowledge" or "insight." Shakespeare and Dante were both merely poets (and Shakespeare a dramatist as well); our estimate of the intellectual material they absorbed does not affect our estimate of their poetry, either absolutely or relatively to each other. But it must affect our vision of them and the use we make of them, the fact that Dante, for instance, had behind him an Aquinas, and Shakespeare behind him a Seneca. Perhaps it was Shakespeare's special role in history to have effected this peculiar union – perhaps it is a part of his special eminence to have expressed an inferior philosophy in the greatest poetry. It is certainly one cause of the terror and awe with which he inspires us.

> Omnia secto tramite vadunt
> primusque dies dedit extremum.
> non illa deo vertisse licet
> quae nexa suis currunt causis.
> it cuique ratus prece non ulla
> mobilis ordo.
> multis ipsum timuisse nocet.
> multi ad fatum venere suum
> dum fata timent.[81]

Compare with *Edward III*, Act iv, sc. iv (see Cunliffe, *Influence of Seneca*, 87), and with *Measure for Measure*, Act III, sc. i.[82] And

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all.[83*]

III

The *Tenne Tragedies* were translated and printed separately over a space of about eight years, with the exception of the *Thebais*, which was translated by Newton in 1581 to complete the work for his edition of the whole.[84†] The order and dates of the several translations are of interest. The first and best of the translators was Jasper Heywood:[85*] his *Troas* was printed in 1559, his *Thyestes* in 1560, his *Hercules Furens* in 1561. The *Oedipus* by Alexander Nevyle (translated 1560) was printed in 1563.[86] In 1566 appeared the *Octavia* of Nuce,[87] the *Agamemnon*, *Medea*, and *Hercules Oetaeus* of Studley in 1566, and the *Hippolytus* of Studley probably in 1567. About fourteen years then elapse before Newton produced his complete edition, and it may be presumed that he translated the *Thebais* for that purpose.[88*]

It has never been supposed, in spite of the acid taunt[89†] of Nashe, that any of the Elizabethan dramatists owe any great debt to these translations.[90*] Most of the playwrights, as I have intimated before, may be supposed to have had a smattering of Seneca at school; two of the popular dramatists who exercised a decisive influence at an important moment – Kyd and Peele – were acquainted with several languages, and therefore themselves subjected to several influences. But if we look at the dates we cannot overlook the probability that these translations helped to direct the course of events. They (all but one) appeared between 1559 and 1566. The first plays of Senecan form which could be called popular were Sackville and Norton's *Gorboduc*, which appeared in 1561, Gascoyne's *Jocasta* in 1566, and *Gismond of Salerne* in 1567. We must also take account, of course, of the fact that plays of Seneca, and plays in imitation of Seneca, were being produced in Latin at the Universities.[91*] The *Troades* was performed in Latin at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1551. Trinity resumed its enterprise in 1559 – the year of Heywood's *Troas*[92] – and between 1559 and 1561 the College produced in Latin four plays of Seneca. And during the 'sixties the two Universities first, and the Inns of Court subsequently, composed and performed a number of Latin plays on the Senecan model. This would have occurred, no doubt, even had Heywood never translated Seneca at all. But there can be little doubt that his translations indicate a nascent interest in a new vernacular drama to vie with classical drama, and that they in turn stimulated the beginning of this drama. At the same busy moment took place another event of capital importance, which combined with this Senecan work to produce English tragedy. In 1557 came the publication of Surrey's translation of Book II of the *Aeneid*, in the new "blank verse," the instrument without which the Elizabethan drama would have been impossible. The first-fruits, *Gorboduc*, are inconsiderable; but this play marks a new epoch; there is no clearer division in the whole of English literature.

We have, in fact, within a period of about forty years, three distinct phases in the development of English tragedy: the first, from 1559 to some time in the early 'eighties, is announced by Heywood's translations;[93†] the second is the period in which flourished Kyd and Peele, both of whom came to be influenced by the sudden and soon extinguished genius of Marlowe[94]; the third is the period of Shakespeare up to his culminating tragedies. Then follows a period of Jacobean drama which belongs not so much to Shakespeare, although Shakespeare's last plays fall within the first years of it, as to Beaumont and Fletcher: it is the period, not typically of tragedy, but of tragi-comic romance.

In the preceding section I insisted upon the difference between Seneca's influence upon popular drama and his influence upon those fastidious spirits, the Senecals, who tried to observe his dramatic laws. But this difference of tendency is hardly apparent in the first period, or until the appearance of Kyd and Peele. During this period the fashions set at the Universities were followed at the Inns of Court. The plays produced by the legal wits were sometimes acted at the Queen's Court, with which, indeed, the Inns had a kind of formal connection. And in turn the plays produced at the Royal Court affected the more popular drama.[95*] *Gorboduc* is followed by *Gismond of Salerne*, and *Gismond* later by the popular and atrocious *Locrine* (in which Peele almost certainly had at least a heavy hand); *The Misfortunes of Arthur* was probably too tardy to play much part in the transition.[96] Another play of importance, which shows the persistence of the influence from the Universities upon popular drama, is Legge's *Richardus Tertius*, a Latin chronicle play acted at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1573, and apparently repeated in 1579 and 1582.[97] This play is the parent of *The True Tragedy of Richard III*, and consequently of the entire brood of chronicle plays.

Another point which I have already considered, but which must be mentioned here in a different context, is the relation of Seneca to *Italian* Seneca, and of both to the native tendencies of the time. Italian Seneca is not conspicuous until the period of Kyd and Peele; but even among the translations of Heywood we can find evidence that he was to be by no means unwelcome. Besides other peculiarities of these translations which we must examine, there is an interesting addition made by Heywood to the *Troas*. In the play of Seneca Achilles' Ghost makes no appearance; it is merely mentioned as having been seen. The play was the first to be translated, and there is some reason for believing that the translation was intended to be played. The "divers and sundrye" additions[98] which Heywood invents render this supposition all the more plausible; for they are such as a translator would be much more likely to make if he had a performance in view, than if his translation were intended only for reading; in the latter event he might be expected to stick pretty closely to the text. Between the second and third acts of the *Troas* Heywood allows himself the liberty of interpolating a new scene of his own invention, which is a long soliloquy in thirteen stanzas by the Ghost of Achilles. And this independent "Sprite" rants in a tone which hardly Peele could outdo:

> From burning lakes the furies wrath I threate,
> And fire that nought but streames of bloud may slake
> The rage of wind and seas their shippes shall beate,
> And Ditis deepe on you shall vengeance take,
> The sprites crie out, the earth and seas do quake,
> The poole of Styx ungratefull Greekes it seath,
> With slaughtred bloud revenge Achilles death.[99]

It is to be observed that Nevyle and Studley both joined Inns of Court; that Nevyle came there to know Gascoyne, the author of *Jocasta*; and that Heywood knew, or at least knew of, Sackville and Norton before they had written *Gorboduc*.[100] The impulse toward the Tragedy of Blood is already present in these translators, and they do not hesitate to add or to alter; the distortion of Seneca begins with his translation.

It is not only as an embryonic form of Elizabethan tragedy that these translations have documentary interest. They represent the transformation of the older form of versification into the new – consequently the transformation of language and sensibility as well. Few things that can happen to a nation are more important than the invention of a new form of verse. And at no other time, and to no other country than England at that time, has such an achievement as that of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, had greater consequences. To the French or to the Italians it could not have mattered so much. Their sensibility had already learned to express itself in large part in prose: Boccaccio and Machiavelli in one country, and the chroniclers – Froissart,[101] Joinville, Commines – in the other, had already done a great work in forming the local mind. But the Elizabethan mind, far more than the contemporary mind in any other country, grew and matured through its verse rather than through its prose. The development of prose between Elyot and Bacon is certainly remarkable; but a comparison of styles between, say, Latimer and Andrewes shows a slower rate of change than the same space of time in verse, or the same space of time in prose in the next century. On the other hand, a study of the styles, the syntax, and the cadences of blank verse from *Gorboduc* to Shakespeare, and even after Shakespeare in the work of Webster and Tourneur, brings to light a process which is wholly astonishing.

The *Tenne Tragedies* must have shown conclusively to the most sensitive contemporary ears that the fourteener had had its day; it was certain that the verse of Surrey's *Aeneid* was in every way the verse in which to render the dignity and pomposity of the Senecan rhythm. And the slower iambic pentameter brought with it an alteration in vocabulary. The fourteener had served very well in rough comedy; it runs jollily in *Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton*.[102] It is no vehicle for solemn tragedy, and the miracle is that Heywood and Studley made as good a job with it as they did. The fourteener, and the kindred loose metres of the interlude, are not adapted to a highly Latinised vocabulary; they are adapted to a vocabulary containing a large proportion of short words and monosyllables of Germanic origin; a vocabulary which must have come to seem, as it seems to us, *naif* and "countrified," if fresh and vigorous. The language of early Tudor tunes is indeed in some ways a deterioration from the language of Chaucer. One reason for this is no doubt the change in pronunciation, the suppression of syllables; the melody of the older tongue had gone, and with this melody much of its dignity; new rhythms, and new infusions from abroad, were very much needed. At first, in fact, the innovations overpowered the language; the Elizabethan bombast was a verbal even more than an emotional debauch; it was not until the prose of Dryden and Hobbes that English settled down to something like sobriety.

In the *Iliad* of Chapman we see new wine bursting old bottles; the poem is a magnificent *tour de force* in which Chapman sometimes succeeds in fitting the new vocabulary to the old "stretched" metre.[103] But it is, consequently, a poem of brilliant passages rather than sustained success. Heywood and

Studley – particularly Studley – make no such attempt: their fourteener is early, not late Tudor; it is a different thing from Chapman's.[104] Only in the pentameter rhymed choruses does their sensibility become more modern; the contrast between their dialogue and their chorus verse is most interesting. Here is a random bit of Studley:

> O *wanny* jaws of blacke Averne, *eake* Tartar dungeon *grim*,
> O Lethes Lake of woful Soules the joy that therein swimme,
> And *eake* ye *glummy* Gulphes destroy, destroy me wicked wight
> And still in *pit of pangues* let me be plunged day and night.
> Now, now, come up ye Goblins grim from water *creekes* alow . . .[105]

The majority of the rhyme words are monosyllables. The most sonorous and canorous Latin names are truncated (it remained for Marlowe to discover, and Milton to perfect, the musical possibilities of classical names almost to the point of *incantation*). Alliteration, in as primitive a form as that of *Piers Plowman*, is constant. For instance, Heywood has

> *s*hal *S*isyphus his *s*tone,
> That slipper *r*estles *r*ollyng payse uppon my *b*acke be *b*orne,
> Or shall my lymmes with *s*wifter *s*winge of *w*hirling *w*hele be torne?
> Or shal my *p*aynes be Tytius *p*anges th' encreasyng liver still,
> Whose *g*rowing *g*uttes the *g*nawing *g*ripes and *f*ylthy *f*oules do *f*yll?[106]

To examine such lines under the microscope is not to do them justice; the vigorous vocabulary and swinging metre appear at their best when we read through a long descriptive or narrative passage: in the same play (the *Thyestes*) the messenger's account of the crime of Atreus (Act IV) is admirably rendered.[107]

In their handling of the choruses our translators are less scrupulous. When they translate the dialogue they are literal to the best of their ability – occasional inaccuracies or mistranslations being admitted – but in the choruses they will sometimes lengthen or shorten, sometimes omit altogether, or substitute an invention of their own. On the whole, their alterations tend to make the play more dramatic; sometimes they may be suspected of adding a political innuendo to the Senecan moralizing on the vanity of place and power. And it is especially in the choruses that we find, now and then, flashes of that felicity which is present in Tudor translation more perhaps than in the translations of any period into any language. For example, the whole of the chorus at the end of Act IV of Heywood's *Hercules Furens* is very fine, but the last six lines seem to me of singular beauty; and as the original, too, is a lovely passage, it is both fair and interesting to quote both original and translation. The persons addressed are the dead children of Hercules, whom he has just slain in his madness.

> ite ad Stygios, umbrae, portus
> ite, innocuae, quas in primo
> limine vitae scelus oppressit
> patriusque furor;
> ite, iratos visite reges.

And Heywood:

> Goe hurtles soules, whom mischiefe hath opprest
> Even in fyrst porch of lyfe but lately had,
> And fathers fury goe unhappy kind
> O litle children, by the way ful sad
>   Of journey knowen.
>   Goe see the angry kynges.[108]

Nothing can be said of such a translation except that it is perfect. It is a last echo of the earlier tongue, the language of Chaucer, with an overtone of that Christian piety and pity which disappears with Elizabethan verse. The greater part of the chorus work has not this purity: one feels a curious strain on the old vocabulary to say new things; the fluctuation, the shades of variation between the old world and the new deserve inquisitive study; the ambiguity probably contributes to give these translations a unique mood, which is only to be extracted and enjoyed after patient perusals. They are not translations to be read in a hurry; they do not yield their charm easily.

> Such friendship finde wyth Gods yet no man myght,
> That he the morowe might be sure to lyve.
> The God our things all tost and turned quight
>   Rolles with a whyrle wynde.[109]

NOTES

1. As published in *SE*, under this title. First published in 1927 as the "Introduction" to *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies Translated into English, Edited by Thomas Newton Anno 1581*, vol 1 (London: Constable; New York: Knopf). This reprint of Newton's two-volume edition of Seneca is vol XI in the *Tudor Translations* series, ed. Charles Whibley (hereafter *Tenne*

Tragedies, I, II; line numbers are not provided in the edition); Newton (ca. 1542-1607) was a clergyman, translator, and poet in Latin and English verse. TSE remarked in his 1919 review of Whibley's *Literary Studies* that "a combination of non-critical, rather than uncritical, qualities made Mr. Whibley the most appropriate person in the world for the work by which he is best known," including the Tudor Translations series (2.176). At Whibley's memorial service in 1961, TSE recalled, of his introduction to Geoffrey Faber as a potential director of the firm, that "my name had been suggested to him with warm commendation by my elder friend Charles Whibley." (*L2* 543, n.1)

2†. In *Tenne Tragedies*: "the present translations"

3. TSE called Southwell's poem, "The Burning Babe," "a genuine variation on the 'fourteener'" (2.798). For a definition of "fourteener," see 2.800, n.5.

4. *Inferno* IV.141, "Seneca the moralist" (*DC1* 45) is with Orpheus, Tully, Linus, and other noble pagans in Limbo.

5. Mackail actually devotes five pages to Seneca's life and achievements in *Latin Literature* (London: Macmillan, 1895); in the single page on the tragedies, he states that "all the rhetorical vices of his prose are here exaggerated. The tragedies are wholly without dramatic life, consisting merely of a series of declamatory speeches in correct but monotonous versification. . . . To say that the tragedies are without merit would be an overstatement, for Seneca . . . remained . . . an extremely able man of letters and an accomplished rhetorician" (175).

6. Désiré Nisard (1806-88), French classicist, Professor of Latin at the Collège de France, *Études de mœurs et de critique sur les poëtes latins de la decadence* (1834) [*Cultural and Critical Studies of the Latin Poets of the Decadence*].

7. H. E. (Harold Edgeworth) Butler (1878-1951), Fellow of New College, Oxford, author of *Post-Augustan Poetry from Seneca to Juvenal* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1909). The quotation continues: "and has proved a blemish to the work of all save a few great writers who recognized the value of rhetoric, but never mistook the shadow for the substance" (71).

8. (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1922), 55.

9. The Renaissance humanist Julius Caesar Scaliger praises the tragedies of Seneca over those of Euripides in his *Poetics libri septem* (1561) [*The Seven Books of Poetics*], Book VI.vi.323.

10*. TSE's note: "I must admit, however, that this view has recently been contested with great force by Léon Herrmann: *Le Théâtre de Sénèque* (Paris, 1924). See p. 195 of that book."

Hermann contests the theories of Lindskog, Pais, and Cleasby that some of Seneca's plays were intended only for recitation: "LES TRAGÉDIES SONT ÉCRITES POUR LE THÉÂTER. La théorie que nous adoptons est que toutes les tragédies de Sénèque, sans exception, étaient destinées par lui à la présentation sur un théâtre public ou privé de ces oeuvres, avec acteurs, chœurs et musique (195)." *Trans*: THE TRAGEDIES WERE WRITTEN FOR THE THEATRE. The theory we adopt is that all of Seneca's tragedies, without exception, were intended by him for presentation in a public or private theatre, with actors, choruses, and music.

11. Butler espouses this view in *Post-Augustan Poetry*: "Hercules kills his children in full view of the audience, not within the house as in the corresponding drama of Euripides. Such scenes suggest that the plays were written not for the stage but for recitation. . . ." (73).

12. Butler writes in *Post-Augustan Tragedy*: "While the hero is engaged in slaying his children, Amphitryon, in a succession of short speeches, gives the details of the murder. This would be ridiculous and unnecessary were the scene actually presented on the stage,

whereas they become absolutely necessary on the assumption that the play was written for recitation" (73).

13. English theater director, designer, and wood engraver Edward Gordon Craig (1872-1976) experimented with the use of puppets in avant-garde drama; he settled in Florence in 1907. Eliot read Craig's *The Art of the Theatre* (1905) as early as 1907 (see "Gordon Craig's Socratic Dialogues" in *Drama* for Spring 1955) and discussed Craig's "Puppets and Poets" in his "London Letter" of July 1921 (2.363).

14*. TSE's note:

"*E.g.* o mors amoris una sedamen mali,
o mors pudoris maximum laesi decus." – (*Hippolytus*, 1188-89.)" *Trans*: "O death the chiefest joy / Of wounding shame: Death only ease of stinging Loves annoy"; trans. John Studley; *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 180. Latin text, Miller, 414.

15*. TSE's note: "Here the translator seems to me to have hit on the sense:†

Beare witnesse, grace of God is none in place of thy repayre.

A modern translator (Professor Miller, editing the Loeb Translation text) gives 'bear witness, where thou ridest, that there are no gods.' It seems to me more effective if we take the meaning to be that there are no gods *where* (*ever*) *Medea is*, instead of a mere outburst of atheism. But the old Farnaby edition observes "testimonium contra deorum justitiam, vel argumento nullos esse in caelo deos."

†In *Tudor Translations*: "Here, by the way, our translator (vol. ii. p. 98)"; trans. John Studley from *Medea*, The Fifth Acte; the translation by the American classicist Frank Justus Miller (1858-1938) is from the Loeb Classical Library edition of the two-volume *Seneca's Tragedies* (London: Heinemann, 1917), I, 315; TSE takes the Latin text (here, 1026-27) for all subsequent quotations from the Miller edition, which he owned. The classical scholar Thomas Farnaby (ca.1575-1647) glosses the last line from his English edition of Seneca's tragedies in Latin, first published in 1613: "A testimony against the justice of the gods, or a declaration that there are no gods in heaven"; *read*: "Testimonium dicas contra deorum justitiam vel argumento"; from Farnaby's *L. & M. Annaei Senecae atque aliorum tragoediae* (Paris: Seastianum Cramoisy, 1625), *Medea* (49).

16†. In *Tenne Tragedies*: "by our translator"

17. *Trans*: Where am I? under ryse of sunne or bond els uttermost / Of th' yey beare . . . ? trans. Jasper Heywood, *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 46. Latin text, Miller (1139-40), 98. TSE uses the preceding line (1138), "Quis hic locus, quae regio, quae mundi plaga?" ("What place is this? what region? or of the world what coast?") as epigraph to "Marina" (*CPP* 72-73).

18. *Bussy D'Ambois* V.iv.102-07; *read* "the burning axletree." TSE quotes these lines in comparison to the same lines of Seneca in "Reflections on Contemporary Poetry" (1919) (2.67). In his "Conclusion" to *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* (1933), TSE quotes these lines again, this time correctly, remarking that on "on the previous occasion I had an inaccurate text." Comparing the passage to one from Seneca's *Hercules Oetaues* and again to *Hercules furens*, he notes: "this imagery had some personal saturation value, so to speak, for Seneca; another for Chapman, and another for myself, who have borrowed it twice from Chapman" (4.687). One such borrowing appears in "Gerontion": "whirled / Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear / In fractured atoms" (*CPP* 31); another appears in *Burnt Norton*: "Garlic and sapphires in the mud / Clot the bedded axle-tree" (*CPP* 172).

19. *Troas*, The Fifth Acte; *trans*: "The Child and Virgin both be slaine, your battels finisht are"; trans. Jasper Heywood, *Tenne Tragedies*, II, 52. Latin text, Miller [1167-68], 514.

20. *Oedipus*, The Fifth Acte (Chorus); *trans*: "Mans lyfe with tumbling fatal course of fortunes wheele is rowld, / To it give place, for it doth run all swiftly uncontrowld. / And Cares and teares are spent in vayn, for it cannot be stayed, / Syth hie decree of heavenly powers perforce must be obayed. / What mankind bydes or does on earth it cometh from above, / Then wayling grones powrd out in griefe do nought at all behove"; *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 226. Latin text, Miller [980-88], 514. TSE quotes "fatis agimur" in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927) as an example of "Senecan fatalism" (3.251).

21. See TSE's "The Noh and the Image" (1917), his review of *Noh; or, Accomplishment* by Ernest Fenollosa and Ezra Pound (1.564). Bhāsa and his successor Kālidasa flourished as fifth-century playwrights in Sanskrit, basing their work on Hindu philosophy. Kālidasa's *Sakuntala* is his most performed play outside India. TSE would have discovered them while studying Indian philosophy and Sanskrit at Harvard.

22. Menander (ca. 342-292 BC), Athenian comedian; Lope de Vega (1562-1635) and Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-81), Spanish dramatists.

23. Thomas Hardy, *The Dynasts: An Epic Drama of the War with Napoleon in Three Parts* (1904, 1906, 1908); Henrik Ibsen, *Peer Gynt* (1876).

24. Sir William Alexander, first Earl of Stirling (ca. 1567-1640), Scots poet, dramatist, and statesman. His studies of Seneca's tragedies and the Senecan tradition in Italy, France, and England appear in vol 2 (The Non-Dramatic Works) of *The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander*, ed. L. E. Kastner and H. B. Charlton (1890-1961); also published in 1921.

25. *The Works of Thomas Kyd*, ed. F. S. Boas (Oxford: Clarendon, 1901).

26. Ed. J. W. Cunliffe (Oxford: Clarendon, 1912).

27. (New Haven: Yale UP, 1924), ed. Alexander Maclaren Witherspoon (1894-1964). TSE wrote to Richard Aldington on 8 Oct 1924: "Many thanks for lending me the Garnier book, and for giving me the tip about him. Of course, I am genuinely extremely ignorant – my only strength is that I am not abashed to admit it" (*L2* 506).

28. See TSE's review of Reed's book in "More and Tudor Drama" (2.856).

29. *The Spanish Tragedy* (1592) is a popular revenge tragedy by Kyd, who is also considered by many to be the author of the so-called Ur-Hamlet, the lost Hamlet play upon which Shakespeare's is based.

30†. *Tenne Tragedies*: "in this Introduction"

31. Count Ugolino appears in Canto XXXIII of *Inferno*, gnawing on the skull of Archbishop Ruggieri, his political enemy who betrayed him by locking him, his sons and his nephews in his tower, where the children died and he in hunger cannibalized them. TSE remarks on the episode in "Dante" (1929) (3.708). *A Yorkshire Tragedy* (1608), probably by Middleton, is a domestic tragedy based on real-crime murders committed in 1605 (not 1603, as TSE posits). Both appear in Brooke's *Shakespeare Apocrypha*.

32. *News of the World*: a British tabloid published from 1843 to 2011.

33. From *The Oxford Dictionary of Plays* (2012): "The ghost of Tantalus is temporarily released from the torments of the underworld to warn his grandsons, Atreus and Thyestes, to abandon their violence towards each other in their struggle over their father's throne. Atreus at present rules in Mycena. . . . Atreus ritually slaughters Thyestes' three sons, roasts their

dismembered bodies, and serves them as a feast to their father . . . Atreus reveals to Thyestes that he has murdered his sons, and when Thyestes begs for their bodies to bury them, Atreus tells him that Thyestes has eaten them himself. In despair, Thyestes can hope only that the gods will avenge this terrible crime."

34. This would likely occur at the line, "For here they are loe come to thee," in The Third Scene of *Thyestes*, though the play contains no stage directions. *Tenne Tragedies*, 89.

35. Robert Garnier (1544-90), French dramatist. His *Cornélie* (1573-74) was translated into English ca. 1590, probably by Kyd.

36*. TSE's note: "I suggest also that besides *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and to some extent *Othello* among Shakespeare's major tragedies have this 'thriller' interest, whilst it is not introduced into *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, or *Coriolanus*."

37*. TSE's note: "I dissent from Dr. Boas, and agree with that body of opinion which attributes *Arden* to Kyd, *e.g.* Fleay, Robertson, Crawford, Dugdale Sykes, Oliphant."

38. *Arden of Feversham* (1592) is an anonymous, domestic tragedy, based on the sixteenth-century real-crime case of Mrs. Alice Arden and her lover's murder of her prosperous husband in Faversham, Kent.

39. Thomas Kyd, *The Truth of the Most Wicked and Secret Murdering of John Brewen* (London, 1592). This real-crime pamphlet describes the murder of a husband by his wife. On Dekker's plague pamphlets, see "Plague Pamphlets" (1926) and "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (1929).

40*. TSE's note: "See J. M. Robertson: *An Introduction to the Study of the Shakespeare Canon*."

41. *King Lear* IV.i.66-84. Gloucester is accused of treachery for his loyalty to Lear and blinded on the stage by Cornwall, Regan, and Goneril.

42. TSE likely refers to the tragedy at the center of Thomas Hardy's novel (1896): the horrific murder of the two younger children by the older, who subsequently kills himself.

43. J. W. Cunliffe, *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy* (Hamden, CT: Archon Books, 1893); F. L. Lucas, *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1922).

44. Anonymous, *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke* (1595). This predecessor to Shakespeare is listed by Brooke as variously attributed to Shakespeare, but is not included in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*.

45. *The Shakespeare Apocrypha, Being a Collection of Fourteen Plays Which Have Been Ascribed to Shakespeare*, ed. C. F. Tucker Brooke (Oxford: Clarendon, 1908). TSE assigned the book to his 1918 Extension lecture class (1.758).

46*. TSE's note: "Usually attributed to Greene, and dated about 1585 (see Brooke, *Shakespeare Apocrypha*). Neither authorship nor date is important for my purpose: the play was obviously written by someone who had not yet experienced the influence of Marlowe."

47. Anonymous, *Locrine* (1595). The play features a ruler from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History*, who is also mentioned in Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* (1590). It is the second play in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*.

48. *Locrine* III.vi.1-55, in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, 97.

49. Ercles bombast (OED): "Bottom's pronunciation of "Hercules"; "Ercles vein" is a stock quotation. The phrase suggests ludicrous bombast, from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I.ii.36: "This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein." Bottom's preceding remarks explain: "That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms" (I.ii.20-21).

50. Robert Greene, *David and Bethsabe* (David); *read*: "like the roe"

51. *Richard II* V.ii.46-47 (Duchess of York)

52. *Hamlet* I.i.166-67 (Horatio); *read*: "eastward"

53. stichomythia (OED): "In classical Greek Drama, dialogue in alternate lines, employed in sharp disputation, and characterized by antithesis and rhetorical repetition or taking up of the opponent's words."

54. *Hercules furens*, The Second Acte (Lycus to Megara, in dialogue); *trans*: "More then my Sceptors is a servaunt loved so? / How many hath this servant slayne of kings with handy stroake? / Why doth he yet a king then serve, and still sustayne his yoake?" Trans. Jasper Heywood, *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 22. Latin text, Miller [430-32], 38; TSE's italics.

55. *Trans*: (Nutrix to Medea, in dialogue) "My Father was a King, yet I betrayed his Fleece of gould. / Cannot the deadly violence of weapons make thee feare? / No . . . Would God that I were dead. / Fly, fly to save thy life. / Woe worth the time that once I fled. / What O Medea. / Why shall I fly? / A mother deere art thou, Fly therefore for thy childrens sake. / Ye see by whom, and how, A wretched Mother I am made." Trans. John Studley, *Tenne Tragedies*, II, 62-63. Latin text, Miller [163-74], 242; Miller translation: "The king is to be feared. / My father was a king. / Fearest thou not arms? / Not though they were sprung from earth. / Thou'lt die. / I wish it. / Flee! / Of flight I have repented. / Medea, / Will I be. / Thou art a mother. / By whom, thou seest" (243).

56. Shakespeare, *Richard III* IV.iv.211-14. Richard to Queen Elizabeth, who suggests his marriage to her daughter.

57. *Richard III* IV.iv.40-43. Margaret to the Duchess of York.

58. V.iv.21-23 (Corineius's ghost).

59*. TSE's note: "I once expressed the opinion that these lines [*Richard III* I.iv.45-51] must be by Shakespeare. I am not so confident now. See J. M. Robertson: *The Shakespeare Canon*, Part II." In "The Authorship of *Richard III*," Robertson argues: "To Marlowe, however, we are bound to assign Clarence's dream (I, iv) . . . the verse is not Shakespeare's." *The Shakespeare Canon, I-III* (London: Routledge, 1922), 171.

60. The phrase comes from Seneca, *Hippolytus* 221, "nocte perpetua domun" [home of perpetual night] and *Oedipus* 393, "noctis aeternae plagis" [regions of perpetual night]. Miller, 334, 460.

61. *Richard III* is conjectured to have been composed ca. 1592; *Richard II*, ca. 1594-95.

62*. TSE's note: "I do not deny that some parts, or some lines, of *Richard III* are later than *Richard II*. Both plays may have undergone revision from time to time, and in any case must be dated near together."

63. *Richard II* III.iii.174; *read*: "till Richard die?"

64. *Richard II* IV.i.287-88

65. Richard has no lines in III.ii, or III.iii; IV.iv is dominated by Margaret's prognostic declamations, including the series of lines TSE earlier quoted: "I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him."

66. Envy delivers the prologue to *The Poetaster; or His Arraignment* (1602); Sylla's Ghost to *Catiline* (1611). The Ghost of Andrea provides a long "ghost-prologue" to *The Spanish Tragedy* (1594?), hence TSE's mention here of Kyd.

67. On "rhetoric," see "'Rhetoric' and Poetic Drama" (1919) (1.83).

68. Cocteau writes in the *Préface* to *Les Mariés de la Tour Eiffel* [*The Wedding on the Eiffel Tower*] (1923): "J'essaie donc de substituer une 'poésie de théâtre' à la 'poésie au théâtre.' La poésie au théâtre est une dentelle délicate impossible à voir de loin. La poésie de théâtre serait une grosse

dentelle; une dentelle en cordages, un navire sur la mer. *Les Mariés* peuvent avoir l'aspect terrible d'une goutte de poésie au microscope. Les scènes s'emboîtent comme les mot d'un poème." *Théâtre* (Paris: Gallimard, 1948), 45. *Trans*: "I am attempting to substitute a 'poetry of the theatre' for 'poetry in the theatre.' Poetry in the theatre is a delicate lace, impossible to see at any distance. Poetry of the theatre should be a coarse lace, a lace of ropes, a ship at sea. *Les Mariés* can have the frightening appearance of a drop of poetry seen under a microscope. The scenes are linked like the words of a poem." Trans. Michael Benedikt, *Modern French Plays*, ed. Michael Benedikt and George E. Wellworth (London: Faber and Faber, 1965), 96-97. TSE refers to the play in his eighth Clark lecture (2.743).

69. In "More and Tudor Drama" (1926), TSE remarks that the Countess of Pembroke presided over "one of the two most interesting literary circles of the sixteenth century, which was more in the nature of a salon presided over by a great lady" (2.856).

70. The Cambridge classical scholars, John Cheke (knighted in 1551), his student Roger Ascham, and the Oxford-educated Latin poet Thomas Watson, author of the Latin tragedy *Absalom*, referred to in Ascham's *The Scholemaster*.

71. *An Apologie for Poetry* (1595; also titled *Defence of Poesie*). *Sidney's Apologie for Poetry*, ed. J. Churton Collins (Oxford: Clarendon, 1907), 51-52. TSE assigned Sidney's essay in his 1918 Extension course on Elizabethan literature, along with Fulke Greville's *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* and *Gorbuduc* (1.756).

72. *Gorboduc; or, The Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex*, by Thomas Norton (ca. 1530-84) and Thomas Sackville (1536-1608), was first acted in 1561 by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple. It relates the story of the King's disastrous division of the kingdom between his two sons, whose ensuing rivalry caused civil war. *Jocasta* (1566), by Gascoigne, is adapted from an Italian version of Euripides' *Phoenician Women*; *Gismond of Salerne* (1591), by Robert Wilmot (ca. 1550-1608) and others (described on the title-page as "the gentlemen of the Inner Temple"), is a love story adapted from a tale of Boccaccio. They are included in *Early English Classical Tragedies*, ed. J. W. Cunliffe, along with a fourth play, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*.

73. Sir William Alexander's *The Monarchick Tragedies* (1604) were preceded by the tragedies of *Darius* (1603) and *Aurora* (1604).

74. Although James's assumption of the English crown in 1603 yoked England and Scotland together under the same monarch, it was not until 1 May 1707 that a formal Act of Union was signed to form Great Britain. On Scots language, see TSE's "Was There a Scottish Literature?" (1919) (2.92).

75. Greville and Sidney met at Shrewsbury School in 1556, and shared a lifelong literary friendship. Greville wrote three plays between 1595 and 1600: *Mustapha*, *Alaham*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

76. The "Chorus Primus" in I.ii of *Mustapha* is composed of "Basha's or Caddies" (312); a "basha" (or "pasha") is a counselor; a "caddie" (or "cadi") is a judge. The "Chorus Secondus" (II.iv) is sung by "Mahometan Priests" (343); "Chorus Tertius" of III.ii contains a dialogue ("Of Time: Eternitie") between Time and Eternity, ending with Eternity's lines: "Doe what you can: mine shall subsist by me / I am the measure of felicitie" (369). The play concludes with "Chorus Quintus" (V.i), an exchange between "Tartarorum" and "Sacerdotum" (415-17). *Alaham* begins with a speech by a Ghost and contains a "Chorus Primus, / Of Good Spirits" (188), a "Chorus Secondus, of Furies" (221), and a "Chorus Tertius, A Dialogue of Good and Eville Spirits" (247).

The Works in Verse and Prose Complete, of the Right Honourable Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, vol III, ed. Alexander Gosart (1870).

77. *Cleopatra* (1593-94); *Philotas* (1605).

78. *The Tragedy of Cleopatra* (Glasgow, 1751). "Now when so many pens (like spears) are charg'd / To chase away this tyrant of the north / Gross Barbarism, whose power grown far enlarg'd / Was lately by thy valiant brother's worth / First found, encountered, and provoked forth." There are two different dedicatory poems to the play.

79. *Cleopatra* III.ii.1-8

80†. In *Tenne Tragedies*: Within our limits

81. *Oedipus*, The Fifth Acte (Chorus); *trans*: "Our life must have her pointed course, (alas) what shall I say: / As fates decree, so things do run, no man can make them stay. / For at our byrth to Gods is known our latter dying day, / No prayer, no Arte, not God himself may fatall fates resist. / But fastned all in fixed course, unchaunged they persist"; trans. Alexander Nevyle, *Ten Tragedies*, I, 226; Latin text, Miller [987-94], 514, 516. Nevyle's translation is free. Compare Miller: "All things move on in an appointed path, and our first day fixed our last. Those things God may not change which speed on their way, close woven with their causes. To each his established life goes on, unmovable by any prayer. To many their very fear is bane; for many have come upon their doom while shunning doom."

82. From Cunliffe's *Influence of Seneca* (87), a reference to *Edward III* IV.iv.133-38, from *The Shakespeare Apocrypha* (138): "To die is all as common as to live. . . / For whether ripe or rotten, drop we shall / As we do drawe the lotterie of our doome." Cunliffe compares the passage to *Oedipus* 1008-16, the passage TSE gives above ("omnia certo…fata timent"). TSE also points to the Duke's speech to Claudio about death – "Be absolute for death; either death or life / Shall thereby be the sweeter" – in *Measure for Measure* III.i.5-41, three lines of which he appended as epigraph to "Gerontion" (*CPP* 29).

83*. TSE's note, appended to the quotation from *King Lear* V.ii.9-11: "Mr. F. L. Lucas, in his *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy*, says (122): 'But it must be said once for all about the bulk of Shakespeare's supposed borrowings from Seneca, that one grows more and more sceptical.' What has been said once for all is not for me to dispute, but I would point out that I am not here concerned with Shakespeare's 'borrowings' (where I am inclined to agree) but with Shakespeare as the voice of his time, and this voice in poetry is, in the most serious matters of life and death, most often the voice of Seneca. I subscribe to the observation of Cunliffe (*op. cit.* p. 85): 'We have (in *King Lear*) Seneca's hopeless fatalism, not only in the catastrophe, but repeatedly brought forward in the course of the play."

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

In Cunliffe, after "course of the play"; *read*: "Gloster in his blindness says (IV.I)"

84†. The following sentence in *Tenne Tragedies* was deleted in *SE* (1932): "Copies of most of the first editions exist in the British Museum; the text which is here presented is that of the collected *Tenne Tragedies* produced by Newton."

85*. TSE's note: "Sometime Fellow of All Souls College, and later an eminent Jesuit; but chiefly remembered as the uncle of John Donne. Much information about Heywood and his family is contained in A. W. Reed's *Early Tudor Drama*."

86. Alexander Nevyle (1544-1614), English author and translator.

87. Thomas Nuce (ca. 1545-1617), English poet and translator, Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and from 1572 a university preacher. In Newton's *Tenne Tragedies*, he is listed only as "T. N." on *Octavia*'s title-page.

88*. TSE's note: "These facts are given succinctly in Cunliffe's *Influence of Seneca*. The slight textual differences between the early editions and that of 1581 are given by E. M. Spearing: *The Elizabethan Translations of Seneca's Tragedies*."

89†. In *Tudor Translations*: taunts

90*. TSE's note: "See E. M. Spearing: *op. cit.*"

91*. TSE'S note: "For a convenient summary of the Senecan movement throughout Europe, and, particularly in England, see Kastner and Charlton's edition of Alexander, above mentioned."

92. *Troades* [Trojans] is the original Seneca play; Heywood's translation is entitled *Troas*.

93†. In *Tenne Tragedies*: "by our translations of Heywood's"

94. Marlowe was killed in 1593, aged 29, during a tavern brawl.

95*. TSE's note: "See J. M. Manly's introduction (p. v.) to F. S. Miller's translation of *The Tragedies of Seneca* (1907)."

96. Thomas Hughes, *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587), is the fourth play in Cunliffe's *Early English Classical Tragedies*.

97. This precursor of the *The True Tragedy of Richard III* remained unpublished, existing only in various manuscripts, until the Shakespeare Society printed it in 1844.

98. The title page of *Troas* remarks on "divers and sundrye additions to the same, by Jasper Heywood." *Tenne Tragedies*, II, 1.

99. *Troas*, from "The Second Acte / The Spright of Achilles Added to the Tragedy by the Translator." *Tenne Tragedies*, II, 18.

100. George Gascoyne [also Gascoigne] (1534/5-77) was an English poet, playwright, translator, politician, and soldier. His translation of *Jocasta* (1566), derived from Lodovico Dolce's Italian adaptation of Euripides' *Phoenician Women*, first brought Greek drama to the English stage. He appears to have met fellow translator Nevyle at Gray's Inn, which he attended in addition to St. John's College, Cambridge.

101. Jean Froissart (1333?-1400), French medieval poet and court historian, and the author of an influential *Chronicles*, which describes the feudal world of Europe and its courtly and chivalric ideals.

102. Udall, *Ralph Roister Doister* (performed 1552, pub. 1566), is the earliest-known English comedy in verse; the second is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by John Still or William Stevenson (performed 1566, pub. 1575).

103. See Shakespeare's Sonnet 17, "Who will believe my verse in time to come," lines 12-13: "And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage, / And stretched metre of an antique song." In *The Works of Shakespere: Sonnets* (London: Methuen, 1918), the commentator C. K. Pooler quotes Edward Dowden's definition of stretched metre ("overstrained poetry") and states that "it is not the metre that is stretched, but the stretching that is metrical; if so, it may be explained as poetic license, the exaggeration of a poet." Keats uses the latter line as epigraph to *Endymion* (1818).

104. John Studley (1545-90?), English translator of the *Hippolytus* (1567), *Agamemnon* (1566), *Medea* (1566), and *Hercules Oetaeus* (1581), all of which appear in Newton's *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies*.

105. From *Hippolytus*, The Fifth Acte; *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 181; TSE's italics.

106. *Thyestes*, The First Acte; trans. Jasper Heywood. *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 55. TSE's markings of the alliteration.

107. *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 79-82

108. *Hercules Furens*, The Fourth Acte; trans. Heywood; *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 45; Latin text above from Miller [1131-37], 98.

109. *Thyestes*, The Third Acte, choral conclusion; *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 76.

Richard Edwards[1]

An unsigned review of *The Life and Times of Richard Edwards*, by Leicester Bradner

New Haven: Yale UP; London: Milford, 1927. Pp. [v] + 144.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1336 (8 Sept 1927) 604

Whenever we feel inclined to quarrel with *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, it is wise to inspect the other works of one of those very minor poets from whom Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has taken one or two poems. About the major poets, and what selections should be made, no two persons will ever agree. But when we read the whole work of one of those obscure people from whom Quiller-Couch has taken one poem, we find that he is almost always right. He was right about Southwell, who wrote nothing better, at any rate, than "The Burning Babe"; and he was right about Edwards (or Edwardes) from whom he took "Amantium Irae."[2] Edwards wrote no other poem so good. But it is agreeable to have a book about Edwards which includes all of Edwards's poetry. It is only to be regretted that Dr. Bradner (this book is his dissertation for the doctorate) did not include a text of the play, *Damon and Pithias*, for then we should have had Edwards complete in one volume.[3] He has written an interesting book, rather scrappy, but Edwards is a scrappy personality: and he has made several interesting observations by the way.

Richard Edwards was a successful man. He was born, according to Dr. Bradner, in 1524 (not 1523, the date given by Anthony à Wood and copied into the Oxford Book), probably in Somerset.[4] We learn nothing of him until he went up to Oxford and was entered at Corpus. If his tutor was one Etherage, reputed to be a skilled musician and composer, that was probably important for Edwards's later career.[5] He distinguished himself very early, for he succeeded in obtaining appointment as one of the first Students of Christ Church. Much of his history is conjecture; but he had the later felicity of becoming a member of Lincoln's Inn;[6] and, in the comprehensive manner of his age, very likely took holy orders as well. By 1557 he was a member of the Chapel Royal, so that he must already have distinguished himself as a musician: and in 1561 he received the high distinction of being made Master of the Children.[7] The Mastership was a position requiring varied accomplishments. It meant an honourable position at Court, and therefore implied social gifts. It required a man who could manage and teach children, who had considerable knowledge of music, and who had some knack of stage-management and invention. He had, in fact, to devise entertainments for the Queen and train the boys to perform them. Edwards seems to have been perfectly fitted for the post, and to have enjoyed favour under both Queens. In 1564 he produced his *Damon and Pithias*.

Historically, Edwards is more important (and certainly better known) as dramatist than as lyric poet. He was one of the first of Elizabethan vernacular dramatists. He belongs not so much to the University tradition as to the Inns of Court tradition, that maintained by Sackville and Norton.[8] Both *Damon and Pithias* and *Palamon and Arcite* (the latter a curious instance of a play, never published, the manuscripts of which have vanished) were enormously successful. At the performance of the latter play, during her visit to Oxford, Queen Elizabeth was apparently ravished with joy.[9] And Edwards probably wrote other plays which also gave pleasure at Court. Dr. Bradner discusses *Damon and Pithias* with knowledge, acumen, and some sense of humour and proportion. One of his most interesting remarks is the attribution of a definite theory of "comic relief" to one Johannes Aerius, the tutor of Grimald, whom Edwards probably knew.[10] Aerius seems to have affirmed a theory of tragi-comedy, or, in fact, melodrama, and says, as quoted by Dr. Bradner:

> just as the first act yields to tragic sorrow in order that the subject-matter may keep its title, so the fifth and last adapts itself to delight and joy; likewise, in order that variety may be opposed to satiety, in all the other intermediate acts sad and cheerful incidents are inserted in turn. (1543.)[11] [54]

This was more or less the practice of Edwards; and as Dr. Bradner observes, is interesting as an academic statement of dramatic theory preceding the Sidney controversy.[12] Dr. Bradner does not pretend that *Damon and Pithias* has any literary merit. But he points out with much cogency the real dramatic merit of Edwards's piece. We regret all the more not having the text of the play in this book, though there are already several editions, for Dr. Bradner has here provided an excellent introduction to it.

In discussing Edwards's poetry Dr. Bradner makes one point of great value. Between 1547 (the death of Surrey) and 1579 (the publication of *The Shepherd's Calendar*) poetry did not stand still, but retrogressed. Dr. Bradner compares *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557) with *The Paradise of Dainty Devises* (1576), in which many of Edwards's poems appeared.[13] He has applied, and with interesting results, the metrical tests so respected by American scholarship. He finds that Wyatt alone used "no less than twenty-two different variations of metre and rhyme- scheme" [83]. When we get to the *Paradise* (1576) we find that thirty-six out of a hundred poems are in the fourteener or in the poulter's measure.[14] Dr. Bradner does not allude to the Senecan traditions which were appearing during those years, but these may certainly be instanced, either as a cause, or at least as an example, of the fourteener during this period.[15] What Dr. Bradner does not discuss, but it is a subject which might bear investigation, is the special vocabulary of fourteener verse of this period, and its remarkable difference from either Chaucerian or the Spenserian vocabulary – a special vocabulary, in fact, elicited by the requirements of this type of verse. This book would be worth mention if only because it contains the text of all of Edwards's poems. But Dr. Bradner has written a good essay, containing good points too numerous to mention.

NOTES

1. Title supplied by the *TLS*. Richard Edwards (1525-66), English poet, playwright, and musician.

2. Edwards's poem appeared in the first edition of *The Paradise of Dayntie Deuises* (1576), the first anthology of lyrical poetry in Elizabeth's reign. The title was taken from Terence's comedy *Andria* [*The Girl from Andros*] (ca. 170 BC), line 555: "Amantium irae amoris integratio est" [*trans*: Lovers' quarrels are the renewal of love]. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (1863-1944), editor, critic, and King Edward VII Professor of English at Cambridge, includes only "Amantium Irae" in *The Oxford Book of English Verse 1250-1900* (1900). For TSE's discussion of Southwell's poem, see "The Author of 'The Burning Babe'" (2.797).

3. Leicester Bradner (1899-1989), instructor of Renaissance literature at Brown University, presented this text for his doctorate at Yale. Edwards's *Damon and Pithias* (1571), a dramatic rendition of the Greek myth, was first produced at court in Whitehall during the Christmas revels of 1564 and is his only surviving play.

4. Anthony à Wood (1632-95), English antiquarian, wrote the first biographical account of Edwards in his two-volume *Athenae Oxonienses: An Exact History of All the Writers and Bishops Who Have Had their Education in the University of Oxford from 1500 to 1690* (1691-92).

5. George Etherage (Etherege, Etheridge) (*fl.* 1588), Greek scholar and musician, tutored Edwards in music at Corpus Christi College.

6. Lincoln's Inn, one of the four Inns of Court in London (with Gray's Inn, Inner Temple, and Middle Temple), associations of barristers and solicitors where students of law trained before being called to the Bar.

7. The Chapel Royal, a body of priests, singers, and musicians who provided divine service for the sovereign at the principal royal residences, was founded in the thirteenth century; the

Chapel's choir, known as the Children of the Chapel Royal, was directed by the Master of Children.

8. Thomas Sackville, 1st Earl of Dorset (1536-1608), and Thomas Norton (1532-84), authors of *Gorboduc* (1561), the first five-act tragedy and the first play in blank verse in English drama. It was first performed before Queen Elizabeth in the Inner Temple. As monarchs and noblemen did not visit London playhouses, they attended performances of plays at the royal residences, at one of the four Inns of Court, or in the halls of colleges at Oxford and Cambridge.

9. A dramatization of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale," the two-part play was performed before Queen Elizabeth in Christ Church hall in Sept 1566 during her royal visit to Oxford.

10. Aerius (*fl.* 1540), skilled in the arts of oratory and dramaturgy; Nicholas Grimald (ca. 1520-62), poet, playwright, and colleague of Edwards at Christ Church.

11. Bradner quotes from Grimald's Dedicatory Epistle to *Christus Redivivus* (1543), in which he gives the views of Aerius on dramatic method. Bradner cites the Epistle as printed in L. R. Merrill, *Life and Poems of Nicholas Grimald* (Yale Studies in English, 1925, 109).

12. TSE refers to the controversy initiated by Puritan playwright Stephen Gosson's invective against the melodramas and vulgar comedies of poets, playwrights, and players in his *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. The tract induced Sidney, who distanced himself from the dedication, to write his *Defense of Poesy*, composed ca. 1581 but not published until 1595.

13. The London publisher Richard Tottel (ca. 1530-94) printed the first anthology of English lyrics under the title *Songes and Sonettes* in 1557, better known as *Tottel's Miscellany*, featuring poems by Wyatt, Surrey, Nicholas Grimald, and others. Bradford describes the volume as "in one sense not a milestone of progress, but rather the tomb of a departed glory. Elizabethan poets began the long and tedious ascent of Parnassus all over again from the bottom" (83).

14. The fourteener is a metrical line of fourteen syllables, usually iambic, common in English poetry, ballads, and hymns in the English Renaissance; in poulter's measure, a twelve-syllable iambic line rhymes with a fourteen-syllable iambic line in couplets that are often organized into quatrains. Bradner writes: "The poulter's couplet had, of course, been popularized by Surrey, but a predilection for the fourteener can be attributed only to poetical perversity" (84).

15. Bradner does in fact discuss the positive and negative effects of Seneca's "immediate and far-reaching" influence, "attested by the outburst of translations of his reputed plays in the first years of Elizabeth's reign" (49). TSE published in Sept 1927, alongside this review, his "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (delivered as a lecture in Mar 1927) and his Introduction (rpt. as "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation") to Thomas Newton's translation of *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies*.

The Mysticism of Blake

A review of *Poetry and Prose of William Blake*,
ed. Geoffrey Keynes
London: The Nonesuch Press, 1927. Pp. xi + 1152.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, by William Blake
Full-colour facsimile edition, with a note by Max Plowman
London: J. M. Dent and Sons, 1927. Pp. 27.

The Life of William Blake, by Mona Wilson
London: The Nonesuch Press, 1927. Pp. xv + 397.

An Introduction to the Study of Blake, by Max Plowman
London: J. M. Dent, 1927. Pp. xv + 183.

Pencil Drawings by William Blake, ed. Geoffrey Keynes
London: The Nonesuch Press, 1927. Pp. xvi + 82.

The Mysticism of William Blake, by Helen C. White
Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1927. Pp. 276.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 41 (17 Sept 1927) 779

If we have not yet made up our minds about Blake, we have no longer any excuse for not doing so.[1] Mr. Keynes has compressed his great edition of 1925 into one volume which is not only of convenient size, but of convenient price.[2] The Nonesuch Press has produced it in a form both beautiful and practical; and 1,152 pages of India paper for twelve and six is extremely cheap.[3] Variant readings are omitted; but there is no doubt that we now have what will remain the standard text. What is more, this volume will introduce many readers to parts of Blake's work which are almost unknown. In the miscellaneous prose and the marginalia and the correspondence there is much of great interest; and there is the wholly delightful and surprising

"Peacockian" fragment, "An Island in the Moon."[4] The Nonesuch Press has also made a very fine edition of Blake's drawings, prepared by Mr. Keynes with explanatory text; and this book also is extremely cheap at thirty-five shillings. *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, to which Mr. Max Plowman contributes an essay, may not seem relatively so cheap at a guinea – but it is not only fully illustrated but illuminated.[5] It is a book which all libraries, and all individual enthusiasts, ought to possess. For Blake was not only both poet and draughtsman, he was also the producer of his own books. Other men have both painted and written; but with Blake the two activities were almost one. You cannot say that he illustrated his writings, or that he provided texts to his drawings: he did both at once. That is one reason why Blake is so difficult a subject; the critic of Blake should be highly skilled in the technique of verse and prose and the technique of drawing and design and colour (for which reason I approach him with diffidence). *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is one of his most amazing works, a book equal in importance to *Also Sprach Zarathustra*: and here we have it as nearly as possible in the form in which Blake meant it to be read.[6] No one who has read it and looked at it in this new edition will want to read it in any other.

The other books are of various interest and unequal value. Miss Wilson's *Life*, also beautifully done, with a capital choice of illustrations, by the Nonesuch Press, is an impressive book.[7] It is the most nearly complete Life of Blake yet written; it is well written, and it is scholarly. We may not always agree with Miss Wilson's criticism, but she knows what she is talking about. She has written a genuine biography, not trying to write history and criticism at once; and in consequence this is a book which will keep its value.

Mr. Plowman's *Introduction* is a disappointing book. It might better be called, "Preface to an Introduction to an Introduction." I turned from page to page hungrily, always hoping finally to be introduced, but the introduction never came off. It is not that Mr. Plowman does not know his subject. On the contrary, he knows it very well, and the essay at the end of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is quite interesting. Nor is it that Mr. Plowman is too enthusiastic; one cannot be too enthusiastic. But in this book the enthusiasm itself is the theme, instead of being (as it should be) a kind of steady glow illuminating the merest statement of fact. Enthusiasm should inspire statement; in Mr. Plowman's book it takes the place of statement. Thus we get wildly sweeping assertions: "Blake freed Western art from slavish adherence to Nature" (19). Not merely English art, observe, but *Western* art. One would expect such an affirmation to be backed up by some account of influence by Blake upon French art; but the author passes on. "When Blake took for his province the human soul he found it a world wholly unmapped and uncharted" (45). What is the difference between mapping and charting? And what had people been trying to do for a couple of thousand years? They may have mapped and charted wrong – but they had done their best. All this is regrettable; because Mr. Plowman has studied his subject enough, and is quite intelligent enough, to write a good book about Blake.

Miss White's book is an American production.[8] It is rather oppressively academic; but if we must choose between the popular style of Mr. Plowman and the university style of Miss White we plump for the latter. This is an intelligent book, and the sanest and most careful statement of its subject: Blake's "mysticism." It is to be hoped that Miss White will condense it for publication in this country, as publications of Wisconsin University are not very accessible. First of all, Miss White has made a thorough study of mysticism in general. This occupies the most of two or three chapters. She was quite right to make the investigation; for it has enabled her to point out that Blake is not a mystic; but she could quite well have made a separate book of it. But anyone who does not realize the immense differences between the various types of mysticism would do well to read it.

Our chief interest in the subject, in this context, is that we want to make up our minds about the value, as poetry, of the "prophetic books."[9] I am not sure that there is any such thing as "mystical poetry."[10] Mysticism, after all, and whatever we think of it, is a whole-time job; and so is poetry. The last canto of the *Paradiso* may be genuinely "mystical poetry."[11] In that canto Dante is describing, with economy and felicity of words, a mystical experience. But when Wordsworth's great Ode, which is simply great poetry based on a fallacy, or Crashaw's "St. Theresa," which is simply a supreme instance of the erotic-devotional (I do not imply any censure of the erotic-devotional) is described as "mysticism," I cannot agree.[12] Miss White proceeds, very rightly, to discuss Blake as a *visionary*, in contrast to *mystic*, and all that she says is excellent. Blake was not even a first-rate visionary: his visions have a certain illiteracy about them, like those of Swedenborg or (without prejudice) the Rev. Mr. Vale Owen in the Sunday paper a few years ago.[13] Was he, then, a great philosopher? No, he did not know enough. He made a Universe; and very few people can do that. But the fact that the gift is rare does not make it necessarily valuable. It is not any one man's business to make a Universe;

and what any one man can make in this way is not, in the end, so good or so useful as the ordinary Universe which we all make together. And to do what Blake did requires two things which are not good things. All of these commentators – Miss Wilson, Mr. Plowman, and Miss White – have told us that Blake was completely alone, and that he was deficient in humility, or exceeding in pride. Now Isolation is not conducive to correct thinking; and Pride (or lack of Humility) is, we know, one of the chief theological sins. Blake is philosophically an autodidact amateur; theologically, a heretic.

But this does not mean that we can afford to ignore the Prophetical Books as poetry, and confine our interest to the Songs.[14] Mr. Keynes and the Nonesuch Press have made these terrible epics as readable as possible; and we ought to read them. Blake was not one man in the Songs and another in the Books: the genius and the inspiration are continuous. The Books are full of poetry, and fine poetry, too. But they show very sadly that genius and inspiration are not enough for a poet. He must have education, by which I do not mean erudition but a kind of mental and moral discipline. The great poet – even the greatest – knows his own limitations and works within them. It was Goethe who best stated this truth.[15] The poet also knows that it is no good, in writing poetry, to try to be anything but a poet.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. TSE expressed his mind about Blake in similar terms in "The Naked Man" (1920), reprinted as "William Blake" in *SW* (2.187).

2. Sir Geoffrey Keynes (1887-1982), British surgeon and literary scholar, published a bibliography of Blake's work in 1921 and a three-volume edition of *The Writings of William Blake* (Nonesuch, 1925), followed by this single-volume edition of Blake's writings, as well as editions of his drawings and letters, studies of plates, and other works.

3. Founded in 1922 by Francis Meynell, Vera Mendel, and David Garnett, the Nonesuch Press published affordable fine books using commercial types, including editions of Donne and Marvell, both of which TSE reviewed. India paper is a thin, tough paper made of bleached hemp and rags, popular for printing bibles and other heavy books. Twelve and six was a little more than half a pound in Britain's old currency.

4. "An Island in the Moon" is the name given to Blake's incomplete manuscript of a fictional narrative satirizing middle-class London social and intellectual life, written around 1784-85. In her *Life of William Blake*, Mona Wilson remarks about "An Island in the Moon" that "Blake, as a satirist, has been compared with Peacock," referring to the satirical novels of Thomas Love Peacock, in which characters discuss contemporary philosophical opinions (20).

5. Blake's multigenre work *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790) satirizes the dualistic theology of Emmanuel Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* (1758) and attacks conventional

morality. Max [Mark] Plowman (1883-1941), British author, editor and pacifist, collaborated with Geoffrey Keynes on this edition of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, the *Poems and Prophecies*, and his *Introduction*. The title page of this full-color edition of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* announces: "Reproduced in facsimile from an original copy of the work printed and illuminated by the authors." A guinea in the old British currency was equal to one pound and one shilling.

6. Nietzsche's *Also sprach Zarathustra* [*Thus Spake Zarathustra*], 1883-85, expresses his ideas of "eternal recurrence," the death of God, the will to power, and the coming of the *Übermensch* or superman. TSE compared Blake to Nietzsche in "William Blake" (1921): "Confusion of thought, emotion, and vision is what we find in such a work as *Also sprach Zarathustra*" (2.191).

7. Mona Wilson (1872-1954), British civil servant, critic, editor, and biographer of Blake, Sidney, and Queen Elizabeth. In a letter to Wilson on 30 Aug 1927, TSE congratulated her on her book and apologized for the brevity of his notice (*L3* 673).

8. Helen C. White (1896-1967), American author and literary scholar, received her doctorate from the University of Wisconsin and taught there from 1925 to 1967, writing on Blake and sixteenth- and seventeenth-century devotional literature.

9. Blake's "prophetic books," composed over three decades beginning in 1793, include *The Four Zoas*, *The Book of Thel*, *America: A Prophecy*, and others in the Continental Prophecy cycle, *The Book of Urizen*, *Milton: A Poem*, and *Jerusalem*.

10. Uncomfortable with the term "mystical" – "mystical may be almost anything," he wrote in "The New Elizabethans and the Old" (1919) (2.13) – TSE continued to use it in the Clark Lectures while rejecting the label as "facile" (2.617). In "The Silurist" (1927), he offered a definition of "mystical poetry": "Poetry is mystical when it intends to convey . . . the statement of a perfectly definite experience which we call the mystical experience. And if it is real poetry it will convey this experience in some degree to every reader who genuinely feels it as poetry" (3.190).

11. In his Clark lecture "On the Definition of Metaphysical Poetry," quoting Canto XXXIII, lines 91-96, TSE remarks: "Dante always finds the sensuous equivalent, the physical embodiment, for the realisation of the most tenuous and refined intensity . . . of experience" (2.618). In "The Silurist," he writes: "A genuine mystical *statement* is to be found in the last canto of the *Paradiso*" (3.191); and in "Dante" (1929), TSE calls the same passage (lines 85-96) "a masterly use of that imagery of *light* which is the form of certain types of mystical experience" (3.725).

12. In "The Silurist" (1927), TSE similarly commented on Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood" (1804) in comparison with Henry Vaughan's "The Retreat": "Wordsworth's Ode is a superb piece of verbiage, and Vaughan's poem is a simple and sincere statement of feeling" (3.191). In "Crashaw," TSE discussed two poems by Crashaw on St. Theresa: "A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Sainte Teresa" (1646, 1648) and "The Flaming Heart: Upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa" (1652), referring to the latter as the "ultimate literary expression of the religious feeling of that strange period of sensual religious intensity" (2.716).

13. Blake was influenced by Emmanuel Swedenborg's theological works, particularly his *Heaven and Hell* (1758), which describes an afterlife materially quite similar to the real world. Later becoming disillusioned with Swedenborg, Blake satirized his ideas in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (1790). George Vale Owen (1869-1931), British clergyman and spiritualist, purported to receive messages from the spirit world, which he published serially in the *Weekly*

Dispatch in 1920 and collected in his five-volume *Life beyond the Veil*, a work promoted by fellow spiritualist Arthur Conan Doyle.

14. Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* (1789-94).

15. TSE may refer to "The discerning man who acknowledges his limitations is not far off perfection" (*The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe*, trans. Bailey Saunders [NY: Macmillan, 1906], 201, maxim 578).

Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca[1†]

The last few years have witnessed a number of recrudescences of Shakespeare. There is the fatigued Shakespeare, a retired Anglo-Indian, presented by Mr. Lytton Strachey;[2] there is the messianic Shakespeare, bringing a new philosophy and a new system of yoga, presented by Mr. Middleton Murry;[3] and there is the ferocious Shakespeare, a furious Samson, presented by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his recent and most interesting book, *The Lion and the Fox*.[4] On the whole, we may all agree that these manifestations are beneficial. In any case, so important as that of Shakespeare, it is good that we should from time to time change our minds. The last conventional Shakespeare is banished from the scene, and a variety of unconventional Shakespeares take his place. About anyone so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right, it is better that we should from time to time change our way of being wrong. Whether Truth ultimately prevails is doubtful and has never been proved; but it is certain that nothing is more effective in driving out error than a new error. Whether Mr. Strachey, or Mr. Murry, or Mr. Lewis, is any nearer to the truth of Shakespeare than Rymer, or Morgann, or Webster, or Johnson, is uncertain; they are all certainly more sympathetic in this year 1927 than Coleridge, or Swinburne, or Dowden.[5] If they do not give us the real Shakespeare – if there is one – they at least give us several up-to-date Shakespeares. If the only way to prove that Shakespeare did not feel and think exactly as people felt and thought in 1815, or in 1860, or in 1880, is to show that he felt and thought as we feel and think in 1927, then we must accept gratefully that alternative.

But these recent interpreters of Shakespeare suggest a number of reflections on literary criticism and its limits, on general aesthetics, and on the limitations of the human understanding.

There are, of course, a number of other current interpretations of Shakespeare: that is, of the *conscious opinions* of Shakespeare: interpretations of category, so to speak: which make him either a Tory journalist or a Liberal journalist, or a Socialist journalist (though Mr. Shaw has done something to warn off his co-religionists from claiming Shakespeare, or from finding anything uplifting in his work);[6] we have also a Protestant Shakespeare, and a sceptical Shakespeare, and some case has been made out for an

Anglo-Catholic, or even a Papist Shakespeare. My own frivolous opinion is that Shakespeare may have held in private life very different views from what we extract from his extremely various published works; that there is no clue in his writings to the way in which he would have voted in the last or would vote in the next election; and that we are completely in the dark as to his attitude about prayer-book revision.[7] I admit that my own experience, as a minor poet, may have jaundiced my outlook; that I am used to having cosmic significances, which I never suspected, extracted from my work (such as it is) by enthusiastic persons at a distance; and to being informed that something which I meant seriously is *vers de société*; and to having my personal biography reconstructed from passages which I got out of books, or which I invented out of nothing because they sounded well; and to having my biography invariably ignored in what I *did* write from personal experience; so that in consequence I am inclined to believe that people are mistaken about Shakespeare just in proportion to the relative superiority of Shakespeare to myself.

One more personal "note": I believe that I have as high an estimate of the greatness of Shakespeare as poet and dramatist as anyone living; I certainly believe that there is nothing greater. And I would say that my only qualification for venturing to talk about him is, that I am not under the delusion that Shakespeare in the least resembles myself, either as I am or as I should like to imagine myself. It seems to me that one of the chief reasons for questioning Mr. Strachey's Shakespeare, and Mr. Murry's, and Mr. Lewis's, is the remarkable resemblance which they bear to Mr. Strachey, and Mr. Murry, and Mr. Lewis respectively.[8] I have not a very clear idea of what Shakespeare was like. But I do not conceive him as very like either Mr. Strachey, or Mr. Murry, or Mr. Wyndham Lewis, or myself.

We have had Shakespeare explained by a variety of influences. He is explained by Montaigne, and by Machiavelli. I imagine that Mr. Strachey would explain Shakespeare by Montaigne, though this would also be Mr. Strachey's Montaigne (for all of Mr. Strachey's favourite figures have a strong Strachey physiognomy) and not Mr. Robertson's.[9] I think that Mr. Lewis, in the intensely interesting book mentioned, has done a real service in calling attention to the importance of Machiavelli in Elizabethan England, though this Machiavelli be only the Machiavelli of the *Contre-Machiavel*,[10] and not in the least the real Machiavelli, a person whom Elizabethan England was as incapable of understanding as Georgian England, or any England, is. I think, however, that Mr. Lewis has gone quite wrong if he thinks (I am not sure what he thinks) that Shakespeare, and Elizabethan England in general, was "influenced" by the thought of Machiavelli. I think that Shakespeare, and other dramatists, used the popular Machiavellian idea, for stage purposes; but this idea was no more like Machiavelli, who was an Italian and a Roman Christian, than Mr. Shaw's idea of Nietzsche – whatever that is – is like the real Nietzsche.[11]

I propose a Shakespeare under the influence of the stoicism of Seneca. But I do not believe that Shakespeare was under the influence of Seneca.[12] I propose it largely because I believe that after the Montaigne Shakespeare (not that Montaigne had any philosophy whatever) and after the Machiavelli Shakespeare, a stoical or Senecan Shakespeare is almost certain to be produced. I wish merely to disinfect the Senecan Shakespeare before he appears. My ambitions would be realized if I could prevent him, in so doing, from appearing at all.

I want to be quite definite in my notion of the possible influence of Seneca on Shakespeare. I think it is quite likely that Shakespeare read some of Seneca's tragedies at school. I think it quite unlikely that Shakespeare knew anything of that extraordinarily dull and uninteresting body of Seneca's prose, which was translated by Lodge and printed in 1612.[13] So far as Shakespeare was influenced by Seneca, it was by his memories of school conning[14] and through the influence of the Senecan tragedy of the day, through Kyd and Peele, but chiefly Kyd. That Shakespeare deliberately took a "view of life" from Seneca there seems to be no evidence whatever.

Nevertheless, there is, in some of the great tragedies of Shakespeare, a new attitude. It is not the attitude of Seneca, but it derived from Seneca; it is slightly different from anything that can be found in French tragedy, in Corneille or in Racine; it is modern, and it culminates, if there is ever any culmination, in the attitude of Nietzsche. I cannot say that it is Shakespeare's "philosophy." Yet many people have lived by it; though it may only have been Shakespeare's instinctive recognition of something of theatrical utility. It is the attitude of self-dramatization assumed by some of Shakespeare's heroes at moments of tragic intensity. It is not peculiar to Shakespeare; it is conspicuous in Chapman: Bussy, Clermont and Biron, all die in this way.[15] Marston – one of the most interesting and least explored of all the Elizabethans – uses it; and Marston and Chapman were particularly Senecan. But Shakespeare, of course, does it very much better than any of the others, and makes it somehow more integral with the human nature of his characters. It is less verbal, more real. I have always felt that I have never read a more terrible exposure of human weakness – of universal human weakness – than the last great speech of Othello. (I am ignorant whether anyone else has ever adopted this view, and it may appear subjective and fantastic in the extreme.)[16†] It is usually taken on its face value, as expressing the greatness in defeat of a noble but erring nature.

> Soft you; a word or two before you go.
> I have done the state some service, and they know't .
> No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
> Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
> Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
> Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
> Albeit unused to the melting mood,
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;
> And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
> Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
> Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
> I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
> And smote him, thus.[17]

What Othello seems to me to be doing in making this speech is *cheering himself up*. He is endeavouring to escape reality, he has ceased to think about Desdemona, and is thinking about himself. Humility is the most difficult of all virtues to achieve; nothing dies harder than the desire to think well of oneself.[18] Othello succeeds in turning himself into a pathetic figure, by adopting an *aesthetic* rather than a moral attitude, dramatising himself against his environment. He takes in the spectator, but the human motive is primarily to take in himself.[19] I do not believe that any writer has ever exposed this *bovarysme*, the human will to see things as they are not, more clearly than Shakespeare.[20]

If you compare the deaths of several of Shakespeare's heroes – I do not say *all*, for there are very few generalizations that can be applied to the whole of Shakespeare's work – but notably Othello, Coriolanus and Antony – with the deaths of heroes of dramatists such as Marston and Chapman, consciously under Senecan influence, you will find a strong similarity – except only that Shakespeare does it both more poetically and more lifelike.

You may say that Shakespeare is merely illustrating, consciously or unconsciously, human nature, not Seneca. But I am not so much concerned with the influence of Seneca on Shakespeare as with Shakespeare's illustration of Senecan and stoical principles. Much of Chapman's Senecanism has lately been shown by Professor Schoell to be directly borrowed from Erasmus and other sources.[21] I am concerned with the fact that Seneca is the *literary* representative of Roman stoicism, and that Roman stoicism is an important ingredient in Elizabethan drama. It was natural that in a time like that of Elizabeth stoicism should appear. The original stoicism, and especially the Roman stoicism, was of course a philosophy suited to slaves: hence its absorption into early Christianity.

> A man to join himself with the Universe
> In his main sway, and make in all things fit –[22]

A man does not join himself with the Universe so long as he has anything else to join himself with; men who could take part in the life of a thriving Greek city-state had something better to join themselves to; and Christians have had something better. Stoicism is the refuge for the individual in an indifferent or hostile world too big for him; it is the permanent substratum of a number of versions of cheering oneself up. Nietzsche is the most conspicuous modern instance of cheering oneself up. The stoical attitude is the reverse of Christian humility.

In Elizabethan England we have conditions apparently utterly different from those of imperial Rome. But it was a period of dissolution and chaos; and in such a period any emotional attitude which seems to give a man something firm, even if it be only the attitude of "I am myself alone," is eagerly taken up.[23] I hardly need – and it is beyond my present scope – to point out how readily, in a period like the Elizabethan, the Senecan attitude of Pride, the Montaigne attitude of Scepticism, and the Machiavelli attitude[24*] of Cynicism, arrived at a kind of fusion in the Elizabethan individualism.

This individualism, this vice of Pride, was, of course, exploited largely because of its dramatic possibilities. But other drama had before existed without depending on this human failing. You do not find it in *Polyeucte*, or in *Phèdre* either.[25] But even Hamlet, who has made a pretty considerable mess of things, and occasioned the death of at least three innocent people, and two more insignificant ones, dies fairly well pleased with himself –[26]

> Horatio, I am dead;
> Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
> To the unsatisfied. . . .
> O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
> Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me![27]

Antony says, "I am Antony still," and the Duchess, "I am Duchess of Malfy still"; would either of them have said that unless Medea had said *Medea superest*?[28]

I do not wish to appear to maintain that the Elizabethan hero and the Senecan hero are identical. The influence of Seneca is much more apparent in the Elizabethan drama than it is in the plays of Seneca. The influence of any man is a different thing from himself. The Elizabethan hero is much more stoical and Senecan, in this way, than the Senecan hero. For Seneca was following the Greek tradition, which was not stoical; he developed familiar themes and imitated great models; so that the vast difference between his emotional attitude and that of the Greeks is rather latent in his work, and more apparent in the work of the Renaissance. And the Elizabethan hero, the hero of Shakespeare, was not invariable even in Elizabethan England. A notable exception is Faustus. Marlowe – not excepting Shakespeare or Chapman, the most *thoughtful* and philosophic mind, though immature, among the Elizabethan dramatists – could conceive the proud hero, as Tamburlaine, but also the hero who has reached that point of horror at which even pride is abandoned. In a recent book on Marlowe, Miss Ellis-Fermor has put very well this peculiarity of Faustus, from another point of view than mine, but in words from which I take support:

> Marlowe follows Faustus further across the borderline between consciousness and dissolution than do any of his contemporaries. With Shakespeare, with Webster, death is a sudden severing of life; their men die, conscious to the last of some part at least of their surroundings, influenced, even upheld, by that consciousness and preserving the personality and characteristics they have possessed through life. . . . In Marlowe's *Faustus* alone all this is set aside. He penetrates deeply into the experience of a mind isolated from the past, absorbed in the realisation of its own destruction.[29]

But Marlowe, the most thoughtful, the most blasphemous (and therefore, probably, the most Christian) of his contemporaries, is always an exception. Shakespeare is exceptional primarily by his immense superiority.

Of all of Shakespeare's plays, *King Lear* is often taken as the most Senecan in spirit. Cunliffe finds it to be imbued with a Senecan fatalism.[30] Here, again, we must distinguish between a man and his influence. The differences between the fatalism of Greek tragedy, and the fatalism of Seneca's tragedies, and the fatalism of the Elizabethans, proceed by delicate shades; there is a continuity, and there is also a violent contrast, when we look at them from far off. In Seneca, the Greek ethics is visible underneath the Roman stoicism. In the Elizabethans, the Roman stoicism is visible beneath the Renaissance anarchism. In *King Lear* there are several significant phrases, such as those which caught the attention of Professor Cunliffe, and there is a tone of Senecan fatalism: *fatis agimur*.[31] But there is much less and much more. And this is the point at which I must part company[32†] with Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Mr. Lewis proposes a Shakespeare who is a *positive* nihilist, an intellectual force *willing* destruction. I cannot see in Shakespeare either a deliberate scepticism, as of Montaigne, or a deliberate cynicism, as of Machiavelli, or a deliberate resignation, as of Seneca. I can see that he *used* all of these things, for dramatic ends: you get perhaps more Montaigne in *Hamlet*, and more Machiavelli in *Othello*, and more Seneca in *Lear*. But I cannot agree with the following paragraph:

> With the exception of Chapman, Shakespeare is the only thinker we meet with among the Elizabethan dramatists. By this is meant, of course, that his work contained, apart from poetry, phantasy, rhetoric or observation of manners, a body of matter representing explicit processes of the intellect which would have furnished a moral philosopher like Montaigne with the natural material for his essays. But the quality of this thinking – as it can be surprised springing naturally in the midst of the consummate movements of his art – is, as must be the case with such a man, of startling force sometimes. And if it is not systematic, at least a recognizable physiognomy is there.[33]

It is this general notion of "thinking" that I would challenge. One has the difficulty of having to use the same words for different things. We say, in a vague way, that Shakespeare, or Dante, or Lucretius, is a poet who thinks, and that Swinburne is a poet who does not think, even that Tennyson is a poet who does not think. But what we really mean is not a difference in quality of thought, but a difference in quality of emotion. The poet who "thinks" is merely the poet who can express the emotional equivalent of thought. But he is not necessarily interested[34†] in the thought itself. We talk as if thought was precise and emotion was vague. In reality there is precise emotion and there is vague emotion. To express precise emotion requires as great intellectual power as to express precise thought. But by "thinking" I mean something very different from anything that I find in Shakespeare. Mr. Lewis, and other champions of Shakespeare as a great philosopher, have a great deal to say about Shakespeare's power of thought, but they fail to show that he thought to any purpose; that he had any coherent view of life, or that he recommended any procedure to follow. "We possess a great deal of evidence," says Mr. Lewis, "as to what Shakespeare thought of military glory and martial events."[35] Do we? Or rather, did Shakespeare think anything at all? He was occupied with turning human actions into poetry.

I would suggest that none of the plays of Shakespeare has a "meaning," although it would be equally false to say that a play of Shakespeare is meaningless. All great poetry gives the illusion of a view of life. When we enter into the world of Homer, or Sophocles, or Virgil, or Dante, or Shakespeare, we incline to believe that we are apprehending something that can be expressed intellectually; for every precise emotion tends towards intellectual formulation.

We are apt to be deluded by the example of Dante. Here, we think, is a poem which represents an exact intellectual system; Dante has a "philosophy," therefore every poet as great as Dante has a philosophy too. Dante had behind him the system of St. Thomas, to which his poem corresponds point to point. Therefore Shakespeare had behind him Seneca, or Montaigne, or Machiavelli; and if his work does not correspond point to point with any or a composition of these, then it must be that he did a little quiet thinking on his own, and was better than any of these people at their own job. I can see no reason for believing that either Dante or Shakespeare did any thinking on his own. The people who think that Shakespeare thought, are always people who are not engaged in writing poetry, but who are engaged in thinking, and we all like to think that great men were like ourselves. The difference between Shakespeare and Dante is that Dante had one coherent system of thought behind him; but that was just his luck, and from the point of view of poetry is an irrelevant accident. It happened that at Dante's time thought was orderly and strong and beautiful, and that it was concentrated in one man of the greatest genius; Dante's poetry receives a boost which in a sense it does not merit, from the fact that the thought behind it is the thought of a man as great and lovely as Dante himself: St. Thomas. The thought behind Shakespeare is of men far inferior to Shakespeare himself: hence the alternative errors, first, that as Shakespeare was as great a poet as Dante, he must have supplied, out of his own thinking, the difference in quality between a St. Thomas and a Montaigne or a Machiavelli or a Seneca, or second, that Shakespeare is inferior to Dante. In truth, neither Shakespeare nor Dante did any real thinking – that was not their job; and the relative value of the thought current at their time, the material enforced upon each to use as the vehicle of his feeling, is of no importance.[36] It does not make Dante a greater poet, or mean that we can learn more from Dante than from Shakespeare. We can certainly learn more from Aquinas than from Seneca, but that is quite a different matter. When Dante says

la sua voluntade e nostra pace[37]

it is great poetry, and there is a great philosophy behind it. When Shakespeare says

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.[38]

It is *equally* great poetry, though the philosophy behind it is not great. But the essential is[39†] that each expresses, in perfect language, some permanent human impulse. Emotionally, the latter is just as strong, just as true, and just as informative – just as useful and beneficial in the sense in which poetry is useful and beneficial, as the former.

What every poet starts from is his own emotions. And when you get down to these, there is not much to choose between Shakespeare and Dante. Dante's railings, his personal spleen – sometimes thinly disguised under Old Testamental prophetic denunciations – his nostalgia, his bitter regrets for past happiness – or for what seems happiness when it is past – and his brave attempts to fabricate something permanent and holy out of his personal animal feelings – as in the *Vita Nuova* – can all be matched out of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, too, was occupied with the struggle – which alone constitutes life for a poet – to transmute his personal and private agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal.[40] The rage of Dante against Florence, or Pistoia, or what not, the deep surge of Shakespeare's general cynicism and disillusionment, are merely gigantic attempts to metamorphose private failures and disappointments.[41] The great poet, in writing himself, writes his time.[42]* Thus Dante, hardly knowing it, became the voice of the thirteenth century; Shakespeare, hardly knowing it, became the representative of the end of the sixteenth century, of a turning point in history. But you can hardly say that Dante believed, or did not believe, the Thomist philosophy; you can hardly say that Shakespeare believed, or did not believe, the mixed and muddled scepticism of the Renaissance. If Shakespeare had written according to a better philosophy, he would have written worse poetry; it was his business to express the greatest emotional intensity of his time, based on whatever his time happened to think. Poetry is not a substitute for philosophy or theology or religion, as Mr. Lewis and Mr. Murry sometimes seem to think; it has its own function. But as this function is not intellectual but emotional, it cannot be defined adequately in intellectual terms. We can say that it provides "consolation": strange consolation, which is provided equally by writers so different as Dante and Shakespeare.

What I have said could be expressed more exactly, but at much greater length, in philosophical language: it would enter into the department of philosophy which might be called the Theory of Belief (which is not psychology but philosophy, or phenomenology proper) – the department in which Meinong and Husserl have made a little pioneer investigation; the different meanings which belief has in different minds according to the activity for which they are oriented.[43] I doubt whether belief proper enters into the activity of a great poet, *qua* poet. That is, Dante, *qua* poet, did not believe or disbelieve the Thomist cosmology or theory of the soul: he merely made use of it, or a fusion took place between his initial emotional impulses and a theory, for the purpose of making poetry. The poet makes poetry, the metaphysician makes metaphysics, the bee makes honey, the spider secretes a filament; you can hardly say that any of these agents believes: he merely does.

The problem of belief is very complicated and probably quite insoluble. We must make allowance for differences in the emotional quality of believing not only between persons of different occupation, such as the philosopher and the poet, but between different periods of time. The end of the sixteenth century is an epoch when it is particularly difficult to associate poetry with systems of thought or reasoned views of life. In making some quite commonplace investigations of the "thought" of Donne, I found it quite impossible to come to the conclusion that Donne believed anything. It seemed as if, at that time, the world was filled with broken fragments of systems, and that a man like Donne merely picked up, like a magpie, various shining fragments of ideas as they struck his eye, and stuck them about here and there in his verse. Miss Ramsay, in her learned and exhaustive study of Donne's sources, came to the conclusion that he was a "mediaeval thinker"; I could not find either any "mediaevalism" or any thinking, but only a vast jumble of incoherent erudition on which he drew for purely poetic effects.[44] The recent work of Professor Schoell on the sources of Chapman seems to show Chapman engaged in the same task; and suggests that the "profundity" and "obscurity" of Chapman's dark thinking are largely due to his lifting long passages from the works of writers like Ficino and incorporating them in his poems completely out of their context.[45]

I do not for a moment suggest that the method of Shakespeare was anything like this. Shakespeare was a much finer instrument for transformations than any of his contemporaries, finer perhaps even than Dante. He also needed less contact in order to be able to absorb all that he required.[46] The element of Seneca is the most completely absorbed and transmogrified, because it was already the most diffused throughout Shakespeare's world. The element of Machiavelli is probably the most indirect, the element of Montaigne the most immediate. It has been said that Shakespeare lacks unity; it might, I think, be said equally well that it is Shakespeare chiefly that *is* the unity, that unifies so far as they could be unified all the tendencies of a time that certainly lacked unity. Unity, in Shakespeare, but not universality; no one can be universal: Shakespeare would not have found much in common with his contemporary St. Theresa. What influence the work of Seneca and Machiavelli and Montaigne seems to me to exert in common on that time, and most conspicuously through Shakespeare, is an influence toward a kind of self-consciousness that is new; the self-consciousness and self-dramatization of the Shakespearian hero, of whom Hamlet is only one. It seems to mark a stage, even if not a very agreeable one, in human history, or progress, or deterioration, or change. Roman stoicism was in its own time a development in self-consciousness; taken up into Christianity, it broke loose again in the dissolution of the Renaissance. Nietzsche, as I suggested, is a late variant: his attitude is a kind of stoicism upside-down: for there is not much difference between identifying oneself with the Universe and identifying the Universe with oneself. The influence of Seneca on Elizabethan drama has been exhaustively studied in its formal aspect, and in the borrowing and adaptation of phrases and situations; the penetration of Senecan sensibility would be much more difficult to trace.[47]

NOTES

1†. As printed in *SE*; originally an address read before the Shakespeare Association on 18 Mar 1927; first printed separately as a pamphlet (hereafter *pamphlet*) for the Association on 22 Sept 1927 (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford UP). TSE wrote to G. B. Harrison, Secretary of the Shakespeare Association, on 3 Dec (?) 1926: "I am highly honoured by your invitation to address the Shakespeare Association and shall be very glad to do so if we can agree upon a subject suited both to my capacities and to the interests of the members" (*L3* 330). After originally suggesting an address on Shakespeare and Marlowe, TSE wrote to Harrison again on 30 Dec: "What I find I should really like to talk about is 'Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca.' This subject is connected with that on which I have recently been working for my Introduction to *Seneca's Tenne Tragedies* but will not in any way be covered by anything that I have said in that Introduction: it is rather a subject suggested by the work that I have been doing" (*L3* 349). TSE later forgot that he had written the essay for delivery to an audience, writing in the Preface to *OPP* (1956): "The present collection differs from my *Selected Essays* . . . Only one essay in that book – the paper on Charles Whibley – was written for delivery to an audience; the rest were all written for publication in periodicals." The following opening paragraph was expunged in *SE*:

> Desiring to make the most of the opportunity which had been given me of addressing the inmost circle of Shakespeare experts, I cast about, as any other mere journalist would do in the circumstances, for some subject in treating which I could best display my agility and conceal my ignorance of all the knowledge of which everyone present is master. I abandoned several interesting topics on which I might hope to impress almost any other audience – such as the development of dramatic blank verse or the relation of Shakespeare to Marlowe – in favour of one which, if I am in disagreement with anybody, I shall be in disagreement with persons whose opinions will be regarded as suspiciously by the Shakespeare Association as are my own. I am a timid person, easily overawed by authority; in what I have to say I hope that authority is at least as likely to be of my opinion as not.

2. In "Shakespeare's Final Period" (1904), collected in *Books and Characters* (New York: Harcourt, 1922), Strachey portrays Shakespeare, "in the last years of his life," "half-enchanted by visions of beauty and loveliness, and half-bored to death" (65).

3. In "Literature and Religion" (1924), collected in *To the Unknown God: Essays towards a Religion* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1924), Murry discusses the "premonition of the divine" in the "greater Romantic" writers, sees Shakespeare as the supreme "prophet of what is eternal in the human soul" (167), and describes *The Tempest* as "the most perfect prophetic achievement of the Western mind. . . . It stands on the very verge of a condition that still lies far before the human soul . . . his last word is still the latest. No Western mind has passed beyond *The Tempest*; none has gone so far" (185).

4. In *The Lion and the Fox: The Rôle of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare* (London: G. Richards, 1927), Lewis argues that Shakespeare was "the adversary of life itself . . . and his works a beautifully impersonal outpouring of fury, bitter reflection, invective, and complaint – complaint in the *Sonnets*, for instance; fury in *Timon*, or his other tragedies and histories" (160). Despite quarrelling during much of 1925, Lewis sent TSE a copy inscribed "To TSE from his devoted friend, the author of the Lion & the Fox. Dec 15.1926" (*L3* 345).

5. Thomas Rymer, *Short View of Tragedy* (1693), of whose "objections to *Othello*" TSE remarks, in a footnote in "Hamlet" (1919), that he has never "seen a cogent refutation" (2.127, n.5); Maurice Morgann, colonial administrator and literary scholar, "Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff" (1777); Samuel Johnson, "Preface to Shakespeare" (1765). Webster, erroneously included in this list of eighteenth-century critics, once remarked on "the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare" ("Preface" to *The White Devil*, 1612). Coleridge's multifarious writings on Shakespeare, including his *Lectures and Notes upon Shakespeare* (1808-19), *Table-Talk* (1835), and parts of *Biographia Literaria* (1817); Swinburne, *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880); Dowden, *Shakespeare: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art* (1875), and *Introduction to Shakespeare* (1907).

On 7 July 1957, Professor Ernst T. Sehrt, who was preparing a German translation of this essay for inclusion in *Shakespeare: Englische Essays aus drei Jahrhunderts* (Stuttgart: Alfred Kröner Verlag, 1958), wrote to ask TSE if he remembered the identity of the Shakespeare critic named Webster he was speaking of in the essay. TSE replied on 8 Aug that he was "completely at a loss to know who this Webster was . . . It would seem from the interposition of the name 'Webster' between 'Morgann' and 'Johnson' that this must be an eighteenth-century character. . . . I wonder whether it was not a slip on my part . . . I think that the best thing to do in the circumstances is . . . to omit this Webster altogether, and I shall hope that it may be omitted from some future edition of my essays. It hardly does me credit to have referred to an author whose name means nothing to me!"

6. Shaw revolted against Shakespeare's deficiency as a moral philosopher; see his "Twelve Points on Shakespeare" (1905) and the prefatory "Better than Shakespeare?" in *Three Plays for Puritans* (1900), both collected in *Shaw on Shakespeare* (1961).

7. While writing this essay, TSE took issue over "the alteration of certain words in the new Prayer Book" in his *Criterion* "Commentary" for May 1927 (3.61), a subject he returned to in his "Commentary" for Dec 1927, lamenting "symptoms of decay in the wording of the Preface to the Revised Prayer Book" (3.293). Its confirmation was defeated in the House of Commons at the end of the year.

8. See "Hamlet" (1919), on those minds which "often find in Hamlet a vicarious existence for their own artistic realization. Such a mind had Goethe, who made of Hamlet a Werther; and such had Coleridge, who made of Hamlet a Coleridge" (2.122).

9. Robertson's *Montaigne and Shakespeare* first appeared in 1897; in "Hamlet" (1919), TSE remarked of Shakespeare: "we should like to know whether, and when, and after or at the same time as what personal experience, he read Montaigne, II. xii, *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*" (2.126).

10. TSE refers to the work of the French Calvinist theologian Innocent Gentillet, *Discours sur les moyens de bien gouverner et soutenir en bonne paix un royaume ou autre principauté-contre Machiavel* (1576), trans. Simon Patericke in 1602 as *A Discourse upon the Meanes of Wel Governing and Maintaining in Good Peace a Kingdome, or Other Principalitie . . . against Nicholas Machiavell*.

11. TSE wrote in "Niccolò Machiavelli" (1927): "The dramatization of Machiavelli in England has been catalogued by Edward Meyer in his *Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama*, and recently discussed more philosophically by Mr. Wyndham Lewis in his . . . *The Lion and the Fox*. The figure of Richard III is the testimony of the impression made by Machiavelli, and the

falsity of this impression" (3.116). Shaw's *Man and Superman* (1903) alludes in its title to the *übermensch* of Nietzsche, whom Shaw in his dedicatory letter placed "among the writers whose peculiar sense of the world I recognize as more or less akin to my own."

12. F. L. Lucas examined the influence of Seneca on Shakespeare in *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy* (1922). In tandem with the present essay, TSE wrote in his Introduction (later titled "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation") for Thomas Newton's 1581 translation, *Seneca: His Tenne Tragedies*: "All I wish to do is to consider certain misconceptions of the Senecan influence . . . I believe that too much importance has been attached to his influence in some directions, and too little to his influence in others." He goes on to assert that Seneca's influence "on the *thought*, or what passes for thought, in the drama of Shakespeare and his contemporaries" has been "undervalued" (3.204-05).

13. *The Workes Both Morall and Natural of Lucius Annaeus Seneca, Done into English by Thomas Lodge* (1614). The translation was ready for printing in 1611, but the death of his brother in 1612 and other circumstances delayed publication until 1614.

14. conning (OED): "Studying or learning, *esp.* by repetition; poring over, scanning, scrutinizing."

15. Bussy and Clermont are characters in *Bussy D'Ambois* (1607) and *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* (1613), Biron (Byron) in the two-part *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron* (1608), all by Chapman.

16†. In *pamphlet*: no parens around the sentence.

17. V.ii.337-55, spoken to Lodovico, Cassio, and other officers come to make his arrest. On "thus," Othello stabs himself or falls upon his sword. TSE's "Journey of the Magi" (1930) echoes Othello's phrasing, "Set you down this": "And I would do it again, but set down / This set down / This:" (*CPP* 104).

18. In "Baudelaire in our Time" (1927), TSE states that Baudelaire "came to attain the greatest, the most difficult, of the Christian virtues, the virtue of humility" (3.77), and he writes in *East Coker*, II: "The only wisdom we can hope to acquire / Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless" (*CPP* 179).

19. In "'Rhetoric' and Poetic Drama" (1919), TSE illustrates his assertion that "the really fine rhetoric of Shakespeare occurs in situations where a character in the play *sees himself* in a dramatic light" with Othello's line ("And say, besides, – that in Aleppo once . . .") (2.84).

20. *bovarysme* (OED): "(Domination by) a romantic or unreal conception of oneself." Named after Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, and defined in Jules de Gaultier's 1902 *Le Bovarysme. Essai sur le pouvoir d'imaginer* [*Bovarysm: An Essay on the Power of Imagination*]. Gaultier defines *bovarysme* as a faculty "*given man to see himself other than what he is*," springing initially from "a weakness of the personality." Trans. Gerald M. Spring (New York: Philosophical Library, 1970), 4.

21. TSE reviewed Schoell's 1926 *Études sur l'humanisme continental en Angleterre à la fin de la Renaissance* [*Studies on Continental Humanism in England at the End of the Renaissance*] in "The Sources of Chapman" (1927), remarking of Chapman that "as Mr. Schoell shows, he took much of his Senecal philosophy from the *Adages* of Erasmus and from versions of Epictetus and Plutarch by Italian scholars and translators" (3.32).

22. Chapman, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* IV.i.139-40; in TSE's Mermaid edition (1921); (Clermont to Aumale); *read*: "A man to join himself with th' Universe / In his main sway, and

make (in all things fit)"; the lines are also quoted in (without parens) in their full passage in "The Metaphysical Poets" (1921) (2.371).

23. *3 Henry VI* V.vi.83; Richard, Duke of Gloucester (later, Richard III), in soliloquy after killing Henry VI: "I have no brother, I am like no brother; / And this word "love," which greybeards call divine, / Be resident in men like one another, / And not in me! I am myself alone."

24*. TSE's note: "I do not mean the attitude of Machiavelli, which is not cynical. I mean the attitude of Englishmen who had heard of Machiavelli." See TSE's clarifying statement in "Niccolò Machiavellli" (1927) that "true cynicism is a fault of the temperament of the observer, not a conclusion arising naturally out of the contemplation of the object . . . In Machiavelli there is no cynicism whatever. No spot of the weaknesses and failures of his own life and character mars the clear glass of his vision" (3.112).

25. *Polyeucte* (1641), by Corneille; *Phèdre* (1677), by Racine.

26. Hamlet kills Polonius either by accident or design, and indirectly kills Laertes (scraping him with the poisoned sword) and Ophelia (by rejecting her); the other two are likely Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, executed in Hamlet's stead by the King of England after Hamlet swaps their names for his own in the commission of Claudius ordering execution.

27. V.ii.330-32; 336-37.

28. Antony says to Eros (on losing at Actium), "Here I am Antony," *Antony and Cleopatra* IV.xii.13; the Duchess to Bosola before her execution, IV.ii.139; Medea (*trans*: "Medea is left") to her Nurse's "nihilque superest" ("nothing is left"), Seneca, *Medea* 166. TSE quotes *Medea* 168-74 in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.213).

29. U. M. Ellis-Fermor, *Christopher Marlowe* (London: Methuen, 1927), 86-87. TSE reviewed the book, quoting the same paragraph, and remarking, "This is well said" (3.53).

30. In *King Lear*, "we have Seneca's hopeless fatalism, not only in the catastrophe, but repeatedly brought forward in the course of the play." John W. Cunliffe, *The Influence of Seneca on Elizabethan Tragedy* (Hamden, CT: Archon, 1893; rpt. 1965), 85.

31. Seneca, *Oedipus*, 980 (Chorus); *trans*: "By fate are we driven." Quoted again in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (1927) (3.202).

32†. In *pamphlet*: I part company

33. *The Lion and the Fox*, 179.

34†. In *pamphlet*: But he is not interested

35. *The Lion and the Fox*, 244. Lewis quotes Coriolanus' death scene (V.vi.112-17).

36. In reply to J. M. Robertson, who objected to this statement, Eliot wrote on 28 Jan 1929: "I should have said 'neither Shakespeare nor Dante did any philosophical thinking'; the phrase 'real thinking,' I admit, means nothing: because no one really has any notion of what thinking is, except in rough contrast to 'not using one's mind'" (*L4* 397).

37. *Paradiso* III.85 (Piccarda Donati): *read*: "la sua volontate è nostra pace"; *trans*: "his will is our peace" (*DC3* 30-31). Quoted twice in "Dante" (1929) and adapted in English in the concluding lines of *Ash-Wednesday*: "Our peace in His will."

38. *King Lear* IV.i.38-39 (Gloucester to Old Man).

39†. In *pamphlet*: the essential, is

40. See Shakespeare, *The Tempest* I.ii.402-04 (Ariel's song to Ferdinand): "Nothing of him that doth fade, / But doth suffer a sea-change / Into something rich and strange." A variant of the last two lines – "Though he suffer a sea-change / Still expensive rich and strange" – appears in the

unpublished "Dirge" (ca. 1921) (*WLF* 119), and in TSE's "London Letter" of Aug 1921: "what is needed of art is a simplification of current life into something rich and strange" (2.363).

41. Pistoia is a Tuscan town twenty miles northwest of Florence; Dante's apostrophe to Pistoia appears in *Inferno* XXV.10-15, in a canto detailing infernal metamorphoses. Dante denounces his native Florence throughout the *Commedia*, especially in *Inferno* XV and XVI.

42*. TSE's note: "Remy de Gourmont said much the same thing, in speaking of Flaubert."

In *Le Problème du style* (Paris: Mercure de France, 1902), Gourmont writes: "Il n'y a de livres que ceux où un écrivain s'est raconté lui-même en racontant les mœurs de ses contemporains, leurs rêves, leurs vanitiés, leurs amours et leurs folies" (105). *Trans*: "The only books are those where a writer has related himself by relating the morals of his contemporaries, their dreams, their vanities, their loves and their follies." Trans. Richard Aldington, *Remy de Gourmont: Selections from All his Works*, vol 2 (Chicago: P. Covici, 1928), 428. TSE had referred to this chapter of *Le Problème du style* in "Philip Massinger" (1920), defining it as "the fine pages which Remy de Gourmont devotes to Flaubert" (2.254).

43. TSE strikes this theme in debate with I. A. Richards in "A Note on Poetry and Belief" (1927): "But I am convinced . . . that belief itself has been in constant mutation . . . from the beginning of civilization" (3.19); it recurs in the Note to Section II of "Dante" (1929) (3.727), in his second Turnbull lecture (1933), and in "A Note on Two Odes of Cowley" (1938).

44. TSE discusses Donne's alleged belief and medievalism together with Mary Paton Ramsay's *Les Doctrines médiévales chez Donne* (1917) in his second Clark lecture, "Donne and the Middle Ages" (2.628).

45. See "The Sources of Chapman" (1927), TSE's review of Schoell's *Études sur l'humanisme continental en Angleterre à la fin de la Renaissance* (3.30).

46. TSE remarked in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919): "Shakespeare acquired more essential history from Plutarch than most men could from the whole British museum" (2.108).

47. TSE wrote to G. B. Harrison on 15 Apr 1927, a month after delivering the lecture: "I am rather diffident about the Shakespeare-Seneca paper which I promised, and perhaps Sir Israel [Gollancz, President of the Shakespeare Association] made the suggestion in an expansive moment which he might later regret. It seems to me to need complete re-writing before it is presentable in print; but if you care to take the trouble, I will gladly send it to you, as it is, not for immediate publication but for your opinion" (*L3* 484-85). TSE returned the proof to Harrison on 10 Aug, noting that "I wish you would put in somewhere, I do not care where, a statement that this was an address read before the Shakespeare Association – otherwise it seems to me much too pretentious; and the fact that it was a paper read aloud may incline readers to pardon certain faults of form and style" (*L3* 622). The carbon TS (16 pp), with holograph annotations and revisions, is in the Houghton: AMS 1691.14 (52).

The Return of Foxy Grandpa

"The Return of Foxy Grandpa," Eliot's unpublished review of Alfred North Whitehead's successive Lowell Lectures at Harvard, *Science and the Modern World* (NY: Macmillan, 1925) and *Religion in the Making* (NY: Macmillan, 1926), was set in type for *The Enemy*, edited by Wyndham Lewis, for publication in the third issue, March 1927. See textual note at end. Foxy Grandpa was the title character of a popular American newspaper comic strip (1900-18), in which Grandpa consistently outwitted his two trickster grandsons.

Professor Whitehead's two recent books, *Science and the Modern World* and *Religion in the Making*, have been received with acclamation.[1] Indeed they deserve it; Dr. Whitehead has a power of lucid exposition of the most difficult subjects, great historical knowledge and ability to generalise his knowledge. He has a rare and remarkable combination of ability. It is remarkable that so eminent a mathematician and physicist should also have an historical mind. It would be still more remarkable to find that he had, in addition, a theological mind. His books have been received with jubilation by liberal Christians, and with great annoyance by atheists. But before we allow ourselves to be gratified or vexed, as the case may be, by Dr. Whitehead's rehabilitation of religion, it might be well to enquire what sort of religion his writings are likely to further, and whether that sort is intrinsically valuable. It is a matter which all earnest atheists and Christians should take to heart.

Dr. Whitehead belongs to a generation which may be said to include within its limits elder statesmen such as the late William James, and younger statesmen such as Mr. Wells and Mr. Russell. Many of the eminent men of that generation conceal the tender heart of sentiment behind the brilliant emblems of authority. Mr. Shaw, after all his pamphlets, his economics, his Fabianism and mild ferocity, had no better vision to offer us than the earthly paradise of *Back to Methuselah*, to be staged by perspiring pupils of Miss Margaret Morris.[2] Mr. Russell's lonely Prometheus of thought, the undaunted hero of Liberalism, flourishes smirkingly the instruments of contraception in the faces of the clergy.[3] Mr. Wells, with a tremendous machinery of comparative anatomy, evolves a Deity who is merely a celestial captain of industry.[4] The disproportion between the elaborateness of the equipment and the mediocrity of the product is still more impressive in the work of Professor

Whitehead. In every case the Father Christmas turns out to be merely our Sunday school superintendent in disguise.

We might take warning at the outset from Whitehead's use of the term "religion." He says "The *conflict* between religion and science is what naturally occurs to our minds when we think of this subject."[5] This hoary old notion must have done duty, clothed in practically the same words, in score upon score of sermons in the last 75 years. Whether there is such a thing as "science" above the various sciences, is a question which I should not venture to contest with Professor Whitehead; but that there is such a thing as "religion" above the various particular religions, seems to me very doubtful. For the anthropologist, the student occupied with the "history of religions," the term "religion" is perfectly valid. It is not sufficiently understood – though it is simple enough – that the point of view of the anthropologist and of the theologian are quite different. They are not opposed: they are merely different; as different, and no more opposed, than the appearance of a house to someone who is inside and to someone who is outside it. The anthropologist is concerned with what has been believed; the theologian is concerned with what is true. So far as you are an anthropologist, you are not, in your professional capacity, the "believer" of any religion; you are occupied only with the phenomena of all. On the other hand, so far as you are the "believer" of any religion, then "religion" no longer exists for you, or the contrast between "religion and science"; you are concerned only with "conflicts" in the sense of conflicts between particular tenets of *your* religion and particular theories of science. The sincere Christian, or the sincere Moslem, or the sincere Buddhist, is quite unconcerned with conflicts between religion and science; he can be concerned only with conflicts between particular beliefs which he holds qua Christian or Moslem or Buddhist, and particular scientific theories which also he believes. To the Christian, a conflict between Islam and science, or between Buddhism and science (and reciprocally in respect of the other religious beliefs) can give only a mild satisfaction. The conflict between religion and science is a conflict between two quite unreal phantoms – for I am so sure that "religion" in the abstract is a phantom, that I am inclined to believe that "science" in the abstract is a phantom too.[6]

This is a mere outline of an argument: but I have said enough to suggest to any intelligent person that if one is to talk about a "conflict," one must hold a definite religious faith, and must find it in conflict in particulars with certain conclusions of particular sciences. You may be a "fundamentalist" Christian; in that case you may find it difficult to reconcile your Christianity with the beliefs of geology and comparative anatomy. In that event you must choose; you must make up your mind whether the particular beliefs contradicted by geology or comparative anatomy are essential to your faith or no. There you have a real conflict. But Professor Whitehead is wholly occupied with phantom conflicts. He assumes that "science" (a fiction) is in conflict with God (another fiction), and he proceeds to show that science is far from being hostile to God, that on the contrary it requires Him, as the principle of Order. And Professor Whitehead is so efficient, so hustling and forward-looking, that he has not stopped to consider how much is required for *a* religion besides God. He has not spent as many years in America as I have, but he has been very quickly adopted into the fraternity of the American Godhead. America is said to be "on the make"; Professor Whitehead's religion must be "in the making." Even in America, a motor-car "in the making" is not so much prized as a motor-car which is made and will run; but apparently luxury articles like religion are more valuable "in the making" than when they are made. It is the hopeless belief of a person who knows that when his religion *is* made, it *won't* run; but he enjoys making it.

If Professor Whitehead were a Christian, instead of what he obviously is, merely the descendant of Christians, he would know that there is no such thing as "religion," and that to prove the existence of God, even to prove that God is the wholehearted supporter of "science," is to do nothing at all for religion. There was once a time when the terms "Christian," "atheist" and "agnostic" meant something definite. If they are to continue to mean anything definite, then a fourth term must be invented for that large class of persons which includes Professor Whitehead. They are "religious," without holding to any religion; they are also "scientific," in that they believe devoutly in the latest theory of any and every particular science; and they must be cast out by any congregation of Christians, Buddhists, Brahmins, Jews, Mohammedans or Atheists.

For Professor Whitehead seems to think that you can make a perfectly good substitute religion if only you provide a GOD of some kind. He is all in the tradition of the late William James, and of Professor Bergson, with the patronage of one who was, in his time, an admirable political philosopher, but a very feeble-minded theologian – the respected Matthew Arnold. Arnold's God was a power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness; that was bad enough;[7] James's God was a power, one of ourselves (a regular guy and the Captain of the Team) working with us for our own ends, though neither He nor we know quite what these ends are – anyway, we pull all together. Whitehead's God is slightly more respectable, as He ought to be; He is the Principle of Order.[8] But like James's God, he is wholly incapable of starting a Religion.

God is certainly essential to *some* religions, as the King is essential in the game of chess. But the most important things in any religion, and certainly the most important ideas in the Christian religion, are not derivative from the notion of God. I commend to the notice of Whitehead and his admirers the following passage from the notes of the late T. E. Hulme, the most remarkable theologian of my generation. And I would remind the admirers of Professor Whitehead that mathematics or mathematical physics is a difficult study, requiring a gradual furnishing of a man's mind through many years with a special furniture; and that theology is another difficult study, also requiring the furnishing of a mind through many years with special furniture; and that it cannot be expected that one mind should be able to contain both kinds.

> What is important, is what nobody seems to realise – the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude. That man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet apprehend perfection. It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma. Very few since the Renaissance have really understood the dogma, certainly very few inside the Churches of recent years. If they appear occasionally even fanatical about the very word of the dogma, that is only a secondary result of belief really grounded on sentiment. Certainly no humanist could understand the dogma. They all chatter about matters which are in comparison with this, quite secondary notions – God, Freedom, and Immortality.[9]

I find that I can subscribe wholly to this view. I also find that it is antithetical to the Whitehead view, which is merely the James view of God, the Bergson view of Freedom, warmed over for a rather more exacting generation. It would be proper at this point to enter upon an explanation of the meaning of dogma, and of epistemology and *gegendstandstheorie* in relation to dogma.[10] That would take a good deal of space. But I may remark that for anyone who is seriously concerned, not with "religion," that gelded abstraction, but with Christianity, there is far more to be learned from Irving Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership* than from Professor Whitehead's soporific elixirs.[11]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Herbert Read reviewed *Science and the Modern World* in the *Criterion* of June 1926, declaring it "the most important book published in the conjoint realms of science and philosophy since Descartes' *Discourse on Method*" (581); his review of *Religion in the Making*, which "begins with the concepts of modern science and seeks to deduce from them the nature of a godhead," appeared in the *Criterion* of May 1927 (259).

2. TSE criticized the "creative evolution" of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* in his "London Letter" of Sept 1921 (2.370), together with the dancing school of Margaret Morris, eleven of whose pupils staged the "dance of youths and maidens" in the opening scene of part five of the play at the Court Theatre revival in Sept 1924.

3. In *What I Believe* (London: Kegan, Paul, 1925), Russell attacked the "theological superstitions" of the clergy's opposition to contraception, asserting that the disease, poverty, and suffering experienced by so many newborns is "deliberately inflicted by Bishops and politicians in the name of morality" (43). TSE had recently quoted from the work in "John Bramhall," in critical illustration of Russell's moral philosophy (3.145).

4. In *The World of William Clissold* (1926), Wells's industrialist protagonist aims to redesign the world as a utopia to be managed and saved by men like himself, who place their faith in science, industry, and finance.

5. *Science and the Modern World*, 259.

6. See TSE's "Religion and Science: A Phantom Dilemma" (1932) (4.436).

7. See *Literature and Dogma: An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible* (Boston: James R. Osgood, 1873): "an enduring Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness" (172).

8. Whitehead states in his chapter on "God": "In the place of Aristotle's God as Prime Mover, we require God as the Principle of Concretion" (250). "The general principle of empiricism depends upon the doctrine that there is a principle of concretion which is not discoverable by abstract reason. What further can be known about God must be sought in the region of particular experiences, and therefore rests on an empirical basis" (257).

9. Hulme, in "The Religious Attitude" (*Speculations*, 71).

10. *Gegendstandstheorie*: theory of objects; from Alexius Meinong, *Über Gegendstandstheorie* (1904), frequently cited in TSE's dissertation, *Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley*.

11. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (Jan 1926), TSE identified Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership* (1924) as one of the works exhibiting a "modern tendency" toward "classicism." On 29 Apr 1927 he wrote to Roger Chitty, "I have had in suspense in my mind an essay pointing out Babbitt's (unconscious) relation to orthodox Christianity: his doctrine of Grace, in *Democracy and Leadership*, is singularly near to Christianity, and in my opinion cannot be made acceptable without Christianity" (*L3* 490-91).

TEXTUAL NOTE

In late summer 1927, TSE wrote to Lewis about a contribution to the *Enemy*: "Would you object to something about Whitehead, from point of view not identical with yours, but I believe pointing the same way?" Lewis had attacked Whitehead's time-philosophy in chapters XVIII and XIX of "The Revolutionary Simpleton" in the first number (Feb 1927). In the second number (Sept 1927), it was announced that "*The Enemy*, No. 3, will contain . . . an article by Mr. T. S. Eliot, in which he discusses the nature of Professor Whitehead's god, and further elucidation of post-relativity philosophy by Mr. Wyndham Lewis" (vii-viii). When the number had not appeared on 7 Nov, TSE replied to an inquiry from Edmund Wilson of the *New Republic*: "Thank you for your cable about my note on Whitehead. I have no idea when that is likely to appear as Wyndham Lewis's *Enemy* is not a very punctual publication, but I have thought over your suggestion. On the whole I think I should much prefer not to publish this note elsewhere. I am not satisfied with it and if I had time I should already have revised it" (*L3* 804). When the third and final number of the *Enemy* appeared ("First Quarter, 1929"), TSE's essay was not included. The proofs remained among Lewis's papers and are now in the Lewis Collection (Box 102), Carl A. Kroch Library, Cornell University.

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Oct 1927) 289-91

THE TEACHING OF HISTORY

In our July number we discussed the purposes of an organization called "The International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation," which is a side line of the League of Nations. One of the stated purposes was "the development of instruction on international questions."[1] A more recent phase of the problem of League of Nations instruction in the schools has been fully discussed in the press. The general opinion of schoolmasters in England seems to have been right and just: there is nothing to be said against giving schoolchildren information about the aims and activities of the League; but to attempt to reform the teaching of History according to League ideals or from a "League of Nations point of view" would be dangerous and undesirable from every point of view.[2] One point only: it suggests an interference with the proper liberty of the teacher. Teachers of History are sometimes accused of abusing their position to instil "propaganda." Possibly they do, here and there; but you cannot teach history, make it interesting or even intelligible, unless you hold opinions, and the opinions of the teacher are more important than the opinions of the text-book. If teachers teach the wrong opinions, then the only problem is to get the right teachers, and to pay them adequately; and it is in any case undesirable that all teachers should be forced to profess the same opinions.

THE CINEMA QUOTA

The chief danger, however, of setting up machinery for even the most admirable propaganda, is that the machinery can very easily outlast its purpose, and go on working for bad purposes instead of good. One of the great problems of the modern world is to deal with the machines of this kind which are already in action. If they do not work consciously they will work blindly, and the difficulty is to know which is worse. From this point of view, the recent discussions about Cinema Legislation and film "quota," both here and in Germany, must assume great importance even for those who care nothing for films and have no faith in its possibilities of art.[3] It is not merely a question of protecting an industry which we could possibly do quite well without. It is a question of what happens to the minds of the thousands of people who feast their eyes every night, when in a peculiarly passive state under the hypnotic influence of continuous music, upon films the great majority of which have been confected in studios of the Hollywood type. On the other hand, they might not gain much by changing to Hollywood films made in Britain. If we see films at all, we should like to be able to see the best that *every* nation can produce: a desire which none of the projected legislation seems likely to satisfy. Might it not be a job for the office of the Lord Chancellor (or a separate Mastership of the Revels might be revived)? We trust that the brains of the "International Institute" are applied to this problem.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

Everyone who is concerned with English literature, and indeed, everyone who is concerned with writing and with thinking in the English language, should find some interest in the *Memorandum on the Teaching of English* issued by the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools (Cambridge: 3s. 6d.).[4] The book is admirably arranged, and gives the curriculum for children of all ages up to sixteen. It would be possible, of course, to criticize the choice of books and texts of English literature. But that, again, is a matter in which the individual teacher should have the widest possible liberty – for you cannot teach children to like things that you do not like yourself. But while not everyone can be taught to appreciate literature, everyone can be taught, according to his ability, to think and write clearly. The Memorandum encourages the study of grammar (though one is surprised that it should have been thought necessary to defend that study). But it does not encourage the study of grammar after the age of thirteen. This is regrettable. Grammar should be made to lead up to the study of logic, modern logic, not the antiquated discipline of Barbara.[5] Young people who continue the study of English after they are fifteen or sixteen, ought to learn how the language has been formed, ought to learn something of both historical and comparative grammar, and come to understand how much the work of logicians has done to make of English a language in which it is possible to think clearly and exactly on any subject. The *Principia Mathematica* are perhaps a greater contribution to our language than they are to mathematics.[6]

NOTES

1. In "A Commentary" (3.133)

2. The movement to tie school instruction to the goals of the League of Nations began with Professor Charles Webster's lecture on "The Teaching of World Citizenship" to the League of Nations Union on 6 Jan 1926, calling on member nations to teach children "that they could turn the deepest aspirations of their natures into the direction of cooperation rather than of rivalry," and arguing that "every subject in the school curriculum could be used . . . but the teaching of history was the most important. . . . World history was . . . different in every country, but only in the matter of perspective. The facts were the same" (*Times*, 7 Jan 1926, 15).

3. The Cinematograph Films Bill, then under discussion, as described in the *Times* of 4 Apr (12) and 27 May (11), was passed in Dec 1927 to encourage British film production and establish a film registration and quota system to counter the dominant distribution and booking of American films.

4. The sixty-page *Memorandum*, first published by Cambridge UP in 1923, was reissued in an expanded edition (92 pages) in 1926.

5. In Aristotelian logic, Barbara, a mnemonic word, is the primary type of syllogism in which there are two universal affirmative premises: major (all humans are mortal); minor (Greeks are humans); and a universal affirmative conclusion (all Greeks are mortal).

6. The three-volume *Principia Mathematica* (1910-13) of Bertrand Russell and Alfred North Whitehead had recently been reissued (1925-27). TSE read the first volume at Harvard in 1910 and listed it among the models for the writing of English prose in his third Clark lecture (2.654).

An unsigned review of *The Canary Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine

London: Benn, 1927. Pp. 288.

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Oct 1927) 377

Several months ago we praised very highly the same author's first book, *The Benson Murder Case*. *The Canary Murder Case* is equally good.[1] It is a book to be recommended to the small, fastidious public which really discriminates between good and bad detective stories. For the guidance of this small, fastidious public, we would say that Mr. Van Dine has not yet written anything to equal the best work of either Mr. Freeman or Mr. Crofts; but that he is easily level with Mr. Lynn Brock and Mr. J. J. Connington.[2] Our only reservation in praise of this book is to say that its method too closely resembles that of the author's first book; and that there is one small but vital point which can only be described as *mechanical*. But the poker game scene near the end of the book is really brilliant.

NOTES

1. This review is attributed to TSE by the editors. TSE reviewed Van Dine's *The Benson Murder Case* (1926) in "Recent Detective Fiction" (1927), describing it as "the best of this group" of seventeen novels.

2. In "Homage to Wilkie Collins" (1927), TSE reviewed R. Austin Freeman's *The D'Arblay Mystery* (1926) and listed without mention *The Dangerfield Talisman* (1926) of J. J. Connington, pseudonym of Alfred Walter Steward (1880-1947), chemist and author of seventeen detective novels (3.13). In "Recent Detective Fiction," he described Freeman and his disciple Freeman Wills Crofts, acclaimed for *The Cask* (1920), as "our two most accomplished detective writers." Lynn Brock, pseudonym of Allister McAllister (1877-1943), created the detective Colonel Lysander Gore in numerous novels beginning with *The Deductions of Colonel Gore* (1924).

Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis

The Monthly Criterion, 6 (Oct 1927) 340-47

> "What is disquieting about the present time is not so much its open and avowed materialism as what it takes to be its spirituality." – Babbitt: *Democracy and Leadership*.[1]

Referring to Mr. Murry's extremely interesting essay (*The Criterion*, June, 1927) and to my own superficial note which provoked it (*The Criterion*, January, 1927), I shall say no more about the views of Mr. Read or Mr. Fernandez, for the reason that they can expound their own theories (which are by no means identical) much better than I can.[2] Nor shall I say more than I can help about the doctrine of St. Thomas, for three reasons: I am not yet certain to what point I should wish to champion the "system" of St. Thomas; I am quite certain that I am not at present qualified to do so; and third, I wish to concern myself at the moment not with finding out what St. Thomas thought, but with the much more difficult problem of finding out what Mr. Murry thinks. My knowledge of Aquinas is slight: it is limited to the accounts of Gilson and de Wulf, to two volumes of extracts, one prepared by Professor Gilson and the other by M. Truc, to two or three books by M. Maritain and modern Dominicans, and to the new edition of the *Summa* published by Desclée. Only nine volumes of this edition have yet appeared, and in these nine volumes I have only read here and there.[3] I am in every way unfitted to pose as an authority on "non-Christian neo-Thomism"; and it may be that my slight and piecemeal knowledge of the texts is the reason why I do not think of St. Thomas's work primarily and panoramically as a "system," in Mr. Murry's sense.

There are three points in Mr. Murry's reasoning which interest me especially, and in the first two St. Thomas is implicated. I do not understand Mr. Murry's attitude toward "faith," or his theory of "reason," "intelligence" and "intuition," or his philosophy of history, with its sharp division between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. As the first two points have already been considered by previous critics, I will deal with them as briefly as I can. I shall begin with a few remarks on "intuition," and incorporate what I have to say about "faith" in my observations on Mr. Murry's philosophy of history, which seems to me much the most important matter hitherto untouched.

Mr. Murry suggests that I must mean one of two things: either I deny "intuition" altogether, or I affirm "intuition" to be a form of "intelligence." I certainly do not mean the former; I do not at all wish to expunge the word "intuition" from the dictionary. What I mean is much more like the latter; I am willing to admit, in a rough and ready way, that "intelligence is the genus, intuition and discourse the species" [295]. Only just at this point Mr. Murry takes advantage of my simplicity, by introducing a kind of intuition which is *his* kind, and hustling out several specimens of my kind. To Mr. Murry, apparently, knowledge of mathematical axioms, and everything that Mr. Russell discusses in his admirable chapter on "knowledge by acquaintance,"[4] is not intuitive at all, though I do not see how he can call it "discursive." Instead, he gives an example of his kind of intuition. It is the following proposition (which he says is a truth which we apprehend):

Nessun maggior dolore,
che ricordarsi del tempo felice
nella miseria . . .[5]

Mr. Murry has here, I believe, the tentative support of Lord Tennyson, but nevertheless, the proposition above is not a "truth" at all;[6] and if therefore we apprehend it intuitively, there is something suspicious about our intuition. It is a dramatic statement; Francesca believed it, but there is no conclusive evidence that Dante believed it; it has great value in its place as heightening the connexion and contrast of Francesca's past and present. It is just the sort of thing that Francesca would believe; and fits in with the whole passage to show how far Francesca is from a state of grace. As an universal statement, it is simply *not* true.[7]* I do not say that intuition is not existent; but I am very much tempted to say that "the kind of mental activity which the writer in *The Times* calls 'intuition'" is inexistent, if this is a fair example of it.

I can now make a little clearer what, in my rough and ready way, I mean by "being on the side of what we call the intelligence." I mean that intuition must have its place in a world of discourse; there may be room for intuitions both at the top and the bottom, or at the beginning and the end; but that intuition must always be tested, and capable of test, in a whole of experience in which intellect plays a large part. There are other types of "intuition" which Mr. Murry does not seem to have in mind, and I therefore neglect them: I mean such as can be classed under "psychic phenomena." But I mean furthermore that I am "on the side of the intelligence" because I am convinced that Mr. Murry, just as roughly and readily as myself, is against it. In the first place, he assumes throughout that "intelligence" is something that we know all about, whereas "intuition" is a mysterious faculty which we can only worship. And just this depreciation of intelligence on the one hand, and this exaltation of intuition on the other, is I think what leads Mr. Murry into making mistakes about his own intuitions. To me both intelligence and intuition are mysterious; it is as mysterious and miraculous to watch Mr. Murry conducting discursive reasoning as to watch him apprehending his intuitions. One reason why Mr. Murry is so confident about putting intelligence into its place is that he has very much restricted its meaning. Here, of course, he is following Bergson in a tradition which derives from Descartes, and possibly from the later nominalists. The function of intellect, he believes, is purely practical, and is concerned only with "quantity." I do not wish to deal with questions which Monsieur Mauron has already handled,[8] and I am no mathematician: but I cannot understand why mathematics should be dismissed as merely a science of quantity. I should have thought of it rather as a science of relations. But Mr. Murry goes much farther. I have turned for light to a recent essay by him, called "The Metaphysic of Poetry," in *The Hibbert Journal* for July. There I learn that "the true poet . . . starts with an ineradicable faith in intuition."[9] Such a faith seems to me harmless enough, but Mr. Murry joins it to an ineradicable contempt for intelligence. "Abstract conceptual thinking," he says, "seemed to Coleridge, Goethe and Keats always a mere clumsy substitute for a finer means of attaining truth of which they had actual experience." I am sorry to find myself opposed to Coleridge, Goethe and Keats; but abstract thinking does not seem to me to be a *substitute* for anything. But for Mr. Murry poetry – or at least that poetry that he likes – is a substitute for everything: not only for the "abstract conceptual thinking" of science and philosophy, but for religion itself.

I may at this point wisely leave the defence of abstract conceptual thinking to those who are more expert in it than I. But when Mr. Murry makes poetry a substitute for philosophy and religion – a higher philosophy and a purer religion, he seems to me to falsify not only philosophy and religion, but poetry too. And here is a passage from an essay by Jacques Rivière which sums up the Murry attitude better than Mr. Murry has summed it up himself.

In the seventeenth century . . . if it had occurred to anyone to ask Molière or Racine why they wrote, they would surely have been able to reply in no other way than by saying: "to amuse the better sort" (*pour distraire les honnêtes gens*). It is only with Romanticism that the literary act began to be conceived as a sort of approach towards the absolute, and its result as a revelation; at that moment literature gathered the inheritance of religion and organized itself on the model of that which it replaced; the writer became the priest; the purpose of all his gestures was solely to induce the descent of the "Real Presence" into this consecrated Host. The whole literature of the nineteenth century is a vast incantation, directed towards Miracle.[10]

This transvaluation, which Rivière then deplored, Mr. Murry not only welcomes but exaggerates: for I think that Shakespeare would be astonished to read his metamorphosis at Mr. Murry's hands. I have touched on this point to draw the further implication that "being on the side of intelligence" means keeping philosophy, religion and poetry each in its proper place, or else doing away with one or another of them altogether.

Mr. Murry seems to me a perfect pupil of his master, Bergson: just as at the end of *Évolution créatrice* Bergson transforms every philosopher before his own time into a precursor and prophet of himself, so Mr. Murry transforms Shakespeare, Coleridge, Keats and Goethe into prophets of his own philosophy.[11] One same historic myopia seems to make Bergson and Murry unable to distinguish the figures of Aristotle and Aquinas very clearly; for no manipulation could possibly give Aristotle or Aquinas any place in the Bergson or Murry scheme. Mr. Murry asks me whether I accept the Thomist theory of knowledge? Well, I have very strong leanings towards it, first because it happens to have a great deal in common with another theory of knowledge which I know better, that of Aristotle.[12] But Mr. Murry's own knowledge of theories of knowledge seems curiously limited. He divides theories of knowledge into three kinds: the physical (I suppose he means physiological?), the psychological, and the *metaphysical*. The last type, which includes that of Aquinas, he dismisses summarily, for, says he, "it has singularly little reference to the actual process of knowing in human experience" [297]. One must conclude that Mr. Murry is dismissing with the same condemnation such modern theories of knowledge as those of Meinong, and Husserl, and that which Mr. Russell holds or once held. For these theories are neither physical nor psychological, and therefore have singularly little reference to the actual process of knowing in Mr. Murry's experience. How such freaks came to be, after the philosophical revolution effected by Shakespeare, Mr. Murry does not tell us. But there it is, there are still thinking human beings who are not quite convinced that psychology is the key to the universe.

I do not think that Mr. Murry is quite true to his own position when he says that *one* of the two essential elements in the Thomist synthesis (i.e. faith and knowledge) has "gone by the board." This in itself is a highly disputable statement, for it means that there is simply *no* religious faith at all to-day. But what Mr. Murry ought to have said is that *both* elements have gone by the board (as how should they not when the Bergsonian stream flows so rapidly and so turgidly?). For Mr. Murry tells us elsewhere that faith and reason have got mixed up – you can now hardly tell one from the other – that is Shakespeare's great gift to society – and again he says that faith and reason have been replaced by art and science.[13] In a Bergsonian world, we may hope that these will in turn be replaced by something else. But what bothers me especially in Mr. Murry's fluid world is that Truth itself seems to change, either imperceptibly or by sudden mutations. That I simply cannot understand. "We *cannot* return to St. Thomas," he says [303]. I do not see why not: if Mr. Murry can return to Jesus (and defy St. Paul in the process) I cannot see why I cannot return to St. Thomas, or more emphatically to Aristotle. Can Mr. Murry, in his own peculiar flux, even return to Keats?[14] No sane person supposes that one age is exactly like another, or that it can ever wholly explain another, or even explain wholly in what ways it is different from another. But the Bergsonian time doctrine, which Mr. Murry accepts implicitly, goes much further than this; it reaches the point of a *fatalism* which is wholly destructive. It is a pure naturalism. What is true for one age is not true for another, and there is no external standard. If Mr. Murry would say plain and pat that St. Thomas is wrong, that Aristotle is wrong, that their "systems" are altogether wrong, I should not mind. But he simply says that St. Thomas has *gone*. The cheese is mouldy to-day, he seems to say, but what a magnificent cheese it was until yesterday! This sort of false ecstasy of admiration for something you do not believe in is the perquisite of time philosophies like those of Bergson and Mr. Murry. The *Summa* is admirable for me only in so far as I can find some crumbs of truth in it – otherwise I shall not waste paper and ink extolling it as "a superb and magnificent system – one of the noblest creations of the human mind," etc.; if it is all wrong I see nothing superb about it. But in Mr. Murry's fluid world everything may be admired, because nothing is permanent. There is therefore no place in it for the human will. Yet Mr. Murry assures us that there is no danger "of a lapse into sentimental intuitionism." For a world like Mr. Murry's there is no danger, because nothing in it is worthy of preservation.[15]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTE.-These notes were in the press, before those of Mr. Fernandez were received, and Mr. Fernandez had not seen them. T. S. E.[16]

NOTES

1. From TSE's marked personal copy (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1924), 16-17; *read*: "about the time"

2. Murry's "Towards a Synthesis" (294-313) was provoked not by any remark by TSE in the *Criterion* of Jan 1927 but, as Murry says, by his review of Herbert Read's *Reason and Romanticism* and Ramon Fernandez's *Messages* in the *Criterion* of Oct 1926, in which TSE also criticized Murry's anonymous review of Read's book in *TLS*, arguing that the reviewer confuses the relation of intelligence and intuition and is wrong in insisting that they are two different faculties: "for anyone who has devoted a little attention to St. Thomas . . . the term 'intelligence' is adequate" for both (2.834). TSE was joined in responses from Charles Mauron, Fernandez, and M. C. D'Arcy, SJ, in the Sept and Oct issues.

3. Étienne Gilson, *Saint Thomas d'Aquin* (1925) (2.653) and Thomist philosopher Maurice de Wulf, *History of Medieval Philosophy*, vol II: *From St. Thomas Aquinas to the End of the Sixteenth Century* (1926), which TSE reviewed (2.870); Gilson, *Le Thomisme. Introduction au système de saint Thomas d'Aquin* (1923) and Gonzague Truc, *La Pensée de Saint Thomas d'Aquin* (1924) (2.653); Jacques Maritain, *La Philosophie bergsonienne. Études critiques* (1914) [*Bergsonian Philosophy and Thomism*]; *Somme théologique* (Desclée & Cie, 1925-39): at this time, TSE possessed five volumes (1925-27) but acquired ten more through 1939.

4. Russell, "Knowledge by Acquaintance and Knowledge by Description" (1910), rpt. in *Mysticism and Logic* (1917), reviewed by TSE (1.690).

5. *Inferno* V.121-23, spoken by Francesca; *trans*: "There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness" (*DC1* 55).

6. Tennyson draws on Dante's lines in "Locksley Hall" (1842): "this is truth the poet sings, / That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things" (ll. 75-76).

7*. TSE's note: "The reader may consider the following statement of Ugolino (*Inferno*, Canto XXXIII):

Tu vuoi ch'io rinnovelli
disperato dolor che il cor mi preme,
già pur pensando, pria che io ne favelli.

That is, Ugolino found his greatest grief in recalling past error and sin. This statement may be contrasted with that of Francesca." Lines 4-6: *trans*: "Thou willest that I renew desperate grief, which wrings my heart, even at the very thought, before I tell thereof" (*DC1* 371).

8. The response to Murry of critic and translator Charles Mauron (1899-1963), "Concerning 'Intuition,'" appeared in the Sept issue (229-35), translated by TSE.

9. *The Hibbert Journal*, 25 (July 1927), 610-22; here 615.

10. TSE's translation from Rivière's "La crise du concept de littérature" [*The Crisis of the Concept of Literature*], *NRF*, 22 (1 Feb 1924), 159-70: "Au XVIIème siècle . . . l'idée était venue à quelqu'un de demander à Molière ou à Racine pourquoi ils écrivaient, ils n'eussent sans doute pas pu trouver d'autre résponse que: 'Pour distraire les honnêtes gens.' C'est avec le romantisme seulement que l'acte littéraire a commencé à être conçu comme une sorte de tentative sur l'absolu, et son résultat comme une révélation; la littérature a recueilli à ce moment l'héritage de la religion et s'est organisée sur le modèle de ce qu'elle remplaçait; l'écrivain est devenu prêtre; tous ses gestes n'ont plus tendu qu'à amener dans cette hostie qu'était l'œuvre, la 'présence réelle.' Toute la littérature du XIXème siècle est une vaste incantation, dirigée vers le miracle" (161). TSE wrote to Rivière on 17 Apr that the point of view of his essay was so close to his own that he intended to quote from it in an article attacking the opposite views of Murry (*L3* 375-76).

11. In chapter four of *L'Évolution créatrice* (1907) [*Creative Evolution* (1911)], Bergson names Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibniz, Kant, and Spencer as precursors whose works anticipate his philosophy of evolution.

12. On 14 Sept, TSE wrote to Thomas Banks Strong, the Bishop of Oxford, about his position in relation to replies to Murry: "You say that you think the scholastic conception of the theory of knowledge is over-elaborated. That is exactly my point against contemporary theories. I admit that I am not primarily a Thomist. I am an Aristotelian and my interest in St. Thomas is partly in St. Thomas as a reviver of Aristotle. I feel that St. Thomas is a witness: if the Aristotelian could be so magnificently revived in the thirteenth century, then I feel that it can be revived again in the twentieth century analogous to St. Thomas's revival of Aristotle in the thirteenth. You say that you cannot see how the scholastic theory can be expressed in terms of recent psychology. The fact that it cannot . . . is to me a point in its favour. What I am interested to do is to examine the basis of modern psychology, for I think that it rests on wholly unwarranted assumptions" (*L3* 702).

13. TSE refers to Murry's arguments in "Religion and Faith," "Literature and Religion," and other essays collected in *To the Unknown God: Essays towards a Religion* (1924).

14. Murry's *The Life of Jesus* (1926) was reviewed by TSE in the *Criterion* of May 1927 (3.63); his Clark Lectures for 1924-25 were published as *Keats and Shakespeare* (1925), reviewed in the *Criterion* of Jan 1926 (193-96).

15. Murry wrote to TSE about the essays in response to "Towards a Synthesis" on 22 Sept, enclosing his reply to all of them, "Concerning Intelligence," which appeared in the Dec issue (524-33): "When I came to read these criticisms over carefully and began to write the enclosed, I became more & [more] depressed-and, alas, especially by your own criticism. D'Arcy didn't even interest me. Mauron only moderately. With Fernandez I could come to terms. But with you it is a *guerre à outrance*, metaphorically speaking. I understand what you say, but I can't understand why you say it. And all my hopeful feeling when I first undertook that frightful essay has evaporated. It seems that there really is some sort of abyss between us – not humanly thank goodness – but in respect of our ideas & convictions. If I didn't know you, I should suspect you of trying to score debating points – that gives you a notion of the separation I feel at the moment . . . " (*L3* 676n).

16. In reference to Fernandez's reply to Murry in this issue, "A Note on Intelligence and Intuition" (332-39), translated by TSE.

Parnassus Biceps

An unsigned review of *Parnassus Biceps; or, Several Choice Pieces of Poetry 1656*, ed. G. Thorn-Drury

London: Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald,
1927. Pp. x + 194.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1342 (20 Oct 1927), 734

Most lovers of English poetry are accustomed to think of it in terms of well-defined epochs. It is well occasionally to consider the transitions – which always appear superficially to be revolutions – from one phase and style to another; so that we may recognize the unity, as well as the diversity, of English verse. *Parnassus Biceps* is an interesting anthology from this point of view. Mr. Thorn-Drury, the editor of this edition, is a person of taste as well as of admitted authority.[1] He observes in his preface that:

> A word of warning is perhaps advisable to readers who are making their first acquaintance with *Parnassus Biceps*: the title is bold, attractive, and in one respect well chosen, but it may suggest kinship to *England's Helicon*, *England's Parnassus*, and other anthologies of the age of Elizabeth. Expectations founded upon any such idea are, it must be confessed, doomed to disappointment. With the great Queen had passed that indefinable spirit which had permeated the whole nation and inspired its poets. [viii]

It might be thought that in the last sentence quoted Mr. Thorn-Drury gives scant justice to the Jacobean and early Caroline verse. This book does not, indeed, represent the twilight of the Elizabethan age; it represents the transition from the metaphysical Caroline poetry to the age of Dryden. That transition, of course, is best shown in the work of Cowley, who is at once the last of the metaphysicals and the predecessor of Dryden. This book is a strange medley of work by men few of whom are as memorable as Cowley, and most of whom are quite forgotten. There are several poems by Bishop King, but all far below his best work;[2] and there is an inferior version of Wotton's "To Elizabeth of Bohemia" (a poem about the versions of which there has been much correspondence in this paper).[3] The version here used begins:

  Ye glorious trifles of the East,
Whose estimation fancies raise,
  Pearles, Rubies, Saphirs, and the rest
Of precious Gems, what is your praise
When as the Diamond shewes his raise?

Many of the poems are influenced by Donne; some are close imitations. Few, indeed, except one or two charming stanzas by Strode, such as the following, have any literary merit:

When whispering straines with creeping wind
Distill soft passion through the heart;
And whilst at every touch we find
Our pulses heat and bear a part.
  When threds can make
  Our heart-strings shake;
  Philosophy can scarce deny
  Our soules consist in harmony.[4]

But the interest of the book is much greater than any single quotations could justify. Mr. Thorn-Drury, in his introduction, gives us the outline (from *Athenae Oxonienses*) of the life of the compiler, the Reverend Abraham Wright.[5] Mr. Wright was a parson who suffered somewhat for the Royalist cause; and as his highly entertaining preface tells us, his collection purports to consist of verses by priests and scholars of Oxford. Mr. Thorn-Drury observes that of the two dozen or so of the authors whom he has been able to identify half at least were not in Holy Orders; nevertheless, we conclude that the standard of verse-making among divines was at least as high in 1656 as it has ever been before or since. And Mr. Wright was full of confidence:

> For as that great Councell of *Trent* [he says] had a Form and Conclusion altogether contrary to the expectation and desires of them that procured it; so our great Councels of *England* (our late Parliaments) will have such a result, and Catastrophe, as shall no ways answer the Fasts and Prayers, the Humiliations, and Thanksgivings of their Plotters and Contrivers: such a result I say, that will strike a palsie through Mr. *Pims* ashes, make his cold Marble sweat; and put all those several Partyes, and Actors, that have as yet appeard upon our tragical bloudy Stage, to an amazed stand and gaze: when they shall confess themselves (but too late) to be those improvident axes and hammers in the hand of a subtle Workman;

> whereby he was enabled to beat down, and square out our Church and State into a Conformity with his own.[6]

Some of the poems are solemn iambics of protest, as the poem in defence of the decent Ornaments of Christ Church, Oxon;[7] others are rather broadside ballads suggesting the taste of a later age:

> With face and fashion to be known
> For one of sure election,
> With eyes all white and many a groan,
> With neck aside to draw in tone,
> With harp in's nose or he is none.
>   See a new teacher of the town
>   O the town, O the towns new teacher.[8]

It must be admitted, from these and other specimens, that the poetical effusions of clergy and scholars during the Commonwealth were rather controversial and abusive than devotional. The reigns of the first James and the first Charles were rich both in theology and in devotional verse; the younger generation seems less devout than contentious; the time of Herbert and even of Crashaw is really ended; and the next great religious poem is to be "The Hind and the Panther."[9]

NOTES

1. G. (George) Thorn-Drury (1860-1931), scholar, editor, and Hon. Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Though the poems appear without the names of their authors, Thorn-Drury in his notes succeeds in identifying many of them, or the anthologies in which the poems previously or subsequently appeared, such as *Sportive Wit* (1656) and *J. Cleaveland Revised* (1659). He states that the compiler, Abraham Wright, "gathered his materials . . . entirely from manuscript sources, and he seems to have been quite unaware that many of the pieces had been previously printed . . . This use of manuscripts no doubt had its advantages, in that in some instances new, interesting and, possibly, more correct readings are presented, but, on the other hand, it will be seen that his text is in several places palpably corrupt" (viii).

2. Bishop Henry King is represented by five poems, all taken from his *Poems* (1657).

3. The poem by poet and diplomat Sir Henry Wotton is here titled "Sir Henry Wotton on Q: Elizabeth" (34-35). Thorn-Drury's note: "This is a very poor version of the poem, which was the subject of an elaborate discussion in *The Times Literary Supplement*, 1924."

4. The opening stanza of "Of Musick" (74) by William Strode (1600-43), Canon of Christ Church and Public Orator of the University. Strode is represented by eleven poems, the largest number in the volume; his poems remained uncollected until the publication of Bertram Dobell's edition of *The Poetical Works of William Strode* (1907).

5. Anthony à Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses: An Exact History of All the Writers and Bishops Who Have Had their Education in the University of Oxford*. New edn, with additions, by Philip Bliss, vol 4 (Oxford: J. Parker, 1829), 275-78. Abraham Wright (1611-90), poet, minister, and Fellow of St. John's College Oxford, contributed six of his own poems to the anthology.

6. Wright's fourteen-page introduction, "To the Ingenuous Reader," is set unpaginated in the A collation, as in the original, between the title page and the text of poems; the quotation is from the twelfth and thirteenth pages. TSE's brackets.

7. "A Poem, In defence of the decent Ornaments of Christ-Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them Idolatries" (3-12); Thorn-Drury's note: "Although I have examined several seventeenth-century transcripts of this piece I have met with no suggestion as to the author. It is printed in *J. Cleaveland Revived*: 1659, p. 28, *On Christ-Church windows*."

8. The opening stanza of the anonymous "A Song of the Precise Cut" (143-45); Thorn-Drury's note: "In *Sportive Wit*: 1656, p. 37, *The Tub-Preacher*, eight stanzas, of which the first has only six lines: also in *J. Cleaveland Revived*: 1659, p. 58, *The Puritan*."

9. John Dryden's beast fable (1687), in which the Hind (the Catholic Church) defends its doctrines against the Panther (the Anglican Church).

Tristan da Cunha[1]

To the Editor of *The New Statesman*

The New Statesman, 30 (22 Oct 1927) 44

SIR, – I congratulate Mr. Campbell upon his poem, "Tristan da Cunha," in *The New Statesman* of to-day.[2] His control of the metre is remarkable, and his language stronger and less flamboyant than in some of his earlier work. The poem has a curious resemblance – not in detail, but in rhythm and in general spirit – to a German poem which is almost unknown even in Germany, the *Tristan da Cunha* of Johannes Th. Kuhlemann (*Der Strom*, Cologne, 1919).[3] I once attempted to translate this poem, which is very fine, but abandoned the attempt. I do not know whether Mr. Campbell knows German but if he does, he might make a very brilliant translation.[4]

Yours, etc.,

24 RUSSELL SQUARE, W. C. I. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

[1] A remote, English-speaking island (38 square miles) in the British territory of Saint Helena, Ascension, and Tristan da Cunha, first settled in 1810.

[2] The poem, consisting of seventeen rhyming sestets, appeared in the issue of 15 Oct (14), the date of TSE's letter (see *L3* 759). South African-born poet and translator Roy Campbell (1901-57) had published his first volume *The Flaming Terrapin* in 1924, which TSE had in his library. TSE placed him permanently on the Faber list of poets with the publication of *Adamastor: Poems* (1930).

[3] The "Tristan da Cunha" of Johannes Theodor Kuhlemann (1891-1939), poet, journalist, and satirist, appeared in the inaugural number of *Der Strom*, 1 (1919-20), 23-26.

[4] Campbell wrote to TSE to thank him for the encouragement in his letter and again in the late summer of 1928 to say that, not knowing German well, he would try to secure a literal translation of Kuhlemann's poem, but that his inspiration had come from the translation of a single verse of the poem by a German translator, sent to Campbell by a friend: "I think it was this verse that set me off on my poem, though I don't think I actually imitated it. I had already done five verses of my poem in the same metre under the title of Kerguelen." Campbell later wrote in his memoir, *Broken Record* (London: Boriswood, 1934), that British colonial poet Henry Kendall "has influenced me very much indeed. Like me he was brought up in a whaling town, and his *Kerguelen* is the father of my *Tristan da Cunha*: He seized first of all in verse that mystery of the lonely island walking on the sea" (126).

A Scholar's Essays

A review of *Nine Essays*, by Arthur Platt, with a preface by A. E. Housman

Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1927. Pp. xviii + 220.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1343 (27 Oct 1927) 757

John Arthur Platt was born in London in 1860, and died in Bournemouth in 1925.[1] From Harrow he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which college he became a Fellow, as had been his father and grandfather. He lost this Fellowship by marriage, spent several years in coaching, and finally became Professor of Greek in University College, London. In this post he died.

These are the fewest facts about the author of these essays, and we learn them from Professor Housman's preface. Indeed, this preface alone would be worth notice even if the essays were not; a preface by Mr. Housman is an event. Comparatively few people know that the author of the *Shropshire Lad* and Professor of Latin at Cambridge University is one of the finest prose writers of our time.[2] Those who have the felicity to know his prefaces to certain Latin texts which he has edited have had a pleasure, like that of old port, in his masterly, witty, controversial talent: the preface to this book shows Mr. Housman to be equally accomplished in eulogy. It is short, but several passages are worth quoting, though they cannot show the grace, distinction and tact of the preface as a whole. Of the occasions which provoked these essays – they were all addresses to societies – he says:

> University College, London, like many other colleges, is the abode of a Minotaur. This monster does not devour youths and maidens: it consists of them, and it preys for choice on the Professors within its reach. It is called a Literary Society, and in hopes of deserving the name it exacts a periodical tribute from those whom it supposes to be literate. . . . Platt, whose temper made him accessible, whose pen ran easily, and whose mind was richly stored, paid more of this blackmail than most of his colleagues, and grudged it less; but the fact is not to be concealed that these unconstrained and even exuberant essays were written to order. [vi]

No more tactful, disarming and yet wholly just preparation could be given us. Again, of Platt's residence near Regent's Park Mr. Housman says:

> Nearer to his house he made another circle of friends. He was a Fellow of the Zoological Society, frequented its Gardens, and inspired a romantic passion in their resident population. There was a leopard which at Platt's approach would almost ooze through the bars of its cage to establish contact with the beloved object; the gnu, if it saw him on the opposite side of its broad enclosure, would walk all the way across to have its forelock pulled; and a credible witness reports the following scene:
>
> "I remember going to the giraffe-house and seeing a crowd of children watching a man who had removed his hat while the giraffe, its neck stretched to the fullest capacity, was rubbing its head backwards and forwards upon the bald crown. When the object of this somewhat embarrassing affection turned his head Platt's features were revealed." [vii]

After such a preface only the most austere of critics could regard Platt's essays harshly. In reading them we are constantly reminded by small and often humorous touches that they were addresses, and good addresses. But they have the charm, the innocence, and the authority which sometimes adhere, long after, to words which were meant only for the delectation and improvement of the immediate audience, without thought of posterity or posthumous fame. They cover many subjects; and though these subjects are mostly well-thumbed, Platt always gives them a fresh dignity which seems to come rather from personality than from intellect. He had no policy, no theory; but he thoroughly enjoyed such authors as Edward FitzGerald, Aristophanes and Cervantes; when he talked of Lucian or Julian he knew what he was talking about; and his essay on Rochefoucauld, in which he always selects just the right quotation, is a capital introduction to that author.[3] He is never astonishing, but he is usually right. He was a man who not only had read widely but who read lovingly, intently and repeatedly what he liked. An honest man usually has intimate preferences, authors who recur to his mind, when he wants an instance, rather than other authors who would really do just as well. The authors about whom Platt wrote his essays seem to have been truly his favourite authors, for their names are apt to recur in the other essays. This is a sign of integrity. His particular favourite seems to have been FitzGerald, and especially FitzGerald's *Omar*.[4] Well, FitzGerald's *Omar* seems a bit out of date now, or relegated, oddly enough, to small decorated Christmas books; but if we had no other conviction we should be persuaded that it is a great poem, only from Platt's admiration for it.

His book will not be more enduring than brass, but it will safely endure the purpose to which its editor loyally dedicated it.[5]

NOTES

1. John Arthur Platt (1860-1925), Housman's friend and fellow classicist, edited the Cambridge editions of the *Odyssey* (1892) and the *Iliad* (1894), translated works of Aristotle and Aeschylus, and composed a masque and a book of sonnets.

2. *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), Housman's cycle of sixty-three ballads touching on nature and mortality, became popular during the Boer War and World War I in response to its theme of men dying young.

3. Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616), Spanish novelist, poet, and playwright; Lucian of Samosata (ca. 125 – after 180 AD), rhetorician and satirist; Flavius Claudius Julianus Augustus (ca. 331 – 63 AD) ruled the Roman Empire from 361 to 363 and is known as "Julian the Apostate" for his rejection of Christianity; he wrote in Greek on religion and philosophy.

4. *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* (1859). In his 1959 *Paris Review* interview, Eliot reported that he began at "about the age of fourteen, under the inspiration of FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam*, to write a number of very gloomy and atheistical and despairing quatrains in the same style" ("The Art of Poetry, I: T. S. Eliot," *Paris Review* 21, [Spring/Summer 1959], 47-70; here, 49).

5. Reference to Horace's *Odes* III.30.1, "I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing northwind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish." *The Works of Horace*, prose trans. by C. Smart (Philadelphia: David McKay, 1896), 68 (edition used by TSE). Housman ends his preface with the following dedication: "This record will not preserve, perhaps none could preserve, more than an indistinct and lifeless image of the friend who is lost to us: good, kind, bright, unselfish, and as honest as the day . . . what most eludes description is not the excellence of his gifts but the singularity of his essential being, his utter unlikeness to any other creature in the world" (xi).

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Nov 1927) 385-88

THE CONVERSATIONS AT PONTIGNY

The *entretiens* which take place every summer, for a period of several weeks, at the former Abbey of Pontigny in Burgundy, are not intended to interest the general public, but merely to profit the men of letters of various countries who meet there.[1] The proceedings are not published. But the prospectus of subjects to be discussed, which was issued before the meeting of this year, is an interesting document in itself. In 33 pages it gives an admirable view of the kinds of subject which preoccupy the minds of men of letters to-day. And all the more as many of the writers who were present are occasional contributors to *The Criterion*, a short summary of the programme may be of interest.

The headings are three: a discussion of Liberty – i.e. the relation of the individual to the State, with reference to bolshevism, fascism and the other types of contemporary political organization. Second, a discussion of romanticism. Third, a discussion of "humanism," or the question of education and civilization. Through the summaries of the points to be raised in these discussions appear also the persistent questions of religion. In the first discussion, the question of the relation of Church and State arises; in the second, some of the personal aspects of religion; in the third, the place of religion in education.[2]

No meeting of persons small enough and sympathetic enough to be able to discuss such matters could possibly be wholly representative; and we mean no disrespect in suggesting that the actual conversations (which we did not hear) are less important than the choice of subjects. The interesting point is that such subjects, and such varied subjects, would hardly have engaged so much attention from men of letters of the previous generation, or even fifteen years ago. The man of letters of to-day is interested in a great many subjects – not because he has many interests, but because he finds that the study of his own subject leads him irresistibly to the study of the others; and he must study the others if only to disentangle his own, to find out what he is really doing himself. Three events in the last ten years may be instanced: the Russian revolution (which has also directed our attention to the East), the transformation of Italy (which has directed our attention to our own forms of government), and the condemnation of the *Action Française* by the Vatican. All of these events compel us to consider the problem of Liberty and Authority, both in politics and in the organization of speculative thought. Politics has become too serious a matter to be left to politicians.[3] We are compelled, to the extent of our abilities, to be amateur economists, in an age in which politics and economics can no longer be kept wholly apart. Everything is in question – even the fundamental dogma of modern society that debentures are safer than common stocks. And now that psychology has invaded everything, and at the same time is rapidly transforming itself into biology and physics, how can we avoid such subjects, even if our only desire is to be able to ignore them? All this, and much more, is happening not because we wish to take up new hobbies, but because we must submit to the pressure of circumstances. We have to adapt our minds to a new age – new certainly to this extent, that the nineteenth century gave us a very inadequate preparation for it.

And none of these problems is local. It is the same set of problems, perhaps in the end the same problem, which is occupying the mind of all Europe. We can only hope that all this labour will make it possible for us to return more tranquilly to our own business, such as writing a poem, or painting a picture.

The considerations above are given a greater precision by the appearance of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's book, *Time and Western Man*. Mr. Lewis is the most remarkable example in England of the actual mutation of the artist into a philosopher of a type hitherto unknown.[4]

AMERICAN COPYRIGHT LAW

By the courtesy of a friend of *The Criterion*, we are able to print the following two paragraphs from a letter from an American editor of standing who is in close touch with the movement for Copyright Reform.[5] They will have particular interest for writers; but the matter should be of interest to everyone who cares for literature and for justice:

> I also note your opinion of the American copyright law, and I wish I could send word that there was hope of passing a new bill this year. This cannot be foretold. I think it ought to be remembered, however, that our law when it was passed in 1891 was a very great step forward and that it was the result of self-sacrificing work on the part of a number of leading

publishers working together with the authors. The famous manufacturing clause which kept us out of the International Copyright Union was a concession to the printing unions which was finally made in order to get any bill passed. The unions did not at that time have leaders who could see far enough ahead to realize what a mistaken demand theirs was. They now agree to a change.

It is five years now that the Authors' League have been labouring untiringly to get a new bill and the Publishers' Association have been working hand-in-hand with them.[6] The delays have come on account of the extremely difficult complications of other fields than literature, especially the field of music. A good bill has been drafted, and again every effort is to be made to get by the difficulties that the music field raises. The problems of broadcasting have been pretty well solved.

NOTES

1. Les entretiens de Pontigny, founded in 1910 by Paul Desjardins at this Cistercian abbey, brought together annually such European intellectuals as André Gide, Paul Valéry, Jacques Rivière, and Ernst Robert Curtius. TSE had received letters urging him to attend from other regulars, Charles Du Bos, Ramon Fernandez, Max Rychner, and the Revd. H. F. Stewart, to whom he replied on 29 July: "the subjects very much attract me; but I am afraid that it will be impossible for me to leave London during August" (*L3* 597-98).

2. The three subject headings for 1927 were discussed under the standard format of ten-day periods, or "Décades": "Politique. Des 'libertés nécessaires'" (10-20 Aug); "Lettres et Arts. Le Romantisme en sa profondeur" (21-31 Aug); "Éducation-Civilisation. D'un humanisme moderne et des chances d'une rénovation du vieux monde par l'école" (1-11 Sept). The anti-Nazi activism of the Pontigny conversations led to the confiscation of its archives by the Gestapo. In 1943, the "conversations" moved to Mount Holyoke College in the United States; from 1947 to 1952, they were conducted at the Cistercian abbey of Royaumont, Asnières-sur-Oise.

3. A variant allusion to French statesman Georges Clemenceau's saying, "La guerre! C'est une chose trop grave pour la confier à des militaires" [War is too serious a matter to be left to the military].

4. TSE sent *Time and Western Man* (1927) to W. A. Thorpe for review in the *Criterion*, 7 (Jan 1928), 70-73.

5. This may have been an untraced letter from the American publisher Donald C. Brace, who founded Harcourt Brace in 1919 and had a deep interest in copyright legislation, to his American friend Frank Morley, the representative in London of the Century Company publishers in New York. Morley regularly took part in *Criterion* dinners from 1926 before he formally joined Faber and Faber in 1929. TSE had devoted a section of his "Commentary" for July 1927 to the problems of American copyright law under the Chace Act of 1891 (3.134).

6. The American Authors League, founded in 1912, and the English Publishers Association, founded in 1895, were unsuccessful in their joint efforts to get further legislation through

Congress to alleviate the copyright restrictions in the manufacturing clause of the Chace Act, which required that all copies of a book be printed and produced in the United States in order to obtain American copyright. The clause did not expire until 1986, keeping the United States out of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works (1886) until 1989.

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times, 98 (25 Nov 1927) 612

Sir, I was glad to see, in your issue of last week, an editorial paragraph on the subject of the *Action Française*.[1] This affair, of the greatest moment to all French Catholics, has been ignored by English newspapers, and I am glad to see that you have not overlooked its importance.

I have followed the affairs of the *Action Française* for some years, and I hope that you will allow me to make a few comments on your excellent article. I should not venture to speak to English Romanists on this subject, as their point of view is already decided for them. But I have found amongst Anglo-Catholics a tendency to assume that this was a simple case in which the Vatican was quite right in reproving an immoral doctrine. But it is by no means a simple case. I have, as recently as last week, discussed the affair with Romanist friends in Paris; and they admit that the affair is not only so complicated as to pass the comprehension of foreigners, but complicated enough to baffle the understanding of Frenchmen. It is, in short, a matter in which no foreigner can come to an opinion unless he has a considerable knowledge of the social, political, and religious history of France since the French Revolution to the present day.

I do not wish, in this letter, to enter into these matters thoroughly; and it could not be done in the space of a letter. I wish only, first, to caution your readers against a hasty and summary conclusion; and, second, to protest against your intimation that the doctrines of Daudet and Maurras have had a bad influence.[2] I speak as one who cordially regrets the religious views of Charles Maurras, but who is at the same time proud of having his acquaintance and friendship. No one can understand Maurras who does not understand the anti-clerical age in France in which he was educated. He belongs to what I should call a "sacrificed generation" – a generation brought up in the shadow of Renan. He belongs to a generation for which religious belief never came into consideration. Almost alone of that generation, Maurras perceived the defects of that mentality; and without religious belief himself, and without the support of any constituted authority, took upon himself to aim at the recovery of that social order without which the Catholic Church cannot flourish. It is owing to the fact that he came to the same conclusion by different processes, that he has attracted so many devout Catholics to his cause.

Other men of the same intellectual generation – men, as I think, of partially pernicious influence, such as Anatole France and Maurice Barrès – have been accepted and (in the French political sense) canonized; Maurras, whose teaching is far more moral, more austere, than that of either of these – not corrupt like France, less nationalistic than Barrès – has been denied the Academy, and even any decoration.

I am, moreover, more than sceptical when anyone suggests that Maurras has inclined a single young man to religious doubt. He has had, certainly, great influence on men in France, from men of my own age down to youths of eighteen or twenty at the present time. But my strong impression is that the youth of the present day accepts the positive, rather than the negative side of his teaching; and that those young men who regard him as their master are fortified, rather than weakened, in their religious faith, by what they take from him.[3] A generation which, like the present generation, has utterly repudiated Anatole France, could hardly fail to be uncritical[4†] in its attitude towards Maurras.

I have, in this letter, deliberately omitted consideration of the Vatican policy, which is another and a very complicated and obscure question. But many people must wonder why the condemnation occurred just at the moment when it did, and took just the form that it took.[5]

24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W. C. 1. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. "Summary," *The Church Times*, 98 (18 Nov 1927), 579: "The intelligence that Rome, through the French hierarchy, proposes to inflict certain further penalties, extending even to excommunication, on the readers and supporters of the *Action Française* is of interest outside the Roman communion. . . . We hold the Nationalist philosophy of M. Maurras to be uncatholic, and, in great measure, anti-Christian; and we consider that the Pope would have failed in his duty had he not warned the faithful against its teaching and tendencies. On the other hand, we confess that the attempt to inflict ecclesiastical penalties on the readers of a daily newspaper, perhaps no more anti-Christian than many other French newspapers, appears very unwise. . . . The denunciation of the *Action Française* was right. We understand and sympathize with the proper fear of the influence of M. Maurras and M. Daudet on French Catholic youth, but we doubt whether the evil will be destroyed by the threatened excommunication." In his copy of the paper, TSE circled the entire editorial in blue pencil.

2. The atheists Maurras and Léon Daudet, editor of the daily Paris newspaper *L'Action française*, supported the Catholic Church as a state religion necessary to the Monarchy for social order and asserted that true Catholics are Royalists.

3. The youth organization of the *Action française* was known as the Camelots du Roi [The King's Camelots], which recruited mainly from the Catholic student population in the Latin Quarter and pledged its rebellious members to fight against the republican regime and support the restoration of the Monarchy. Their organized riots and street fights were met with increasing disapproval from both royalist and religious circles; the organization was dissolved in 1936.

4†. In his copy of this letter in the *Church Times*, TSE corrected "uncritical" to "critical" by hand and corrected it publicly in his letter to the editor of 2 Dec (3.302).

5. On 29 Dec 1926, Pope Pius XI publicly condemned the *Action française*, which numbered many Catholics among its members; he then excommunicated Maurras and Daudet, placed the newspaper and several works by Maurras on the Church's list of banned books, prohibited members from receiving the sacraments, and rebuked two Cardinals for supporting their views.

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 6 (Dec 1927) 481-83

THE DEAN'S ENGLISH

A minor consequence of the doctrine of evolution – or rather, of the "time philosophy" based upon it – is an attitude of unconscious fatalism which we adopt toward many processes.[1] We are accustomed, for instance, to the belief that the English language deteriorates, and that it must deteriorate. We like to think that this deterioration began somewhere near the bottom, that it is largely due to cheap newspapers and such modern inventions, and that it is working its way slowly but inevitably towards the top. As a matter of fact, the language is probably in a healthier condition among the lower classes of society – who do not really read newspapers at all – than it is among the middle and upper classes. For among the latter, language can only be maintained if it is the vehicle for thinking; and recent events seem to indicate that language is more and more used for every other purpose except thought. Thought, it may be said, has taken an unsatisfactory refuge in mathematical symbols, and language is chiefly employed for the purpose of publicity. The most alarming signs of rot in the language appear in the upper strata where it is by no means inevitable and might be checked.

A few months ago, we had occasion to call attention to symptoms of decay in the wording of the Preface to the Revised Prayer Book.[2] It is a pity when eminent ecclesiastics fail to think clearly, for if they cannot think clearly they cannot write well. And the English language owes a great deal, in the past, to the Church and the Bench. English Law, in spite of its jargon, has exercised an important influence towards lucidity and precision; and there are still Judges and Barristers who can speak and write well. And to such men as Cranmer, and Hooker, and Andrewes (even without the translation of the Bible) our debt is almost incalculable. And there was once a Dean (of St. Patrick's) who formed the purest, the most supple, the most useful type of English prose style.[3]

It is possible, of course, that evolution will bring the human race to such a point of perfection that thinking will no longer be necessary. Thinking is painful and requires toil, and is a mark of human incompleteness. Theology will no doubt become obsolete: the day is already at hand when we shall be able, for a few shillings, with the approval of the London County Council and to the sounds of soft music, to contemplate with vacant minds the newest close-up of the Crucifixion.[4] But in this painful "meanwhile," as Mr. Wells would say,[5] during which we are still obliged to think that we think, a great many theological works are being published, and presumably being read by somebody; a great many speeches are being made, which play with what are still known as ideas, and probably a few auditors with "headphones" now and then attend to what is being said. And some persons still believe that if words are not to be applied to the purpose of thought for which they have been used in the past, they should not be used at all. There are other noises available.

"SLUM AREAS"

It is stated that more "slums" of small houses in various parts of London are to be demolished.[6] Such wholesale hygiene always calls for scrutiny. We should not go so far as Mr. Chesterton (or is it Mr. Belloc?) who draws those charming pictures of the London workman with his cottage, his chicken coop and his vegetable marrows. The small house is certainly more pleasant to look upon than the "workman's dwellings" such as those which disfigure a part of the Isle of Dogs.[7] If the families who now sleep three or four in a room are to have habitations with a room apiece, there is everything to be said for the readjustment. But will they? If they are still going to sleep three or four in a room in a sanitary flat instead of in an unsanitary house, not much is gained. In other words, it is the space, rather than the sanitation, that seems to us important: one would like to know whether the London workman can be given enough room for all his family, at a rent that he can pay? or will he merely increase his family? It is not really the business of *The Criterion* to enquire into these matters, except that the improvement is certain to make London more hideous; and if it merely drives the present population to seek new slums, or if it leaves them just as crowded as ever, then London will have been disfigured for nothing. We know many such small houses which are indeed distressingly overcrowded; but many of the poorest of them have a dignity of appearance, and are decorated by their inhabitants with flowering plants with great skill and care.

NOTES

1. See TSE's discussion of Wyndham Lewis's attack on the time philosophy of Bergson and others in his "Commentary" for June 1927 (3.100).

2. See "A Commentary," May 1927 (3.61).

3. TSE refers to Jonathan Swift, who was installed as Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, in 1713. In his seventh Clark lecture, TSE described him as "the colossal Swift, the greatest writer of English prose, and the greatest man who has ever written great English prose" (2.726).

4. In Dec 1927, the American silent film *The King of Kings*, showing close-up scenes of the crucifixion, was screened for an audience of clergy in London. In a letter of 4 Jan 1929 to Alan Boase about film censorship, TSE wrote: "I particularly object to one called *The King of Kings* (which I understand [Thomas] O'Connor would have suppressed, but was overridden by the L. C. C. [London County Council] and one on the Madonna" (*L4* 372).

5. TSE refers to H. G. Wells's new novel *Meanwhile: The Picture of a Lady* (London: Ernest Benn, 1927); in "The Idea of Meanwhile" (Book I), Wells's Sympak, a brilliant talker with ideas similar to those of the author, delineates the idea that a "Great Age" is coming and that people are presently obliged to live, as it were, "meanwhile": "Since nothing was in order, nothing was completely right. We lived provisionally . . . we ought to do all that we could to increase knowledge and bring the great days of a common world-order nearer . . . the days that would justify the Martyrdom of Man" (48).

6. As reported in the *Times* of 21 Jan 1927, the London County Council applied to the Ministry of Health for sanction to carry out a multiyear slum clearance scheme under the Housing Act of 1925 (12). Demolition and reconstruction began during the year in Bethnal Green, Hackney, and other districts of East London. On 5 Dec 1927, Bertrand Russell was among those who addressed the House of Lords to plead for further action and legislation (Hansard, 69, 499-512) leading to national slum clearance schemes through the Housing Act of 1930.

7. An almost-island created by a loop in the Thames in the docklands of East London, then a deteriorating shipping and industrial district known for its working-class slums; it was so impoverished in the 1920s that residents closed the access roads to protest housing conditions. See *TWL*: "The barges wash / Drifting logs / Down Greenwich reach / Past the Isle of Dogs" (ll. 272-75).

To the Editor of the *New York Evening Post*[1]

transition, 9 (Dec 1927) 190

Dear Sir,

With reference to the letter which I recently sent to you concerning Mr. Samuel Roth's unauthorised publication of some of my work: I wish to inform you that I have just received from Mr. Roth's secretary, one E. Loewenberg, a copy of a letter which Mr. Roth appears to have directed to you under date of the 10th August 1927.[2] I hope that you have published not only my letter but Mr. Roth's reply; inasmuch as Mr. Roth's reply constitutes a better reply to himself than any which I could devise.

As Mr. Roth has addressed this letter to you, and as I do not wish to have any direct dealings with Mr. Roth or his company, I take the liberty of asking you to do me a favour. Mr. Roth's secretary, the said E. Loewenberg, has sent me a cheque for twenty five dollars which he says is "in full payment" for my verses which he pirated. I enclose this cheque, which, as you will observe, is drawn on August 10th 1927 for twenty five dollars to my order by the Two Worlds Publishing Co., Inc., Pauline Roth, treasurer, upon the World Exchange Bank of New York, and is numbered 535.[3] I should be greatly obliged to you if you would kindly return this cheque to the Two Worlds Publishing Co. on my behalf. I do not consider it as payment and I do not propose to accept anything in the form of bribery or hush money.

I am, Sir,
Your obliged, obedient servant,

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

[1] This letter, dated 22 Aug 1927, continues TSE's 26 July correspondence with the *New York Evening Post* published on 11 Aug and reprinted by Samuel Roth in *Two Worlds Monthly* of Oct 1927 (3.179). TSE's letter, not printed in the *Post*, was likely among materials sent to Sylvia Beach on 22 Aug: "I am enclosing copies of certain correspondence which I have had re Mr. Samuel Roth, as I thought that it possibly might come in useful to you in continuing your admirable campaign" (*L3* 643). Distributed by Beach at her bookstore, the little magazine *transition* printed TSE's original letter to the editor and Roth's reply of 10 Aug, including the letter of 10 Aug from Roth's secretary E. Loewenberg to TSE with a cheque for $25.

2. E. Loewenberg's letter reads: "Dear Sir: Mr. Roth has asked me to send you the enclosed check in full payment for a poem of yours which he reprinted in an issue of *Two Worlds Monthly*, entitled *Wanna Go Home, Baby?* // I also beg to enclose a letter which Mr. Roth sent to the editor of the New York *Evening Post*. Copies of it have also gone out to the editors of *The Nation* and *The Dial*, to whom your original letter to the New York *Evening Post* was sent. Very truly yours, (Signed) E. Loewenberg. / Secretary to Mr. Roth" (189).

3. Pauline Roth (1896-1977), wife of Samuel. Along with the *Two Worlds Monthly*, Roth's Two Worlds Publishing Company (one of his many ventures) brought out an unauthorized edition of *Ulysses* and several works by and about Oscar Wilde in 1926-27.

Stage Studies

An unsigned review of *Pre-Restoration Stage Studies*, by William J. Lawrence

Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP; London: Milford, 1927. Pp. 427.

The Physical Conditions of the Elizabethan Public Playhouse, by William J. Lawrence

Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP; London: Milford, 1927. Pp. viii + 129.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1349 (8 Dec 1927) 927

The name of Mr. W. J. Lawrence stands very high in contemporary scholarship of Elizabethan drama.[1] In the scholarship of textual criticism he has several equals, and a few superiors; but in the particular field of these two books he is easily ahead in learning, in fertility of conjecture, and in the variety and interest of his topics. He seems to have read, with great pains, a greater number of inferior sixteenth and seventeenth-century plays than anyone living; and out of this mass of matter, and from other sources, he has arrived nearer than anyone towards the reconstruction of the conditions under which Elizabethan plays were played.

The Physical Conditions of the Elizabethan Public Playhouse, a small book, is an attempt to establish the structure of a typical public playhouse of the end of the sixteenth century. (The "public" theatre was large and open, the "private" theatre smaller and enclosed, otherwise both theatres were equally accessible to the public). Mr. Lawrence reminds us that there was no standard type of playhouse during his period; for along with a tendency towards uniformity there was also continuous development and change. Mr. Lawrence's conclusions are not all of the same rank of validity, as he is quite well aware; but even when they are not convincing they are usually plausible. Among other popular fallacies he disposes of the belief (due to old prints of London) that the Elizabethan theatre was of great height. We feel sure that he is right in explaining the height given to playhouses on the plans of London by the desire of the mapmaker to show his customers clearly the situations of these popular places of resort. The dimensions of the Fortune, according to Mr. Lawrence's calculation, must have been about forty-one feet in height by eighty feet square.[2] The book is full of interesting rectifications of this sort. Our only complaint against it is that it might have been provided with more diagrams; the reader is obliged to take paper and pencil in order to visualize some of the constructions described in the text.

Pre-Restoration Stage Studies is an assemblage of various studies of Elizabethan stage technique, and is a book both more interesting and more important than the other for the general student of the dramatic literature of that time. Whether we agree or disagree with Mr. Lawrence's several conclusions and conjectures (and he has modestly admitted himself that "there are mysteries concerning the physical disposition and the customs of the old platform stage which obstinately refuse to yield their secrets"),[3] he has at least successfully established the importance of this branch of study even for those readers who wish merely to understand Shakespeare as literature. It is impossible in the space of a review to discuss or even to sum up the contents of all these sixteen papers, but mention of two or three will serve to show the interest of all.

Four of the most interesting of these studies are "The Practice of Doubling," "*Hamlet* as Shakespeare Staged It," "Stage Traps," and "Elizabethan Stage Realism."[4] It is, of course, well known that "doubling" of parts was pretty frequent – we are ourselves accustomed to see Polonius turn up again as the Gravedigger; but no one has driven home so neatly as Mr. Lawrence the essential nature of this doubling – the fact that plays, and the plays of Shakespeare as much as those of anybody else, had to be written to fit the number of the company. In fact the Elizabethan method of playwriting was very much the Crummles method: writing the play to use the pump.[5] Mr. Lawrence gives a list of plays, dating between 1533 (Heywood's *Interlude of the Wether*) and 1598 (*Mucedorus*), for which the number of players available is recorded.[6] In one case (*Tyde Taryeth for No Man*) no fewer than eighteen parts had to be taken by a troupe of four players.[7] Obviously such conditions affected the dramatic plots of the Nicholas Nicklebys of the time.[8] In another essay ("The Complex Disguise Play") Mr. Lawrence puts forward, on excellent grounds, the theory that the players who had to appear in several disguises during the course of a play did not "double" in the same play; for the reason that it would have been difficult for the uninstructed audience to know (recognizing the same actor) whether he was "doubling" or "disguised" (59). Incidentally, Mr. Lawrence asks several engaging questions.

Was Hermione originally played by the same actor as Perdita? He leaves this question open.[9] The practice of "doubling" also gives extenuation to the practice of killing off characters in the middle of a play when they are no longer wanted. We could not, for instance, suppose that the Gravedigger is Polonius in disguise, because we have seen Polonius thoroughly dispatched earlier in the play. You could double a living minor character, just as we do nowadays; but an important character could not correctly be doubled unless he was proved to be dead.

For *Hamlet* Mr. Lawrence has several suggestions which might be considered with profit by modern producers. He condemns, quite rightly, the occasional modern practice of not presenting Shakespeare's ghosts at all (the most frequent instance is, of course, the ghost of Banquo).[10] The Elizabethan audience wanted a real ghost, and always got it. Mr. Lawrence feels certain that the ghost of Hamlet's father, on the battlements, disappeared through a trapdoor. He believes that the trap was much used, and probably was more excellent mechanically than we should suppose. (Incidentally, he explains the music at the approach or departure of a ghost as an attempt to conceal the creaking of the trap). For if the ghost of the elder Hamlet merely slid out of a side door it is surprising that his voice should presently be heard underneath; but if he descended through a trap the phenomenon becomes quite "natural" (110).[11] In the scene where Hamlet shows the pictures to his mother Mr. Lawrence has good reason to believe that the pictures were good-sized portraits hanging on the wall, but covered by curtains (as paintings were covered before the use of glass, to protect them from dust). Hamlet draws the curtains, one after the other, for the inspection not only of his mother but of the eager audience. For Mr. Lawrence shows us, again and again, that the Elizabethan theatre was always as realistic as possible: for instance, a personage who was supposed to be wounded would carry in his hand a small sponge soaked in calf's or sheep's blood.[12]

Many of Mr. Lawrence's conclusions will doubtless be warmly disputed, and some may be overthrown. We are not sure, for instance, that he is right in believing that there were long waits between the acts. He bases this belief on the fact that an ale-house or refreshment room was connected with the theatre, and that the proprietors would desire to encourage the consumption of food and drink. But the Elizabethan theatre-goer may have been capable of eating and drinking heartily while taking at the same time a lively interest in the play. But the book is a valuable book to every student, or even dilettante, in Elizabethan drama; for it forces us to try to reconstruct the conditions to which the writers of our greatest plays had to conform.

NOTES

1. William J. (James) Lawrence (1862-1940), Irish theater historian and literary critic. TSE had long been aware of Lawrence's Elizabethan scholarship, including his *The Elizabethan Playhouse* (1913). In a letter of 1 Oct 1923, he notified J. M. Robertson that "Mr. Lawrence has made a kind of discovery which may be useful to scholars in fixing the dates of Elizabethan plays" (*L2* 228-29). Lawrence's article on the subject, "A New Shakespearean Test," appeared in the *Criterion* for Oct 1923.

2. The Fortune was a London theater commissioned by Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn for the Admiral's Men in 1600.

3. *The Physical Conditions of the Elizabethan Playhouse*, 129.

4. The first and third essays are entitled, respectively, "The Practice of Doubling and its Influence on Early Dramaturgy" and "Stage Traps in the Early English Theatre."

5. Mr. Vincent Crummles appears in Dickens's *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* (1839). When he and Nicholas are introduced in chapter 22, Crummles makes him a proposal: "I am in the theatrical profession myself, my wife is in the theatrical profession, my children are in the theatrical profession. . . . why, you could write us a piece to bring out the whole strength of the company . . . you must manage to introduce a real pump and two washing tubs . . . That's the London play. They look up some dresses, and properties, and have a piece written to fit 'em. Most of the theatres keep an author on purpose."

6. This chronological table (50) compares the number of parts to that of players. Heywood's morality play, *The Play of the Wether: A New and Mery Interlude of All Maner of Wethers*, was first performed for Henry VIII and his court. The anonymous romantic comedy *Mucedorus* (ca. 1590) is included in *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*.

7. *The Tyde Taryeth No Man: A Moste Pleasant and Merry Commody, Right Pythie and Full of Delight* (1576) by George Wapull (*fl.* 1576).

8. Nicholas agrees to write for the Crummles company in chapter 22.

9. "Purely on account of the remarkable emphasis laid in *The Winter's Tale* on the striking resemblance between Hermione and Perdita, it has been suggested that the characters of the mother and daughter were doubled. To admit that would be to provide a substitute for Perdita in the scene where the two finally meet. At a pinch that may have been done . . . but the subterfuge seems to me unworthy of Shakespeare" (62).

10. Banquo's Ghost, not mentioned by Lawrence, appears to Macbeth only at a banquet in *Macbeth* III.iii.38-72.

11. In *Hamlet* I.v.159, the Ghost cries "Swear" off stage, prompting Hamlet's comment: "Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage. / Consent to swear." Cellarage is a technical term for the area beneath the stage.

12. Lawrence states that "it was wholly uncustomary for the Elizabethan players to leave to the imagination anything that could be visibly presented" (112).

L'Action Française

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times, 98 (9 Dec 1927) 680

Sir, – Having just returned from abroad I saw only yesterday your issue of November 25, in which you kindly printed my letter.[1] I should be greatly obliged if you would print a correction to one sentence which, as it stands, says exactly the opposite of what I meant. I wrote: "A generation which like the present has utterly repudiated Anatole France could hardly fail to be uncritical in its attitude towards Maurras." What I meant of course, is: "could hardly fail to be *critical*," etc.

As for Mr. Boulter's letter in your issue of December 2, I must assume that Mr. Boulter has read Maurras's pamphlet of 1903, *Le Dilemme de Marc Sangnier*; but I would ask whether the "quixotic" attitude of Sangnier and his friends would in his opinion have been beneficial to France? And if Mr. Boulter expects us to believe that *Le Sillon* was suppressed by the influence of the French *haute noblesse* at the Vatican, is he not inciting us to believe that the attack upon *l'Action Française* may spring from some other "influence," no more noble?[2] With Mr. Ward's letter I have no fault to find, especially as I do not know how he arrives at his figures.[3]

As evidence of the complexity of which I spoke, I would point out that some of the most vociferous denouncers of *l'Action Française* issue their projectiles from the publishing house of Bloud and Gay, the firm which has always been associated with certain exponents of Modernism, including MM. Blondel and Le Roy.[4]

Two books giving interesting information are *Cinquante ans de politique*, by Tavernier, and *Le Ralliement et l'Action Française*, by Mermeix.[5]

24, RUSSELL-SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 1. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Written on 3 Dec, after a trip begun on 24 Nov to meet with Lady Rothermere in Switzerland about the financial and circulation status of the *Criterion*, followed by a journey to visit his wife in the Sanatorium de la Malmaison in Rueil, outside Paris. See TSE's letter in the issue of 25 Nov (3.290).

2. Benjamin C. Boulter (1876-1960), schoolmaster, writer on religious subjects, and avid follower of French Catholicism in reaction to social ideals, wrote of "the pain with which I heard of the suppression of that promising movement known as *Le Sillon* some quarter of a century ago. Marc Sangnier and his friends had attempted, somewhat quixotically at that time, to dissociate Catholicism from royalism, nationalism, and militarism, to which it was traditionally allied, and to give it an active social tendency. Unfortunately, the *haute noblesse* [high nobility] was strong enough at the Vatican to procure the suppression of the movement. A great opportunity was lost, and at a time when such action was urgently needed" (644-45).

The Catholic thinker and politician Marc Sangnier (1873-1950) founded in 1894 the religious and political movement known as "Le Sillon" ("The Furrow"), with a journal of the same name, which championed "social Christianity" and opposed the "monarchic positivism" of the *Action française*, leading Maurras to rebut as false the dilemma of choice between the two in *Le Dilemme de Marc Sangnier* (1903), and to proclaim that the *Action française* movement, which included social Christians among its members, was superior to that of Le Sillon. Sangnier's movement, which emphasized the authority of ordinary Christians within the Church, was condemned by Papal letter on 25 Aug 1910.

3. Father Leo Paul Ward (1896-1942), author of *The Condemnation of the "Action française"* (1928), wrote on 25 Nov in response to the editorial of 18 Nov sympathetic to the Pope's condemnation: "The great majority of its Catholic supporters (about two-thirds it is estimated) have now abandoned the movement. But it required the fullest enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline to make the condemnation effective" (612).

4. The publishing house of Bloud et Gay, which specialized in Catholic publications, was founded in 1911 by Edmond Bloud (1876-1948) and Francisque Gay (1885-1963). Their recent publications of the modernist theologian Maurice Blondel included his *Qu'est-ce que la mystique?* (1925) and *Saint Augustin* (1930); those of Édouard Le Roy ranged from *Dogma et critique* (1907), before Bloud et cie joined with Gay, to *Qu'est-ce que la science?* (1926).

5. Eugène Tavernier (1854-1928), *Cinquante ans de politique. L'Œuvre d'irréligion* [*Fifty Years of Politics: The Work of Irreligion*] (Paris: Éditions Spes, 1925); Mermeix, pseudonym of Gabriel Terrail (1859-1930), *Le Ralliement et l'Action française* [The *Ralliement* and the Action française] (Paris: Arthème Fayard, 1927). The Ralliement was a movement started by Pope Leo XIII to bring about a reconciliation between French Catholicism and the anticlericalism that characterized the policies of the Third Republic. TSE had both volumes in his library.

Francis Herbert Bradley[1]

It is unusual that a book so famous and so influential should remain out of print so long as Bradley's *Ethical Studies*. The one edition appeared in 1876: Bradley's refusal to reprint it never wavered. In 1893, in a footnote in *Appearance and Reality*, and in words characteristic of the man, he wrote: "I feel that the appearance of other books, as well as the decay of those superstitions against which largely it was directed, has left me free to consult my own pleasure in this matter."[2] The dates of his three books, the *Ethical Studies* in 1876, the *Principles of Logic* in 1883, and *Appearance and Reality* in 1893, leave us in no doubt that his pleasure was the singular one of thinking rather than the common one of writing books. And Bradley always assumed, with what will remain for those who did not know him a curious blend of humility and irony, an attitude of extreme diffidence about his own work. His *Ethical Studies*, he told us (or told our fathers), did not aim at "the construction of a system of Moral Philosophy" [v]. The first words of the preface to his *Principles of Logic* are: "The following work makes no claim to supply any systematic treatment of logic."[3] He begins the preface to *Appearance and Reality* with the words: "I have described the following work as an essay in metaphysics. Neither in form nor extent does it carry out the idea of a system" [xi]. The phrase for each book is almost the same. And many readers, having in mind Bradley's polemical irony and his obvious zest in using it, his habit of discomfiting an opponent with a sudden confession of ignorance, of inability to understand, or of incapacity for abstruse thought, have concluded that this is all a mere pose – and even a somewhat unscrupulous one. But deeper study of Bradley's mind convinces us that the modesty is real, and his irony the weapon of a modest and highly sensitive man. Indeed, if this had been a pose it would never have worn so well as it has. We have to consider, then, what is the nature of Bradley's influence and why his writings and his personality fascinate those whom they do fascinate; and what are his claims to permanence.

Certainly one of the reasons for the power he still exerts, as well as an indubitable claim to permanence, is his great gift of style. It is for his purposes – and his purposes are more varied than is usually supposed – a perfect style. Its perfection has prevented it from cutting any great figure in prose anthologies and literature manuals, for it is perfectly welded with the matter. Ruskin's works are extremely readable in snippets even for many who take not a particle of interest in the things in which Ruskin was so passionately interested. Hence he survives in anthologies, while his books have fallen into undue neglect. Bradley's books can never fall into this neglect because they will never rise to this notoriety; they come to the hands only of those who are qualified to treat them with respect. But perhaps a profounder difference between a style like Bradley's and a style like Ruskin's is a greater purity and concentration of purpose. One feels that the emotional intensity of Ruskin is partly a deflection of something that was baffled in life, whereas Bradley, like Newman, is directly and wholly that which he is. For the secret of Bradley's style, like that of Bergson – whom he resembles in this if in nothing else – is the intense addiction to an intellectual passion.

The nearest resemblance in style, however, is not Ruskin but Matthew Arnold. It has not been sufficiently observed that Bradley makes use of the same means as Arnold, and for similar ends. To take first the most patent resemblance, we find in Bradley the same type of fun as that which Arnold has with his young friend Arminius.[4] In *The Principles of Logic* there is a celebrated passage in which Bradley is attacking the theory of association of ideas according to Professor Bain,[5] and explains how on this principle an infant comes to recognize a lump of sugar:

> A young child, or one of the lower animals, is given on Monday a round piece of sugar, eats it and finds it sweet. On Tuesday it sees a square piece of sugar, and proceeds to eat it. . . . Tuesday's sensation and Monday's image are not only separate facts, which, because alike, are therefore *not* the same; but they differ perceptibly both in quality and environment. What is to lead the mind to take one for the other?
>
> Sudden at this crisis, and in pity at distress, there leaves the heaven with rapid wing a goddess Primitive Credulity. Breathing in the ear of the bewildered infant she whispers, The thing which has happened once will happen once more. Sugar was sweet, and sugar will be sweet. And Primitive Credulity is accepted forthwith as the mistress of our life. She leads our steps on the path of experience, until her fallacies, which cannot always be pleasant, at length become suspect. We wake up indignant at the kindly fraud by which the goddess so long has deceived us. So she shakes her wings, and flying to the stars, where there are no philosophers, leaves us here to the guidance of – I cannot think what.[6]

This sort of solemn banter is exactly what an admirer of Arnold is ready to enjoy. But it is not only in his fun, or in his middle style, that Bradley is like Arnold; they are alike in their purple passages. The two following may be compared. By Arnold:

> And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection – to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side – nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him – the bondage of "was uns alle bändigt, *das Gemeine*!"[7]

The passage from *The Principles of Logic* is not so well known:

> It may come from a failure in my metaphysics, or from a weakness of the flesh which continues to blind me, but the notion that existence could be the same as understanding strikes as cold and ghost-like as the dreariest materialism. That the glory of this world in the end is appearance leaves the world more glorious, if we feel it is a show of some fuller splendour; but the sensuous curtain is a deception and a cheat, if it hides some colourless movement of atoms, some spectral woof of impalpable abstractions, or unearthly ballet of bloodless categories. Though dragged to such conclusions, we cannot embrace them. Our principles may be true, but they are not reality. They no more *make* that Whole which commands our devotion than some shredded dissection of human tatters is that warm and breathing beauty of flesh which our hearts found delightful.[8]

Anyone who is at all sensitive to style will recognize the similarity of tone and tension and beat. It is not altogether certain that the passage from Bradley is not the better; at any rate such a phrase as Arnold's "ineffable charm" has not worn at all well.

But if the two men fought with the same weapons – and fundamentally, in spite of Bradley's assault upon Arnold, for the same causes – the weapons of Bradley had behind them a heavier force and a closer precision. Exactly what Bradley fought for and exactly what he fought against have not been quite understood; understanding has been obscured by the dust of Bradley's logical battles. People are inclined to believe that what Bradley did was to demolish the logic of Mill and the psychology of Bain. If he had done that, it would have been a lesser service than what he has done; and if he had done that it would have been less of service than people think, for there is much that is good in the logic of Mill and the psychology of Bain.[9] But Bradley did not attempt to destroy Mill's logic. Anyone who reads his own *Principles* will see that his force is directed not against Mill's logic as a whole but only against certain limitations, imperfections and abuses. He left the structure of Mill's logic standing, and never meant to do anything else. Similarly, the *Ethical Studies* are not merely a demolition of the Utilitarian theory of conduct but an attack upon the whole Utilitarian mind. For Utilitarianism was, as every reader of Arnold knows, a great temple in Philistia. And of this temple Arnold hacked at the ornaments and cast down the images, and his best phrases remain for ever gibing and scolding in our memory. But Bradley, in his philosophical critique of Utilitarianism, undermined the foundations. The spiritual descendants of Bentham have built anew, as they always will;[10] but at least, in building another temple for the same worship, they have had to apply a different style of architecture. And this is the social basis of Bradley's distinction, and the social basis is even more his claim to our gratitude than the logical basis: he replaced a philosophy which was crude and raw and provincial by one which was, in comparison, catholic, civilized, and universal. True, he was influenced by Kant and Hegel and Lotze.[11] But Kant and Hegel and Lotze are not so despicable as some enthusiastic medievalists would have us believe, and they are, in comparison with the school of Bentham, catholic and civilized and universal. In fighting the battles that he fought in the 'seventies and 'eighties Bradley was fighting for a European and ripened and wise philosophy, against an insular and immature and cranky one; the same battle that Arnold was fighting against the *British Banner*, Judge Edmonds, Newman Weeks, Deborah Butler, Elderess Polly, Brother Noyes, Mr. Murphy, the Licensed Victuallers and the Commercial Travellers.[12]

It is not to say that Arnold's work was vain if we say that it is to be done again; for we must know in advance, if we are prepared for that conflict, that the combat may have truces but never a peace. If we take the widest and wisest view of a Cause, there is no such thing as a Lost Cause because there is no such thing as a Gained Cause. We fight for lost causes because we know that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successors' victory, though that victory itself will be temporary; we fight rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that anything will triumph. If Bradley's philosophy is to-day a little out of fashion, we must remark that what has superseded it, what is now in favour, is, for the most part, crude and raw and provincial (though infinitely more technical and scientific) and must perish in its turn. Arnold turned from mid-century Radicalism with the reflection "A new power has suddenly appeared."[13] There is always a new power; but the new power destined to supersede the philosophy which has superseded Bradley will probably be something at the same time older, more patient; more supple and more wise. The chief characteristics of much contemporary philosophy are newness and crudeness, impatience, inflexibility in one respect and fluidity in another, and irresponsibility and lack of wisdom. Of wisdom Bradley had a large share; wisdom consists largely of scepticism and uncynical disillusion; and of these Bradley had a large share. And scepticism and disillusion are a useful equipment for religious understanding; and of that Bradley had a share too.

Those who have read the *Ethical Studies* will be ready with the remark that it was Bradley, and in this book and in the year 1876, who knocked the bottom out of *Literature and Dogma*.[14] But that does not mean that the two men were not on the same side; it means only that *Literature and Dogma* is irrelevant to Arnold's main position as given in the Essays and in *Culture and Anarchy*, that the greatest weakness of Arnold's culture was his weakness in philosophical training, and that in philosophical criticism Bradley exhibits the same type of culture that Arnold exhibited in political and social criticism. Arnold had made an excursion into a field for which he was not armed. Bradley's attack upon Arnold does not take up much space, but Bradley was economical of words; it is all in a few paragraphs and a few footnotes to the "Concluding Remarks":

> But here once more "culture" has come to our aid, and has shown us how here, as everywhere, the study of polite literature, which makes for meekness, makes needless also all further education; and we felt already as if the clouds that metaphysic had wrapped about the matter were dissolving in the light of a fresh and sweet intelligence. And, as we turned

> towards the dawn, we sighed over poor Hegel, who had read neither Goethe nor Homer, nor the Old and New Testaments, nor any of the literature which has gone to form "culture," but, knowing no facts, and reading no books, nor ever asking himself "such a tyro's question as what being really was," sat spinning out of his head those foolish logomachies which impose on no person of refinement. [316-17]

Here is the identical weapon of Arnold, sharpened to a razor edge and turned against Arnold.

> But the "stream" and the "tendency" having served their turn, like last week's placards, now fall into the background, and we learn at last that "the Eternal" is not eternal at all, unless we give that name to whatever a generation sees happen, and believes both has happened and will happen – just as the habit of washing ourselves might be termed "the Eternal not ourselves that makes for cleanliness," or "Early to bed and early to rise" the "Eternal not ourselves that makes for longevity," and so on – that "the Eternal," in short, is nothing in the world but a piece of literary clap-trap. The consequence is that all we are left with is the assertion that "righteousness" is "salvation" or "welfare," and that there is a "law" and a "Power" which has something to do with this fact; and here again we must not be ashamed to say that we fail to understand what any one of these phrases means, and suspect ourselves once more to be on the scent of clap-trap. [317-18]

A footnote continues the Arnold-baiting in a livelier style:

> "Is there a God ?" asks the reader. "Oh yes," replies Mr. Arnold, "and I can verify him in experience." "And what is he then?" cries the reader. "Be virtuous, and as a rule you will be happy,'" is the answer. "Well, and God?" "That is God," says Mr. Arnold, "There is no deception, and what more do you want?" I suppose we do want a good deal more. Most of us, certainly the public which Mr. Arnold addresses, want something they can worship; and they will not find that in an hypostasized copy-book heading, which is not much more adorable than "Honesty is the best policy," or "Handsome is that handsome does," or various other edifying maxims, which have not yet come to an apotheosis. [318-19]

Such criticism is final. It is patently a great triumph of wit and a great delight to watch when a man's methods, almost his tricks of speech, are thus turned against himself. But if we look more closely into these words and into the whole chapter from which they are taken, we find Bradley to have been not only triumphant in polemic but right in reason. Arnold, with all his great virtues, was not always patient enough, or solicitous enough of any but immediate effect, to avoid inconsistency – as has been painstakingly shown by Mr. J. M. Robertson.[15] In *Culture and Anarchy*, which is probably his greatest book, we hear something said about "the will of God"; but the "will of God" seems to become superseded in importance by "our best self, or right reason, to which we want to give authority";[16] and this best self looks very much like Matthew Arnold slightly disguised. In our own time one of the most remarkable of our critics, one who is fundamentally on most questions in the right, and very often right quite alone, Professor Irving Babbitt, has said again and again that the old curbs of class, of authoritative government, and of religion must be supplied in our time by something he calls the "inner check."[17] The inner check looks very much like the "best self" of Matthew Arnold; and though supported by wider erudition and closer reasoning, is perhaps open to the same objections. There are words of Bradley's, and in the chapter from which we have already quoted, that might seem at first sight to support these two eminent doctrines:

> How can the human-divine ideal ever be my will? The answer is, Your will it never can be as the will of your private self, so that your private self should become wholly good. To that self you must die, and by faith be made one with that ideal. You must resolve to give up your will, as the mere will of this or that man, and you must put your whole self, your entire will, into the will of the divine. That must be your one self, as it is your true self; that you must hold to both with thought and will, and all other you must renounce. [325]

There is one direction in which these words – and, indeed, Bradley's philosophy as a whole – might be pushed, which would be dangerous; the direction of diminishing the value and dignity of the individual, of sacrificing him to a Church or a State. But, in any event, the words cannot be interpreted in the sense of Arnold. The distinction is not between a "private self" and a "public self" or a "higher self," it is between the individual as himself and no more, a mere numbered atom, and the individual in communion with God. The distinction is clearly drawn between man's "mere will" and "the will of the Divine." It may be noted also that Bradley is careful, in indicating the process, not to exaggerate either will or intellect at the expense of the other. And in all events it is a process which neither Arnold nor Professor Babbitt could accept. But *if* there is a "will of God," as Arnold, in a hasty moment, admits, then some doctrine of Grace must be admitted too; or else the "will of God" is just the same inoperative benevolence which we have all now and then received – and often resented – from our fellow human beings. In the end it is a disappointment and a cheat.

Those who return to the reading of *Ethical Studies*, and those who now, after reading the other works of Bradley, read it for the first time, will be struck by the unity of Bradley's thought in the three books and in the collected Essays. But this unity is not the unity of mere fixity. In the *Ethical Studies*, for instance, he speaks of the awareness of the self, the knowledge of one's own existence as indubitable and identical. In *Appearance and Reality*, seventeen years later, he had seen much deeper into the matter; and had seen that no one "fact" of experience in isolation is real or is evidence of anything. The unity of Bradley's thought is not the unity attained by a man who never changes his mind. If he had so little occasion to change it, that is because he usually saw his problems from the beginning in all their complexity and connexions – saw them, in other words, with wisdom – and because he could never be deceived by his own metaphors – which, indeed, he used most sparingly – and was never tempted to make use of current nostrums.

If all of Bradley's writings are in some sense merely "essays," that is not solely a matter of modesty, or caution, and certainly not of indifference, or even of ill-health. It is that he perceived the contiguity and continuity of the various provinces of thought. "Reflection on morality," he says, "leads us beyond it. It leads us, in short, to see the necessity of a religious point of view" [314]. Morality and religion are not the same thing, but they cannot beyond a certain point be treated separately. A system of ethics, if thorough, is explicitly or implicitly a system of theology; and to attempt to erect a complete theory of ethics without a religion is none the less to adopt some particular attitude towards religion. In this book, as in his others, Bradley is thoroughly empirical, much more empirical than the philosophies that he opposed. He wished only to determine how much of morality could be founded securely without entering into the religious questions at all. As in *Appearance and Reality* he assumes that our common everyday knowledge is on the whole true so far as it goes, but that we do not know how far it does go; so in the *Ethical Studies* he starts always with the assumption that our common attitude towards duty, pleasure, or self-sacrifice is correct so far as it goes – but we do not know how far it does go. And in this he is all in the Greek tradition. It is fundamentally a philosophy of common sense.

Philosophy without wisdom is vain; and in the greater philosophers we are usually aware of that wisdom which for the sake of emphasis and in the most accurate and profound sense could be called even worldly wisdom. Common sense does not mean, of course, either the opinion of the majority or the opinion of the moment; it is not a thing to be got at without maturity and study and thought. The lack of it produces those unbalanced philosophies, such as Behaviourism, of which we hear a great deal. A purely "scientific" philosophy ends by denying what we know to be true; and, on the other hand, the great weakness of Pragmatism is that it ends by being of no *use* to anybody. Again, it is easy to underestimate Hegel, but it is easy to overestimate Bradley's debt to Hegel; in a philosophy like Bradley's the points at which he *stops* are always important points. In an unbalanced or uncultured philosophy words have a way of changing their meaning – as sometimes with Hegel; or else they are made, in a most ruthless and piratical manner, to walk the plank: such as the words which Professor J. B. Watson drops overboard, and which we know to have meaning and value.[18†] But Bradley, like Aristotle, is distinguished by his scrupulous respect for words, that their meaning should be neither vague nor exaggerated ; and the tendency of his labours is to bring British philosophy closer to the Greek tradition.[19†]

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*, 444-55; originally published as "Bradley's 'Ethical Studies,'" *TLS*, 1352 (29 Dec 1927), [981]-982; an unsigned review of *Ethical Studies*, by F. H. Bradley. 2nd edn Oxford: Clarendon, 1927. Pp. ix + 344; the *TLS* text was revised for *FLA* and *SE* (1932) but rpt. in *EAM* (1936). TSE wrote to Bruce Richmond on 10 Nov: "I think I know my Bradley pretty well and have a general idea of what I want to say, so it should not take me long to do the article. Only it is just that particular book which is so inaccessible and which I have not read for a long time" (*L3* 812); and to his mother on 14 Dec: "I have just written a long essay on F. H. Bradley's Ethics for *The Times*" (*L3* 863).

2. TSE owned and used the second edition, fifth impression of *Appearance and Reality: A Metaphysical Essay* (London: Swan Sonnenschein, 1908); here, 402. This was the primary work that TSE used in his doctoral dissertation, "Experience and the Objects of Knowledge in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley" (1916), published as *Knowledge and Experience in the Philosophy of F. H. Bradley* (1964) (1.238).

3. TSE owned a reprint of *The Principles of Logic* (New York: G. E. Stechert, 1912); the two-volume 2nd edn (London: Oxford UP) appeared in 1922; here, ix.

4. Arnold's Arminius is the fictional Prussian friend whom he uses to satirize British middle-class institutions in *Friendship's Garland: Being the Conversations, Letters, and Opinions of the Late Arminius Baron Von Thunder-Ten-Tronckh* (1871).

5. Alexander Bain (1818-1903), Scots utilitarian philosopher and scientific psychologist, Regius Professor at the University of Aberdeen and founder of the philosophical journal *Mind*, was known for his companion volumes, *The Senses and the Intellect* (1855) and *The Emotions and the Will* (1859), both of which held that psychology could be expressed with reference to the theory of association of ideas.

6. *Principles of Logic*, I, 323-24.

7. From the Preface to Arnold's *Essays in Criticism: First Series* (1865), x-xi; *trans*: "The vulgar, which we all, alas, obey!" (trans. E. B. Bowring, from Goethe's *Epilog zu Schillers "Glocke"* [*Epilogue to Schiller's "Bell"*].

8. *Principles of Logic*, II, 591.

9. Bradley wrote in his notes: "Though the temptation was irresistible, I am sorry that I treated Bain, here and elsewhere, with so little respect. Let me say now that . . . he was the only writer of his time and school who made an original contribution to psychology. Though one may find him at times to be absurd, one seldom finds that he has not at least made an instructive effort to see the facts for himself." *Principles of Logic*, I, 347.

10. Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832), philosopher, social reformer, and founder of Utilitarianism; his descendants include his student John Stuart Mill and disciple Alexander Bain.

11. See TSE's 1917 review of an article by Lotze in "Lotze, Bradley, and Bosanquet" (1.605).

12. Along with the *British Banner*, a weekly nonconformist newspaper, Arnold brings together in chapter III of *Culture and Anarchy*, "Barbarians, Philistines, Populace," these actual citizens whom he has mentioned individually among those who have a "taste for the bathos" and whose ordinary selves prevail over "right reason." "I have enumerated many," he writes in naming them: "members of the noble army are swelling every day."

13. From *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), chapter I, "Sweetness and Light": "A new power has suddenly appeared, a power which it is impossible yet to judge fully, but which is certainly a wholly different force from middle-class Liberalism."

14. In his *Literature and Dogma: An Essay towards a Better Apprehension of the Bible* (London: Macmillan, 1873), Arnold presents the Bible as "the Book of *conduct*" (345), which requires literature, science, and culture for interpretation.

15. In *Modern Humanists Reconsidered* (London: Watts, 1927), Robertson focuses on Arnold's "self-contradictions" and "critical caprice": "Neither in his thinking nor in his artistry is he consistent" (129). In an unsigned review, probably by TSE, in the *Criterion* of Oct 1927, the reviewer states: "His destructive criticism of Arnold's literary criticism and theory of criticism is admirable, as also his comments on the element of humbug in Arnold's religious position" (378). TSE had recommended an earlier edition of Robertson's book, *Modern Humanists* (1891), in his 1916 Extension course on Modern English Literature.

16. In chapter I, Arnold states repeatedly that the aim of culture is "to make reason and the will of God prevail"; in chapter II, "Doing as One Likes," he writes: "The very principle of the authority which we are seeking as a defence against anarchy is right reason, ideas, light," and "We want an authority, and . . . culture suggests one to us in our *best self*."

17. Babbitt develops his humanistic philosophy of the "inner check," or higher internal ethical will, in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1919): "The permanent or ethical element in [man] towards which he should strive to move is known to him practically as a power of inhibition or inner check upon expansive desire" (150). Babbitt extends the philosophy in *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), which TSE confronts in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928): "Mr. Babbitt seems to think also that the 'outer' restraints of an orthodox religion, as they weaken, can be supplied by the inner restraint of the individual over himself" (3.457).

18†. In *TLS* and *EAM*: "the words which Professor J. B. Watson drops overboard, and which we know to have meaning and value, are almost innumerable."

See TSE's discussion of Watson's *Behaviorism*, the work to which he refers, in "Mr. Read and Mr. Fernandez" (2.838). In tracing the development of behaviorism, Watson describes the dismissal of religious words (soul) and psychological words (consciousness) in favor of observable and verifiable words (stimulus and response): "the behaviorist began his own formulation of the problem of psychology by sweeping aside all mediaeval conceptions. He dropped from his scientific vocabulary all subjective terms such as sensation, perception, image, desire, purpose, and even thinking and emotion as they were subjectively defined" (5-6).

19†. In *TLS* and *EAM*: "the great Greek tradition."

Mr. Chesterton (and Stevenson)

A review of *Robert Louis Stevenson*, by G. K. Chesterton

London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1927. Pp. 259.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 42 (31 Dec 1927) 516

I admit that I have always found Mr. Chesterton's style exasperating to the last point of endurance, though I am aware that there must be many people who like it.[1] In a chapter in this book, on "The Style of Stevenson," Mr. Chesterton remarks: "I am one of those humble characters for whom the main matter of style is concerned with making a statement" [139]. To which one might reply that the matter is concerned with the statement, but that the style is concerned with making it clearly, simply, and in good taste. In his matter Mr. Chesterton is apt to make too many statements; in his style he is concerned rather to agitate than to clarify, to impress rather than to persuade. And readers like myself find his manner rather offensive to their vanity. For he seems always to assume that what his reader has previously believed is exactly the opposite of what Mr. Chesterton knows to be true. Readers who like an easy formula may find this attitude delightful; for they have only to stand on their heads to find themselves in agreement with Mr. Chesterton. But we are not all so completely immersed in ignorance, prejudice, and heresy as Mr. Chesterton assumes. To assume that one's readers are in total spiritual and intellectual darkness is easy, and dispenses the author from any great intellectual effort himself: as Mr. Wells thinks that we are all quite ignorant of Evolution, and Mr. Belloc is convinced of our total ignorance of European history, so Mr. Chesterton believes that we have never heard of Catholicism except possibly through Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*[2] It would not so much matter if it did not mean that able writers, who might produce work of enduring value, become ephemeral. If they wrote primarily for *themselves*, they would be at the same time writing for the best people everywhere, people known and people obscure, without distinction of class or set.

In this diffuse, dissipated, but not at all stupid book Mr. Chesterton wastes a good deal of time. He is concerned in part with attacking misconceptions which we had not heard of and in which we are not interested; and in the process supplies some new misconceptions of his own. He wastes a good deal of time in protesting that Stevenson was not as the "'Nineties" were: they were decadent and morbid, whilst Stevenson was out and out for the culture of health and happiness. Having assumed a misunderstanding that we are not likely to labour under, Mr. Chesterton proceeds to assume that we are in 1927 still very much interested in the 'Nineties, and somewhat like them, only worse. Mr. Chesterton's chief allusion to contemporary literature is *The Green Hat*.[3] It is not unkind to suggest that Mr. Chesterton might read something better – and even newer.

If Mr. Chesterton does not seem to make the most of Stevenson's "cheerfulness," it is, I suspect, in my own case, due largely to the fact that I find Mr. Chesterton's own cheerfulness so depressing. He appears less like a saint radiating spiritual vision than like a 'busman slapping himself on a frosty day. He makes a great deal of Stevenson's restoration of the child's point of view. After Mr. Wyndham Lewis's recent fulminations against the child-actors, this policy requires rather more bolstering up than Mr. Chesterton has given it.[4] He says, for instance, that in our "characteristic contemporary literature there is an almost complete absence of joy. And I think it would be true to say, in a general fashion, that it is not childish enough to be cheerful" [247]. Mr. Chesterton's fashion is *too* general. The modern world is, in another general fashion, childish, and, like childhood, is rather anarchistic. There is something very childish about Chicago, and I dare say Chicago is also joyful. I should be very glad to be joyful, but I should not care for any joy to be obtained at the price of surrendering my life's experience. Of course, Mr. Chesterton is wrong in supposing that one can speak about such matters "in a general fashion" [247]. There is one authoritative sense, to be respected, in which we are admonished to be like little children.[5] Mr. Chesterton seems to think that we must execute these instructions by a romp. Hence his regular outbursts of heavy-weight Peter-Pantheism.[6]

What we should have liked would have been a critical essay showing that Stevenson is a writer of permanent importance, and why. Mr. Chesterton has only partially accomplished this task. He has much sound appreciation and defence of Stevenson's style; this part of the book is concise and to the point. And when he stops to expound a Roman Catholic point of view towards *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* he is extremely interesting.[7] How illuminating his observation that though this story is nominally set in London, it is really taking place in Edinburgh! And, in any case, Stevenson is an author well enough established to survive Mr. Chesterton's approval.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In "Observations" (1918), TSE praised the "living English" of Pound, Joyce, and Lewis in contrast to "the forces of death with Mr. Chesterton at their head upon a white horse" (1.711).

2. The evolutionary principles of H. G. Wells's popular *Outline of History* (1919-20) occasioned a six-year controversy with Hilaire Belloc, who criticized Wells in *A Companion to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History"* and *Mr. Belloc Still Objects*. TSE reviewed the controversy in May 1927 ("Popular Theologians: Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc and Mr. Murry"): "Mr. Wells and Mr. Belloc undertake to show each other up in their knowledge of sciences in which both are amateurs. Both seem to the uninstructed reader to have succeeded" (3.64). Chesterton also entered the debate, answering Wells in *The Everlasting Man* (1925), in which he recommended approaching Christianity "from the outside" (xii). In a letter of 16 May 1927, TSE wrote to Richard Aldington, "I cling to some alternative to Bellochesterton which I do not like" (*L3* 520). Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), English novelist, clergyman, and social reformer, attacked Catholicism in *Hypatia* (1853) and *Westward Ho!* (1855) on behalf of "Christian manliness"; *Westward Ho!* is set in the reign of Elizabeth and represents events in the Spanish Inquisition and the defeat of the Armada. Chesterton's use of the expression "muscular Christianity," which was associated with Kingsley, might have suggested this connection to TSE (253). TSE put Kingsley on the syllabus for his 1917 course of lectures on Victorian literature as an example of the "Novel of Social Reform" (1.587).

3. A best-selling novel of the roaring twenties by Michael Arlen, *The Green Hat* (1924) narrates the adventures of a fast-living widow and her fashionable Mayfair set. Chesterton writes, "When I first saw the title of *The Green Hat* I pictured it as the top-hat of an old gentleman who had a fancy for that colour. . . . When I opened the book and found that the green hat was only a lady's hat, and that the book was full of sentiments about sex, I was as blankly disappointed as a boy who has been given a dictionary instead of a book" (248).

4. In *The Art of Being Ruled* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1926) and "The Revolutionary Simpleton" (1927), Lewis analyzes what he calls the "child-cult" (or the "child-factor") of contemporary literature and culture, with examples drawn from Gertrude Stein and the films of Charlie Chaplin, claiming to trace the sources of this fashion to "the terrible and generally hidden disturbances that have broken the back of our will in the Western countries, and have already forced us into the greatest catastrophes." "The Revolutionary Simpleton," *The Enemy*, 1 (Jan 1927), 75.

5. Matthew 18.3: "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

6. In a chapter of *The Art of Being Ruled* entitled "The Children of Peter Pan," Lewis writes that "Barrie's play, *Peter Pan*, is to our time what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the Civil War period in America. It gave expression to a deep emotional current, of political origin" (166); in "The Revolutionary Simpleton," Lewis refers to the contemporary "child-cult" as an "irresponsible, Peterpannish, psychology" (75).

7. Chesterton interprets Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) as a reflection of the religious environment of the author's native Edinburgh: "Puritanism is expressed even more in Mr. Hyde than in Dr. Jekyll. The sense of the sudden stink of evil, the immediate invitation to step into stark filth, the abruptness of the alternative between that prim and proper pavement and that black and reeking gutter – all this . . . is far too frankly and familiarly offered not to have had some basis in observation and reality" (69-70).

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (Jan 1928) 1-4

STONES OF LONDON

There was much foolish talk in the newspapers some weeks ago, about projects of alteration – not merely of repair, but extensions and changes to Westminster Abbey.[1] Like most newspaper topics, this one was very quickly exhausted; and after a number of public men – and some very odd ones – as well as ecclesiastics and architects, had aired their views, there seemed nothing more to be said. So it may seem tardy or inopportune to raise the question again. But when proposals for demolition or alteration of monuments are being actively discussed, we feel safe for the moment against change; it is only when public interest has become fatigued, and the question has dropped into oblivion, that things are likely to be done. So we may, some months or years hence, suddenly observe the scaffoldings and the workmen, and learn that the matter was decided long ago, and that we are too late to protest.

We approach this matter from the point of enquiring how best the Abbey may be preserved as an historical monument of great symbolic value and of aesthetic interest; having regard also to the public ceremonies for which the Abbey is the traditional and appropriate scene. What was suddenly discovered was, that the space in the Abbey for interring great men would soon be exhausted (if, that is, we go on producing great men at the present alarming rate). It was also discovered, and duly listed by the newspapers, that a good many people had been buried in the Abbey of whom nobody had heard and in whom nobody was interested; and others equally insignificant were represented by insignificant memorials. Many of these superannuated Christians have the ill luck, furthermore, not to be represented by wealthy descendants in positions of influence. The newspapers presently ferreted out the fact that a number of these Christian malefactors had actually paid solid money for the monuments – or that money was paid by their pious immediate relatives. There are now accordingly two parties of Abbey Reformers: those who dislike disturbing the dead, or even their monuments, and therefore propose that an extension should be built for the next crop of deceased statesmen; and those who are shocked that the Abbey should be populated by any but very eminent corpses, and are for turning the rascals out.

We believe that the great majority of the public (to say nothing of the American visitors who provide a slight seasonal prosperity to a few hotels and shops) would much rather that things were let be; and that the public does not really care a fig where the next lot of great men is buried. But in all this discussion one rather important point seems to have been overlooked, which is not without its bearing even from the point of view of aesthetic fitness. That is, that the Abbey was not originally designed primarily as a Pantheon, but as a Church; and a church it remains until it is "disaffected." When any other church of antiquity is filled up with tombstones, it is not the custom to clear them out to the bone-yard and start afresh. People liked to be buried in churches, not only as evidence of their social importance, but because they thought that was where their bodies were safest from being disturbed; and their religious faith (or superstition if you like) made them very anxious to be left in peace. If people are to be moved in and out according to each generation of newspaper editors' estimate of their importance, we are none of us likely to remain very long in one place, until we find our way to the lime-kiln. And at the rate of acceleration which modern life promises, our American visitors will have the satisfaction of visiting a new exhibit of famous men in the Abbey every season. But what is certain is that if a church loses its sanctity, it will also lose its beauty.

There is, or was, such a thing as religious art. We are not very skilled at it at present. As an incidental result of either clearing out the Abbey, or extending it, we shall certainly be blessed with a lot of new monuments more hideous and in worse taste than anything there of any antiquity. And many of these monuments (as our ecclesiastics, at least in their newspaper communications, seem to have overlooked), will doubtless be erected for famous men who not only were not members of the Church of England at all, but who will have publicly disassociated themselves from any communion. Great men ought to have monuments, even if they are not Christians; and when there is any doubt about a man's greatness, he might as well have a monument as not. Indeed, England has always been too indifferent in paying this respect to her great men; when she does, it is sometimes a little helter-skelter, so that we have had for instance memorials of W. H. Hudson and Christopher Marlowe going up at the same time (both having been preceded by the monument to Peter Pan).[2] But why should great men be buried in a church of which they are not members?

Fortunately, there is a way out, which has just occurred to us, and which is both more practical and more sensational than anything the newspapers have thought of yet. The French have a poor little Pantheon at the end of the Rue Soufflot in Paris.[3] Let us have one six times the size, and prove that we have six times as many great men. Some piece of waste ground could be provided, near London (Wembley would be a good spot, if it is not engrossed by greyhound courses; and the greyhounds would be an attraction).[4] Our Pantheon should be built of course of reinforced concrete, with statuary by Frampton.[5] But let this movement for the World's Finest Pantheon be set on foot at once, so that the edifice may be ready for Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. H. G. Wells, and the Dean of St. Paul's.[6]

As we go to press we learn with regret that Professor W. R. Lethaby has resigned his charge of the Abbey structure, which he had held for 22 years. Our greatest living authority on architecture, he will be difficult to replace.[7]

NOTES

1. A Sub-Commission of the Cathedrals Commission published a report in the *Times* of 4 Nov 1927 (19) on a proposal to provide additional space in Westminster Abbey for monuments and memorials, for the building of a new north aisle, and for a new building on the Chapter House site. Letters opposed to the proposal were published through 23 Nov.

2. Friends of the author, naturalist, and ornithologist William Henry Hudson (1841-1922) commissioned sculptor Jacob Epstein to create a memorial, titled *Rima* after a character in Hudson's best-known novel *Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest* (1904), to adorn a bird sanctuary in Hyde Park; it was unveiled on 19 May 1925. The memorial for Christopher Marlowe, sculpted by Onslow Forde, was originally in the Buttermarket, Canterbury, unveiled by Henry Irving on 16 Sept 1891, but moved to the Dane John Gardens for a new unveiling in Nov 1928. For the Peter Pan monument, see note 5 below.

3. The Paris Panthéon, which houses the tombs of many illustrious French citizens, was modeled after the Panthéon in Rome. Finished in 1791 as a church, it has served as a civic building since 1885. TSE lived close to the Panthéon in his pension, 151 bis rue Saint-Jacques, during the 1910-11 academic year at the Sorbonne.

4. Wembley Stadium began hosting greyhound races in 1927.

5. Sir George James Frampton (1860-1928), sculptor, craftsman, and decorative artist, was best known for his statue of Peter Pan playing pipes, commissioned in 1912 by author J. M. Barrie, creator of Peter Pan, for Kensington Gardens, London.

6. The author and Anglican priest William Ralph Inge ("Dean Inge") had served as Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral since his appointment in 1911. TSE was frequently critical of views expressed by Inge in his weekly column in the *Evening Standard*.

7. W. R. (William Richard) Lethaby (1857-1931), architect, historian, Professor of Design at the Royal College of Art, and a founder-leader of the Arts and Crafts Movement, was appointed Surveyor of the Fabric of the Abbey (1906-28) and authored *Westminster Abbey and the King's Craftsmen: A Study of Medieval Building* (1906), *Londinium: Architecture and the Crafts* (1923), and *Westminster Abbey Re-examined* (1925). Copies of Lethaby's *Architecture* (1919) and *Form in Civilization* (1923) are in TSE's library.

Isolated Superiority[1]

A review of *Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound*

New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926. Pp. 231

The Dial, 84 (Jan 1928) [4]-7

By publishing his "collected poems" – a collection remarkable because it represents also a rigorous selection and omission – Mr. Pound provokes us to another attempt to estimate his work.[2] I am doubtful whether such a valuation is, or will ever be, quite possible for our generation; but even if not, it is worth while at least to enquire into the nature of our difficulty in criticizing his work.

Pound has had, and has an immense influence, but no disciples. For the absence of the latter, I think he is to be felicitated; or perhaps it does not matter an atom. He has been a great deal imitated, but that matters still less; and with his imitators neither I nor any one else can be concerned. But apart from imitation and plagiarism, there are these two things which are not the same: influence and discipleship. Sometimes they are united in the same persons; but I have suggested that Pound has great influence but no disciples. And I think that the reason is this: that influence can be exerted through form, whereas one makes disciples only among those who sympathize with the content. To illustrate by a very different case, Cardinal Newman has influenced a great number of people, but his disciples, if there are any, must be very few. But of Pound I believe that in form he foreran, excelled, and is still in advance of our own generation and even the literary generation after us; whereas his ideas are often those of the generation which preceded him.

It is an interesting anomaly, but perhaps not curious. What is curious is his complete and isolated superiority as a master of verse form. No one living has practised the art of verse with such austerity and devotion; and no one living has practised it with more success. I make no exception of age or of country, including France and Germany; what there may be in other languages I cannot judge. Nor do I limit the "art of verse" by the necessary but dangerous word *technique*. A man who devises new rhythms is a man who extends and refines our sensibility; and that is not merely a matter of "technique." I have, in recent years, cursed Mr. Pound often enough; for I am never sure that I can call my verse my own; just when I am most pleased with myself, I find that I have only caught up some echo from a verse of Pound's.

The term *vers-libres*, never a happy one, is happily dying out. We can now see that there was no movement, no revolution, and there is no formula.[3] The only revolution was that Ezra Pound was born with a fine ear for verse. He has enabled a few other persons, including myself, to improve their verse sense; so that he has improved poetry through other men as well as by himself. I cannot think of any one writing verse, of our generation and the next, whose verse (if any good) has not been improved by the study of Pound's. His poetry is an inexhaustible reference book of verse form. There is, in fact, no one else to study. One or two eminent writers have tried to take their lessons direct from Whitman. But (as their work shows) Whitman is not a safe model unless you have a better, or at least a more reliable ear than Whitman; it is wiser to absorb your Whitman through Pound.[4]

From this point of view, I regret that the new volume should be a selection. Mr. Pound has written some poems which I find rub me the wrong way; but I would not have any of them omitted, for there is something to be learned from every one. And besides, to tell the truth, the poems that annoy me are here: "Moeurs Contemporaines."[5] Mr. Pound has an exquisite sense of humour, and his epistolary style is masterly; but the wit and humour in his verse. . . . But that question would lead us to another aspect of the matter. Meanwhile, where are "In Tempore Senectutis" and the "Lament for Glaucus"?[6] Another collection must be made after Mr. Pound is dead.

There is another thing to be said about Pound's Art of Verse.[7] As many persons prefer his early poems, I must record my conviction that his verse has steadily improved, and that the Cantos are the most interesting of all. This gives me the opportunity to make a gentle transition to the second part of my subject. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in *The Enemy*, has handled these Cantos rather roughly.[8] (Where the Cantos are humorous or colloquial, I sympathize with him.) I think that the trouble is this: Mr. Lewis, being a philosopher, is impatient with the content; not being a poet, he is not sufficiently interested in the form. Hence Mr. Lewis is a little hasty, and might lead the inexperienced reader to believe that Pound's rhythms spring from the same source as those of Miss Stein.[9] And this is wholly untrue: they have nothing in common. The only criticism which could be made of the Cantos is that Pound's auditory sense is perhaps superior to his visual sense.

His eye is indeed remarkable, it is careful, comprehensive, and exact; but it is rare that he has an image of the maximum concentration, an image which combines the precise and concrete with a kind of almost infinite suggestion. His verse, on the other hand, does everything that he wants it to do; it has the uniform rhythm running through it, combined with unlimited variability of mood. As for the meaning of the Cantos, that never worries me, and I do not believe that I care. I know that Pound has a scheme and a kind of philosophy behind it; it is quite enough for me that he thinks he knows what he is doing; I am glad that the philosophy is there, but I am not interested in it.

This brings us to the second problem about Pound. I confess that I am seldom interested in what he is saying, but only in the way he says it. That does not mean that he is saying nothing; for ways of saying nothing are not interesting. Swinburne's form is uninteresting, because he is literally saying next to nothing, and unless you mean something with your words they will do nothing for you. But Pound's philosophy, I suspect, is just a little antiquated. He began as the last disciple of the Nineties, and was much influenced by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Ford Madox Ford. He added his own extensive erudition, and proceeded to a curious syncretism which I do not think he has ever set in order. He is, of course, extremely Romantic. His Romance has enabled him to revive much that needed to be revived; he has made people read Dante who might never have read him; he has fought successfully the English conventions of good poetry, and has made his point that there are vital qualities of style which are found in Provençal and Italian verse and which are not always found in English verse. He has induced a more critical attitude towards Shakespeare; he has put Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel back "on the map," even for those who cannot read them.[10] For all these gifts, and others, we cannot be too grateful: Pound's critical influence is immense, and beneficial. (I wish he would let me edit his critical essays, instead of doing it himself.)[11] My own critical debt to him is as great as my debt in versification. Yet I feel that there is a muddle somewhere. Pound has gone on, and will go on, with vast and restless curiosity in everything that is said and written; it is not that he does not keep up with the times. But I sometimes wonder how he reconciles all his interests: how does he reconcile even Provençal and Italian poetry? He retains some mediaeval mysticism, without belief; this is mixed up with Mr. Yeats's spooks (excellent creatures in their native bogs); and involved with Dr. Berman's hormones; and a steam-roller of Confucian rationalism (the Religion of a Gentleman, and therefore an Inferior Religion) has flattened over the whole.[12] So we are left with the question (which the unfinished Cantos make more pointed) what does Mr. Pound believe?[13]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This review commissioned by Marianne Moore accompanied her announcement that Pound would receive the *Dial* Award of $2,000 for 1927. TSE wrote to Moore on 6 Nov: "I infer that Pound has received the (long overdue) *Dial* Award. If so, I am very glad. But I have sent herewith a note which I hope will do in any event. I have not given it a title, not knowing what precise use it was to serve. May I leave it to you to do so?" (*L3* 800). To his mother he wrote on the same day: "I don't know whether he will like my article, if they publish it; for I have been frank and said what I think both for and against him" (*L3* 801). TSE originally intended to print the review in the *Criterion* as well, but withdrew it after criticisms by F. S. Flint ("he reconciles none of his interests: they ferment in him . . . I should define Ezra as a poet with a fine ear and eye and no brains") (*L3* 830 n.1).

2. In 1925, TSE corresponded with Pound about his plans for an American volume of selected poems; this review reflects some of TSE's dissatisfaction with Pound's final choices for *Personae* (*L2* 767). In 1928, TSE edited and introduced Pound's UK volume of *Selected Poems*; see 3.517.

3. In "Reflections on *Vers Libre*," 1917, TSE claimed, "*Vers libre* does not exist, and it is time that this preposterous fiction followed the *élan vital* and the eighty thousand Russians into oblivion" (1.511). In his introduction to Pound's 1928 *Selected Poems*, he wrote, "I remarked some years ago, in speaking of *vers libre*, that 'no *vers* is *libre* for the man who wants to do a good job.' The term, which fifty years ago had an exact meaning, in relation to the French alexandrine, now means too much to mean anything at all" (3.517-18).

4. In his introduction to Pound's *Selected Poems*, TSE wrote, "I am equally certain – it is indeed obvious – that Pound owes nothing to Whitman" (3.518).

5. In his letter of 28 Oct 1925, responding to Pound's request for suggestions of titles to include or exclude from a UK edition of *Personae*, TSE identified "Moeurs Contemporaines" (*Quia Pauper Amavi*, 1919) for omission, except for the "I Vecchii" and "Ritratto" sections of this sequence (*L2* 767).

6. TSE's letter also identified "In Tempore Senectutis" (*A Lume Spento*, 1908) and "Idyl for Glaucus" (*Personae*, 1909) as poems that Pound should include in his new edition of *Personae* (*L2* 766). TSE calls the latter "Lament" because it concludes, "Endeth the Lament of Glaucus."

7. TSE may refer to Horace's *Ars poetica* [Art of Poetry] (and other poetic treatises by this name such as Archibald MacLeish's 1926 poem) or perhaps to Henry James's "Art of Fiction" (1884). The clipsheet for this issue of the *Dial* advertised TSE's essay under the title "Ezra Pound and the Art of Verse."

8. Calling Pound a "parasite" and an "intellectual eunuch," Lewis particularly criticized Pound's "clumsy and stupid way" of treating contemporary life. "All Pound's comic reliefs speak the same tongue; they are all jocose and conduct their heavy German-American horseplay in the same personal argot of Pound. . . . Their thick facetiousness is of the rollicking slap-on-the-back

order, suggesting another day and another scene to ours. . . . They are Pound at his worst ("The Revolutionary Simpleton," *The Enemy*, 1 [Jan 1927], 93).

9. In "Charleston, Hey! Hey!" (1927), TSE wrote of Stein's work, "its rhythms have a peculiar hypnotic power not met with before. It has a kinship with the saxophone. If this is of the future, then the future is, as it very likely is, of the barbarians" (3.27).

10. Pound wrote most extensively on Shakespeare in his early *The Spirit of Romance* (1910), comparing him to Dante – "intimate acquaintance with either [Dante or Shakespeare] breeds that discrimination which makes us more keenly appreciate the other" (162) – and Lope de Vega (203-09) (New Directions, 1968). He published a translation of Cavalcanti's *Sonnets and Ballate* in 1912 and was hoping to publish a complete facsimile text and translation with Faber in 1928 (*L3* 853); his translations of Daniel's *Canzoni* appeared in *The New Age* (1911-12), *The Little Review* (1918), and *Instigations* (1920).

11. On 3 Dec 1928, TSE proposed to introduce and publish a volume of Pound's Selected Prose: "You select first and then I select and then you select If you See my meaning" (*L4* 342), but the book did not become a reality until TSE edited and introduced *Literary Essays of Ezra Pound* (1954).

12. Louis Berman (1893-1946), American endocrinologist at Columbia University, wrote popular books on the impact of hormones on personality and the potential of hormone therapy; Pound enthusiastically reviewed Berman's *The Glands Regulating Personality* in 1922: "The book marks presumably one of the great revolutions in medicine; a revolution as great as that caused by Pasteur . . . recognis[ing] that human beings can differ widely from each other without being abnormal; and a strong scientific support of this 'humanity' can only make for civilisation, tolerance, and an end of Fabian and Puritan endeavours to cram all human being into one button-mould" ("The New Therapy," *New Age* 30 [16 Mar 1922], 259-60). When Pound recommended this New York endocrinologist/quack for Vivien's health problems, TSE replied on 9 July 1922 that he would be glad to have a conversation with Berman (*L1* 693). TSE refers to Berman's work on hormones without attribution in "Charleston Hey! Hey!" (3.26).

Pound's lifelong engagement with Confucius included his 1928 translation of the Confucian work *Ta Hio* [The Great Learning].

"Religion of a Gentleman" may refer to a book by this title published in 1900 by Charles Fletcher Dole, Harvard alumnus and influential Unitarian minister in Boston; "Inferior Religions" is the title of an essay by Wyndham Lewis in *The Wild Body* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1927) explaining the method of his stories: "These studies of rather primitive people are studies in savage worship and attraction" (234).

13. On 23 Jan 1928, TSE wrote to Pound: "My question marks were intended to be of the rhetorical variety and were introduced primarily in order to give an effect of well balanced, sound critical opinions etcetera instead of mere funeral oration. I don't think they are worth taking up as it would be a long business and I suppose I should be expected to develop the theme touched on so lightly by my steam roller which I agree was not an excessively felicitous metaphor" (*L4* 13). In "Credo" (1930), Pound replied: "I have for a number of years answered such questions by telling the enquirer to read Confucius and Ovid. . . . I believe that a light from Eleusis persisted throughout the middle ages and set beauty in the song of Provence and of Italy. I believe that the postwar 'returns to christianity' . . . [have been merely] signs of fatigue" (*Selected Prose* [Faber, 1973], 53).

John Webster

An unsigned first review of *The Complete Works of John Webster*, ed. F. L. Lucas. Four vols.

London: Chatto and Windus, 1927.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1356 (26 Jan 1928), 59

The only two modern editions of Webster's plays are unsatisfactory and antiquated. Webster has waited long enough for an editor and fine edition, but he appears to have found them. To edit properly such a dramatist as Webster requires not only exact knowledge of the now vast field of Elizabethan scholarship but enthusiasm and literary taste, and Mr. Lucas is both scholar and man of letters.[1] He has spent many years on the edition which is now published. And to those readers who do not yet know Mr. Lucas as a specialist of Elizabethan drama we may add that he has had the benefit of cooperation with Mr. H. Dugdale Sykes – one of the soundest as well as one of the most ingenious of the students of Tudor and Early Stuart drama – and that, in general, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Sykes appear to be in agreement.[2]

Volume I contains the bibliography, the biography and the critical introduction, with *The White Devil*. The second volume contains *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Devil's Law-Case*; the third volume *A Care for a Cuckold*, *Appius and Virginia*, the shorter poems, *A Monumental Column*, and *Monuments of Honor*; the fourth and last volume contains the *Characters* attributed to Webster from Overbury's collection,[3] two plays in which Webster had a hand, *Anything for a Quiet Life* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, with the appendices and index. Each play is preceded by a critical and historical introduction and followed by extraordinarily ample and diverting notes. The edition is accordingly such as to deserve the epithet "definitive." We only regret that Mr. Lucas, though quite within his rights in omitting *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, as more suitably included among the works of Dekker, has not given us a short critical note on passages in that play which closely resemble passages in the authentic plays of Webster.[4] Such parallels would be interesting at least for the study of Webster's development as a poet. For instance, the lines in *Sir Thomas Wyatt* –

Who would wear fetters, though they were all of gold,
Or to be sick, though his faint browes
For a wearing nightcap, wore a crown?[5]

exhibit the very trick of sense and rhythm of the more famous lines from *The Duchess* –

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?[6]

But this is a minor point; the edition is altogether admirable. Mr. Lucas has (except where it might be ambiguous) retained the original spelling; such a method demands no justification, but those who dislike it will find the case for the spelling well put in the preface.[7] Similarly he has shown great restraint in dealing with the punctuation and with the text altogether. The text of *The White Devil* is as nearly as possible that of 1612; that of *The Duchess of Malfi* (but why not insist upon the old spelling "Malfy" throughout?) that of 1628. The notes to each play are abundant. It would no doubt be easy, among their copiousness and because of the obscurity of many of the allusions in Webster's works, to question some of them one by one. The position could hardly be otherwise. But this should be done in technical journals; we may testify to the abundance, erudition and probability of most of them.

Anyone who has read Mr. Lucas's general literary essays will know beforehand that in the plays of Webster Mr. Lucas chose a task of scholarship not only because it needed doing but because the subject was particularly congenial to him;[8] and such a reader will turn first to Mr. Lucas's general introduction. Mr. Lucas, with his strong admiration for Mr. Housman, was already a noted amateur of pessimism.[9] It is by no means a bad thing that he has what seems to us an exaggerated enthusiasm for Webster, for without such enthusiasm he could hardly have accomplished this huge work. But, on the whole, Mr. Lucas has been not only favourable but fair to a dramatist and poet who has proved, in the past, very difficult to judge. Webster usually excites either passionate admiration or violent disgust, and his critics have flown to one excess or the other. Hitherto the best criticism was, Mr. Lucas says, that of Rupert Brooke, though Mr. Lucas is apt to exaggerate the value of a youthful dissertation which, with brilliant flashes, is certainly not an example of critical balance.[10] Mr. Lucas himself does not always escape those lurid commonplaces which lie in wait for the critic of Elizabethan tragedy. He drops occasionally into generalities of this sort:

> The Renaissance had triumphed so gloriously, in its first magnificent riot of individuality. It had bred men free from the repressions, the cringings, the conformities of the centuries of superstition; men whose will was their only law and whose intellect their only guide, who to their undying glory or their lasting shame found and remained themselves. [I, 36]

When Mr. Lucas speaks of the Renaissance he seems to lose his head entirely. Thus he says:

> And so it is with Webster's great figures – we know that even in Hell Vittoria would have endured with that contempt upon her face, which Dante saw in the eyes of Farinata degli Uberti in his winding-sheet of flame: that even in Heaven among the meek and the poor in spirit the Duchess of Malfi would have been "Duchess of Malfi still." [I, 40]

This seems either a complete confusion of moral values or else a sudden flight into nebulous fancy. What Vittoria probably seemed to Webster is very different from what Farinata probably seemed to Dante.[11] Dante was able to depict pride and exhibit its worldly grandeur simultaneously with its simple sinfulness. The damnation of the damned in Dante's Hell consists chiefly in this, that they remain fixed to eternity in the passions which have damned them; not a character in Dante's Hell, that is not damned by its own will, there is not one that is not shown as reprehensible. And if the duchess had insisted on being "Duchess of Malfi still," she would not have been admitted to Dante's heaven at all. Piccarda had been a great lady herself, but when she got to Heaven she did not talk like that.[12]

On the other hand, Mr. Lucas is beating upon an open door when he takes upon himself to defend Webster from the charge of "low morality."[13] So far as Mr. Lucas is impelled to such an assertion by the follies of other critics, English, American or German, one has every sympathy with him and may say that he is right. But even here there are distinctions which Mr. Lucas does not make. He is himself, in spirit, a poet, and he is apt to look on things, in his own words, "in the light of poetry and the darkness of a great despair" [I, 40]. There is no need, in speaking to educated people, to defend this great despair from the change of low morality. Yet we are not quite sure that Mr. Lucas distinguishes clearly enough the attitude of Webster from the attitude of the author of *The City of Dreadful Night* (from whom he quotes some very beautiful lines).[14] For there is, in the end, something in the charge of "low morality," if we put it on the right plane. Mr. Lucas defends Webster against his enemies and apologizes for him for not being Shakespeare. Shakespeare, he reminds us, was a "many-faceted diamond," to which Webster was but an "onyx"; and this is true.[15] But the charge against Webster of not having been Shakespeare is a trifling one, hardly worth rebuttal; we are for ever grateful to Webster for having done so consummately well that which he did. The point which Mr. Lucas seems to overlook is this: that if the charge of "low morality" can be brought at all, it can be brought with equal force against Shakespeare; and that between the "morality" of Webster and that of Shakespeare in *King Lear* there is not a pin to choose, "The bitterness, the savage wit, the almost morbid rage to strip the mask from the basenesses of human life, the unutterable despair" [I, 46] – those qualities of Webster Mr. Lucas hastens to parallel from the great Dean Swift;[16] but can they not all be found, more intensely even than in the prose of the great Dean, in the verse of Shakespeare?

The final criticism of Webster – one of the greatest of poets in one of the greatest of languages – is, indeed, not upon himself but upon his age. To point out in detail that Webster was not Shakespeare is trifling; you can prove equally well that Milton and Pope and Grey and Wordsworth and Tennyson all together would not make Shakespeare; but it is all irrelevant. Mr. Lucas is far too good a critic to waste much time over such protestations. Where Mr. Lucas, as critic, goes wrong is rather in a tendency to assume moral weakness as artistic strength. For Mr. Lucas, like every other literary critic worth reading, has moral values as well as "aesthetic" values. And one of Mr. Lucas's chief values, which he finds in Webster, is courage. Courage is undoubtedly valuable. But for Mr. Lucas courage is rather too closely allied to despair:

> When we revisit the world of those poets so long dead, it seems at times as if the shape of death had walked there always, often horrible, but sometimes with that pale beauty its shadow keeps still, where to-day the cypresses nod and the silver smoke curls quietly from Vesuvius above the ghostly streets of Pompeii. Such is Webster's atmosphere – the individuality of the Renaissance, but also its despair; and with it the courage of despair. [I, 39]

Frivolous persons may find in such a period merely the fantasia of the romantic Nordic in Italy (*Kennst du das Land?*).[17] What is underneath, and is particularly important in considering Mr. Lucas, is the assumption of an inevitable alliance of courage and despair. It is good to admire courage, but we suspect that Mr. Lucas admires courage more when it is desperate courage. But courage is courage in spite of despair, not because of it. And because Mr. Lucas admires "desperate courage" so intensely he is inclined generously to attribute it to Webster. And so he forgets that despair is not, in itself, valuable. We suspect that he admires a "lost cause" the more for being lost, which is irrelevant to its value. But we have said this in order to point out that Mr. Lucas's criticism of Webster is not merely "artistic" criticism, but also ethical criticism; and whether Mr. Lucas's ethical criticism of Webster is right or wrong in judgment, it is right in scope; and it is, so far, the best criticism of Webster that we know.

There is one question concerning Webster which Mr. Lucas does not solve, and which is probably insoluble. It is this: *The Devil's Law-Case* and *Appius and Virginia* are, so far as all our evidence goes, later plays than the two great well-known plays, but are much inferior, though unquestioned Webster. How is it that Webster wrote two such plays after *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfy*? Mr. Lucas says: "Later, indeed, this stream of poetry dried up, after running so deep and strong in the first two tragedies; and with it the greatness goes out of Webster's work" [I, 29]. Mr. Lucas might have underlined this statement more firmly. For passage after passage can be marked, in the two later plays, echoing some passage in one of the two great plays, and echoing weakly. Webster's mind was of the reservoir type. He needed to accumulate for a long time before he could transmute into original poetry. To the last Shakespeare is inexhaustible. Whatever he did was new. But Webster was not inexhaustible. His mind had to acquire a great deal before it could give out a little. And later he must have been very tired or very distracted. What the circumstances were which prevented him from doing what he might have done we shall never know. He was more blessed than most poets in having accomplished, in having put down, once and for all, that which he put down in the two great tragedies which Mr. Lucas so rightly and so fruitfully admires.[18]

NOTES

1. TSE's generous description here of Lucas, Fellow and Librarian of King's College, Cambridge, veils an increasingly strained relationship that began with Lucas's unfavorable review of *The Waste Land*. His colleague E. M. W. Tillyard wrote that Lucas was "openly hostile" to TSE; another colleague, T. E. B. Howarth, reported that Lucas refused to allow TSE's work to be purchased for the King's College library (see *L4* 281n).

2. Dugdale Sykes, whom Lucas acknowledges in his "Preface" for "most valuable criticism and advice" (I, vii), wrote widely on Shakespearean and Elizabethan authorship, including

Sidelights on Shakespeare (1919), *The Authorship of "The Taming of a Shrew," "The Famous Victories of Henry V," and the Additions to Marlowe's "Faustus"* (1920), and *Sidelights on Elizabethan Drama* (1924). TSE wrote to Mario Praz on 16 Mar that in his opinion "Dugdale Sykes is a much sounder scholar than Lucas" (*L4* 97-98).

3. Sir Thomas Overbury (1581-1613), courtier and author of *A Wife*, a forty-seven verse poem in the style of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. A posthumous edition of 1615, *A Wife Now the Widdow of Sir Thomas Overburye, Whereunto Are Added Many Witty Characters*, includes characters by Webster.

4. *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat* (1607) is a collaboration with Dekker and usually attributed to him rather than to Webster. Lucas lists it in his "Preface" as one of the plays that he "wrote in his apprenticeship under Dekker," the proper place of which "is in complete editions of Dekker" (I, xii). Lucas's appendix, "Webster's Early Collaboration with Dekker," with a brief discussion of Webster's limited contribution to the play, appears in vol 4 (239-41).

5. *Sir Thomas Wyat*, ll. 88-90.

6. *Duchess of Malfi*, IV.ii.222-24; *Complete Works*, II, 99. TSE modernizes the spelling.

7. Lucas states: "It is becoming more and more customary, in reprinting the older English authors, to keep the old spelling; and though some readers still hate it, I cannot but feel the gain is a real one. . . . It is impossible to turn from one of the charming original Quartos of Shakespeare or Webster to a modernized text without feeling . . . that something essential and living has been pared and smoothed away. . .The spelling . . . has an unruly vitality which our stereotyped correctitude has lost" (I, ix).

8. By 1928, Lucas, originally a classicist who later joined the Cambridge English Faculty, had written *Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy* (1922), *Euripides and his Influence* (1923), *Authors Dead and Living* (1926), and *Tragedy in Relation to Aristotle's "Poetics"* (1927).

9. Lucas's laudatory essay on Housman's poetry, "Few, but Roses" (1923), was collected in his *Authors Dead and Living* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1926), which was reviewed by Orlo Williams in the *Criterion* of June 1926 (597-600). Lucas claims that Housman's view of life "is rendered into English of a purity that English literature has not surpassed" (172). Williams accused Lucas of "overstatement," a lack of "judiciousness," and a failure to temper his "absoluteness of enthusiasm" (599).

10. In citing Brooke's book, *John Webster and Elizabethan Drama* (1916), Lucas notes that "Webster's youngest critic . . . is still, I think, his best" (I, ii).

11. Vittoria Corombona, the enchanting, conniving widow of Duke Brachiano, is the central character of *The White Devil*; Farinata is a great Ghibelline Florentine statesman and patriarch found in Canto X.22-51 of Dante's *Inferno* (*DC1* 102-03), where, condemned as an Epicurean heretic, he shares a flaming tomb with his political enemy, Calvalcante de' Cavalcanti.

12. Piccarda appears in Canto III.25-87 of *Paradiso* (*DC3*, 28-31). TSE quotes line 83 in "Dante" (1929) and alludes to her same words in *Ash-Wednesday*, VI.30: "Our peace in His will."

13. Lucas writes: "And surely by this we have answered, without thinking, the second great charge against him, of a low morality. . . . There is nothing mean in the view that goodness often does not pay" (I, 40-41).

14. A long poem by James Thomson (1895). Lucas evokes "an earlier City of Dreadful Night," which "Webster knew too well, and James Thomson fashioned again in the image of his

own despair," quoting lines 565-66 and 569-71 as though a single stanza and excerpting two parenthetical lines from the poem (I, 41-42).

15. Lucas: "Webster is but an onyx beside Shakespeare's many-faceted diamond" (43).

16. Lucas: "echoes of this . . . can wake from that vault . . . and the Dean of St. Patrick's [Jonathan Swift], his wealth left to build a Bedlam, lies at last forgetful of an intolerable world, and 'the oppression that makes a wise man mad'" (I, 46).

17. *Trans*: "Know'st thou the land?" This is the title of a song whose lyrics appear in Book III, Chapter I, of Goethe's novel, *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* (1795-96): "Know'st thou the land where lemon trees do bloom / And oranges like gold in leafy gloom; / A gentle wind from the deep blue heaven blows / The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows? / Know'st thou it then? / 'Tis there! 'tis there, / O my belov'd one, I with thee would go!" See *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, selected by Charles W. Eliot, ed. William Allan Neilson (New York: Collier, 1917).

18. After Mario Praz wrote TSE to criticize his review for not addressing more forthrightly Lucas's omissions and inaccuracies, TSE replied on 28 Feb that the review "was aimed at the popular reader of the *Supplement* who would be more interested in Lucas's critical opinions than his editorial ability. . . . What I was really interested in discovering was why Lucas had chosen to edit Webster at all. That is to say, What was the conception of Webster which made him so important to Lucas with reference to Lucas's own temperament?" He wrote further to Praz on 16 Mar: "I still feel . . . that I intended to pay every compliment to Lucas's scholarship, and if my review suggests any derogation that is a misfortune of phrasing. As a piece of editorship the work seems to me delightful; but as literary criticism the Introduction still seems to me lamentable. . . . I am sorry if Lucas thinks that I failed to do him justice" (*L4* 67-68, 97-98).

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (Feb 1928), 97-99

THE "PROLOGUE TO AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM"

It is regretted that owing to unforeseen circumstances we were unable to prepare the second part of M. Maurras's "Prologue to an Essay on Criticism" in time for this issue. We expect to publish it in March, and meanwhile express our apologies to our readers and to M. Maurras.[1]

We consequently present in this number an essay by the distinguished philosopher Max Scheler, from his forthcoming work *Philosophical Anthropology*.[2]

FASCISTI, SOCIALISTS, AND ROTARIANS

We have received three periodicals, all of quite different inspiration from *The Criterion* and from each other, each of which provokes a word of comment or enquiry.

The first is called *The British Lion*, and is the organ of the British Fascists. A very angry lion on the cover is demolishing the symbols of the present Russian government, and is supported by a couple of fasces. Our copy is accompanied by two pamphlets setting forth the aims of the British Fascists. The accusations made by *The British Lion* against British Communists may all be true, and the aims set forth in the statement of policy are wholly admirable. The *Lion* wishes to support "His Majesty the King, his heirs and successors, the present Constitution, the British Empire and the Christian Religion."[3] These are cardinal points. We would only suggest that the *British Lion* might very well uphold these things without dressing itself up in an Italian collar. It is not our business to criticize fascism, as an Italian regime for Italians, a product of the Italian mind. But is *The British Lion* prepared to accept *le fascisme intégral*?[4] What of the fascist ideas of political representation, which may be excellent, but which hardly square with "the present Constitution" which the *Lion* is sworn to defend? It seems unfortunate that a nationalist organisation should have had to go abroad for its name and its symbol.

Our second periodical is called *The Commonwealth*, and is the organ of The Christian Social Movement. It is accompanied by a circular from the editor setting forth its aims.[5] We could wish that the aims were set forth with more clarity. They appear to be to unite a certain religious movement with a certain political and social movement, and we note that Sir Henry Herman Slesser, K.C., is a member of the Committee.[6] "The social and democratic movements of the age" are to be "Christianized"; it would seem as if Christianity was to be socialized and democraticized. But *The British Lion* has just told us that socialism is an insidious but imminent menace to Christianity; and now *The Commonwealth* seems to suggest that it is necessary to Christianity. We become confused. Not a word of King and Empire here, but "the Catholic Religion, being a Religion of Fellowship, demands a challenge to the world by the repudiation of capitalist plutocracy and the existing industrial system." But what *is* the existing industrial system, and will its repudiation require the repudiation of the Monarchy, for instance? *The Commonwealth*, it is true, "is not committed to any particular political party." Before it takes this step, and before it follows *Le Sillon*, it might, as an organ of "Catholicism," reckon with the Syllabus of Pius IX.[7]

Our third periodical is also an organ of Fellowship, though not necessarily of Christian Fellowship. It is *The Rotary Wheel*. Here again, we assert strongly that we have no quarrel with either British Fascists, or with Christian Socialists, or with Rotarians. It was only in a spirit of fellowship that we commented in our October number, on an interesting book called *The Meaning of Rotary*; and we take it very hard that *The Rotary Wheel* has turned upon us and called us a "Superior Person," and indeed, "Philistine." We withdraw, on behalf of our reviewer, any insinuation, if he made such, that Rotarians like junketing.[8] Besides, we like junketing ourselves, and have informed the reviewer that it is not our policy to attack junkets. We only suggest that perhaps Service is not enough, and that we are dangerously near the no man's land of catchwords. *The Rotary Wheel* quotes against us some words first used long ago, to the effect that we should love our neighbours as ourselves.[9] We would ask whether the first part of this commandment, which *The Rotary Wheel* does not quote, has fallen into desuetude? so that a new expurgated gospel for business men is now required? Here again, we do not impugn the motives, or question the good works of Rotary or *The Rotary Wheel*; or of the British Fascists or *The British Lion*; or of the Christian Socialists or *The Commonwealth*; but merely put forward the claims of impartial criticism; so that foundations should everywhere be as solid as possible.

NOTES

1. Part I of Maurras's essay, translated by TSE, had appeared in the Jan issue (5-15); part II appeared in the Mar issue (204-18).

2. "Future of Man" (100-19). Max Scheler (1874-1928), German philosopher and Professor in the University of Frankfurt, was known for his work in phenomenology and philosophical anthropology. Shortly before his death on 19 May 1928 Scheler published a pamphlet, *Die Stellung des Menschen im Kosmos* [*The Human Place in the Cosmos*], a conspectus to his larger work on *Philosophische Anthropologie*, reviewed by Herbert Read in the *Criterion* for Dec 1928 (348-50); Read's review and the obituary by Max Rychner in the German Chronicle (298-304) were dedicated to Scheler's memory. Scheler's unfinished work is contained in *Gesammelte Werke*, the German collected edition, vol 12, *Schriften aus dem Nachlass: Philosophische Anthropologie*, ed. Manfred S. Frings (1987), followed by a separate edition in 1997.

3. TSE may have had more than one issue at hand with the two unidentified pamphlets: the last number of *The British Lion: For King and Country* to feature on its cover the drawing of a ferocious lion standing over the crushed hammer and sickle and supported by axe-blade fasces, the Fascist emblems of authority, appeared on 20 Nov 1926. "The British Fascist Manifesto, passed on 1 Oct 1927," appeared in *The British Lion* of Oct-Nov 1927, stating in bold that "The British Fascists . . . intend to resist, by force, if necessary, any attempt by the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, or any other disloyal section of the community, to abolish the Monarchy or disrupt the Empire; even if such a policy is supported by a majority of the electorate" (3). The issue for Jan-Feb 1928 opened with a "British Fascist Declaration of Loyalty: The British Fascists take this opportunity to declare their humble allegiance to H. M. King George the Fifth, his Heirs and Successors, and their steadfast loyalty to the Constitution of the British Empire" (2).

4. *le fascisme intégral*: the full fascist program; an echo of Maurras's *le nationalisme intégral*.

5. No copy of the separate circular by G. W. Wardman, editor of *The Commonwealth: The Organ of the Christian Social Movement*, has been located in examined copies.

6. Formerly Schloesser (1883-1979), changed by deed-poll on the outbreak of war in 1914; Sir Henry was a King's Council barrister, Labour Party politician, Anglo-Catholic social thinker, and activist member of the Fabian Society who wielded influence in left-wing politics. Also on the Committee was TSE's friend Maurice Reckitt, who earlier defined the movement's aims: "Not a reformation of dogma: it is a rediscovery of the significance of Christian dogma . . . a reformation of ecclesiasticism, of erastianism, of spiritual egotism, and their replacement by a vivid faith in the ideal of the Kingdom of God . . . It is only when [the Church] has equipped herself with her own weapons that she can once again come . . . to the rescue of the world. Such in a few words is the basis of the social movement which is today found everywhere . . . in the English religious communions." "The Christian Social Movement in England," *Journal of Religion* (1924), 148.

7. For "Le Sillon," the modernist religious and political movement which advocated social Christianity and the authority of ordinary Christians within the Church, see *L'Action française* (3.302). The Syllabus of Errors (*Syllabus errorum*) issued by the Holy See under Pope Pius IX in 1864 condemns in ten sections eighty propositions regarding rationalism, modernism, liberalism, and including the temporal power of the Church and the civil power of the Pope, as in condemned propositions 70-71: "The children of the Christian and Catholic Church are divided amongst themselves about the compatibility of the temporal with the spiritual power." "The abolition of

the temporal power . . . would contribute in the greatest degree to the liberty and prosperity of the Church."

8. In the unsigned review (379), probably by TSE, the reviewer states of the book, "By A Rotarian, with an Introduction by John Galsworthy" (1927): "We are apt to conceive of Rotary clubs as junketing juntas of pot-bellied business men with buttonhole badges. . . . The main ideal is that of 'Service'; it will be one of the tasks of a future historian of our time to analyse the growth of this strange notion of 'Service' in our contemporary chaos." The review provoked editor Vivian Carter to respond at length in "The Superior Person," *The Rotary Wheel: A Magazine of Vocation, Fellowship and Service*, 13 (Dec 1927), 560-61. Chastising "Mr. Criterion Highbrow" for his "superiority complex" and Philistine view, the editor asserts the "noticeable fact" that the average Rotary business man is "slim of figure, light in his diet, spruce in his appearance, and that he has a penchant for golf and tennis and dancing that almost commends him to the younger generation" (560). Carter states that Rotary's "strange notion" of Service comes from Christ's gospel of having meals with craftsmen "to consider with Himself the fundamental things of life. Out of such consideration came the idea that to be happy one must love one's fellow man, and to love him was to serve him" (561).

9. Mark 12:31: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

An Emotional Unity[1]

A review of *Selected Letters, 1896-1924*, by Baron Friedrich von Hügel, ed. with a memoir by Bernard Holland

London: J. M. Dent & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton, 1927. Pp. vii + 377.

The Dial, 84 (Feb 1928) [109]-112

The late Baron von Hügel occupied, for many years, a privileged place both in society and in the world of religion. By birth he was an Austrian of Rhineland origin; but his mother belonged to a distinguished military Scotch family, and his wife was English.[2] He had been given an informal sort of education, in several countries, chiefly in Belgium and Italy; and his favourite place of residence was England. He retained his Austrian nationality until the war; but his loyalty to the British cause was undoubted, and soon after the outbreak of the war he was accepted as a British subject. Yet he always kept up the many and affectionate friendships which he had formed in Germany as in every other country. Similarly in religion. He was a Roman Catholic, whose orthodoxy was never called into question; yet his greatest activities, many of his warmest friendships, and perhaps his strongest influence, were among German and English Protestants and among French Modernists. He moved unscathed through the thick of the Modernist movement, and was intimate with Father Tyrrell until the end.[3] He filled a peculiar position.

I never met Baron von Hügel, and I have never read his greatest book, *The Mystical Element in Religion*.[4] The latter defect I do not regret; it is easily repaired, though I am not sure that I shall ever repair it. But I regret very much not having even seen him. For testimony of friends who knew him makes it evident that there was far more in the man than in any of his books. His style, it must be admitted, is not encouraging. He had thoroughly mastered grammatical English; but his style is heavy, difficult, Germanic. He was the victim of a passion for thoroughness, and was indeed rather long-winded. But his Letters are comparatively readable; here we are concerned not with following any close reasoning but with the cumulative effect of a rather grand personality, as it overflowed here and there over his innumerable correspondents, who range from prelates and philosophers to an anonymous young girl. In this volume we get as near as possible to a personality which far exceeded in value any of its printed monuments.

In some important respects, in fact, we realize that von Hügel, and his interests, are out of date. On the one hand we must remain grateful to him as one who, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, *kept open his communications with the future*.[5] He was always in the midst of the theological and ecclesiastical battle – in the midst, but loved by all sides and attacked by none – at a time which is now quite past. Their quarrels and their problems are not ours: though perhaps since the early seventeenth century there has been no age of such acute theological controversy as is our own. The alteration is too great for von Hügel to have understood, if he had lived longer. We have a different attitude towards science – we have had Einstein and Whitehead – and a new attitude towards religion – we are brawling over Thomism and the Liturgy.[6] It is possible to say that von Hügel in his time was Orthodox; it would be difficult to say whether he could be orthodox now. At all events, he would have had to make a choice that he never had to make.

I can speak of von Hügel as belonging to a past age, although he died only two years ago. For his greatest work and his greatest influence belong to the earlier part of the period covered; and end, we may say, with such events as the death of George Tyrrell and the withdrawal of Loisy.[7] Von Hügel, though not a Modernist, belongs to the period of Modernism. And von Hügel's variety of orthodoxy, I suspect, is as out of date as Tyrrell's variety of Modernism. The last survival of the old Modernism is that elusive sprite which appears at the Abbé Brémond's literary *séances*: La Poésie Pure.[8] In those stormy remote days it may appear that the good Baron, as a good Roman Catholic, skated upon pretty thin ice. But although he remained loyal to his friends, even when they had been excommunicated, I feel sure that a curious instinct prevented him from sharing their views even when he might almost be said to have thought he did. He had a strong blind passionate desire for the unity of Christendom; nothing would have made him happier than any kind of reunion of all the Churches; and had he been a Pope himself, would doubtless have stretched every frontier to the breaking point in order to keep everybody within "the Church." But he did not have a Modernist sensibility. And that, I think, is the real point about Modernism, and the reason why it is dead. Modernists thought that they were trying to reconcile ancient feeling with modern thought and science. If that had been what they were trying to do, they might have been more successful; but they were really attempting something much more difficult – the reconciliation of antagonistic currents of feeling within themselves. This is the real issue; and they remain tragic not because some of them suffered in the world, or suffered excommunication by the Church: that is a slight matter compared to the division in their own hearts.

Von Hügel, a much simpler soul, escaped all these torments because of his emotional unity. His instinct is orthodox. Thus he says of the German Mystics:

> far and away the most important, although the least, materially, orthodox (his intentions were admittedly good and even saintly throughout), is Meister Eckhart. All the others (I include writers such as à Kempis, who are only incidentally Mystical) are but modifications, corrections of the mighty Eckhart. [83]

Here he speaks with authority, and his opinion would be endorsed by any understanding non-Christian critic of the subject. When he criticizes Buddhism (e.g. on page 364) he is admirable in his combination of sympathy with firm Christianity.[9] His observation on the celebrated Indian Christian Sadhu (347) goes to the heart of the matter.[10] His comments on Doctor Jacks and Professor Wildon Carr are worth reading (310).[11] And he has decided for himself that the thirteenth century was a grander epoch than the sixteenth century (292). He is good, with a few phrases, on Tertullian (276).[12] And his words about Shakespeare are worth pondering.

> As to Shakespeare, he is, indeed, an utter marvel of richness. But, in Shakespeare, I always end by feeling a limit in a way the very contrary to Milton's limit – yet a grave limit still. Shakespeare is a true child of the Renaissance also in the *Renaissance's limitation*. He has not got that sense – not merely of life's mystery, etc. – but of the supernatural, of the other Life, of God, our Thirst and our Home – he has not got what Browning – on these points – has so magnificently. No dying figure in Shakespeare looks *forward*; they all look backward; none thirst for the otherness of God; they all enjoy, or suffer in, and with, and for, the visible, or at least, the immanent alone. When the soul is fully awake, this is not enough; it only arouses, or expresses, man's middle depths, not his deepest depths. It is not anti-Christian; it is even Christian – more Christian, really, than Milton – as far as it gets; but it does not reach the ultimate depths, it never utters the full Christian paradox and poignancy. [274]

There is much more to be said for the Baron, however, than praise of his stray shrewd comments. When we read enough of his letters – and there are enough in this volume – we come to think of him as almost a saint, as a minor master of the devotional life. He was manifestly not merely a good man; he had also that more exact and disciplined virtue which comes only from the regular practice of devotion in one of the systematic religions. He was not – as I think I have already intimated – a great philosopher or theologian. His feelings were exact, but his ideas were often vague. And his mysticism is no longer the order of the day. He belongs to a past epoch, a period of intellectual indistinctness, in which he moved among a host of half-Christians and quarter-Christians. The present age seems to me much more an age of black and white, without shadows. Mysticism – even the particular Christian mysticism studied by von Hügel – is not the issue of our time. We are able to quote with approval that remark of Bossuet of which Professor Babbitt has reminded us: "true mysticism is so rare and unessential and false mysticism is so common and dangerous that one cannot oppose it too firmly."[13] We demand of religion some kind of *intellectual* satisfaction – both private and social – or we do not want it at all.[14]

NOTES

1. TSE completed this review by 28 Oct 1927 when Marianne Moore wrote to TSE's secretary, "We feel memorably enriched by the sense he gives of emotional unity in Baron von Hügel and by the very thoughtful implication of the closing sentence. We should like to publish the article as an essay and wonder if Mr. Eliot might think well of *An Emotional Unity* as a title?" (*L3* 800, n.3).

2. Baron Friedrich von Hügel (1852-1925), Austro-English intellectual, authored two major works (*The Mystical Element of Religion*, 1908, and *The Reality of God*, 1931), corresponded with a large circle of religious thinkers and was a leader of the Catholic "Modernist" movement (see note 3). His father, Karl Alexander Anselm, Baron von Hügel, served as Austrian Ambassador to Tuscany and Brussels; his mother was Elizabeth Farquharson; he married Mary Catherine, daughter of Sidney Herbert, first Lord Herbert of Lea, and sister of the thirteenth earl of Pembroke.

3. In the 1890s, some Catholic intellectuals sought to reconcile historical criticism of the Bible and ideas of evolution with traditional Church teachings. One of the leaders of this "Modernist" movement in England was George Tyrrell (1861-1909), priest and writer of Irish birth, who rose to prominence as a liberal Catholic spiritual adviser and preacher. His increasingly polemical books of theology and his articles in the Jesuit *Month* created controversy, and he was repeatedly censured, even as he continued to publish pseudonymously. In 1906, he was dismissed from the Jesuit order and excommunicated a year later, following the papal encyclical *Pascendi Dominici gregis* [Feeding the Lord's Flock], which defined and prohibited theological Modernism. In the notes for his 1916 lectures on "Modern French Literature," TSE wrote: "Modernism is merely a

compromise between the point of view of historical criticism – inherited from Renan – and orthodoxy" (1.479).

4. Von Hügel's 900-page *The Mystical Element of Religion as Studied in St. Catherine of Genoa and her Friends* (1908) developed a philosophy of mysticism through an examination of the life of St. Catherine and an analysis of the three "elements" of religion: the institutional, the intellectual, and the mystical.

5. In Chapter I of *Culture and Anarchy*, Arnold represents Oxford University as a temporarily defeated protagonist in the battle for "sweetness and light": "we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seemed gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future" ([London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1869], 36).

6. Co-author with Bertrand Russell of the *Principia Mathematica* (1910), Alfred North Whitehead (1861-1947) responded to Einstein's theory of relativity with an alternative view of space and gravity in *Principles of Relativity* (1922).

TSE alludes to ongoing controversies over an anti-Modernist "brawl" in St. Paul's Cathedral, neo-Thomism, and the Revised Prayer Book. On Sunday 16 Oct, Canon G. R. Butler-Webster of St. Michael's Church in London walked to the transept of St. Paul's prior to the guest-sermon of Ernest William Barnes, the Bishop of Birmingham, and delivered a "Solemn Denunciation and Protest" against his "false and heretical teachings" and called for his trial in respect of those utterances (Barnes professed the Modernist belief that scientific theories of evolution do not upset the main Christian tradition). As reported in the *Times* of 18 Oct ("Dr. Inge on 'Brawling'"), the Dean of St. Paul's described the incident as "a piece of brawling" (18).

The modern revival of the work of Thomas Aquinas began in 1879 with the encyclical *Aeterni Patris* and was carried forward by such *Criterion* contributors as Étienne Gilson and Jacques Maritain. In "Frenchified" (4 Feb), TSE replied to charges that the *Criterion* had "succumbed to influence from Paris," in particular "Neo-Thomism" (3.343).

The Anglican Church completed a revised version of the Prayer Book in 1927, but a Parliamentary measure approving it failed in the House of Commons. See TSE's "Commentary" of May 1927 (3.61-62, esp. n.8).

7. Alfred Loisy (1857-1940), Catholic priest, theologian, and leader of the Modernist church movement in France. TSE's 1916 Extension lectures on Modern French Literature included Loisy's *The Gospel and the Church* and *War and Religion* (1.480). After the condemnation of his works by Pope Pius X, Loisy was excommunicated in 1908 and joined the faculty of the Collège de France.

8. French Catholic author Henri Brémond (1865-1933), friend of Father Tyrrell, left the Jesuit order to become a prominent literary scholar and Catholic historian. In 1924, he wrote to TSE to offer his *Pour le romantisme* (1923) and to request copies of TSE's recent exchanges with Murry. In a speech in 1925 at the Académie française, Brémond opened the debate over "la poésie pure" by asserting a mystical or nonrational quality in poetry; further contributions included his *La Poésie pure* (1926) and *Prière et poésie* (1926), which Mario Praz reviewed in the Apr 1929 *Criterion*.

9. Von Hügel states: "at least primitive Buddhism is without any conviction or idea of God. . . . I still think that a downright observation on the part of those Buddhists as to the sickening character of all mere change, that their longing for Nirvana, for the complete cessation of all consciousness such as theirs . . . is quite magnificent as a prolegomena of all religion" (364).

10. "The Sadhu's visions are strangely wooden, leathery things, astonishingly other than, and inferior to, the revelations or visions of Mother Julian or of St. Teresa" (347). Von Hügel refers to *The Message of Sadhu Sundar Singh: A Study in Mysticism on Practical Religion* by B. H. Streeter and A. J. Appasamy (1921). Sadhu Sundar Singh (1889 – ca. 1929) was an Indian Christian missionary and religious writer; in the 1920s, he traveled in the West, and some of his works appeared in English, including *Reality and Religion: Meditations on God, Man and Nature* (1924), *Meditations on Various Aspects of the Spiritual Life* (1926), and *Visions of the Spiritual World* (1926).

11. In the passage to which TSE refers, Von Hügel writes: "then came *Principal* [L. P.] *Jacks*, head of the Unitarian College in Oxford, who, on our subject 'The Relation between Morals and Religion,' had distressed me, by printing in his paper that a belief in a Beloved Community (a Church without God) was quite equivalent, as a Motive for Morality, to faith in God. In his speech Dr. J. was chiefly busy with that very vague, Pantheistic thinker, Professor Wildon Carr" (310). Like TSE, L. P. Jacks studied at Harvard with Josiah Royce, who developed the idea of a Beloved Community; as editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, Jacks introduced the work of Alfred Loisy to English and American readers. TSE recommended Carr's *Bergson* in his 1916 Extension lectures on Modern French Literature (1.481).

12. Recommending Tertullian to his niece, von Hügel writes: "what a genius, what a dazzling variety, what a harshness and impossibleness that poor great mind, that vehement, burning and largely burnt-up soul, was in real life, and is still in his very difficult, largely repulsive, but astonishingly *live* books" (276).

13. Quoted in *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), 260. French theologian Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet opposed the Quietist movement and attacked "false mysticism" in *Instruction sur les états d'oraison* [*Instruction on the States of Prayer*] (1697) and other works.

14. In "Life of Prayer" (21 June 1928), TSE contrasts Maritain's *Prayer and Intelligence* with von Hügel's "advanced treatise" on the spiritual life, commenting that the "chief and sufficient value" of Maritain's book "is as a reminder that the intellectual life is not enough" (3.446).

Frenchified

To the Editor of *The New Statesman*

The New Statesman, 30 (4 Feb 1928) 528-29

Sir, – I did not see Mr. Turner's article in your paper to which Mr. Desmond MacCarthy replies in a letter in your number of January 21st.[1] But I have seen Mr. MacCarthy's letter and have endeavoured to reconstruct the relevant parts of Mr. Turner's article from that. As Mr. MacCarthy refers twice to the *Criterion*, I hope I may be permitted to comment on his letter.

Mr. Turner, it appears, observed that "our younger poets, writers and critics have all succumbed to influence from Paris," and the use of the word "succumb" suggests that Mr. Turner considers this influence undesirable. Apparently Mr. Turner finds that our younger poets, etc., have consequently exalted the eighteenth century above all others. Mr. MacCarthy in his turn finds traces of Parisian influence in London, but not a trace of what he calls "eighteenth century reasonableness and respect for clarity"; Mr. MacCarthy then draws a distinction between "moral conviction," toward which the *Criterion* appears to have striven, and "intellectual integrity," which apparently the *Criterion* has overlooked. As Mr. MacCarthy does not proceed to define what he means by either moral conviction or intellectual integrity, I am not in a position to argue with him. I would only point out that both Mr. Turner (again, judging only from Mr. MacCarthy's letter) and Mr. MacCarthy himself seem to think this question of Parisian influence much more simple than it is, and especially with regard to the *Criterion*. Again, Mr. MacCarthy sees in the *Criterion* the influence of three things which are supposed to be Parisian: Literary Nationalism, Neo-Thomism, and what he calls Rimbauism. I was not myself aware of any influence upon the *Criterion* which could be called Rimbauism, whatever that is.[2] As for Literary Nationalism, I may observe that the *Criterion* has been far more international than any literary review in England, and perhaps more than any literary review published on the Continent. As for Neo-Thomism, I would remark that this is no longer limited to France. As for French influence in general, I should like to point out that the *Criterion* has done its best to introduce into this country important foreign writers irrespective of their nationality. – Yours, etc.,

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The music critic of the *NS*, W. J. Turner, criticized the excessive influence of Paris upon the arts in England in his column "A Chamois in the Queen's Hall" (14 Jan 1928, 433-34), stating that "Mr. Desmond MacCarthy admires Shaw because he is the nearest approach to Gallicism that we have ever had in the English theatre," and that "Mr. T. S. Eliot re-discovered Dryden on finding that he had died a Catholic, and was therefore part of European culture, and Mr. Eliot's monthly *Criterion* is a review published in London but written in Paris."

Desmond MacCarthy (1877-1952), literary editor of the *NS*, replied in the issue of 21 Jan, under the title "Frenchified," defending his critical admiration of Shaw's plays, which he never considered "particularly French," but agreeing that he thought Turner right about the *Criterion*: "yes, there I see the influence of modern Paris – literary nationalism, Neo-Tomism [*sic*], Rimbauism, but, please, note, not a trace of eighteenth century reasonableness and respect for clarity; of striving towards moral conviction, but not after intellectual integrity, which in my judgment is inseparable from it" (460).

2. A reference to the French poet Arthur Rimbaud, whose poems influenced symbolist, dadaist, and surrealist poets. In "The Borderline of Prose" (1917), TSE found Rimbaud's prose poems "amazingly convincing" and praised them for "their perfect cogency in the choice and juxtaposition of images, their evident sincerity (as if rising immediately and unreflectingly from the core of the man's feeling)," qualities that "give them a position unique in French literature" (1.538).

Culture and Anarchy

An unsigned first review of *La Trahison des clercs*, by Julien Benda

Paris: Grasset, 1927. Pp. 306.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1360 (23 Feb 1928) 118

M. Julien Benda is an author who has for a long time deserved to be better known outside of France. He is the author both of novels, and of books which may be called criticism of manners. He writes conscientiously; he writes slowly; everything that he writes is the fruit of long and patient labour; and he writes well. Apart from his novels, which will be appreciated only by those who read French readily, he is the author of three works of international importance; two books which constitute the most formidable attack upon Bergson that has yet been made;[1] his *Belphégor*, a careful diagnosis of the maladies of contemporary culture, a book equal in importance to *Culture and Anarchy*;[2] and this new book.[3]

Although most of the evidence for the thesis of *La Trahison des clercs* is drawn from contemporary France, the application of the judgment is universal. The thesis has two parts. M. Benda is concerned, first, to show that the modern world, in its politics, tends to become more and more governed by political passions and less and less by political ideas. Secondly, M. Benda considers the attitude of people he calls *clercs*, a word which we can only translate feebly as "intellectuals." Here he brings a grave and specific charge, for he names some of the *clercs*; he accuses them of "betraying" the cause of speculative thought – *l'art de penser juste* – to the interest of political passions. We have therefore to consider separately his general thesis and his particular accusations. Even were his instances limited to French writers, the case would still have a general application; but as he includes Mr. Kipling among the *clercs* who have "betrayed," we have an assured interest in the matter.

With the first part of the pleading no thoughtful person can quarrel. M. Benda states it clearly and concisely and impartially. When we consider any of the potent "political ideas" of the day – M. Benda reviews Nationalism, Pacifism, Socialism and Communism – we are forced to admit that they all move on the same plane, and that one passionate notion is only the counterpart to another.

> On est frappé, quand on étudie par exemple les guerres civiles qui agitèrent la France au XVIe siècle et même au fin du XVIIIe, du petit nombre de personnes dont elles ont proprement trouble l'âme; alors que l'histoire est remplie jusqu'au XIXe siècle de longues guerres européennes qui laissèrent la grande majorité des populations parfaitement indifférentes en dehors des dommages matériels qu'elles leur causaient, on peut dire qu'aujourd'hui il n'est presque pas une âme en Europe qui ne soit touchée, ou ne croie l'être, par une passion de race ou de classe ou de nation et le plus souvent par les trois. . . . Les passions politiques atteignent aujourd'hui à une *universalité* qu'elles n'ont jamais connue. [11-12][4]

All this is true and admirably stated, and constitutes, in effect, a grave criticism of democracy. M. Benda continues his inquest with relentless consistency. The political passions have increased in coherence, in homogeneity, in precision, in continuity, in condensation, and in their preponderance over the other passions. M. Benda, who carries his impartiality almost to extremes, begins with specifying Jewish Nationalism – he is a Jew himself. From this he proceeds to the passion of class; not so visible in the "aristocracy," which has perhaps learned to dissimulate its claims, but certainly in the boast of the "proletariat" which is answered by the boast of the "bourgeoisie." These passions, and the passions of nations, have much more to do with pride than with interest. War, whatever economic or practical interests may tend to bring it about, is sustained by the pretence of a war of cultures, by the pretence that one form of civilization is being maintained against another. The national emotion, cause of so much hatred between nations, as well as the class emotion and the race emotion, has become a kind of mysticism (there is no English equivalent for *la mystique*). Religion consequently is no longer universal, as it always pretended to be, but becomes national and enters the national service; it reinforces national (and even class) emotions instead of checking them; the "old German God" of 1914 is merely an extreme manifestation of a universal tendency.

So far no one is likely to dissent. It is when M. Benda passes from the consideration of general movements to the question of the culpability of "intellectuals" that we begin to have doubts. For M. Benda the true *clerc* is the intellectual who thinks not for practical ends, not for "action" (*absence de valeur pratique*), but for the pleasure of "thinking rightly." M. Benda is not the first person to express this ideal: he is, so far, merely saying in French what Matthew Arnold said again and again in English:

> It is because criticism has so little kept in the pure intellectual sphere, has so little detached itself from practice, has been so directly polemical and controversial, that it has so ill accomplished, in this country, its best spiritual work. ("The Function of Criticism")[5]

It may be observed, in passing, that Arnold was one of the ablest controversial and polemical writers of his time; and that M. Benda, in his controversy against controversy and in his polemics against polemics, is one of the best controversial and polemical writers of our time. Now M. Benda dates from the end of the nineteenth century an important change; from that time, he says "les clercs se mettent à faire le jeu des passions politiques" [55].[6] We easily accept this statement in principle, but when we come to apply it we balk.

For when we examine the operations of individuals, we find that M. Benda makes a dichotomy that is unacceptable. He declares first that his subject is "l'action que les clercs ont exercée dans le monde et non ce qu'ils ont été en eux-mêmes" (60).[7] Here already we come to a difficulty: how far are the *clercs* responsible for their indirect influence, and how far only for their intentions? The most brilliant modern example of the former is Bergson. Apart from one little pamphlet issued in 1914,[8] Bergson has always abstained from direct influence upon human passions; yet his influence in practical dimensions, in France at least, has been immense, and has profoundly affected *clercs* so different and so opposed as M. Le Roy and M. Maritain.[9] And Bergson is a philosopher whom M. Benda has several times attacked, and with the greatest cogency. But is Bergson responsible for his own influence on persons who are not pure philosophers, but partly men of action? And if there is any question about Bergson, the problem becomes much more difficult when we come to consider men who are by profession occupied, as is M. Charles Maurras, with political problems.

M. Benda cites, among the modern *clercs* who have "betrayed" the cause of pure thought to political passions, the following: Barrès, Péguy, Maurras and the other directors of *L'Action Française*, D'Annunzio, William James and Kipling. The last two names interest us perhaps the most, and it is in relation to these that we become first aware of the insufficiency of M. Benda's argument. Against Mr. Kipling, for instance, he produces no evidence, but only the assertion. In what way, we ask, has Mr. Kipling served illegitimate political passions? It is true that Mr. Kipling has written bad verse and poor prose, as well as poetry and fine prose; but that is not the point. It was for M. Benda to show that Mr. Kipling's genius, as a poet and writer of tales, has been prostituted to the service of a dangerous and irrational Imperialism; and that M. Benda has not shown. M. Benda, when he wrote *Belphégor*, showed his great ability for bringing exact knowledge to bear and for citing texts for every point he made; but here we have nothing but a vague assertion. We doubt, indeed, whether he could dissociate the "nationalism" or "Imperialism" in Mr. Kipling's work from Mr. Kipling's literary genius; or whether he could prove that his influence on popular passions has been maleficent. He has not attempted to do so.

If we accepted M. Benda's dichotomy, and agreed to be *clercs* or "men of action" but never to mix the two *genres*, what would happen? It is not clear what M. Benda wants: he is certainly not in accord with Plato, who thought that the world should be governed by philosophers (serving unwillingly, it is true).[10] We should have to leave public affairs entirely to the diplomatists and politicians, who would not be expected to have any general ideas at all, and who, in M. Benda's ideal State, would be even duller than they are in the actual world. Our *clercs* would occupy themselves with pure thought; and if zealous disciples who meddled with "action" tried to apply their theories, that would necessarily be a betrayal; for if they were *clercs* they would not try to apply anything, and if they were not *clercs* they should not take any interest in theory. From this point of view M. Benda's is a counsel of despair, for it advises leaving the regiment of the world to those persons who have no interest in ideas whatever.

M. Benda is known to have been meditating this book for several years; it is therefore a coincidence that it appears at a moment when it seems to support his case against M. Maurras and the *Action Française*. But, although we agree with M. Benda in his general observations, we must remark that while his case against Mr. Kipling is too vague to be dealt with, his case against M. Maurras is ironic. He accuses M. Maurras, among others, of exciting political passions, of devoting to party what was meant for mankind. And yet his thesis is fundamentally the same that Charles Maurras expounded in 1905, in his book *L'Avenir de l'Intelligence*. For M. Maurras then wrote to express his regret exactly that the *clerc* was nowadays mingled in public affairs: his book was a protest against conditions under which the intellectual, who should be occupied with intellectual matters purely, was forced to mix in the quarrels of the market place. "La dignité des esprits est de penser, de penser bien, et ceux qui n'ont pas réflechi au véritable caractère de cette dignité sont seuls flattés de la beauté d'un rêve de domination."[11] Thus M. Maurras in 1905; and M. Maurras then, as M. Benda now, took pains to point out how much better things were managed in the reign of Louis XIV, when the government was strong and settled and the *clerc* could go about his own business.

And in his catalogue of names, which we have mentioned, M. Benda overlooks the difference between those *clercs* who appeal merely to the emotions of their readers and those who appeal, or try to appeal, to their intelligence. Otherwise, he could not join the names of Maurras and Barrès in common condemnation. Of Barrès a very great deal of M. Benda's accusation holds good. Too often the appeal of Barrès was not to the reason but to the passions. But the difference between the political nationalism of Barrès and that of Maurras has already been made excellently clear by M. Henri Massis in one of the best of his *Jugements*.[12]

But in fairness we must say that the fault of M. Benda's present book is chiefly that it is too short; it ought to be twice the length, and ought to be much more documented. Whether we agree with him in principle only, or whether we agree with him in detail also, we must admit that he has produced not only an interesting and a well-written book, but a very important book; for the questions with which he deals are by no means limited to France: he raises questions of the first importance in every country in the world. It is to be hoped that the book will be translated. It is, in fact, one of the books of the day in France, and should be a book of the day in every other country.

NOTES

1. Benda launched his lifelong attack on Bergson's philosophy in three successive books: *Le Bergsonisme; ou, Une Philosophie de la mobilité* [*A Philosophy of Mobilization*] (1912); *Une philosophie pathétique* (1913); and *Sur le succès du Bergsonisme* [*On the Success of Bergsonism*] (1914).

2. *Belphégor: essai sur l'esthétique de la présente societé française* (1919); Matthew Arnold's social criticism of English society, *Culture and Anarchy* (1869). See TSE's comparison of Benda and Arnold as cultural critics in "The French Intelligence" (2.291).

3. After reading extracts from *La Trahison des clercs* in the *NRF*, TSE wrote to Benda on 9 Sept 1927 to say that he had read them with great interest and that he hoped he would consider Faber & Gwyer as a publisher for an English translation (*L3* 693).

4. *Read*: Alors qu'on est frappé; *trans*: "When, for example, we study the civil wars which convulsed France in the sixteenth century, and even those at the end of the eighteenth century, we are struck by the small number of persons whose minds were really disturbed by these events. While history, up to the nineteenth century, is filled with long European wars which left the great majority of people completely indifferent, apart from the material losses they themselves suffered,

it may be said that to-day there is scarcely a mind in Europe which is not affected – or thinks itself affected – by a racial or class or national passion, and most often by all three. . . . To-day political passions have attained a *universality* never before known." Trans. Richard Aldington, *The Great Betrayal* (*La Trahison des clercs*) (London: Routledge, 1928), 1-2.

5. Arnold's "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time" appeared in the first series of *Essays in Criticism* (1865).

6. *Trans*: "the 'clerks' began to play the game of political passions" (trans. Aldington, 31).

7. *Trans*: "the influence which the 'clerks' have had in the world, and not what they were in themselves" (trans. Aldington, 34).

8. *La Signification de la guerre* (1915), originally delivered as a lecture on the moral difference between Germany and France as President of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques at its annual meeting on 12 Dec 1914; translated as *The Meaning of War: Life and Matter in Conflict* (1915). TSE returns to the pamphlet in his second review of Benda's book, "The Idealism of Julian Benda" (3.441).

9. The Catholic Modernist philosopher Edouard Le Roy and the Thomist, anti-Modernist philosopher Jacques Maritain (1882-1973) were both former students of Bergson. Where Le Roy remained a disciple and prominent spokesman of Bergsonian philosophy, Maritain, a Catholic convert, rejected Bergson's philosophy and became estranged from his teacher. In the Preface to the second edition (1930) of his first book, *Le Philosophie bergsonienne* (1913) [*Bergsonian Philosophy and Thomism*, 1955], Maritain stated that his intent had been to attack from his Thomist perspective Bergson's philosophical doctrines and the application of those doctrines to religious problems by Le Roy in his *Une philosophie nouvelle, Henri Bergson* (1912) and other writings.

10. See Plato's *Republic* (473c-d): "Until philosophers rule as kings or those who are now called kings and leading men genuinely and adequately philosophise, that is, until political power and philosophy entirely coincide, while the many natures who at present pursue either one exclusively are forcibly prevented from doing so, cities will have no rest from evils, . . . nor, I think will the human race."

11. (Paris: Albert Fontemoing, 1905), 23; *trans*: The dignity of minds is thought, good thought, and those who do not reflect on the true character of this dignity are only deluded by the beauty of a dream of domination.

12. Massis's comparison of Barrès and Maurras appears in part II of his essay on Barrès in *Jugements*, vol 1 (Paris: Plon, 1923), 204-20.

L'Action Française

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times, 99 (24 Feb 1928) 212

Sir, – Being a regular reader of your paper, and being in most matters wholly in sympathy, perhaps I may be permitted once again to protest against your attitude towards *L'Action Française*, as exhibited in your Summary paragraph of last week. I feel the greater obligation, as I believe that I am one of the few defenders of *L'Action Française* in this country who cannot be accused of seizing upon this affair for the purpose of "No Popery" or Protestant propaganda. I should much have preferred to believe that the operations against *L'Action Française* were amply justified. I consider that I am Moderate. I do not choose to question either the motives of the Pope or the motives of his counselors. The matter of influences does not interest me; I am not concerned either with what went before or with what has happened since. I concern myself only with the question, whether the work of Charles Maurras was damnable or praiseworthy.

Your paragraph of last week seems to me, on this ground, unfair. As for M. Daudet, I have met him only once, and then under formal conditions; and I do not defend his methods or what are called his "erotic" novels, which I have never read.[1] But if you, Sir, or any other journalist, referred to me as "obviously a little mad," I should certainly consult my legal advisers about the law of libel. I can only say that on the one occasion on which I have met him, M. Daudet seemed to me as sane as anyone whom I have ever met.

Next, I protest against your wording, "M. Maurras . . . has *contrived* to attract," etc., where you might have said simply "has attracted." The phrasing suggests an unscrupulous policy. If there is one quality more than another by which M. Maurras is distinguished, it is that of honesty and probity.

Naturally, "the whole hierarchy" has "denounced and deplored" the views of the *L'Action Française*; but the hierarchy is bound to obey the decree of the Holy Father. Were I a member of "the hierarchy," I should probably be silent and obey.

I am not concerned with impugning the Pope's motives, which are probably of the highest. But it is at present you, Sir, who qualify the doctrine of M. Maurras as "the wildest and most pernicious form of Nationalism." I am prepared to assert at least that this cannot be the "wildest" or the "most pernicious," because I can mention a wilder and a more perverse, which is that of the late Maurice Barrès, after whom a small square in the centre of Paris has lately been named.[2] Will you prove to us that the Nationalism of Marshal von Hindenburg or the Nationalism of Mussolini is less "wild" and "pernicious" than that of Maurras? In so serious a matter as this, words ought to be used with precision.

Finally, you say that M. Maurras is preaching the "devil's doctrine," that a "good European must necessarily be an enemy of France." Can you produce any statement of M. Maurras to reinforce this affirmation? I am aware that M. Maurras would assert that a "good European" must be a friend of France; and I should make the same assertion myself. In conclusion, I would mention the fact that the phrase "good European" was given currency by Nietzsche;[3] that Maurras is accused by his opponents of being a disciple of Nietzsche: so that in any case, people who talk of "good Europeans" (Mr. Lloyd George, who wanted to hang the Kaiser, is a good European?)[4] ought to make acknowledgment of somebody.

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W. C. 1. T. S. ELIOT

[We are glad to publish Mr. Eliot's letter, but he does not meet our charge that M. Maurras constantly repudiates the "Locarno spirit," assails M. Briand for his part in Locarno, and charges the Pope with being pro-German because he supports Locarno. – Ed.][5]

NOTES

1. TSE met Léon Daudet in June 1926 at a formal dinner party held for him in a Paris restaurant by fifteen members of the Action française: "they did very well by me," he wrote to his mother on 26 June. "All the leaders of the party were present, including Léon Daudet and his wife" (*L3* 197). The editor of the *Church Times* had stated in his "Summary" column of 17 Feb that "M. Daudet is a nominal Catholic, the author of a number of erotic novels, and, incidentally, is obviously a little mad" (179).

2. Following the death of Barrès on 4 Dec 1923, the Place Maurice Barrès was decreed in his honor on 24 Mar 1924, on the corner of Rue Saint-Honoré at Rue Cambon, 1st arrondissement. See TSE's 1916 syllabus on Modern French Literature, where he portrays Barrès as "the champion of the irreconcilables of Alsace-Lorraine" and describes the "growing spirit of revenge against Germany" evident in his later novels (1.478).

3. Nietzsche describes the "guter Europäer" in concluding the preface to *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886): "we who are not sufficiently Jesuits, nor democrats, not even German, we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits – we have it still, all the distress of the spirit and all the tension of its

bow!" *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*, Oxford World's Classics, ed. and trans. Marion Faber (Oxford: Oxford UP, 1998), 4.

4. In the general election campaign of 1918, Prime Minister David Lloyd George included among his pledges that "the Kaiser must be prosecuted" to the full extent of the law before an International Court and that "the Central Power must pay the cost of the war up to the limit of their capacity" (*Times*, 6 Dec 1918, 9). In the campaign fervor, these pledges were headlined by other newspapers as "Hang the Kaiser" and "Make Germany Pay."

5. The editor stated in his column of 17 Feb that "the Pope's offence, in the view of M. Maurras, is that he has steadily and courageously backed Locarno. . . . His Holiness . . . has played the part of a good European. M. Maurras is preaching the devil's doctrine that a good European must necessarily be an enemy of France" (179). He makes no mention of Maurras's views of the French foreign minister Aristide Briand or of his pro-German charge against the Pope.

The Locarno pact of 1925 represented a series of treaties by England, France, Belgium, Germany, and other European powers, which individually and collectively guaranteed the common boundaries of Belgium, France, and Germany as determined by the Treaty of Versailles (1919) and guaranteed the admission of Germany into the League of Nations. The failure to guarantee the eastern borders of Germany led France to refuse to disarm and to enter into defense pacts with Poland and Czechoslovakia against possible German aggression.

The Criterion

To the Editor of *The New Statesman*

The New Statesman, 30 (25 Feb 1928) 622

Sir, – I read in your issue of to-day's date a letter about myself signed by "Alan Ebbutt."[1] The name is unknown to me. The facts stated by Mr. Ebbutt were also unknown to me. I had always been under the illusion that the *Criterion* was published and printed in England; on the cover appear the words "published by Faber & Gwyer Limited, 24 Russell Square, London." On the last page appear the words "made and printed in Great Britain by Trend & Co., Mount Pleasant, Plymouth." Are London and Plymouth really in France? I had also supposed that the town in which I live, a small fragment of which is visible from my window, was not Paris but London. The date stamps on my passport seem to support my opinion.

I observe that Mr. Ebbutt has the candour to date his letter from Geneva. I persist in dating my correspondence from the place in which I believe myself to be, namely, LONDON.[2]

Yours, etc.,

24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W. C. 1. T. S. ELIOT
FEBRUARY 18TH.

NOTES

[1] British citizen Alan Ebbutt (1898-1940) worked in the Interpreters and Translators / Documents Service of the Secretariat, League of Nations, Geneva. In the *NS* of 18 Feb, in response to TSE's letter of 4 Feb (3.343), Ebbutt complained that TSE "writes as editor of the Paris-published *Criterion*; he lives in Paris; and . . . he may therefore be assumed to have written from Paris. He writes: 'As for French influence in general, I should like to point out that the *Criterion* has done its best to introduce into this country important foreign writers irrespective of their nationality.' What does he mean by 'this country?' The context suggests England: the geographical facts demand France. It is really time for people from whom we are accustomed to expect good writing to abandon this sloppy habit, and say what they mean" (591).

[2] In the *NS* of 3 Mar, Ebbutt apologized for the "impetuosity" behind his errors and for not verifying the authority of his usually reliable informants, "unknown to Mr. Eliot." "Mr. Eliot, I

observe, 'persists' in dating his correspondence from London. A minor point raised by me, however, was that he did not date his previous letter from anywhere. I at least, as I am glad he recognises, had the 'candour' to date mine from the place in which I was and am, Geneva" (656). The editor of the *NS* intervened and halted the ripostes: "The fact that no address was attached to Mr. Eliot's first letter was probably our omission, not his."

Introduction to *The Moonstone*, by Wilkie Collins

London: Oxford UP; Humphrey Milford, 1928. Pp. xx + 522.[1]

The Moonstone is the first, the longest, and the best of modern English detective novels. But it is something more important than that; it is the best of all the novels written by that man who among the novelists of the nineteenth century was in every way the most closely associated with Charles Dickens. You cannot appreciate Collins without taking Dickens into account and the work of Dickens after 1850 would not be what it is but for the reciprocal influence of Collins.

William Wilkie Collins was born in 1824, twelve years later than Dickens. He had begun writing before he and Dickens met, but his two best-known novels, the only ones which are at all widely read to-day, *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*, were written after the friendship was well assured. Dickens played an important part in their production; he published both of them serially in his magazine *All the Year Round*. Both novels were in this form popular successes and contributed materially to the prosperity of the magazine.[2]

None of the novels which Collins wrote thereafter either deserved or obtained the success of *The Woman in White* or *The Moonstone*. Collins's claim to remembrance after that time is to be found chiefly in the work of Dickens. There is no adequate biography of Collins beyond a brief note in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and Forster's allusions to the relations of the two men are few and meagre, but some things we are entitled to guess.[3] At about the middle of Dickens's career Forster tells us that Dickens experienced an impoverishment of the creative imagination which had hitherto appeared inexhaustible. There is no doubt that Dickens, who always needed money, and who had in his early years made unfavourable contracts with publishers, had worked for a long time under too great a strain. He was a man of prodigious energy, and of that physical health upon which energetic men are apt to place too much reliance; and he may have been intoxicated by sudden and universal fame. At any rate, he begins to complain of a diminution of energy. It is at this point that his novels change so as to form definitely a second group. What is greatly to his credit is that this second group, although different, is not at all inferior to the first. Instead of that free narrative, in writing which Dickens hardly knew from week to week what was going to turn up, we find a more elaborate and finished construction. In other words, the early novels are narrative, even picaresque, but the later novels are dramatic; and this change is the great change from the earlier to the later form of the English novel. In this change in the work of Dickens I believe that the influence of Wilkie Collins dominated.

Dickens had always been interested in the drama and the stage. Before ever he began to write he made one timid attempt, related by Forster, to obtain a trial from a celebrated theatrical manager. Then and throughout his life one of his chief pleasures was amateur theatricals; even in his busiest working years he was taking part in theatrical performances on such a scale that they were almost professional. But Dickens had more than merely a taste for the stage; there was something essentially dramatic about his view of life. Forster, early in his life of Dickens, observes:

> On the coincidences, resemblances, and surprises of life, Dickens liked especially to dwell, and few things moved his fancy so pleasantly. The world, he would say, was so much smaller than we thought it; we were all so connected by fate without knowing it; people supposed to be far apart were so constantly elbowing each other; and to-morrow bore so close a resemblance to nothing half so much as to yesterday.[4]

Such a feeling is dramatic, as any reader of *Oedipus the King* must realize; and the words might have been spoken still more appropriately by Wilkie Collins.[5]

The earlier novels of Dickens are dramatic only in detail. In *David Copperfield*, even in *Nicholas Nickleby*, there are separate scenes of great dramatic reality. The whole of the latter part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, comprehending the tragedy of Jonas Chuzzlewit and Montague, is drama. But in general form Dickens was following the tradition of Fielding and Smollett.[6] One characteristic of this earlier type of fiction is the absence of the sense of fatality. But over the later novels of Dickens, as over the novels of Collins, there is the same atmosphere of fatality that we feel with the very first line of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

It is not to be supposed that the change in the English novel from narrative to dramatic form is due solely to Wilkie Collins or to Collins and Dickens together. In the way of a light comedy of manners Jane Austen had already introduced a dramatic element into her tales. A much more important writer whose greatest book is undoubtedly dramatic and who was probably uninfluenced by any of these people was Emily Brontë.[7] Hawthorne in America and Balzac in France invented dramatic form separately, and passed it on to Henry James. But it was from Dickens that Dostoevski got his dramatic impulse.

The change in the work of Dickens is rung in the opening paragraph of the first and greatest of his novels of the second period – *Bleak House*.

> London. Michaelmas term lately over, and the Lord Chancellor sitting in Lincoln's Inn Hall. Implacable November weather. As much mud in the streets, as if the waters had but newly retired from the face of the earth, and it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus, forty feet long or so, waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill. Smoke lowering down from chimney-pots, making a soft black drizzle, with flakes of soot in it as big as full-grown snow-flakes – gone into mourning, one might imagine, for the death of the sun. Dogs, undistinguishable in mire. Horses, scarcely better; splashed to their very blinkers. Foot passengers, jostling one another's umbrellas, in a general infection of ill-temper, and losing their foot-hold at street-corners, where tens of thousands of other foot passengers have been slipping and sliding since the day broke (if this day ever broke), adding new deposits to the crust upon crust of mud, sticking at those points tenaciously to the pavement, and accumulating at compound interest.[8]

This paragraph ought to be very bad writing, but it is not; the last phrase ought to be a cheap anticlimax diminishing the effect, but it is not. But this would not have been good writing in one of Dickens's earlier books; it is only good writing because it sets the dramatic tone which is held throughout the book, introducing the mud and the fog and the Lord Chancellor like grim phantoms ruling the fate of the characters who are to appear. And these characters as they are presented make dramatic appearances; we feel at once that the author knows what is to become of them. The whole construction of the book, as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, is extremely complex.[9] There is no other novel with so many characters all of whom appear essential to the main plot.

The sense of fatality which we feel so strongly in *Bleak House*, in *Little Dorrit*, in *A Tale of Two Cities*, and in what might have been one of the finest – *Edwin Drood* – is everywhere present in the work of Wilkie Collins.[10] One of Collins's shorter and slighter tales is *The Frozen Deep*, which was first written as a play (and in which as a play Dickens several times took the leading role with great applause).[11] This story is given a happy ending, which somewhat diminishes the effect, but the plot depends upon a very long-armed coincidence which we are asked to accept as a kind of fatality. The heroine has rejected a suitor who considered that he had every reason for expecting to be accepted, and who appears as a man of passionate and revengeful temper, in spite of other virtues. She has accepted another suitor equally estimable with the addition of a sweet and amiable temper, who as a naval lieutenant is about to embark on a dangerous polar expedition. In the very nick of time the rejected suitor, wild with despair, arranges to be accepted for the same expedition, not knowing the identity of his successful rival. In the course of the disasters which befall the expedition the two suitors are brought nearer and nearer together, and by a set of remarkable accidents the identity of the one is disclosed to the other. In the solitude of the frozen deep, the fortunate lover, exhausted and ill, is finally left at the mercy of his revengeful rival; but the latter, against all our expectations, conquers his feelings and gives up his life in restoring the youth to the lady whom they both love. This simple tale shows Collins in his crudest and most melodramatic aspect. But it is typical of his plots. In *Armadale*, which after *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White* is the best of his romances, the element of foreknowledge is always present in the mind of one of the principal characters. The role of Cassandra should have been a favourite with Collins.[12] In another short tale, *The Haunted Hotel*, the lady who is actually to be the villain of the piece is presented as horrified and terrified by the premonition of a disaster against which she struggles but in which she finds herself helpless to avoid taking the leading part.[13] Again and again, in the work of Wilkie Collins, we find this theme repeated. *The New Magdalen* is a play.[14] After we have read the first few chapters we know perfectly well what is going to happen; and the interest of the story resides in the delays, the constant checks and arrests of the inevitable disclosure. And in every one of Collins's books, in some of the best of them such as *Armadale* or *Poor Miss Finch* or *No Name*, our attention is steadily maintained by this sense of apprehension.[15]

The distinction between drama and melodrama is a fine one. In relation to the work of Wilkie Collins it is probably this – that in drama the coincidences, the fatalities, appear to be the visible manifestations of some obscure power beyond human knowledge. The dramatist seems to be sensitive, more than we, to these Dark Forces. When we intellectualize his work, we say that he has a "philosophy." The melodramatist, on the other hand, is the author who appears to be interested in the effects as effects, without knowing or caring what lies behind. Wilkie Collins is the pure melodramatist. Dickens, without belonging to that group of dramatists of fate which includes Sophocles and Shakespeare, is yet separated from Collins by the difference between pure unaccountable genius and pure consummate talent. Dickens had two gifts of genius which were denied to Collins: the gift of Shakespeare and Dante, of creating character, even in a single phrase, and the gift of evoking atmosphere.[16] The latter is also a gift which Shakespeare had in the highest degree. Collins had merely a great talent for constructing character, and for constructing atmosphere. The only two of his characters whom we never forget are Count Fosco and Marian in *The Woman in White*. Individual as they are, we do not find that these any more than other of Collins's characters have that superabundant life in excess of the requirements of the plot, which is the life of the characters of Dickens.

The Moonstone contains no characters as memorable as Count Fosco and Marian, but it exhibits all of Collins's qualities in more perfect proportion than any other of his novels. The feeling of fatality is always present, but it is never overworked. It is given by the Prologue, which is accordingly essential to the story.[17] The diamond has always been acquired by lawless means, is brought to England by a disreputable man in a disreputable way and brings misfortune to whoever possesses himself of it. Yet this fatality of the diamond puts no strain on our credulity; we are not expected to accept any occult powers or incredible coincidences. The position of the diamond in *The Moonstone* should be compared with the law case of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce in *Bleak House*. Like the Jarndyce suit it blights the lives of whoever come near it.[18]

The tone thus established is intensified by the atmosphere which in this book Collins manages to create about his characters. The dinner party at the country house on the evening before the diamond disappears, with all its apparent irrelevances, arouses a feeling of ominous expectation. The terrible scene on the Shivering Sands is almost worthy of Dickens; it reminds one of the shipwreck of Steerforth in *David Copperfield*.[19] And indeed in such scenes as this Collins must have learned much from Dickens. He learned a great deal also, all that a man of talent could learn from a man of genius, about the making of character. Most of the characters in *The Moonstone* belong to the comedy of humours: Franklin Blake with his polyglot education, Godfrey Ablewhite and his friends with their philanthropic activities, Betteredge with his beehive chair and his divination by Robinson Crusoe, and Sergeant Cuff with his interminable disputes about the dog-rose.

In *The Moonstone* the characterization assists and is assisted by the method of narration. Collins was always addicted to the method of composing his story out of separate accounts in the first person by various witnesses each relating his part. In some of his books this method becomes tedious and even highly improbable. In *Armadale*, for instance, we are indebted for much of our information to a private journal which is kept quite unnecessarily and most imprudently by the chief villain of the piece; and we are not told how this journal comes to be preserved and revealed. In his efforts to obtain verisimilitude Collins sometimes over-reached himself; but in *The Moonstone* this method is kept well within bounds.

I have said that *The Moonstone* is the first, the longest, and the best of the modern English detective novels. We may even say that everything that is good and effective in the modern detective story can be found in *The Moonstone*. Modern detective writers have added the use of fingerprints and such other trifles, but they have not materially improved upon either the personality or the methods of Sergeant Cuff. Sergeant Cuff is the perfect detective. Our modern detectives are most often either efficient but featureless machines, forgotten the moment we lay the book down, or else they have too many features, like Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes is so heavily weighted with abilities, accomplishments, and peculiarities that he becomes an almost static figure; he is described to us rather than revealed in his actions. Sergeant Cuff is a real and attractive personality, and he is brilliant without being infallible.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Published 1 Mar 1928 in The World's Classics series; Introduction, [v]-xii. Gallup erroneously states that "this essay is included in *SE* . . . as "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (108); however, the latter is a separate essay written almost simultaneously but published earlier in Aug 1927 (3.164). TSE accepted the offer from Humphrey Milford to write the introduction on 31 Jan 1927: "Nothing would please me better than to write a preface to *The Moonstone*: I am engaged on a long article on Collins for *The Times* . . . so that it would fit in well" (*L3* 395-96). The carbon TS (9 pp.) with holograph revisions is in the Houghton: MS Am 1691.14 (48).

2. Dickens began publishing *All the Year Round* weekly from 30 Apr 1859, inaugurating it with his *A Tale of Two Cities*. Collins's *The Woman in White* appeared serially from 26 Nov 1859

to 25 Aug 1860, *The Moonstone* from 4 Jan to 8 Aug 1868. In serial form, the novels raised the circulation to higher numbers than the serials of Dickens.

3. Thomas Seccombe, assistant editor of the DNB, wrote the original 1901 entry on Collins, stating that "Collins's conception of the novel as written drama (by preference melodrama) harmonised exactly with that of Dickens, and the two novelists, unequal as they were both in genius and reputation, became almost at once firm friends and active correspondents." TSE refers to John Forster's three-volume *The Life of Charles Dickens* (1872-74), which he describes in "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" as "most unsatisfactory" and "very narrow" from the point of view of the literary critic (3.165).

4. *The Life of Charles Dickens*, vol I (London: Chapman and Hall, 1874), 91

5. *Oedipus Rex* (ca. 440) is the first of Sophocles' three *Oedipus* plays. In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens," TSE asks similarly, "perhaps no drama has ever been greatly and permanently successful without a large melodramatic element. What is the difference between [Collins's] *The Frozen Deep* and *Oedipus the King*?" (3.169).

6. Tobias George Smollett (1721-71), English novelist, editor, and translator, author of *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. Smollett and Fielding are known for episodic, picaresque novels.

7. Presumably her *Wuthering Heights* (1847), which TSE mentions in "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (1927).

8. *Bleak House* (1853), opening of chapter I

9. Chesterton remarks that "the artistic unity of the book, compared to all the author's earlier novels, is satisfying, almost suffocating. . . . Almost everything is calculated to assert and re-assert the savage morality of Dickens's protest against a particular social evil." *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Work of Charles Dickens* (London: Dent, 1911), 153.

10. *Little Dorrit* (1857), *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), and the unfinished *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870), all by Dickens.

11. See TSE's previous discussion of the play (1856) and novella (1874) in "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (3.169).

12. Cassandra was the Trojan princess who received the gift of prophecy from Apollo. When she resisted his advances, she was cursed so that her prophecies would not be believed.

13. In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" TSE says of *The Haunted Hotel* (1878) that "the principal character, the fatal woman, is herself obsessed by the idea of fatality; her motives are melodramatic; she therefore compels the coincidences to occur, feeling that she is compelled to compel them" (3.169).

14. The stage version of *The New Magdalen: A Dramatic Story in Three Acts* was written at the same time as the novel (1873), the melodramatic story of a redeemed "fallen woman," Mercy Merrick. See "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (3.170).

15. *Armadale* (1866); *Poor Miss Finch* (1872); *No Name* (1862)

16. TSE wrote to Valentine Dobrée on 25 Mar 1927: "Outside of detective stories, I regard 'fiction' simply from the point of view of a verse maker. That is, what impresses me is something I call 'tone' or atmosphere. I find it in the novelists I like – Turgenev, & Tolstoy, & Flaubert & Dickens" (*L3* 457).

17. The prologue, titled "The Storming of Seringpatam (1799): Extracted from a Family Paper," tells the story of how John Herncastle was supposed to have illicitly acquired the legendary yellow diamond called the Moonstone.

18. In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens," TSE remarks: "*The Moonstone* is very near to *Bleak House*. The theft of a diamond has some of the same blighting effect on the lives about it as the [Jarndyce] suit in Chancery; Rosanna Spearman is destroyed by the diamond as Miss Flite is destroyed by Chancery" (3.171).

19. In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens," TSE proposes a comparison between "the description of the discovery of Rosanna's death in the Shivering Sands . . . with the shipwreck of Steerforth in *David Copperfield*" (3.168).

L'Action Française

To the Editor of *The Church Times*

The Church Times, 99 (2 Mar 1928) 240

Sir, – Your note following my letter in last week's issue enables me to prevent a possible misunderstanding.[1] I assert merely that Charles Maurras's political philosophy is a reasonable one, and not a gospel of militarism. It is constructed, of course, for France; but it does not require the hegemony of France; it is capable of being applied to other countries, and it is consistent with the peace of Europe.

But I am not concerned to defend the accuracy of all of M. Maurras's information or the wisdom of every one of his views. As for his policy towards Locarno, I could not go into that without expressing my own views, which are of no interest. As for M. Maurras's political judgment in general, I cannot do better than quote the words of Mr. Denis Gwynn, who certainly cannot be accused (in his book, *The Action Française Condemnation*) of being too favourable in his opinions: "There can be few publicists in all Europe who have had their consistent political predictions so literally fulfilled as M. Maurras."[2]

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 1. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In the editorial comment on TSE's letter of 24 Feb (3.352), the editor complained that TSE "does not meet our charge that M. Maurras constantly repudiates the 'Locarno spirit,' assails M. Briand for his part in Locarno, and charges the Pope with being pro-German because he supports Locarno."

2. (London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 1928); *read*: "There can be few publicists in all Europe who have had their consistent political predictions so literally fulfilled, or who have been able to go on year after year expounding without modification the same set of principles, diagnosing the same maladies, and prescribing the same remedy both for the internal and external ills of their country" (27). Denis Rolleston Gwynn (1893-1973), Irish journalist, historian, biographer, and editor of *The Dublin Review*, served on the Western Front in France during World War I and previously authored *The Catholic Reaction in France* (1924).

Gwynn replied in the issue of 9 Mar "to say that I think [Mr. Eliot] attaches rather too much importance to the sentence he has quoted . . . it is surely impossible to question Mr. Eliot's claim that the political philosophy of Charles Maurras 'is a reasonable one.' But he is on much more debatable ground when he says that M. Maurras does not aim at, or at least desire, the 'hegemony of France,' the loss of which he so constantly deplores. . . . I find it difficult to accept Mr. Eliot's statement that the political philosophy of M. Maurras 'is consistent with the peace of Europe'" (272-73).

A Commentary

The Monthly Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (Mar 1928) 193-94

HOW THEY BURIED THOMAS HARDY

Since our last Commentary was written, Thomas Hardy has died and has been buried.[1] Whenever a great man dies, a great deal of nonsense is written; a great deal was written about Thomas Hardy; we cannot undertake here to separate the wheat from the chaff. We have only three remarks to make. First, this recent event does not alter the opinions which we expressed in the January Commentary.[2] Second, if any man was ever worthy to be buried in the Abbey on the ground of literary greatness alone, then there is no question that the author of *The Dynasts*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and *A Group of Noble Dames* deserved to be buried there.[3] And on the third point we do not believe that disagreement is possible. We hope sincerely that the manner in which Hardy was interred will not be allowed to establish a precedent for the burial of other great men. We continue to hope that in the future as in the immediate past our great men will be buried in one place instead of being dismembered in a fashion intolerable in any society which is not given over to idolatry of relics and fetishes.

BRITAIN AND M. SIEGFRIED

M. André Siegfried, who last year distinguished himself by a remarkable book on contemporary America, has recently written for *The Times* an interesting series of articles to which we must call attention.[4] We cannot here develop a criticism of a thesis to which we hope that we may later recur at more length. But M. Siegfried's theory is briefly this: Britain is related on the one hand to the rest of Europe and on the other hand to an Empire which from a cultural point of view, includes the United States of America. To M. Siegfried it seems that Britain must choose between Europe and an imperial non-European group. M. Siegfried having thus set the question naturally hopes that Britain will elect to remain in association with Europe.

To us, the question does not set itself in the same way. To us, it is rather a question of whether Britain will persist in that policy of *via media* which she has pursued for several centuries. To our mind, the peculiar position of Britain is this: that she is on the one hand a part of Europe. But not only a part, she is a mediating part: for Britain is the bridge between Latin culture and Germanic culture in both of which she shares. But Britain is not only the bridge, the middle way, between two parts of western Europe; she is, or should be, by virtue of the fact that she is the only member of the European community that has established a genuine empire – that is to say, a world-wide empire as was the Roman empire – not only European but the connection between Europe and the rest of the world.

A NEW FORM OF LITERARY PRIZE

Public attention in Italy was directed two months ago to a new literary prize, awarded to our contributor, G. B. Angioletti, for his prose book, *Il Giorno del Giudizio*.[5] We offer Mr. Angioletti our warmest congratulations.

NOTES

1. After Hardy's death on 11 Jan 1928 in Dorset, his heart was removed and buried on the grounds of Stinsford Parish Church, with the gravestone marked "Here Lies the Heart of Thomas Hardy"; his ashes were buried in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, on 16 Jan.

2. TSE's "Commentary" of Jan 1928 addresses a proposed extension to Westminster Abbey following the discovery "that the space in the Abbey for interring great men would soon be exhausted." His focus is on "how best the Abbey may be preserved as an historical monument of great symbolic value and of aesthetic interest; having regard also to the public ceremonies for which the Abbey is the traditional and appropriate scene" (3.318).

3. Hardy's *The Dynasts*, an epic drama in verse of the war with Napoleon, appeared in three volumes (1904-08); his novel *The Mayor of Casterbridge* appeared in 1886; his collection of short stories *A Group of Noble Dames*, in 1891. TSE first discussed the novel in his review of H. C. Duffin's study of the Wessex novels (1.404), included it on the syllabus for his 1917 course on Modern English Literature (1.591), and described it in his Page-Barbour lectures as his "finest novel as a whole" (*ASG* 56). In "'The Duchess of Malfi' at the Lyric: and Poetic Drama" (1919), he said of Hardy's instinct in staging *The Dynasts*, "to get a poetic vision on to the stage was more important than neat blank verse" (2.173). Of "Barbara of the House of Grebe" (1890), included in the collection of stories, TSE remarked, "we are introduced into a world of pure Evil. The tale would seem to have been written solely to provide a satisfaction for some morbid emotion (*ASG* 57-58).

4. The French political scientist André Siegfried (1875-1959) had recently published *America Comes of Age: A French Analysis* (1927), and his two-part article "Breaking with the Past" appeared in the *Times* of 1 Feb ("I. Economic Changes," 15) and 2 Feb ("II. Empire and Continent, Europe's Vital Link," 13). In the second, he wrote that on the grounds of history, traditions, and culture Great Britain "is at least as European as we ourselves are . . . we feel not only an economic but an intellectual solidarity. That is why many of us would prefer . . . a Great Britain whose attractions should remain not merely Imperial, or extra-European, but Continental as well. She would thus be preserved to us as the vital link without which Europe would be positively and permanently weakened." TSE wrote to Orlo Williams on 8 Feb, that he had "written a note on Siegfried's

extremely interesting article, which, however, really deserves the full treatment of a separate essay" (*L4* 41).

5. [The Day of Judgment]; Angioletti was the first recipient of Italy's Bagutta Prize, established in 1927. He contributed the Italian Chronicle to the *Criterion* from June 1926 to July 1933. In the Dec 1927 issue, TSE published Orlo Williams's translation of Angioletti's "A Northerner" (426-30), a short memoir of growing up in Milan. After asking Williams to write a more extensive account of Angioletti for this section of his "Commentary," TSE wrote apologetically on 8 Feb that he "had to boil Angioletti down to the absolute minimum. But I am very glad to have been able to get it in at all and am very much obliged to you" (*L4* 41).

The *Action Française*, M. Maurras and Mr. Ward

The Monthly Criterion, 7 (Mar 1928) 195-203

Mr. Leo Ward has just brought out a small book entitled *The Condemnation of the "Action Française."* Essays on this affair have recently appeared in several British periodicals; books on the subject, from one point of view or another, appear in France almost at the rate of one a week; Mr. Ward's pamphlet is the first book on the subject written by an Englishman, and is therefore of particular interest.[1]*

The history of the affair has been summed up in the various review articles mentioned. To study the affair in all of its aspects is an immense labour, and no complete account could be attempted in the space which I can here devote. The main aspects are three: the motives of the condemnation by the Vatican of an important intellectual movement, the consequences of this condemnation, and the question of its justification. With the motives I am not here concerned;[2]* for my purpose it is quite unnecessary to assume that they were any but the purest and highest. And I shall not concern myself with the consequences, which would involve us in a battle in a fog. It seems more appropriate here, that I should merely touch upon the question of justification, especially in application to the morality and moral influence of a contributor to this number of *The Criterion*.

Mr. Ward's book is largely a compilation. It contains an essay by Mr. Ward, which first appeared in *The Month*;[3] a selection of passages from the works of M. Maurras and his colleagues; and a selection of statements by eminent personages in the Roman Church. Mr. Ward writes as a Roman Catholic for Roman Catholics. I find no fault with him on that account; only I must say that his task is very much simpler than mine would be, were I a Roman Catholic myself, and determined to accept the instructions of authority. For Mr. Ward does not appear to be interested either in the political aspect or in the literary aspect. There is no reason why he should be. Only, his task is thereby much simpler for him. On the other hand, Mr. Ward is not, I assume, in a position to consult all of M. Maurras's works, as some of them are on the Index.[4] Here I can perhaps help him. And although I disagree with Mr. Ward, he will probably find me more sympathetic to his point of view than most of his critics in this country.

Still, the work of M. Maurras is little known in England, so that these critics may not be numerous. The majority of those who are in a position to advertise contemporary French literature are Liberals, horrified by such a word as Reaction, and by no means friendly to Catholicism; or Conservatives, indifferent to foreign thought and equally unfriendly to Catholicism; or Socialists, who can have no use for M. Maurras at all. The fact that he is also an important literary critic, and has written as fine prose as any French author living, makes no difference to his reputation. But if anything, in another generation or so, is to preserve us from a sentimental Anglo-Fascism, it will be some system of ideas which will have gained much from the study of Maurras. His influence in England has not yet begun.

What is remarkable about the thought of M. Maurras, and what we should not learn from perusing Mr. Ward's book, is its gradual development from the humble and (I admit) grotesque origins of Positivism. Mr. Ward says, "finding that the Royalist tradition was strong only among the Catholics, M. Maurras ceased to develop his anti-Christian theories in public, though he did not withdraw them" [7]. In this sentence there are several misunderstandings. The strength of the Royalism of the *Action Française* does not depend primarily upon the traditional Royalists. It would be truer to say that a number of traditional Royalists have been drawn into a movement which was started without them, and which changed the whole complexion of Royalism. The strength of the movement depends upon its converts, who come more from the middle and lower middle classes. But what more affects my present topic is the suggestion, in Mr. Ward's phrase, that Maurras altered his speech in order to catch more supporters. It is an imputation of unscrupulousness and even of dishonesty. Mgr. Guillibert, who had been Maurras's tutor, and whom Mr. Ward quotes at length, affirms his belief in Maurras's honesty.[5] But it is quite evident to anyone who studies Maurras's books that the development of his thought is perfectly consistent and inevitable. Maurras has not only ceased to "develop his anti-Christian theories in public"; he has ceased to develop them in private. His attitude is that of an unbeliever who cannot believe, and who is too honest to pretend to himself or to others that he does believe; if others can believe, so much the better not only for them but for the world at large. The peculiarity of Maurras's agnosticism (or atheism if you like) is that he recognises that he has much more in common, in the temporal sphere, with Catholics than with Protestants or atheists. Had he wished to trim his sails to a political breeze, he might have done better for himself by a brilliant and dishonest "conversion."

I find it extremely difficult to believe, what Mr. Ward would have us think, that the *Action Française* "instilled a Pagan spirit into some thousands of Catholic youths – a spirit of real national and class hatred" [11]. If Mr. Ward will read pages 63 ff. of the Marquis de Roux' *Charles Maurras et le nationalisme* he will find evidence of persons whose conversion to Christianity has been advanced by the conversion to the ideas of Maurras.[6] Mr. Ward will say that these conversions are purely formal, and do not touch the heart. I should myself consider it preposterous to suppose that the study of the work of Maurras or of the files of the *Action Française* could by itself make a Christian of anybody. But where genuinely religious influences are at work also, or where there is any religious potency in the individual soul, they will be powerfully advanced. For Mr. Ward's purpose it would be necessary to show cases of religious persons who had become *less* religious.

Mr. Ward makes a more precise, and therefore more serious accusation when he says, "As Cardinal Bourne has lately told us, the *Action Française* went so far as to try and influence the appointment of bishops by the most dishonourable means" [11]. It is true that Cardinal Bourne has told us so. No dates, names or circumstances are given.

We come now (for my space is limited) to the section of Mr. Ward's book entitled *Some Passages from Writers of the School of 'Action Française'*. So many of Mr. Ward's quotations are to be found in the book of the R. P. Laberthonnière, *Positivisme et Catholicisme*, that I suppose Mr. Ward has taken them from this source;[7] but as the books are on the Index, he had, I dare say, no access to the originals. That is unfortunate, however, for some of these passages, when read in their context, yield rather a different sense. But perhaps I ought to allow for the fact that Père Laberthonnière, when he wrote, had an early edition; and I have at the moment only the most recent editions in my possession. Judging from these, the effect of quotation is not only to denature, but sometimes to alter. Mr. Ward quotes for instance from Maurras's *Trois Idées Politiques*.

> nay, more (the idea of God) takes away . . . from the passions their air of nature, their simple and beautiful *naiveté*. It corrupts them with a ridiculous metaphysic . . . [24]

My text reads:

> Ce déisme enlève, en effet, aux passions leur air de nature, la simple et belle naïveté. Elle les pourrit d'une ridicule métaphysique: entendez Julie,

> Lélia, Emma, Elvire et tout le chœur des amoureuses romantiques protester, aux bras de l'amant, qu'elles ne l'ont reçu qu'en vertu d'une injonction de l'Être suprême![8]

It is quite clear that Maurras's words are limited to a criticism of the sham religiosity of the romantic period in literature. We can only admire the skill which translates *déisme* as the 'idea of God' and puts it into brackets.

Again Mr. Ward:

> . . . augmented by the infinite, multiplied by the infinite, each egoism justifies itself by the name of God and each one calls his *idée fixe* or his favourite sensation divine: Justice or Love, Mercy or Liberty. [24]

I am quite at a loss to know what Mr. Ward finds amiss in this passage, for it is merely a criticism of ultra-liberal Protestantism. The original is

> Tel est le multiplicateur immense qu'ajoute l'idée de Dieu au caprice individuel:[9] accru à l'infini, multiplié par l'infini, chaque égoïsme se justifie sur le nom de Dieu et chacun nomme aussi divine son idée fixe ou sa sensation favorite, la Justice ou l'Amour, la Miséricorde ou la Liberté. [*TIP* 274]

Mr. Ward has not translated the word *aussi*.[10] Another quotation is the following:

> Further, in regard to theism, "if for an instant it gives to each individual a certain ardour and a certain energy, this is only an appearance; this passing excitement of pride does not outweigh the evil it creates, since it decomposes and dissolves all the elements of the community of men, not only the State and its divers modes, but also science and even thought. . . ." [25]

It is well that Mr. Ward's *theism* [is] kept outside of the inverted commas, for the phrase of Maurras was *l'hypocrisie théistique*.[11]

> 'If God speaks in secret to the Catholic heart His words are as it were controlled. . . .' [27]

Wondering what comes next we turn again to the original and read:

> En outre, si Dieu parle au secret d'un cœur catholique, ces paroles sont contrôlées et comme poinçonnées par des docteurs, qui sont dominés à leur tour par une autorité supérieure, la seule qui soit sans appel, conservatrice infaillible de la doctrine: l'esprit de fantaisie et de divagation, la folie du sens propre se trouvent ainsi réduits à leur minimum; il n'y

> a jamais qu'un seul homme, le Pape, qui puisse se permettre au nom de Dieu des égarements de pensée et de conduite, et tout est combiné autour de lui pour l'en garder. [*TIP* 274-75][12]

It is true that Mr. Ward quotes also the second part of this, but separately and indeed before the first part. I cannot see why Mr. Ward objects to it, unless he is a good Lutheran as well as a good Catholic.

Such quotations should show that it is very misleading to tear texts from contexts. But if the reader's state of mind has been prepared by the acceptance of Mr. Ward's preceding essay, he will swallow these quotations down in the way that Mr. Ward intends.

There is one class amongst the quotations, however, which must be treated in a different way. The quotations are rather pell-mell, and are in anything but chronological order. The quotations from one book *Le Chemin du Paradis* should in fairness have been kept together and at the beginning, instead of being peppered about among the others. For this book, as Mr. Ward does *not* make clear, is not a political essay at all; it was written before Maurras's political career had begun; it was written in his early twenties. Now this is a book which I do not defend, if one presumes it to be a manual of conduct. But I see it from a very different angle than does Mr. Ward, who perhaps has not read it. What seems to Mr. Ward to be abominable, seems to me merely silly.[13] Such a statement as that often quoted by other polemists, to the effect that the Church "attenuated the poison" of the *Magnificat* by setting it to beautiful music, seems to me merely the tiresome but harmless bumptiousness of a young Frenchman of that epoch.[14] No young Frenchman of any intelligence in his early twenties would make such a silly remark now. But if the epoch has changed, that is largely due to the work of Charles Maurras.

The *Chemin de Paradis*, and in large part *Anthinéa*, are, to my mind, overweighted with the romantic Hellenism of the epoch, which is not unknown in this country, and which terminates in the dramatic translations of Mr. Gilbert Murray.[15] But to quote passages from them as Mr. Ward does (I allow, of course, for the possibility that Mr. Ward has not read the complete text) is to turn what is really an attempt to imagine the Greek mind, into a fantastic doctrine of morals. Mr. Ward is not the first to perform this operation: Maurras had already been accused, on the strength of a passage put into the mouth of an imaginary Greek, of defending the principle of slavery. To this allegation M. Maurras has himself replied.[16] These two books are about as immoral (in my opinion) as the works of Walter Pater – *The Renaissance* in particular – they are certainly no more immoral; and are more moral than the work of Anatole France. They represent the influence of the Renan who wrote the *Prière sur l'Acropole* – a fantasia frequently cited and used as an example of French style.[17]

So much for Mr. Ward. I should not have felt obliged to discuss his book had he not used quotations from the work of Maurras in what I feel to be an illegitimate way. I do not question Mr. Ward's sincerity or honesty; on many matters I should probably agree with him; and out of respect for his Church I refrain from discussing every aspect of the whole question. But, in a polemical essay, the use of quotations is unfair unless the reader can refer to the original text. Many of Mr. Ward's readers are forbidden to do so, and possibly, as I have suggested, Mr. Ward has not done so himself. But if not, he should leave the controversy to those who are permitted to consult the texts. Alternatively, if Mr. Ward has consulted the texts, and if he is writing for persons outside of his own communion, then I think he should have quoted the pages of the last, and only easily obtainable editions of the works of Maurras, so that those readers might find the passages, and judge for themselves.

I may say also that I felt a reluctance to meddle with a matter that concerns primarily another Communion than mine, and with a matter that concerns another nation than mine. What decided me was Mr. Ward's suggestion that the influence of Maurras, indeed the intention of Maurras, is to pervert his disciples and students away from Christianity. I have been a reader of the work of Maurras for eighteen years; upon me he has had exactly the opposite effect. This is only the evidence of one; but if one can speak, is it not his duty to testify?

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Charles Maurras et le nationalisme français. By the Marquis de Roux. (Grasset.) 12fr.[18]

Le Ralliement et l'Action Française. By Mermeix. (Fayard.) 13.50 fr.

Cinquante ans de politique. By Eugene Tavernier. (Spès.) 15 fr.

These two books trace the history of the relations of the Holy See with the French Republic and are essential for an understanding of *l'Action Française*.[19]

Pourquoi Rome a parlé. By Doncoeur, Bernadot, Lajeunie, Lallement, Maquart and Maritain. (Spès.) 12 fr.

This is to my mind the most substantial statement of the case against the *Action Française* and against Maurras, that has yet been made.[20]

L'Action Française et le Vatican.

Sous la Terreur.

Two volumes of the documents in the case, published by the *Action Française* itself.[21]

La Trahison des clercs. By Julien Benda. (Grasset.) 12 fr.

This is the most important statement of the case against Maurras that has been made by any Frenchman who is not a Roman Catholic. It is an important book, which must be dealt with separately; and M. Benda's case against Maurras is only incidental to his main thesis.[22]

La Doctrine catholique et l'école de Maurras. By J. Vialatoux. 19, rue du Plat, Lyon.

M. Vialatoux is said to be one of the most formidable critics of *l'Action Française*. I do not know his work.[23]

Jugements. Vol. I. By Henri Massis. Plon.

The essay on Barrès in this book demonstrates admirably the superiority of the "nationalism" of Maurras to the "nationalism" of Barrès, and the important differences between the two.[24]

Les Idées de Charles Maurras. By Albert Thibaudet. Nouvelle Revue Française.

This book, published in 1920, is on the whole an admirable statement by a critic who is detached, and whose name carries great weight. It is all the more interesting for being antecedent to the present crisis.[25]

L'Œuvre de Charles Maurras. In several volumes. Nouvelle Librairie Nationale.

This collected edition (which is of course still incomplete) is the definitive edition of the works of Maurras, and is the edition to which I have referred whenever possible.[26]

In the January (1928) *Dublin Review* there is an excellent essay, from the Roman viewpoint, by Mr. Denis Gwynn.[27]

I ask the reader to come to no conclusion until he has read Mr. Ward's reply to my criticism.[28]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1*. TSE's note: "*The Condemnation of the 'Action Française'*. By Leo Ward. (Sheed & Ward.) 1s. net." [i.e., edited by Ward. London, 1928. Pp. 79]. TSE wrote to Charles Whibley on 28 Jan 1928 that he intended to include in this issue "a note of my own" on Ward's study: "The pamphlet itself is not very good and not very important but it is the first book on the subject to appear in England and therefore I think it ought to be dealt with. . . . I don't think it will be very difficult to demolish his book" (*L4* 24-25).

2*. TSE's note: "For this part of the problem see the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1928: correspondence of Dr. W. W. Longford and Cardinal Bourne." The correspondence of William Wingfield Longford (1882-1939), historian and Anglican vicar of Caversham, and Francis Cardinal Bourne (1861-1935), former Archbishop of Westminster (1911-19), appeared under the title "The Vatican, France and *L'Action Française*" in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, 103 (Jan 1928), 1-31. The controversy ensued after Bourne accused Longford, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other journals of conducting "a regular campaign of misrepresentation" against the Holy See's motives in the condemnation of the Action française (2).

3. "The Catholic Aspect of the *Action Française*," *The Month*, 151 (Jan 1928), 30-41.

4. Maurras's earlier books, *Essais de philosophie religieuse* (1903) and *Le Réalisme chrétien et l'idéalisme grec* (1904) were placed on the Index in 1906, his *Le Témoignage des martyrs* (1912), *Sur le chemin du catholicisme* (1913), and the journal he edited from 1905 to 1913, *Annales de philosophie chrétienne*, in 1913.

5. Ward quotes from the "Memoir" of Jean-Baptiste Guillibert (1842-1926), Bishop of Fréjus, which he presented to Pope Pius X on 17 Dec 1913, a month before the Pope condemned Maurras's works and placed them on the Index in 1914. On the death of Maurras's father, and at the request of his mother, Guillibert took Maurras into his care as a child "who promised exceptional abilities" and had him tutored in the humanities and rhetoric. After tracing Maurras's intellectual and political development leading to the founding of the Action française, Guillibert addresses the Pope: "I do not go so far as to tax my old pupil with hypocrisy. No, I believe him honest. But he is so inured to tilting with the pen, so brilliant in his intellectual fireworks, so audacious in his journalistic enterprises . . . that he hesitates before nothing, braves everything, and thinks himself armed to dominate everything, adulated, as he is, almost as a demi-god, in the circle of his partisans. Well! Though he had made his king capitulate he will not make our Pope!" (38-48; here 47).

6. The historian Marquis de Roux (1878-1943) provides examples of "La collaboration politique des croyants et des incroyants" [The Political Collaboration of Believers and Unbelievers] in Chapter III of *Charles Maurras et le nationalisme de l'Action française* (Paris: Grasset, 1927).

7. R. P. Lucien Laberthonnière, Roman Catholic priest, Modernist, and author of *Positivisme et catholicisme à propos de l'Action française* (1911), which aimed to expose Maurras's non-Catholic convictions.

8. *Trans*: Nay, this deism takes away from the passions their air of nature, their simple and beautiful naivety. It corrupts them with a ridiculous metaphysic: hear Julie, Lélia, Emma, Elvire and the whole choir of romantic lovers protest, in the arms of their lover, that they have only received it in accordance with an injunction from the Supreme Being! Ward translates from Maurras's *Trois idées politiques. Chateaubriand, Michelet, Sainte-Beuve* (1898). TSE's French text, as indicated in his bibliography at the end of the essay, is from *L'Œuvre de Charles Maurras*, vol 3 (Paris: Nouvelle librairie nationale, 1922), 274; hereafter abbreviated *TIP* and cited in the text. The edition is in TSE's library.

9. *Trans*: Such is the immense multiplier whose factors are the idea of God and individual caprice: the line preceding Ward's translation in the passage above.

10. If Ward had included *aussi* in his previous English translation above, the sentence would have read: "each egoism justifies itself by the name of God and each one calls his *idée fixe* or his favorite sensation just as divine:"

11. Maurras writes: "Il ne devrait y avoir qu'un cri parmi les moralistes et les politiques sur les dangers de l'hypocrisie théistique. Si, pour un instant, elle donne à chaque individu quelque ardeur et quelque ressort, ce n'est qu'une apparence; cette passagère excitation de l'orgueil ne vaut pas les maux qu'elle fait, puisqu'elle décompose et dissout tous les éléments de la communauté des hommes, non seulement l'État et ses modes divers, mais aussi la science, mais jusqu'à la pensée" (*TIP* 274).

12. *Trans* [first part]: Furthermore, if God speaks to the privacy of a Catholic heart, these words are controlled and as if stamped by doctors, who are in their turn dominated by a superior authority, the only one that is final, infallible preserver of the doctrine: the spirit of fantasy and digression, the madness of one's own sense are thus reduced to their minimum; *trans* [second part by Ward]: "there is only one man, the Pope, who can allow himself in the name of God some deviations of thought and conduct, and all around him combines to protect him from this" (26-27).

13. TSE told Whibley that he feared Maurras would be displeased by the article because he was "compelled to the conclusion" that *Le Chemin de paradis: mythes et fabliaux* (1894) "contains a good deal of out of date Hellenism *en toc*, and also I feel that Maurras, at any rate in early life, associated himself so closely with that preposterous philosophy of Comte as to appear a little silly. These points will have to be touched on very lightly" (*L4* 25-26); *en toc*: imitation.

14. Ward translates from Maurras's Preface to *Le Chemin de paradis*: "(It is one of the 'philosophic honours' of the Church to have) 'given the verses of the Magnificat a music which attenuates its poison'" (26). The *Magnificat*, the Virgin Mary's hymn of praise to the Lord following the Annunciation, is taken from Luke 1:46-55, "Magnificat anima mea Dominum" ("My soul magnifies the Lord") and sung during the evening prayer service. Ward writes: "M. Maurras was an unbeliever who had contrasted 'Catholicism,' which he admired as essentially monarchical, with 'Christianity,' which had taught the working man the dangerous doctrine that he had an immortal soul. The Catholic Church had captured Christianity and rendered it harmless; it had set the *Magnificat* to a splendid chant which, he said, 'attenuates its poison' (*Chemin de Paradis*, p. xxix)" (7).

15. See TSE's criticism of Murray's English translations of Greek drama in "Euripides and Professor Murray" (1920) (2.195). Maurras's *Anthinéa*, which he regarded as the foundation of his philosophical and aesthetic theories, appeared in 1901.

16. At the end of the story "Les Serviteurs" in *Le Chemin de paradis*, Mercure and Criton announce the liberation of slaves, to which Androclès, an old slave, responds with a defense of the notion of slavery. On 27 Aug 1926, Cardinal Pierre-Paulin Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux, published in *L'Aquitaine* a letter condemning the Action française, singling out Maurras's *Le Chemin de paradis* and *Anthinéa* as particularly pernicious and expressing indignation at the movement's proposal to re-establish slavery. Maurras addressed these accusations in two letters to the Archbishop published in *L'Action française* of 5 and 7 Jan 1927.

17. Ernest Renan wrote *Prière sur l'Acropole* [Prayer on the Acropolis] in 1865 after experiencing a moment of divine revelation on a visit to the ruins in Athens. See TSE's quotation from the work in "Diderot" (1916) (1.520).

18. See note 6 above. "Incidentally," TSE wrote to Whibley, "have you seen the book by Marquis de Roux, which is very good?" (*L4* 25)

19. See TSE's mention of these two works in his letter on the Action française to the editor of the *Church Times* of 9 Dec (3.302).

20. Published in 1927, with contributions by Paul Doncoeur (1880-1961), Marie-Vincent Bernadot (1883-1941), Étienne-Marie Lajeunie (1886-1964), Daniel-Joseph Lallement (1892-1977), François-Xavier Maquart (1892-1947), and Jacques Maritain.

21. TSE wrote to D. C. J. McSweeney on 28 Feb: "I am sending you the copy of *L'Action Française et le Vatican* that I promised you. I found some difficulty in getting it in Paris and had to leave an order which has only just been filled. . . . I have also read *Sous la Terreur* which is the sequel to this but it is not nearly so important and interesting" (*L4* 73). TSE evidently wrote an unsigned, two-sentence notice of *L'Action française et le Vatican*. Preface by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet (Paris: Flammarion) in the *Criterion* of Oct 1927: "The *livre jaune* of French Royalist Catholics in a recent important *démêlée*. Should be digested by anyone interested in the relations of Church and State" (380).

See *Sous la terreur . . . 20 septembre – 15 novembre 1927* (Versailles: Bibliothèque des œuvres politiques, 1928); with a preface by Léon Daudet and an epilogue by Charles Maurras: "Le nouveau livre, que l'Action Française offre au public avide . . . s'ouvre sur la mise à l'Index de l'Action Française et le Vatican et sur les 'démissions' du Cardinal Billot, et du R. P. LeFloch."

22. See TSE's two reviews of Benda's book in "Culture and Anarchy" (3.345) and "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (3.435).

23. The work of the philosopher and critic Joseph Vialatoux (1880-1970) is discussed in the Marquis de Roux's *Charles Maurras et le nationalisme française*, which TSE cites above and earlier in this essay. Vailatoux published both *La Doctrine catholique et l'école de Maurras* and *Un grand débat catholique et français. Témoignages sur l'Action française* in 1927.

24. See TSE's previous reference to Massis's essay on Barrès's *Jugements* (1923) in "Culture and Anarchy" (3.349).

25. Albert Thibaudet (1874-1936), writer and philosopher at the University of Geneva. TSE, as a subscriber to the *NRF* in 1913, read Thibaudet's two-part article "L'Esthétique des trois traditions," *NRF*, 9 (Jan and Mar 1913), 5-42, 355-93, in which he discusses Maurras and "des traditions classique, catholique, monarchique" (355).

26. See note 8 above.

27. See Gwynn's "The 'Action française' and the Holy See," *Dublin Review*, 182 (Jan 1928), 93-105.

28. TSE printed Ward's reply, "*L'Action Française*: A Reply to Mr. Eliot," in the *Criterion* of June 1928 (364-72), which was accompanied by TSE's "A Reply to Mr. Ward" (372-76) (3.421) and Ward's further "Rejoinder" (376-78), at the end of which TSE wrote: "This controversy must now be closed – Editor."

A Note on Richard Crashaw[1]

No higher compliment can be paid to this book than to say that in editing and in production it is worthy of the fine series of seventeenth-century poets of which it is a member. Memorable in this series are Saintsbury's "Caroline Poets" (without which Benlowes, Cleveland, and King would be almost inaccessible), Grierson's "Donne," Margoliouth's "Marvell," and Professor Martin's own "Vaughan."[2] This edition of Crashaw was much needed. Heretofore the only scholarly edition was that of Waller, in 1904.[3] It was a good edition for its time; but the text was neither well established nor complete; and for an ordinary reader it had the disadvantage that one sometimes had to hunt to find the poem one wanted. Mr. Martin has collated the texts and gives the variants, without disfiguring the pages of a very handsome and practical book. His notes deserve particular attention, for Crashaw is a poet who needs notes – not for reading for pleasure – but if we wish to study him in relation to his time. Poets of that age made use of each other pretty freely; Crashaw for one was well read (thanks partly to his father's library) in the Italian and Latin poetry of his time, which was Legion.[4] Mr. Martin's notes give many interesting parallels. If there is anything more to be discovered about Crashaw, it will be in the way of further derivations.

Having given due praise to the edition, I must confess to some disappointment with the introduction. It gives a very dense summary of the facts, and includes an extremely interesting letter written by Crashaw.[5] But Mr. Martin seems over-anxious not to use too much space: on the other hand the one critical opinion on which he ventures does not seem to me happy. Perhaps I expected, in default of any critical biography of Crashaw, something that would take its place; something as good as Grierson's capital study of Donne in his edition of that poet above mentioned. We are still left with no first-rate criticism of Crashaw in English. The best study of Crashaw that I know, and a very fine and suggestive essay, is that by Mario Praz in his *Secentismo e Marinismo in Inghilterra*.[6†]

"When we survey," says Professor Martin, "the remarkable development of Crashaw's genius close up to the end of his life, in circumstances that must often have been trying and distracting in the extreme, his 'unfulfilled renown' becomes indeed comparable with that of those other two English poets whose work his own in some ways strangely foreshadows, and who, like him, found in Italy a retreat and a final resting place" [xxxvii]. (I wish Mr. Martin had saved a line or two by saying Keats and Shelley straight out, instead of searching for a fine phrase.) Now this remark might lead to several false inferences. Crashaw lived to be about thirty-seven; so he had some good years more than Keats or Shelley in which to develop.[7] A man can go far between twenty-seven and thirty-seven. Mr. Martin is therefore unfair to Keats and Shelley. But moreover Crashaw's verse is, as one would expect, far more mature than that of either of these poets; and I do not find in the poem on which he bases this suggestion, the "Letter to the Countess of Denbigh," the evidence of *promise* that Mr. Martin finds in it.[8] It is indeed a fine poem, but it is the work of a mature master, and promises nothing but more of the same kind. Crashaw is, I believe, a much greater poet than he is usually supposed to be; Keats and Shelley are, in their actual accomplishment, not nearly such great poets as they are supposed to be. But nothing that Crashaw wrote has the *promise* that is patent in *Hyperion* or *The Triumph of Life*.[9] We must try of course always to distinguish promise from performance; both must be taken into account in judging a poet, and they must be kept separate. We can only say that Keats and Shelley would *probably* have become greater poets, poets on a much greater scale, than Crashaw; judging them on their accomplishment only, Crashaw was a finished master, and Keats and Shelley were apprentices with immense possibilities before them.

So much for one question. Next, in what way can Crashaw be said to "foreshadow" Keats and Shelley? As for Keats, I simply do not know what Mr. Martin means, I see so little resemblance. With Shelley, there are obvious and striking resemblances, though I think very superficial ones. To suggest, as Mr. Martin's words seem to me to suggest, that Crashaw was in any way a forerunner or "prophet" of Shelley, is quite off the rails. The obvious parallel is between "The Weeper" and "The Skylark," rather than between their uses of the octosyllabic couplet, which are wholly different.

The dew no more will weepe,
The Primroses pale cheeke to decke,
The deaw no more will sleepe,
Nuzzel'd in the Lillies necke.
Much rather would it tremble heere,
And leave them both to bee thy Teare.

Not the soft Gold which
Steales from the Amber-weeping Tree,
Makes sorrow halfe so Rich,
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowes best Iewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes.

. . . .

Not in the Evenings Eyes
When they red with weeping are,
For the Sun that dyes,
Sits sorrow with a face so faire.
Nowhere but heere did ever meet
Sweetnesse so sad, sadnes so sweet.[10]

I doubt whether the *sound* of two poems can be very similar, when the *sense* is entirely different. At any rate, I have found that the more I studied the meaning of Crashaw's verse, and his peculiar use of image and conceit, the less resemblance the music of it seemed to have to Shelley's. Take one of Crashaw's more extreme and grotesque figures, from "The Tear":

Faire Drop, why quak'st thou so?
'Cause thou streight must lay thy Head
In the Dust? ô no;
The Dust shall never bee thy Bed:
A pillow for thee will I bring,
Stuft with Downe of Angels wing.[11]

This imagery is almost[12†] the quintessence of an immense mass of devotional verse of the seventeenth century. But it has nothing to do with Shelley. Crashaw's images, even when entirely preposterous – for there is no warrant for bringing a pillow (and what a pillow!) for the *head* of a *tear* – give a kind of intellectual pleasure – it is a deliberate conscious perversity of language, a perversity like that of the amazing and amazingly impressive interior of St. Peter's.[13] There is brain work in it. But in *The Skylark* there is no brain work. For the first time perhaps in verse of such eminence, sound exists without sense. Crashaw would never have written so shabby a line as "That from heaven or near it" merely to provide an imperfect rhyme for *spirit*.[14]

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.[15]

I should be grateful for any explanation of this stanza; until now I am still ignorant to what Sphere Shelley refers, or why it should have silver arrows, or what the devil he means by an intense lamp narrowing in the white dawn; though I can understand that we could hardly see the lamp of a *silver* sphere narrowing in *white* dawn (why dawn? as he has just referred to the pale purple even).[16] There may be some clue for persons more learned than I; but Shelley should have provided notes. Crashaw does not need *such* notes.

And when Shelley has some definite statement to make, he simply says it; keeps his images on one side and his meanings on the other:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.[17]

This is a sweeping assertion, and is rather commonplace in expression; but it is intelligible. And it is not in the least like Crashaw.

I call Crashaw a "devotional" poet, because the word "religious" is so abused. Shelley even has been called religious, but he could not be called devout; he is religious in the same sense as when we say that Dean Inge or the Bishop of Birmingham is religious.[18] Devotional poetry is religious poetry which falls within an exact faith and has precise objects for contemplation. Crashaw is sometimes called erotic in his devotion. "Erotic" is an abused word, but in any case ought not to be an offensive word. In one aspect it may be applied to Crashaw. Dante, for instance, always seems perfectly aware of every shade of both human and divine love; Beatrice is his means of transition between the two; and there is never any danger of his confounding the two loves. But just as Crashaw is deficient in humanity, and yet is neither quite in the world nor out of it, and so is neither a Dante nor an Adam of St. Victor,[19] so we feel at times that his passion for heavenly objects is imperfect because it is partly a substitute for human passion. It is not impure, but it is incomplete.

Yet Crashaw is quite alone in his peculiar kind of greatness. He is alone among the metaphysical poets of England, who were mostly intensely English: Crashaw is primarily a European. He was saturated still more in Italian and Latin poetry than in English. Indeed Mr. Mario Praz, who has probably read more than anybody of the Latin poetry and the continental poetry of the seventeenth century, puts Crashaw above Marino, Góngora, and everybody else, merely as the *representative* of the baroque spirit in literature.[20]

NOTES

1. As printed in *FLA*; originally titled "The Poems English Latin and Greek of Richard Crashaw" and published in the *Dial*, 84 (Mar 1928) [246]-50; a review of *The Poems English Latin and Greek of Richard Crashaw*, ed. L. C. Martin. New York: Oxford UP, 1928. Pp. xcii + 473. Much of this essay draws on TSE's 1926 Clark lecture on Crashaw, especially his comparisons between Crashaw's poems, "The Tear" and "The Weeper," with Shelley's "The Skylark."

2. George Saintsbury's three-volume *Minor Poets of the Caroline Period* (1905-21), H. J. C. Grierson's two-volume *The Poems of John Donne* (1912), L. C. Martin's *The Works of Henry Vaughan* (1914), and H. M. Margoliouth's two-volume *The Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell* (1927) were all published in the Clarendon Press series of seventeenth-century poets.

H. M. (Herschel Maurice) Margoliouth (1887-1959), editor and literary historian, was Secretary of Faculties at Oxford. L. C. (Leonard Cyril) Martin, Professor of English at the University of Liverpool, also published editions of Cowley, Marlowe, Milton, and Wanley.

3. Crashaw, *Steps to the Temple, Delights of the Muses, and Other Poems*, the edition TSE used for his Clark Lectures. A. R. (Alfred Rayney) Waller (1867-1922), Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, also published editions of Butler, Cowley, and Prior in the Press's English Classics series (1904-08) and was joint-editor of *The Cambridge History of English Literature*.

4. See TSE's characterization of William Crashaw's extensive collection of manuscripts and printed books in "Crashaw" (1926) (2.706).

5. In the letter "(possibly to John Ferrar, the brother and biographer of Nicholas, or to Mary Collet's father)," written from Leyden on 20 Feb 1643/4, Crashaw describes himself at a crossroads of faith and vocation and proposes a resignation of his Cambridge fellowship. A facsimile copy and transcription are included (xxvii-xxxi).

6†. In *Dial*: "a badly named book, as it consists of a very fine essay on Donne and a still finer essay on Crashaw." TSE reviewed the book as "An Italian Critic on Donne and Crashaw" in the *TLS* of 17 Dec 1925 (2.596) and used it as a major text in his Clark Lectures of 1926.

7. Keats died in Rome on 23 Feb 1821 and was buried in the Protestant cemetery there. Shelley lived in Italy from 1818 to his death on 8 July 1822, when he drowned off the coast of Viareggio, where he was later cremated. Shelley was nearly thirty when he died; Keats was twenty-five.

8. Martin says of the revised version of Crashaw's verse-letter to the Countess of Denbigh, "Against Irresolution and Delay in Matters of Religion" (ca. 1653): "Here Crashaw is at his best, some of the new lines being among the most memorable of their kind ever written" (xxxviii).

9. Keats's *The Fall of Hyperion: A Dream* and Shelley's *The Triumph of Life* were both unfinished at the time of their deaths. When Charles Davies wrote to TSE on 17 Nov 1928 to question the implications of his distinction between the perfection of Crashaw and the perfection of the Romantics, TSE replied: "I referred expressly to 'The Triumph or Life' because it approaches Dante more nearly than any other English poem. I do not say that the promise of Keats or Shelley would necessarily have been fulfilled. They might have proceeded to write only rubbish. Nevertheless the frame of 'Hyperion' or 'The Triumph of Life' is much bigger than any Crashaw could have filled" (*L4* 322-33).

10. "The Weeper," stanzas 7, 8, 10

11. "The Teare" (1646), stanza 6

12†. In *Dial*: "is typical of"

13. See TSE's Clark Lecture on "Crashaw" (1926): "Crashaw supplies a pillow, stuffed with down, and down from moulting angels at that, a pillow for the *head* – of a tear. One cannot conceive the state of mind of a writer who could pen such monstrosities. The only way is to repeat the stanza to oneself until its odd beauty comes out, like a palimpsest – for, I repeat, it has beauty" (2.711). TSE visited the Papal cathedral, St. Peter's Basilica in Vatican City, Rome, in Apr 1926 with his mother, brother, and sister-in law, who reported that TSE fell to his knees before Michelangelo's *Pietà*.

14. "To a Skylark," opening lines: "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit! / Bird thou never wert, / That from heaven, or near it."

15. "To a Skylark," ll. 21-25

16. "To a Skylark," 16-17: "The pale purple even / Melts around thy flight;"

17. "To a Skylark," 86-90. TSE quotes line 90 again in "Dante" (1929).

18. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's from 1911 to 1934, was a leading spokesman for the Modernist wing of the Church of England, served on the Council of the Eugenics Society, had a penchant for temporal and monetary activities, and was frequently rebuked for his extreme social views, though TSE generally limited his criticism to Inge's "violent and unmeasured statements on literary matters" (2.523). Ernest Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham from 1924 to 1953, was a controversial clerical figure who preached belief in the theory of evolution and argued against transubstantiation in the Eucharist.

19. Adam of St. Victor (d.1192?), poet and prolific Latin hymnist, helped revive liturgical poetry in the twelfth century. His works were collected and edited by Léon Gautier in *Œuvres poétiques d'Adam de Saint-Victor* (1858).

20. TSE writes in "Crashaw" (1926): "And Signor Praz, who gives many interesting examples of *concetti* from Marino, Guarini and the Latin Jesuits, agrees that Crashaw is more baroque than the baroque, more *seicento* than the *seicentisti*" (2.715).

Poets' Borrowings

An unsigned review of *Shakespeare, Jonson and Wilkins as Borrowers. A Study in Elizabethan Dramatic Origins and Imitations*, by Percy Allen

London: Cecil Palmer, 1928. Pp. xix + 236.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1366 (5 Apr 1928) 255

Mr. Percy Allen, a dramatic critic who modestly professes no special skill in Elizabethan scholarship, has written an intelligent and interesting book which should be of service to students of Elizabethan drama, whether they accept his particular conclusions or not.[1] His subject lies slightly outside the field of exact Elizabethan scholarship, but is one which the scholars should not ignore. He is not concerned with what may be literally called the "borrowings" of one Elizabethan dramatist from another. The enumeration of such pilfering is not completed, but has been already carried pretty far. Nor does Mr. Allen's method help very much in the fascinating game of "attributions." Nor is he occupied exclusively with "borrowing" in any sense of that word. The book is a series of essays dealing with the relations of particular plays, and his "borrowings" may be separated (though he does not do so himself) into four classes: the borrowings of Shakespeare from himself, or from plays in which he had a hand; the borrowings of Jonson from Shakespeare (Mr. Allen's thesis being that Jonson's "borrowings" from Shakespeare were deliberate satires or criticisms of Shakespeare);[2] then a very special problem: the question of the authorship of *Pericles*; and the borrowings of Milton from Shakespeare.

Mr. Allen makes this general statement:

> All men, whether writers or no, most borrow; since the whole of this world's progress, by infinitely slow degrees, out of chaos and old night has been accomplished by a process of age-long, multitudinous, accumulated loans and adaptations from our progenitors, which we, as inheritors of a sacred trust, must make use of, and adapt to the service of our own generation, before handing it down, in a more shapely form, to a posterity

> which will do likewise. The borrower will be vindicated or convicted by the use that he makes of the loan. [xvi]

It may be cavilling to suggest that borrowing only leads to a more shapely form in rare instances, and the vast majority of borrowing is borrowing by inferiors from superiors, and therefore usually results in less shapely form. But Mr. Allen has hit upon a line of inquiry which should interest literary critics as much as scholars. To our mind, the most important point that Mr. Allen makes is the borrowing of writers from themselves. The debt of every poet to his predecessors and contemporaries is a scent eagerly sniffed and followed by every critic; but the debts of poets to their own earlier work are apt to be overlooked. Yet any intelligent psychologist ought to see at once that any poet, even the greatest, will tend to use his own impressions over and over again. It is by no means a matter of poverty of inspiration. Every man who writes poetry has a certain number of impressions and emotions which are particularly important to him. Every man who writes poetry will be inclined to seek endlessly for a final expression of these, and will be dissatisfied with his expressions and will want to employ the initial feeling, the original image or rhythm, once more in order to satisfy himself. It would be surprising if Shakespeare did not illustrate this tendency. Hence we are inclined to believe, whatever we think of Mr. Allen's instances, that this thesis of his is right.

Mr. Allen deals in this way with several possible reworkings by Shakespeare. The first, and perhaps the most interesting, is the manipulation of material from *Titus Andronicus* for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and other plays. This suggestion is in principle more original than the next, and indeed interesting suggestion, that Shakespeare made use of *Arden of Feversham* for *Macbeth*. The question of the extent of Shakespeare's work in the composition of *Titus* as we now have it does not arise. It is agreed by most competent scholars nowadays that Shakespeare had a little to do with *Titus*, and there are several lines at least which are probably Shakespeare's. But all that is needful for Mr. Allen's purpose is to assume that Shakespeare had enough to do with our version of that play to know the text very well; and of that much there is little doubt. Yet to propose that this play was of use to Shakespeare for a play so utterly different as the *Midsummer Night's Dream* will seem to persons only accustomed to "borrowing" in the usual sense as preposterous. And indeed "borrowing" is not quite the word. It would be truer to say that many things in *Titus* "suggested" many things in the *Dream*.

A single example may serve. Mr. Allen puts forward the possibility (after many other parallels, each slight in itself, but having a cumulative plausibility) that the name of Bottom and the line "it shall be called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom"[3] came to Shakespeare because of the line in *Titus*,

> Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?[4]

It is obvious that here we are over the frontier beyond literary scholarship. For such a parallel implies something that can neither be proved nor disproved by scholarship. Scholarship shows that Shakespeare at least had something to do with *Titus*, and there is no reason for doubting that he was the author of the *Dream*. And this is as far as scholarship goes in Mr. Allen's affair. The rest is really a matter for psychologists to take up. But even if we are not trained psychologists, and have only some knowledge of the way in which other poets have handled and rehandled the same material, and if we weigh all of the parallel passages which Mr. Allen quotes, we are very strongly inclined to believe that Mr. Allen is right, and that Shakespeare did in fact, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, rework much material from *Titus* – material from his own contribution or that of others, it does not matter which. There is every reason to believe that Marlowe reworked some of his best lines in very different contexts and with very different meanings;[5] and it would not be at all surprising to find that Shakespeare had done the same thing. The ordinary reader or playgoer is misled by the fact that such plays as *Titus* and the *Dream* have apparently and rationally nothing in common. But to the poet's mind such differences are superficial and unimportant.

The reader of the book should be warned that Mr. Allen passes rather abruptly from this type of borrowing to a borrowing of quite another type. We have not space to expound his theory about the relation of *Every Man Out of His Humour* to *Twelfth Night*, of *Sejanus* to *Julius Caesar*, of *Epicœne* to *Twelfth Night* again. This is a very different kind of borrowing. Mr. Allen's thesis, in brief, is that in the connexions above mentioned Jonson was deliberately following, sometimes satirizing and sometimes criticizing, the work and the point of view of Shakespeare. We feel it to be antecedently likely that Jonson was much occupied by thoughts of his more successful contemporary, whom he liked – yet to whom he felt himself to be in some ways superior; and we are inclined to believe – insisting again that this is a problem quite unrelated to the preceding – that Mr. Allen is right. At any rate, the readers of these chapters of Mr. Allen's book may be sure of interesting reading, and reading which will be fruitful whether they agree with the conclusions or not.

Of the other two questions discussed, we may say that Mr. Allen gives very good reasons for believing that the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, again, inspired considerable passages of Book IV of *Paradise Lost*. The authorship of *Pericles* is the most questionable of Mr. Allen's conclusions. He believes that *Pericles*, in its present form, was "written" by Wilkins; that is to say, he attributes to Wilkins an almost incredible ability for imitating and pastiching Shakespeare and other poets. There is, indeed, strong reason for believing that the greater part of *Pericles* is due to the labours of Wilkins; and it is, in fact, Mr. Dugdale Sykes who has best established this theory.[6] But to suggest that the very best lines of *Pericles* – and the very best lines are very good lines indeed – could have been written by Wilkins by ingenious study and use of Shakespeare is to ask a great deal of our credulity. Even if we allowed Shakespeare no whole scene – not even Pericles's recognition of his daughter[7] – there are lines, such as those quoted by Mr. Robertson in his *Elizabethan Literature*:

   The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death
Unheard.[8]

of which we say with Mr. Robertson, "this is the lion's claw."[9] Or, alternatively, Wilkins must have been a much greater poet than there has hitherto been any reason for believing him to be. Mr. Allen seems to us especially weak on *Pericles*, but his essential idea has no bearing on the question of attributions. Poets frequently, if not always, borrow from other poets; we need to be reminded to what extent they do, and must, borrow from themselves.

NOTES

1. Percy Allen (1875-1959), English writer, journalist, and Shakespearean critic, had previously published *Shakespeare and Chapman as Topical Dramatists* (1928); an advocate of the theory that Edward De Vere authored Shakespeare's works, he published *The Life Story of Edward De Vere as "William Shakespeare"* in 1932.

2. Allen locates a "bitter and personal" attack on Shakespeare in *Every Man out of his Humour*, which he calls "an imitation of, and satire upon, *Twelfth Night*" (78).

3. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV.i, from Bottom's wakening reflections at 213-17: "I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be call'd 'Bottom's Dream,' because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke."

4. III.i.217 (Titus to Marcus)

5. TSE wrote in "Christopher Marlowe" (1919): "And we find that this poet of torrential imagination recognized many of his best bits (and those of one or two others), saved them, and reproduced them more than once, almost invariably improving them in the process" (2.98).

6. Allen cites Dugdale Sykes in *Sidelights upon Shakespeare*, for having "conclusively proved that the greater part of this much debated comedy was originally written by one George Wilkins" (185).

7. In a letter of 9 May 1930 to the Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, TSE remarked of his poem "Marina" (1930): "I intend a crisscross between Pericles finding alive, and Hercules finding dead – the two extremes of the recognition scene – " (*L5* 166). TSE discusses Shakespeare's recognition scenes, including this one, in "John Ford" (1932).

8. *Pericles*, III.i.8-9. TSE alludes to this passage also in "Kipling Redivivus" (1918): "Mr. Kipling has not been analysed. There are the many to whom he is a gospel; there are the few to whom he is a shout in the street, or a whisper in the ear of death, unheard" (2.33).

9. In *Elizabethan Literature* (London: Williams & Norgate, 1914), J. M. Robertson remarks that "in *Pericles*, so much of which as it stands is impossibly bad for him [Shakespeare], there are expressions which we know can only be his" (199). Citing the passage Eliot quotes above, he remarks: "This is the lion's claw; no other man could so strike with words" (200).

Dainty Devices

An unsigned review of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices (1576-1606)*, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins

Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP; London: Milford, 1927. Pp. lxix + 299.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1368 (19 Apr 1928) 286

We have recently had the opportunity of providing our libraries with new and good editions of several Elizabethan song-books or anthologies; the Haslewood Press has given us a new edition of *England's Helicon*, and *The Phoenix Nest* edited by Mr. Macdonald.[1] We now have a third Elizabethan anthology, of great celebrity, edited by an American scholar. Professor Rollins has devoted to this anthology of second-rate early Elizabethan lyrics the same care that other scholars have given to *Hamlet* or *Othello*.[2] Every edition is mentioned; every variant is included and explained; every attribution is traced as far as it can be traced; and the title pages of the various editions of this popular anthology are all reproduced in facsimile.

Professor Rollins is not only conscientious but conscious; and he does not pretend that the anthology has great literary value. Indeed, what we get from these Elizabethan song-books is primarily an appreciation of the greatness of the generation of Shakespeare. Most of the poems in this book were written when Shakespeare and Marlowe were schoolboys; so that our first impression is that of wonder at the transformation that Shakespeare and his contemporaries, but chiefly Shakespeare, accomplished in lyric verse.[3] It is hardly too much to say that we cannot appreciate the work of Shakespeare and Jonson in the lyric form – and without appreciation of the work of Shakespeare and Jonson we cannot appreciate the work of Donne and the "metaphysical poets" – unless we know something about the work of the earlier generation.

Richard Edwards, Jasper Heywood (already famous as the uncle of Donne, and better known through Dr. Reed's *Early Tudor Drama*),[4] Hunnis, Kinwelmarsh, are known names; still more is the name of Barnabe Rich and that of Whetstone.[5] In this anthology is included Sir Thomas Wyatt, and, by several examples, Lord Vaux – known by the kindness of Shakespeare, and no better known through his attempts in this collection.[6] Those who know something of English poetry in the sixties and seventies of the sixteenth century will know what to expect. Primarily, we obtain an enhanced admiration of the later generation, particularly Shakespeare, who transmuted English verse into the greatest lyric poetry; and second an echo, a sound here and there, which either recalls an earlier age or anticipates a later. In general it must be admitted that the poetry of the mid-sixteenth century, the early Elizabethan verse, is a special taste. If we are saturated in the earlier poetry, that of Chaucer, or if we are saturated in the later poetry, that of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, this poetry must be very strange to us. It is the poetry of the generation which produced the *Tenne Tragedies of Seneca*; it is dominated by the fourteener.[7] Many of the poems of the *Paradise* are in the fourteener; some in a measure which we may call the sixteener, and there is an octosyllabic couplet which is merely a variant of these ambling measures:

> In freendes are found a heape of doubtes, that double dealing use,
> A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can accuse . . .[8]

Such is the normal metre, varied by the longer

> Forlorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares I finde,
> By whom I doo lament my state, annoide with fond afflicted mind: . . .[9]

which except for typography, is exactly the same as

> The sturdy Rocke, for all his strength,
> By raaging Seas, is rent in twayne:
> The Marble stone, is pearst at length,
> With little droppes, of drisling rayne . . .[10]

a metre which at its best produces verses such as the following:

> When sage *Ulisses* sailed by
> The perilous seas, where *Cirens* syng:
> Hym self unto the mast did tye,
> Lest their alluryng tunes might bryng
> His mynde on maze and make hym staie,
> And he with his become their praie . . .[11]

The vocabulary, on the whole, is that of the translators of Seneca;[12] a vocabulary surprisingly different from that of the contemporaries of Shakespeare. Alliteration is, as in the typical fourteener, frequent: "trustlesse trappe," "he bites the baites," "to bewties blast," and such uncouth expressions abound.[13]

The transition from this phase of English verse to the next is a fruitful subject of study, on the one hand for those who believe in a slow and minute variation, and on the other hand for those who maintain the theory of abrupt mutation. The change is to be studied not only in the metres but in the subjects. The topics of most of the verses of this anthology are Senecan in type: the fickleness of Fortune, the vanity of human wishes, the advantages of various virtues, are the usual subjects; Love enters chiefly in the form of the complaint: "Being trapped in Loue he complayneth."[14] These authors all deal with conventional subjects; there is hardly one whisper of personal feeling in the whole number of the poems. The mid-Tudor or early Elizabethan age was an age of conventional expression: periods of mediocrity in versification are always times of defect of personal emotion.

Yet this early Elizabethan period is a period which we must study if we wish fully to appreciate the work of the Shakespearian generation. To the simple lover of the Elizabethan lyric this anthology has little to offer. Its quality is far inferior to that of either *England's Helicon* or *The Phoenix Nest*; it maintains an unbroken level of mediocrity. But to those who are interested in the origins and development of the great age of verse, in the changes of versification and vocabulary, and in a wider sense in the development of English sensibility, this book will be a valuable document. To these readers the whole history of Tudor literature is full of interest. Such a work as Professor Rollins's edition of the *Paradise* will not have many readers; but those who read will be grateful to him for letting us have what must remain the final edition of this curious book.

NOTES

1. For Hugh Macdonald and the Haslewood Press, see TSE's 1927 review of "The Phoenix Nest" (3.22).

2. Hyder Edward Rollins (1889-1958), Professor of English at Harvard University from 1921, also edited the New Variorum editions of *Hamlet* and Shakespeare's sonnets, Keats's letters, *Old English Ballads*, *Pepys Ballads*, and *England's Helicon*.

3. The first edition of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* was issued in 1576. Rollins notes that it was compiled by the poet and playwright Richard Edwards "sometime before his death on October 31, 1566" (xiii). Shakespeare and Marlowe were both born in 1564.

4. TSE reviewed Reed's book in the *TLS* of 2 Dec 1926 (2.856). Jasper Heywood also translated three of the plays in *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies*, for which TSE wrote the introduction, "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (1927), where he again refers to Reed's book (3.204).

5. Rollins notes that "the contributors to the earliest editions of the *Paradise* included most of the leading poets of the day, among them Edwards, Hunnis, Lord Vaux, the Earl of Oxford, Churchyard, Jasper Heywood, Francis Kinwelmarsh, and Whetstone" (xlii).

William Hunnis (d. 1597), poet, playwright, and successor of Edwards as Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal; Francis Kinwelmarsh [Kinwelmersh, Kindlemarsh] (b. 1538), poet, collaborated with Gascoigne on *Jocasta* (1573), which TSE discusses in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.217); Barnabe Rich (1542-1617), writer, adventurer, and soldier, some of whose prose writings served as a source for Shakespeare; George Whetstone (ca. 1544-87), English writer and elegist, began his series of elegies with a work on Gascoigne, who died in Whetsone's house in 1577.

6. Thomas Vaux (1509-56), Second Baron Vaux, is included in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557) and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578); he is mentioned as a courtly poet by Puttenham in *The Art of English Poesy* (1589). Three (corrupted) stanzas of his poem "The Aged Lover Renounceth Love" are sung by the Gravedigger in *Hamlet* V.i.

7. On the fourteener in early Elizabethan verse, see "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (1927) (3.195, n.3).

8. Opening lines of "Trye before you trust," by D. S. [D. Sand], poem no. 25 (28).

9. Opening lines of "Finding worldly joys but vanities, he wysheth death," by F. M. [otherwise unknown]; poem no. 29 (21). TSE's ellipses.

10. Opening lines of "Mans flitting life, fyndes surest stay, / Where sacred Vertue beareth sway," by M. T. [John Thorn]; poem no. 20 (15).

11. Opening stanza of "Beware of Sirens," by Master Bewe [otherwise unknown]; poem no. 58 (63).

12. i.e., the translators included in *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies*, ed. Thomas Newton.

13. "By painted woordes, the silly simple man, / To trustlesse trappe, is trayned now and than. / And by conseyte, of sweete alluring tale, / He bites the baites, the breedes his bitter bale. / To beawties blast, cast not thy rolling eye"; opening lines of "Most happy is that state alone, / Where woordes and deedes agree in one," by F. K. [Francis Kinwelmarsh]; poem no. 18 (21).

14. The title of poem no. 38, by E. S. [otherwise unknown]; opening lines: "The hidden woes that swelleth in my hart, / Brings forth suche sighes, as filles the aire with smoke: / The golden beames, thorow this his fierie dart, / Dare not abide, the answere of the stroke" (39).

The Monthly Criterion

To the Editor of *The Nation and Athenaeum*

The Nation and Athenaeum, 43 (21 Apr 1928) 74

Sir, – Mr. Edwin Muir, in his interesting review of Mr. Sherard Vines's book in your issue of April 14th, speaks very amiably of what he calls "the school of criticism which is represented chiefly by *The Monthly Criterion*."[1] For this we should be grateful, but I should like to forestall a possible misconception. It would be unfortunate if a myth arose to the effect that "the *Criterion* school of criticism" consisted of a compact body of theorists all holding one and the same theory. Someone would eventually demolish this myth, and the "group" itself would be held responsible for its propagation. I see the danger of misunderstanding in the way in which Mr. Muir joins the names of "Mr. Eliot, Mr. Read, and Mr. Richards." I have great respect for the theories of the two latter: but it does not follow that I accept all of their theories, or that they accept all of mine or each other's. There are manifest divergences of which everyone is aware; and if we add the names of other *Criterion* contributors, including foreign writers such as Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Curtius, the scope of divergence will be still more patent.[2] In short *The Criterion* is not a "school," but a meeting place for writers, some of whom, certainly, have much in common; but what they have in common is not a theory or a dogma.

As for Mr. Muir's other criticisms, I should be very glad if he would develop them at more length than is possible within the limits of a review of a book.[3]

Yours, etc.,

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1. T. S. ELIOT
APRIL 17TH, 1928.

NOTES

1. In his review of poet and critic Sherard Vines's *Movements in Modern English Poetry and Prose* (1928) in the issue of 14 Apr (49), the Scots poet and critic Edwin Muir (1887-1959) went on to criticize Vines for his uncritical assessment of the *Criterion* school: "The truth seems to be that he is not a quite convinced adherent of the theories of Mr. Eliot, Mr. Read, and Mr. Richards; and that . . . he has no salient theory of his own. It is a pity, for if he had a theory he might have been able to subject the *Criterion* school of criticism to the test which it most needs at present: a friendly but rigorous examination."

2. The French critic Ramon Fernandez had contributed an essay on "The Experience of Newman" in the *Criterion* of Oct 1924 (84-102) and "A Note on Intelligence and Intuition," translated by TSE in the issue of Oct 1927 (332-39); the German critic Ernst Robert Curtius had contributed essays on "Balzac" in Jan 1923 (127-42), "On the Style of Marcel Proust" in Apr 1924 (311-20), and on "Restoration of the Reason" in Nov 1927 (389-97).

3. Muir further criticized TSE and Herbert Read for their ongoing controversy with John Middleton Murry: "The controversy, doomed from the beginning to be profitless, began vaguely enough on the literary plane as a contest between Classicism and Romanticism; but . . . now it is concerned with nothing less than the claims . . . of intuition and intelligence. . . . Mr. Eliot and Mr. Read have written valuable criticism; but it is a pity they have wasted so much time latterly in rendering homage to Reason which does not serve it in any way. The sham conflict between intelligence and intuition has arisen simply because Mr. Eliot's ideas have found support and opposition, but no criticism." See TSE's "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis" (3.271).

A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry. With the Original Preface[1]

PREFACE

To compete with the late W. P. Ker and Mr. Nichol Smith and other scholars by attempting a learned introduction to Dryden's essay would be merely to commit a presumption and a superfluity.[2] The following method occurred to me as hitherto untried and as challenging no comparisons. Dryden composed his essay in the form of a dialogue, which might by some stretch of imagination have taken place between cultivated critics of his time. I have therefore composed a dialogue which may, with less stretch of imagination, for my language is less elegant and my periods shorter-breathed, be supposed to have taken place between half a dozen fairly intelligent men of our time. And as the topics discussed by Dryden's party were issues of his day, so are mine issues of our day. If I cannot add to the knowledge and understanding of Dryden, I can perhaps add to his glory by the contrast. But my purpose is, if possible, to throw the dialogue of Dryden into a rather new light, by the great contrast between the topics, and between the attitudes towards them. For this the centuries are responsible. My dialogue represents the scraps of many actual conversations at divers times and in divers circumstances; and is intended to collect some representative topics amongst those which arise in any such conversation to-day. Dryden and his friends could discuss a "dramatic poetry" which actually existed, which was still being written; and their aim was therefore to construct its critical laws. We, on the other hand, are always discussing something which does not exist but which we should like to have brought into existence; so we are not occupied with critical laws; and so we range over a wide field of speculation, asking many questions and answering none.

The dialogue is a form even more convenient for my purpose than it was for Dryden's. Dryden had written great plays; but the contemporary critic has not written a great play, so is in a weak position for laying down the law about plays. If he dogmatised, he would expose himself to the adjuration to go and write the poetic drama of the future instead of talking about it. But the dialogue form enables me to discuss the subject without pretending to come to any conclusion. Furthermore, Dryden's own opinions issue quite clearly from his dialogue; I have no clear opinions on this subject. Hence I have distributed my own theories quite indiscriminately among the speakers; and the reader must not try to identify the persons in the dialogue with myself or anyone else. They are not even fictions; they are merely voices; a half-dozen men who may be imagined as sitting in a tavern after lunch, lingering over port and conversation at an hour when they should all be doing something else.

A DIALOGUE ON DRAMATIC POETRY

E: You were saying, *B*, that it was all very well for the older dramatic critics – you instanced Aristotle and Corneille and Dryden at random – to discuss the laws of drama as they did; that the problem is altogether different and infinitely more complicated for us. That fits in with a notion of my own, which I will expound in a moment; but first I should like to know what differences you find.

B: I need not go into the matter very deeply to persuade you of my contention. Take Aristotle first. He had only one type of drama to consider; he could work entirely within the "categories" of that drama; he did not have to consider or criticize the religious, ethical or artistic prejudices of his race. He did not have to like so many things as we have to like, merely because he did not know so many things. And the less you know and like, the easier to frame aesthetic laws. He did not have to consider either what is universal or what is necessary for the time. Hence he had a better chance of hitting on some of the universals and of knowing what was right for the time. And as for Dryden. I take Dryden because there is an obvious, a too obvious, hiatus between the Tudor-Jacobean drama and that of the Restoration. We know about the closing of the theatres, and so on; and we are apt to magnify the differences and difficulties.[3] But the differences between Dryden and Jonson are nothing to the differences between ourselves, who are sitting here to discuss poetic drama, and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy and Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Jones and Mr. Arlen and Mr. Coward: all of whom are almost contemporary with us.[4] For the world of Dryden on the one hand and the world of Shakespeare and Jonson on the other were much the same world, with similar religious, ethical and artistic presuppositions. But what have we in common with the distinguished playwrights whom I have just mentioned? And, to return to Aristotle for a moment, consider how much more we know (unfortunately) about Greek drama than he did. Aristotle did not have to worry about the relation of drama to religion, about the traditional morality of the Hellenes, about the relation of art to politics; he did not have to struggle with German or Italian aesthetics; he did not have to read the (extremely interesting) works of Miss Harrison or Mr. Cornford, or the translations of Professor Murray, or wrinkle his brow over the antics of the Todas and the Veddhas.[5] Nor did he have to reckon with the theatre as a paying proposition. Similarly, neither Dryden, nor Corneille from whom he learned so much, was bothered by excessive knowledge about Greek civilization. They had the Greek and Latin classics to read, and were not aware of *all* the differences between Greek and Roman civilization and their own. As for us, we know too much, and are convinced of too little. Our literature is a substitute for religion, and so is our religion. We should do better if, instead of worrying about the place of drama in society, we simply decided what amused us. What is the purpose of the theatre except to amuse?

E: It is all very well to reduce the drama to "amusement." But it seems to me that that is just what has happened. I believe that the drama has something else to do except to divert us. What else does it do at the moment?

B: I have just given a list of dramatists. I admit that their intentions vary. Pinero, for instance, was concerned with setting, or, as is said in the barbarous jargon of our day, "posing" the problems of his generation. He was much more concerned with "posing" than with answering.[6] Shaw, on the other hand, was much more concerned with answering than with "posing." Both of these accomplished writers had a strong ethical motive. This ethical motive is not apparent in Mr. Arlen or Mr. Coward. Their drama is pure "amusement." The two excesses go together. The whole question is, whom does the drama amuse? and what is the quality of the amusement?

C: I should not for my part admit that any of these people are concerned to amuse. There is no such thing as mere amusement. They are concerned with flattering the prejudices of the mob. And their own. I do not suppose for a moment that either Shaw, or Pinero, or Mr. Coward has ever spent one hour in the study of ethics. Their cleverness lies in finding out how their audiences would like to behave, and encouraging them to do it by exhibiting personages behaving in that way.

D: But why should a dramatist be expected to spend even five minutes in the study of ethics?

B: I consent. But they need to assume some moral attitude in common with their audience. Aeschylus and Sophocles, the Elizabethans, and the Restoration dramatists had this. But this must be already given; it is not the job of the dramatist to impose it.

E: What is the moral attitude of Dryden's *Mr. Limberham*?[7]

B: Impeccable. The morality of our Restoration drama cannot be impugned. It assumes orthodox Christian morality, and laughs (in its comedy) at human nature for not living up to it. It retains its respect for the divine by showing the failure of the human. The attitude of Restoration drama towards morality is like the attitude of the Blasphemer towards Religion. It is only the irreligious who are shocked by blasphemy. Blasphemy is a sign of Faith.[8] Imagine Mr. Shaw blaspheming! He could not. Our Restoration drama is all virtue. It depends upon virtue for its existence. The author of *The Queen Was in the Parlour* does not depend upon virtue.[9]

E: You are talking as if the drama was merely a matter of established morals. Let me for a moment transfer the discussion to the question of form. I speak as one who is satisfied neither by Elizabethan drama nor by Pinero or Barrie.[10] A few years ago I – and you *B* and you *C* and *A* – was delighted by the Russian ballet. Here seemed to be everything that we wanted in drama, except the poetry. It did not teach any "lesson," but it had form. It seemed to revive the more formal element in drama for which we craved.[11] I concede that the more recent ballets have not given me the same pleasure. But for that I blame Mr. Diaghilev, not the ballet in principle.[12] If there is a future for drama, and particularly for poetic drama, will it not be in the direction indicated by the ballet?[13] Is it not a question of form rather than of ethics? And is not the question of verse drama versus prose drama a question of degree of form?

A: There I am inclined to support you. People have tended to think of verse as a restriction upon drama. They think that the emotional range, and the realistic truth, of drama is limited and circumscribed by verse. People were once content with verse in drama, they say, because they were content with a restricted and artificial range of emotion. Only prose can give the full gamut of modern feeling, can correspond to actuality. But is not every dramatic representation artificial? And are we not merely deceiving ourselves when we aim at greater and greater realism? Are we not contenting ourselves with appearances, instead of insisting upon fundamentals? Has human feeling altered much from Aeschylus to ourselves? I maintain the contrary. I say that prose drama is merely a slight by-product of verse drama. The human soul, in intense emotion, strives to express itself in verse. It is not for me, but for the neurologists, to discover why this is so, and why and how feeling and rhythm are related. The tendency, at any rate, of prose drama is to emphasise the ephemeral and superficial; if we want to get at the permanent and universal we tend to express ourselves in verse.

D: But – to return to the point – can you hang all this on the ballet? How is the ballet concerned with the permanent and universal?

B: The ballet is valuable because it has, unconsciously, concerned itself with a permanent form; it is futile because it has concerned itself with the ephemeral in content. Apart from Stravinski, who is a real musician, and from Cocteau, who is a real playwright, what is the strength of the ballet?[14] It is in a tradition, a training, an askesis,[15] which, to be fair, is not of Russian but of Italian origin, and which ascends for several centuries. Sufficient to say that any efficient dancer has undergone a training which is like a moral training. Has any successful actor of our time undergone anything similar?

E: This seems to give me the opening for which I have been waiting. You all approve of the ballet because it is a system of physical training, of traditional, symbolical and highly skilled movements. It is a liturgy of very wide adaptability, and you seem to laud the liturgy rather than the variations. Very well. *B* has spoken of our knowledge of Greek antecedents to Greek drama, and has implied that we know more about that than Dryden, or Aristotle, or the Greek dramatists themselves. I say that the consummation of the drama, the perfect and ideal drama, is to be found in the ceremony of the Mass. I say, with the support of the scholars whom *B* mentions (and others), that drama springs from religious liturgy, and that it cannot afford to depart far from religious liturgy.[16] I agree with *B* that the problem of drama was simpler for Aristotle and for Dryden and for Corneille than for us. They had only to take things as they found them. But when drama has ranged as far as it has in our own day, is not the only solution to return to religious liturgy? And the only dramatic satisfaction that I find now is in a High Mass well performed. Have you not there everything necessary? And indeed, if you consider the ritual of the Church during the cycle of the year, you have the complete drama represented. The Mass is a small drama, having all the unities;[17] but in the Church year you have represented the full drama of creation.[18]

B: The question is not, whether the Mass is dramatic, but what is the relation of the drama to the Mass? We must take things as we find them. Are we to say that our cravings for drama are fulfilled by the Mass? I believe that a cursory examination is enough for us to reply, No. For I once knew a man who held the same views that you appear to hold, *E*. He went to High Mass every Sunday, and was particular to find a church where he considered the Mass efficiently performed. And as I sometimes accompanied him, I can testify that the Mass gave him extreme, I may even say immoderate satisfaction. It was almost orgiastic. But when I came to consider his conduct, I realized that he was guilty of a *confusion des genres*. His attention was not on the meaning of the Mass, for he was not a believer but a Bergsonian; it was on the Art of the Mass. His dramatic desires were satisfied by the Mass, precisely because he was not interested in the Mass, but in the drama of it. Now what I maintain is, that you have no business to care about the Mass unless you are a believer. And even if you are a believer you will have dramatic desires which crave fulfilment otherwise. For man lives in various degrees. We need (as I believe, but you need not believe this for the purpose of my argument) religious faith. And we also need amusement (the quality of the amusement will, of course, not be unrelated to the quality of our religious belief). Literature can be no substitute for religion, not merely because we need religion, but because we need literature as well as religion. And religion is no more a substitute for drama than drama is a substitute for religion. If we can do without religion, then let us have the theatre without pretending that it is religion; and if we can do without drama, then let us not pretend that religion is drama.[19] For there is a difference in attention. If we are religious, then we shall only be aware of the Mass as art, in so far as it is badly done and interferes with our devotion consequently. A devout person, in assisting at Mass, is not in the frame of mind of a person attending a drama, for he is *participating* – and that makes all the difference. In participating we are supremely conscious of certain realities, and unconscious of others. But we are human beings, and crave representations in which we are conscious, and critical, of these other realities. We cannot be aware solely of divine realities. We must be aware also of human realities. And we crave some liturgy less divine, something in respect of which we shall be more spectators and less participants. Hence we want the human drama, related to the divine drama, but not the same, as well as the Mass.

E: You have admitted all that I expected, and more. That is the essential relation of drama to religious liturgy.

D: I have a suggestion to put forward. It is this: can we not take it that the form of the drama must vary from age to age in accordance with religious assumptions of the age? That is, that drama represents a relation of the human needs and satisfactions to the religious needs and satisfactions which the age provides. When the age has a set religious practice and belief, then the drama can and should tend towards realism, I say *towards*, I do not say arrive at.

The more definite the religious and ethical principles, the more freely the drama can move towards what is now called photography. The more fluid, the more chaotic the religious and ethical beliefs, the more the drama must tend in the direction of liturgy. Thus there would be some constant relation between drama and the religion of the time. The movement, in the time of Dryden and indeed of Corneille, and indeed of Aristotle, was towards freedom. Perhaps our movement should be towards what we called, in touching upon the ballet, form?

E: An interesting theory, with no historical backing whatever, but concluding in exactly what I said myself. But if you want form, you must go deeper than dramatic technique.

C: I should like to make an interruption. If I do not make it now I shall probably forget to make it at all. You are all talking of form and content, of freedom and restriction, as if everything was indefinitely variable. You are not, like myself, students of the popular drama of the *faubourgs*.[20] And what I there remark is the fixity of morality. The suburban drama has to-day fundamentally the same morality as it had in the days of *Arden of Feversham* and *The Yorkshire Tragedy*.[21] I agree with *B* about Restoration comedy. It is a great tribute to Christian morality. Take the humour of our great English comedian, Ernie Lotinga.[22] It is (if you like) bawdy. But such bawdiness is a tribute to, an acknowledgment of conventional British morality. I am a member of the Labour Party. I believe in the King and the Islington Empire.[23] I do not believe in the plutocratic St. Moritzers for whom our popular dramatists cater.[24] But what I was saying is that our suburban drama is morally sound, and out of such soundness poetry may come. Human nature does not change. Another port, please.[25†]

B: I suggest that I agree with the late William Archer about Elizabethan drama.

A, E, C and *D:* What!

B: Yes. William Archer was a very honest man. As a dramatic critic he had one fault: he knew nothing about poetry. Furthermore, he made the egregious error of supposing that the dramatic merit of a dramatic work could be estimated without reference to its poetic merit. Henrik Ibsen certainly had more dramatic ability than Cyril Tourneur. But as Archer did not realize that dramatic and poetic ability are less different than chalk and cheese, he made the mistake of supposing that Ibsen was a greater dramatist than Tourneur.[26] Greater if you like, but he will not last as long. For the greatest drama is poetic drama, and dramatic defects *can* be compensated by poetic excellence. Let us ignore Tourneur. We can cite Shakespeare.

C: Do you mean that Shakespeare is a greater dramatist than Ibsen, not by being a greater dramatist, but by being a greater poet?

B: That is precisely what I mean. For, on the other hand, what great poetry is not dramatic? Even the minor writers of the Greek Anthology, even Martial, are dramatic.[27] Who is more dramatic than Homer or Dante? We are human beings, and in what are we more interested than in human action and human attitudes? Even when he assaults, and with supreme mastery, the divine mystery, does not Dante engage us in the question of the human attitude towards this mystery – which is dramatic? Shakespeare was a great dramatist and a great poet. But if you isolate poetry from drama completely, have you the right to say that Shakespeare was a greater dramatist than Ibsen, or than Shaw? Shaw is right about Shakespeare, for Shaw is no poet.[28] I am not quite right there neither, for Shaw *was* a poet – until he was born, and the poet in Shaw was stillborn. Shaw has a great deal of poetry, but all stillborn; Shaw is dramatically precocious, and poetically less than immature. The best you can say for Shaw is that he seems not to have read all the popular handbooks on science that Mr. Wells and Bishop Barnes have read.[29]

E: Yes, Shakespeare fails us, and Mr. Archer is right. William Archer is only wrong in having attacked the minor figures of Elizabethan drama and not having understood that he was obliged to attack Shakespeare as well. He was wrong, as you said, in thinking that drama and poetry are two different things. If he had seen that they are the same thing he would have had to admit that Cyril Tourneur is a great dramatist, that Jonson is a great dramatist, that Marlowe is a very great dramatist, that Webster is a great dramatist, and that Shakespeare is so great a dramatist, so great a poet, that even Mr. Archer should have removed his shoes, instead of evading the question, rather than ask Shakespeare to abide it. Shakespeare would have abidden it if Mr. William Archer had chosen to ask it.[30] But he did not choose.

D: I think both *B* and *E* are rather muddled about the relation of poetry and drama, but especially *B*. Just as Archer made a mechanical separation, so *B* makes a mechanical reunion. Let me make it clearer by putting it about the other way, and taking up a point that *B* let slip. If drama tends to poetic drama, not by adding an embellishment and still less by limiting its scale, we should expect a dramatic poet like Shakespeare to write his finest poetry in his most dramatic scenes. And this is just what we do find: what makes it most dramatic is what makes it most poetic. No one ever points to certain plays of Shakespeare as being the most poetic, and to *other* plays as being the most dramatic. The same plays are the most poetic and the most dramatic, and this not by a concurrence of two activities, but by the full expansion of one and the same activity. I agree that the dramatist who is not a poet is so much the less a dramatist.

C: The odd thing about William Archer's book is that he did, to some extent, recognize poetry when he saw it; but at any rate when he is dealing with an Elizabethan like Chapman, whenever he comes across a passage of poetry, he refuses to believe that it is dramatic. If this is poetry, he seems to say, that proves that it is not drama. I remember that when I read the book I noticed that Archer could certainly have picked out un-dramatic, or defectively dramatic passages from Chapman's plays: instead, he selects that splendidly dramatic speech of Clermont on seeing the ghosts – as an example of "mild surprise"![31]

B: Perhaps the ghosts put him off.

E: Yet nothing is more dramatic than a ghost.

C: To sum up: there is no "relation" between poetry and drama. All poetry tends towards drama, and all drama towards poetry.

F: A neat and dangerous generalization. For you would admit that you enjoy a great deal of poetry in which hardly even your own practised eye could detect the "tendency" towards drama; and consequently you ought surely to be able to enjoy a great deal of drama which is unquestionably written in prose.

B: Of course he does. And some of the Elizabethan plays of which Mr. Archer disapproved are, in fact, bad plays. And a great many were also, as Mr. Shaw has observed, bad verse. Shaw points out that it is easier to write bad verse than good prose – which nobody ever denied; but it is easy for Shaw to write good prose and quite impossible for him to write good verse.[32]

E: Running off on this wild-goose chase after William Archer, whom you might just as well have left alone, you have forgotten to tell us why Shakespeare fails us.

B: I mean that Archer's objections to Elizabethan drama were partly based upon a right instinct. He used some deplorable terms, such as "humanitarianism," in expressing his dislike.[33] But had he observed that his fundamental objection applied as much to Shakespeare as to anybody, as much to the best as to the worst, he might have admitted an obligation to find another and profounder explanation for it.

A: Are we to infer that you criticize Shakespeare on the ground that his plays are not morally edifying?

B: In a sense, yes.

A: But a little while ago you were defending Restoration comedy against the charge of immorality and indecency.

B: Not against indecency, that was unnecessary. We all like its indecency when it is really witty, as it sometimes is. But the question of Wycherley and the question of Shakespeare are not on the same plane. Restoration comedy is a comedy of social manners. It presupposes the existence of a society, therefore of social and moral laws. (It owes much to Jonson, but little to Shakespeare – anyway, Shakespeare was too great to have much influence.) It laughs at the members of society who transgress its laws. The tragedy of Shakespeare goes much deeper and yet it tells us only that weakness of character leads to disaster. There is no background of social order such as you perceive behind Corneille and Sophocles.

C: Why should there be? You can't deduce from that that Shakespeare is inferior to Sophocles and Corneille.

B: No, I can't. All I know is that something is lacking, I am left dissatisfied and disturbed, and not in a state of Aristotelian purgation.[34] I think there are other people who feel the same thing. So far as I can isolate Shakespeare, I prefer him to all other dramatists of every time. But I cannot do that altogether; and I find the age of Shakespeare moved in a steady current, with back-eddies certainly, towards anarchy and chaos.

C: But that has nothing to do with the question.

B: Possibly not.

E: Surely the dramatic poet, being when and where he is, has no business with his own background. He can't help that, and his business is with the audience. The Elizabethan drama, or at any rate Shakespeare, was good enough to justify artistically its own background. But it does seem to me that it is as much the lack of moral and social conventions as the lack of artistic conventions that stands in the way of poetic drama to-day. Shaw is our greatest stage moralist, and his conventions are only negative: they consist in all the things he doesn't believe. But there again, Shaw cannot help that.

A: This sort of moralising censorship would leave us nothing. Are you prepared to say that you are the worse for having read Shakespeare and seen him played?

B: No.

A: Are you prepared to maintain that you are none the better, none the wiser, and none the happier for it?

B: No.

A: Very well. I have also heard you railing at Wagner as "pernicious." But you would not willingly resign your experience of Wagner either. Which seems to show that a world in which there was no art that was not morally edifying would be a very poor world indeed.

B: So it would. I would not suppress anything that is good measured by artistic standards. For there is always something to be learned from it. I would not have Shakespeare any different from what he is. But it is like life in general. There are heaps of things in the world which I should like to see changed; but in a world without Evil life would not be worth living.[35]

E: Well, you have taken a long time to leave us just where we were before.

B: Not quite. You can never draw the line between aesthetic criticism and moral and social criticism; you cannot draw a line between criticism and metaphysics; you start with literary criticism, and however rigorous an aesthete you may be, you are over the frontier into something else sooner or later. The best you can do is to accept these conditions and know what you are doing when you do it. And, on the other hand, you must know how and when to retrace your steps. You must be very nimble. I may begin by moral criticism of Shakespeare and pass over into aesthetic criticism, or vice versa.

E: And all you do is to lead the discussion astray.

C: I cannot agree with that wild generalisation about the anarchy of Elizabethan drama. In fact it would only make the present-day situation more puzzling. We seem to agree that the modern world is chaotic, and we are inclined to agree that its lack of social and moral conventions makes the task of the dramatic poet more difficult, if not impossible. But if the Elizabethan and Jacobean period was also a period of chaos, and yet produced great poetic drama, why cannot we?

B: I don't know.

C: You will have to qualify your statement about Elizabethan drama. You would have had to do that in any case, for there are a great many more things to take account of than this simple idea of decay. To begin with, there is no precedent for a nation having *two* great periods of drama. And its great period is always short, and is great because of a very small number of great dramatists. And a very great period of any kind of poetry is never repeated.

Perhaps each great race has just strength enough for one period of literary supremacy.

D: If *C* is not side-tracked he will lead us presently into politics.

A: All this is true and perfectly commonplace. But it does not help. When it comes to the present age, we are not going to be deterred by a fatalistic philosophy of history from wanting a poetic drama, and from believing that there must be some way of getting it. Besides, the craving for poetic drama is permanent in human nature. At this point I suspect that *F* is waiting to let off on us what he calls the economic factors; and the state of the public, and the producers, and the cost of theatres; and the competition of cheap cinemas, et caetera. I believe that if you want a thing you can get it, and hang the economic factors.

F: And your way of getting it is to talk about it.

A: I like talking about things: it helps me to think.

C: I agree with *A*, whether he has thought about it or not. All this talk about periods of art is interesting and sometimes useful when we are occupied with the past, but is quite futile when we come to consider the present in relation to the future. Let us begin by observing the several kinds of way in which contemporary drama fails. There are the plays written by poets who have no knowledge of the stage: this kind has been sufficiently abused. There are the plays written by men who know the stage and are not poets. Of these two extremes I will only remark that experience proves that neither is of any pertinence to our present subject.

A: But what is our present subject?

C: The possibility of poetic drama.

G: You seem to have covered nearly the whole field of discussion of contemporary drama, except for the topics of Gordon Craig, Reinhardt, Meierhold, Sir Barry Jackson, the Old Vic, Eugene O'Neill, Pirandello and Toller.[36] And we are not here concerned with methods of production – which rules out the first four of these names – but with the production of something to produce. I have only one suggestion to offer, but it will be the only practical suggestion that has been made. We should hire a barn or studio, and produce plays of our own, or even disjected scenes of plays, and produce them by ourselves and only for ourselves, no friends to be admitted. We might learn at least by practice first whether we have anything in common, and second what forms of versification are possible. We must find a new form of verse which shall be as satisfactory a vehicle for us as blank verse was for the Elizabethans.

F: And I know what will happen. We shall start selling tickets in order to pay the costs, we shall then have to import plays in order to supply the demand, and we shall end with a perfectly conventional cosmopolitan little-theatre or Sunday-society performance.

B: What is much more likely is that nothing will be done at all. We are all too busy; we have to earn our living in other ways. It is even doubtful whether we are sufficiently interested. We cannot make the plays unless we think there is a demand, and there will be no demand until we have made it. There is not one of us who has not a dozen things to do, within the next six months, which he knows to be more important for himself than to prance about in a stable-theatre.

C: One thing has struck me in this conversation. We started by speaking of Dryden, then passed to poetic drama in general; and we have not taken up one of the subjects that Dryden thought it worth while to discuss, and all of the subjects raised have been subjects that Dryden would never have thought of.

B: It is one thing to discuss the rules of an art when that art is alive, and quite another when it is dead. When there is a contemporary practice, the critic must start from that point, and all his criticism must return to it. Observe how confident Dryden is! Even the difference between the drama of his age and that of the Elizabethans, when the tumults and disorders of the Great Rebellion had hardly been subdued, seemed to him less important than they seem to us.[37] He admits that his age is inferior, essentially in the respects in which we find it inferior, to the preceding; yet he thought of his generation – and at bottom he must have been thinking, with justifiable pride, of himself – as improving and polishing the earlier drama in many ways. He is quite right: the relation of his drama to that of the Elizabethans should be conceived as he conceived it; the chasm is not so vast as it is usually taken to be; and the French influence was far less than it is supposed to be. But the questions which he discussed are not out of date.

E: The Unities of Place and Time, for instance. Dryden gives what is the soundest and most commonsense view possible for his time and place.[38] But the Unities have for me, at least, a perpetual fascination. I believe they will be found highly desirable for the drama of the future. For one thing, we want more concentration. All plays are now much too long. I never go to the theatre, because I hate to hurry over my dinner, and I dislike to dine early. A continuous hour and a half of *intense* interest is what we need. No intervals, no chocolate-sellers or ignoble trays.[39†] The Unities do make for intensity, as does verse rhythm.

A: You think that we need stronger stimulants, in a shorter space of time, to get the same exaltation out of the theatre that a sensitive contemporary may be supposed to have got out of a tragedy by Shakespeare or even out of one by Dryden.

E: And meanwhile let us drink another glass of port to the memory of John Dryden.

NOTES

1. This essay, originally titled "A Dialogue on Poetic Drama" and printed with TSE's Preface, was included to precede the text of the Haslewood Press limited edition of Dryden's *Of Dramatick Poesie: An Essay 1668* (London: Frederick Etchells & Hugh Macdonald, 1928)." The Preface (ix-x) was never reprinted with the essay (xi-xxvii). The text of "A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry" is as printed in *SE*.

2. TSE refers to Ker's introduction to Dryden's dialogue in vol 1 of his *Essays of John Dryden* (1900) and to D. Nichol Smith's introduction to his *Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poetry* (1900). Smith (1875-1962), a Scots literary scholar, editor and critic, was a fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and became the Merton Professor of English (1929-46).

3. The English theaters were closed during the Civil Wars by a 1642 ordinance of Parliament. Although initially meant to be temporary, by 1644 the ordinance became permanent and further suppression orders were issued in 1645, 1647, and 1648.

4. These contemporary playwrights are all writers of non-poetic drama, including more commercially viable problem plays, melodramas, and social comedies. TSE discusses Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones briefly in "In Memory of Henry James" (1.650); Shaw and Galsworthy in "The Possibility of a Poetic Drama" (2.282); Arlen and Coward in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of June 1926 (2.786).

5. TSE cites the work of both Jane Harrison and Francis Cornford on ritual in his 1914 Harvard essay "The Interpretation of Primitive Ritual," where he links them together with their fellow "Cambridge Ritualists," Gilbert Murray and Arthur Bernard Cook (1.114). The Todas are a small pastoral tribe of Southern India, and the Veddhas, or Veddas, are the aboriginal inhabitants of Sri Lanka. Murray mentions a buffalo sacrifice of the Toda, "to whom," he notes, "the anthropologists owe so much," in *The Rise of the Greek Epic* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1924), 63-66. TSE had earlier mentioned the Veddhas and Todas and the relation of their rituals to drama in his 1917 review of Wilhelm Wundt's *Elements of Folk Psychology* (1.507) and in his 1926 introduction to his mother's poem, *Savonarola* (2.773).

6. TSE compares the "realistic speech" of Shaw and "Sir Arthur Pinero and his peers" in his "Introduction" to *Savonarola* (1926) (2.773).

7. *The Kind Keeper; or, Mr. Limberham* (1678). In Dryden's comedy, which was banned after three performances, an impotent man is cuckolded by a playboy.

8. TSE tied blasphemy to faith in "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927): "But Marlowe, the most thoughtful, the most blasphemous (and therefore, probably, the most Christian)

of his contemporaries, is always an exception" (3.251). He also makes this correlation in "Baudelaire" (1930): "Genuine blasphemy, genuine in spirit and not purely verbal, is the product of partial belief, and is as impossible to the complete atheist as to the perfect Christian. It is a way of affirming belief" (4.157).

9. Noël Coward's *The Queen Was in the Parlour: A Romance in Three Acts* (1922) portrays the romantic adventures of Queen Nadya in the fictional European monarchy of Krayia. First produced at St. Martin's Theatre in 1926, it was adapted for silent and talking films in 1927 and 1928, respectively.

10. In "Christopher Marlowe" (1919), TSE states that "the old English humour, the terribly serious, even savage comic humour" of Marlowe "has nothing in common with J. M. Barrie" (2.101).

11. In "Four Elizabethan Dramatists" (1924), TSE compares ballet to drama: "Anyone who has observed one of the great dancers of the Russian school will have observed that the man or the woman whom we admire is a being who exists only during the performances, that it is a personality, a vital flame which appears from nowhere, disappears into nothing and is complete and sufficient in its appearance. . . . In the ballet only that is left to the actor which is properly the actor's part. . . . There are only limited movements that he can make, only a limited degree of emotion he can express. He is not called upon for his personality" (2.506).

12. Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghilev (1872-1929), Russian impresario and founder, in 1909, of the Ballets Russes, the dance company whose members included dancers Anna Pavlova, Léonide Massine, and Vaslav Nijinski, and choreographers Michel Fokine and, later, George Balanchine. Before World War I, the Ballets Russes produced spectacular ballets based on Stravinski's music, including *Le Sacre du printemps* in 1913, which they continued to perform after the war, as well as commissioning new works. TSE watched and reviewed some of these performances from 1919 onward and expressed his particular admiration for the dancing of Massine in "Dramatis Personae" (1923) (2.434).

13. In a "London Letter" of July 1921, TSE remarked that "the ballet will probably be one of the influences forming a new drama, if a new drama ever comes" (2.363).

14. In June 1921, TSE reviewed the London revival of the Ballets Russes' *Le Sacre du printemps*, with music by Stravinski, remarking that "in everything in the *Sacre du Printemps*, except in the music, one missed the sense of the present" (2.370). Cocteau's ballet scenario *Parade*, set to music by Eric Satie with costumes by Picasso and choreography by Massine, premiered in Paris in 1917 and in London in 1919.

15. On TSE and "askesis," or spiritual discipline, see "Political Theorists" (1927) (3.141, n.18).

16. The scholars mentioned by *B* are the "Cambridge Ritualists" Jane Harrison, Francis Cornford, and Gilbert Murray (see n. 5 above) classicists whose work focuses on relations between drama and early ritual. In "Dramatis Personae" (1923), TSE remarked that "the stage – not only in its remote origins, but always – is a ritual, and the failure of the contemporary stage to satisfy the craving for ritual is one of the reasons why it is not a living art" (2.435).

17. The classical unities of place, time, and action, from Aristotle's analysis of the unity of tragic action in his *Poetics*.

18. The cycle of feasts and seasons around Christ's life and death creates the Church calendar, or "Church year," which is organized by the Sanctorale (Proper of Saints), or saint days and holidays, and the Temporale (Proper of Time), Sundays and fixed and moveable feasts (Christmas and Easter).

19. In "Arnold and Pater" (1930), TSE criticizes Arnold and other nineteenth-century critics for their "various chimerical attempts to effect imperfect syntheses. Religion became morals, religion became art, religion became science or philosophy" (4.185).

20. *faubourgs*: an ancient French term for suburb or "beneath town," it connotes the working-class and lower-middle-class individuals who live in these areas.

21. TSE lists plays that dramatize events that occurred in counties far from London: Kent and Yorkshire.

22. TSE includes the actor, filmmaker, and music hall performer Lotinga, together with Marie Lloyd, Little Tich, and George Mozart, as making up an "excellent bill" at the Palladium in a 1921 "London Letter" (2.337).

23. The Islington Empire (the name the building took in the north London borough of Islington in 1908) was a theater that had been in use from 1860 as a music hall; it added variety productions from 1908 until it turned over to cinema use in 1932.

24. TSE refers to the wealthy English aristocrats and industrialists who frequently traveled to the fashionable hotels and spas in St. Moritz, Switzerland, during the 1920s.

25†. In *Of Dramatick Poesie*: "Another double port, please."

26. Archer writes about Elizabethan in relation to modern drama, including Ibsen, in *The Old Drama and the New* (1923). See TSE's critique of Archer in "Four Elizabethan Dramatists" (2.504).

27. *The Greek Anthology*: a collection of over 4,000 pagan and Christian epigrams from 700 BC to AD 900. For more on TSE's relation to this anthology, which he mentions on several occasions, see his Clark lecture on "Crashaw" (1926) (2.710).

28. In "Twelve Points on Shakespeare" (1905), Shaw was critical of Shakespeare's characters, his failure to be an "artist-philosopher," and his view of life, calling him "a vulgar pessimist" whose power lies "in his enormous command of word music, which gives fascination to his most blackguardly repartees and sublimity to his hollowest platitudes"; rpt. in *Shaw on Shakespeare*, ed. Edwin Wilson (E. P. Dutton, 1961), 3-5; here, 5. See also "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927) (3.257, n.6).

29. In "A Note on Crashaw," TSE remarks of Ernest Barnes, Bishop of Birmingham, known for his Modernist endorsement of evolution, that Shelley "is religious in the same sense" that "the Bishop of Birmingham is religious" (3.382).

30. An allusion to Matthew Arnold's sonnet, "Shakespeare": "Others abide our question. Thou art free, / We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still, / Out-topping knowledge."

31. In *The Old Drama and the New*, Archer quotes a stage direction from act 5 of *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* ("Music, and the Ghost of Bussy enters"), remarking that "Clermont d'Ambois, who does not know that the Guise and the Cardinal have been murdered, expresses mild surprise on seeing them among the ghosts; but spectres are so common at the Court of France (as Chapman sees it) that no one turns a hair on encountering them" (89). The scene is V.v.120-38: "How strange this is! The Guise amongst these spirits, / And his great brother Cardinall, both yet living! / And that the rest with them with joy thus celebrate / This our revenge!" (120-23).

32. In his "Twelve Points on Shakespeare" (1905), Shaw remarks in point 10 that "I can write blank verse myself more swiftly than prose, and that, too, of full Elizabethan quality plus the Shakespearean sense of the absurdity of it as expressed in the lines of the Ancient Pistol. What

is more, that I have done it, published it, and had it performed on the stage with huge applause" (*Shaw on Shakespeare*, 4-5).

33. In *The Old Drama and the New*, Archer states that the Elizabethan drama of contemporary life "is harsh, coarse and cruel. We have either savage satires . . . or cynical tales of debauchery . . . Here and there a certain glimmer of humanitarian feeling is perceptible . . . but it is a very faint gleam, obscured by dense clouds of puerility, vulgarity and barbarism" (128).

34. Aristotle postulates in the *Poetics* that the end of tragedy is the purgation (catharsis) of the tragic emotions of pity and fear.

35. TSE writes in "Baudelaire" (1930): "So far as we are human, what we do must be either evil or good; so far as we do evil or good, we are human; and it is better, in a paradoxical way, to do evil than to do nothing: at least, we exist" (4.162).

36. TSE identifies avant-garde dramatists of his generation, neither realists like Shaw nor popular entertainers like Coward: Craig introduced new lighting, setting, and acting techniques that minimized the actor's humanity; Max Reinhardt (1873-1943), Austrian-born actor and director, pioneered German Expressionist drama and established an acting school and theaters that disseminated Expressionism; Vsévolöd Meierhold (Meyerhold), Russian actor and theater producer, integrated avant-garde theatrical techniques with Bolshevik ideals; Sir Barry Jackson (1879-1961), English stage director, founded the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, source of such innovations as performing Shakespeare in modern dress; Eugene O'Neill (1888-1953), American playwright, introduced realism into American drama with his pessimistic depiction of ordinary people's lives; Italian novelist and playwright Luigi Pirandello explored the instabilities of identity in *Naked Masks* and other works that set the stage for Absurdism; Ernst Toller (1893-1939), German Expressionist playwright, composed works reflecting on World War I while imprisoned for his part in a 1919 left-wing uprising. On the Old Vic theater, known in the 1920s for its Shakespeare productions, see TSE's "Introduction to *The Merry Masque of Our Lady in London Town*" (3.566, n.6).

37. "The Great Rebellion" is a term used to describe the English Civil Wars, 1642-51.

38. In Dryden's *Of Dramatick Poesie: An Essay 1668*, Crites remarks of these two Unities: "The unity of Time they comprehend in 24 hours, the compass of a Natural Day; or as near as it can be contriv'd: . . . since, therefore, all Playes are acted on the Theater in the space of time much within the compass of 24 hours . . . For the Second Unity . . . of place . . . the Scene ought to be continu'd through the Play, in the same place where it was laid in the beginning" (18-19).

39†. In *Of Dramatick Poesie*: "ignoble tea-trays"; cups of tea were sold at intervals (intermissions) in the English theatres in the early to mid-twentieth century. Patrons consumed the tea from trays on their laps, sometimes beyond the interval and during the performance, since theatres rarely had foyers large enough for their audiences.

Preface to the 1928 edition of *The Sacred Wood: Essays on Poetry and Criticism*, by T. S. Eliot

London: Methuen, 1928. Pp. xix + 171; Preface, vii-x.[1]

I had intended, when the time came to prepare a second edition of this book, to revise some of the essays. I have found the task impossible, and perhaps even undesirable. For I discovered that what had happened in my own mind, in eight years, was not so much a change or reversal of opinions, as an expansion or development of interests. There are, it is true, faults of style which I regret; and especially I detect frequently a stiffness and an assumption of pontifical solemnity which may be tiresome to many readers. But these, like the other faults of the book, are too well diffused throughout to be amended. I should have to write another book.

Indeed so much has happened, so many important books of critical theory and practice have appeared in these eight years, that the chief value remaining to this volume, if any, is as a document of its time: and that is another reason for altering nothing. The essays were written between the years 1917 and 1920;[2] they represent therefore a transition between the period immediately before the war and the period since. Most of them were written during the brief and brilliant life of the *Athenaeum* under Mr. Middleton Murry; some of them directly at Mr. Murry's suggestion. Those were years in which we were struggling to revive old communications and to create new ones; and I believe that both Mr. Murry and myself are a little more certain of our directions than we were then.

It is an artificial simplification, and to be taken only with caution, when I say that the problem appearing in these essays, which gives them what coherence they have, is the problem of the integrity of poetry, with the repeated assertion that when we are considering poetry we must consider it primarily as poetry and not another thing. At that time I was much stimulated and much helped by the critical writings of Remy de Gourmont. I acknowledge that influence, and am grateful for it; and I by no means disown it by having passed on to another problem not touched upon in this book: that of the relation of poetry to the spiritual and social life of its time and of other times. This book is logically as well as chronologically the beginning; I do not, on the whole, repudiate it; so I beg the reader who has the benevolence to read it as something more than a mere collection of essays and reviews, to have the patience to consider it as an introduction to a larger and more difficult subject.

Poetry is a superior amusement: I do not mean an amusement for superior people. I call it an amusement, an amusement *pour distraire les honnêtes gens*,[3] not because that is a true definition, but because if you call it anything else you are likely to call it something still more false. If we think of the nature of amusement, then poetry is not amusing; but if we think of anything else that poetry may seem to be, we are led into far greater difficulties. Our definition of the use of one kind of poetry may not exhaust its uses, and will probably not apply to some other kind; or if our definition applies to all poetry, it becomes so general as to be meaningless. It will not do to talk of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," which is only one poet's account of his recollection of his own methods;[4] or to call it a "criticism of life," than which no phrase can sound more frigid to anyone who has felt the full surprise and elevation of a new experience of poetry.[5] And certainly poetry is not the inculcation of morals, or the direction of politics; and no more is it religion or an equivalent of religion, except by some monstrous abuse of words. And certainly poetry is something over and above, and something quite different from, a collection of psychological data about the minds of poets, or about the history of an epoch; for we could not take it even as that unless we had already assigned to it a value merely as poetry.

Hence, in criticizing poetry, we are right if we begin, with what sensibility and what knowledge of other poetry we possess, with poetry as excellent words in excellent arrangement and excellent metre. That is what is called the technique of verse. But we observe that we cannot define even the technique of verse; we cannot say at what point "technique" begins or where it ends; and if we add to it a "technique of feeling," that glib phrase will carry us but little farther. We can only say that a poem, in some sense, has its own life; that its parts form something quite different from a body of neatly ordered biographical data; that the feeling, or emotion, or vision, resulting from the poem is something different from the feeling or emotion or vision in the mind of the poet.

On the other hand, poetry as certainly has something to do with morals, and with religion, and even with politics perhaps, though we cannot say what.[6†] If I ask myself (to take a comparison on a higher plane) why I prefer the poetry of Dante to that of Shakespeare, I should have to say, because it seems to me to illustrate a saner attitude towards the mystery of life. And in these questions, and others which we cannot avoid, we appear already to be leaving the domain of criticism of "poetry." So we cannot stop at any point. The best that we can hope to do is to agree upon a point from which to start, and that is, in part, the subject of this book.

T.S.E. *MARCH, 1928*

NOTES

1. TSE began negotiations with Methuen on 25 Jan 1928 for the new edition, successfully requesting a preface, a better quality of paper, and a larger page and type; he submitted the preface on 5 Mar, prior to publication of the edition in May 1928 (*L4* 20, 80). The contents of the edition are otherwise the same as the first edition (1920), except that the title "Some Notes on the Blank Verse of Christopher Marlowe" has been changed to "Notes on the Blank Verse of Christopher Marlowe." Dust jacket blurb: "This book includes essays on Dante, Swinburne, Blake, and the contemporaries of Shakespeare; on poetry, poetic drama and the criticism of poetry. While it is nowhere occupied with contemporary verse, the essays taken together are planned to form a whole and are a statement of principles of general application – a study of past poetry for the appraisement of the present."

2. All the essays were published between May 1919 and Nov 1920.

3. *Trans*: "for the entertainment of decent people"; TSE's translation from Jacques Rivière's *La Crise du concept de la littérature* (1924), in which Rivière speculates on the answer that Molière or Racine would have given had one or the other been asked why he wrote. TSE quotes and translates the full passage in "The Modern Mind" (4.672).

4. From Wordsworth's Preface to the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* (1800): "I have said that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity . . ."

5. From Matthew Arnold's "The Study of Poetry" (1880): "In poetry, as in criticism of life . . . the spirit of our race will find . . . its consolation and stay."

6†. TSE's original text contained the following sentence at this point: "If I ask myself, for instance, why I prefer the poetry of Mr. Kipling, with all its racketing fanfaronade, to the poetry of Thomas Hardy, I have to tell myself that it is because the poetry of Kipling seems to have a better moral tone." When the publishers of Kipling requested Methuen to ask TSE to remove as a favor the phrase "with all its racketing fanfaronade," TSE replied on 19 Mar that he could not see "that the phrase to which you object is likely to prejudice the sales of Mr. Kipling's poetry. No one has a higher admiration for Mr. Kipling's work than I have . . . But as I am anxious to meet you in every way possible I will ask you to omit the whole sentence . . . I shall then ask you to omit the phrase in brackets in the next sentence 'to take a comparison on a higher plane.' These omissions ought to be satisfactory to everyone concerned and will, as you say, not impair the sense" (*L4* 102-03). Though the offending sentence was deleted, the parenthetical phrase in the next sentence was inadvertently retained: unnecessarily so, as TSE saw, for the comparison justifying it had been removed.

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (June 1928) 289-94

THE QUARTERLY CRITERION

With this number *The Criterion* enters upon the third phase of its history; it reverts to its quarterly form; and there seems to be no reason why it should ever again be altered.[1]

The return to the original form of publication was first suggested by one or two friends of the review; it was supported by others, and there were some who expressed their regret that *The Criterion* had ever abandoned the quarterly form. More and more reasons came to light in favour of quarterly publication; and as these reasons in the end persuaded most of those who had preferred the monthly, it may be well at this moment to set down some of them.

The monthly experiment has at least been of great value to the editor, in making more clear to him the inevitable differences of type between a monthly and a quarterly review. Many persons think, and the editor of this review was for a time among them, that the time for quarterly reviews passed with Victorian leisure; they regard the long established quarterlies with indifferent tolerance, as useless survivals; and they allude to what is popularly called "the general speeding-up of modern life" as demanding something more frequent and ephemeral. It did not occur to us, in acceding to the supposed demands of "modern life," that something more was required of the review than appearing three times as often; it was tacitly assumed that the quarterly virtues could be preserved in the monthly form, and that to appear twelve times a year was enough to placate the acceleration of life. It is a commonplace that one idea is enough for one lecture, and that two ideas are too many. But just as you cannot pack into a spoken address the thought that you can put into a printed essay, because the hearer cannot digest it, so there is the same difference between a monthly and a quarterly review. *The Monthly Criterion* was too heavy, and it could not have been made consecutively lighter without sacrificing much of its quality and many of its interests – which it was not prepared to do.

As it became more and more evident that the character of the review must be drastically altered, if it was to pursue its career as a monthly and keep up to the speed-limit of "modern life," other questions occurred to several minds. Was it after all necessary and desirable to make this concession? and as *The Criterion* had expressed many unpopular views and ideas – unpopular both with older and younger generations – should it not be consistent throughout? And there does appear some reason for opposing some of the tendencies of contemporary life; indeed it may be said at the present time, that if the quarterly review seems obsolete to the popular mind, that is perhaps a sign that the quarterly review is more needed now than ever, and that it is ahead of the times rather than behind them. Something should surely be provided for those minds which are still capable of attention, thought and feeling, as well as for those which turn to a literary review as they would glance at the picture-page or the social column of a daily paper – who miss nothing, and who understand nothing.

We by no means disparage the production of literary monthlies; we say only that such reviews must fulfil quite different functions from that of *The Criterion*. So it may be well to attempt to define again the purpose and the place of *The Criterion*. It is desirable to maintain our designation of a "literary" review, because there is no other label which indicates so briefly the subjects to which this review is indifferent. The term serves to remind us that we are not concerned with matters of passing interest. We continue to publish the best fiction and the best verse that we can find, and to interest ourselves in problems of applied and theoretic literary criticism and the formation and maintenance of standards, and in the study and the teaching of literature. But this same critical attitude is extended to all the problems of contemporary civilization. Historical and biographical studies will have a larger part, naturally; but *The Criterion* is concerned with everything that can be examined in a critical spirit. A few illustrations may make this attitude more definite.

In the theory of politics, in the largest sense, *The Criterion* is interested, so far as politics can be dissociated from party politics, from the passions or fantasies of the moment, and from problems of local and temporary importance. Which party is in power at home, or what squabble may be taking place in the Balkans, is of no interest, nor is jockeying for positions in treaties and peace-pacts. But the general relations of civilized countries among each other should be examined; and the philosophies expressed or implicit in various tendencies, such as communism or fascism, are worthy of dispassionate examination.[2]

In religious controversies, again, *The Criterion* can take no side. It can only examine the ideas involved, and their implications, their consequences and their relations to the general problems of civilization; but at the point where intellectual analysis stops, and emotional conviction begins, our commission ends. It is true that in these, as in matters of philosophy, *The Criterion* wishes to keep its readers in touch with the most significant thought of to-day and to-morrow; and will continue to invite the most important representatives in every country, of philosophic, religious and political theory, to express their views.

What unites, we believe, the various writers, both in England and in foreign countries, who constitute what has been vaguely called "the *Criterion* group," is not a common adhesion to a set of dogmatic principles, even of literary criticism, but a common interest in what we believe to be the most important matters of our time, which allows the widest variation in attitude and tendency.[3] It is this, we believe, which distinguishes *The Criterion* from all other reviews; it is neither an indifferent miscellany, nor the organ of one programme or policy of passion or prejudice. Individually, the various contributors (including the editor) inevitably have their own passions and prejudices; as a whole, *The Criterion* is quite disinterested.

Now it is much more possible to express this detachment in quarterly than in monthly form. Few persons, except subscribers, see *every* number of a monthly; and it was impossible to make the character of *The Criterion* manifest in any single monthly number. Both space and time are unfavourable. It cannot be done in ninety pages or so; and a monthly like *The Criterion*, if it extended to double that number of pages, would not be read before the next number appeared. And material of the necessary quality does not exist in that abundance. From the point of view of the editor also, both time and space, in the monthly, were unfavourable. As space forbids a well-rounded number, so also was the editor of the monthly dependent upon both voluntary and solicited contributions as they turned up; the review lived from hand to mouth: in any one month, the contributions available, however excellent individually, might be either too similar, giving an effect of monotony and narrowness; or too dissimilar, giving an effect of chaotic heterogeneity.

Having written the foregoing paragraphs, we feel that this account may produce an impression of terrifying solemnity and heavy theory. Such is not at all our aim! *The Criterion* is certainly not a technical review; the problems with which it wishes to deal are those of interest, even of excitement, to the generally civilized, and intelligent, and more or less educated person; and they are, on the whole, problems which most such persons have already in mind. And one of the most important of our tasks is to keep the reader in contact with the best creative writing of our time – weighing the work of the oldest and of the youngest generations in the same scales.

THE COMING OF CHRIST: 3S.6D. NET.

There was recently produced, at Canterbury, a mystery play, by Mr. John Masefield, named *The Coming of Christ*.[4] The text may be obtained from any bookseller. We did not have the opportunity of witnessing this pageant, and so could not make any observations upon the audience, from the point of view either of its devoutness, or of its literary and artistic taste. The play not only had the prestige of Mr. Masefield, but of the eminent artists and producers who contributed to the presentation. Among religious newspapers, such as *The Church Times*, the performance was noticed with that timid approval which we might expect;[5] we have read a rather more discerning criticism in a non-religious paper, *The Nation*.[6] Having read the text, however, we question whether such an entertainment serves any cause of religion or art. The poetry is pedestrian, machine made Shakespearian iambics; the imagery is full of Birmingham spirits and Sheffield shepherds. The theological orthodoxy is more than doubtful; the literary incompetence is more than certain. Mr. Masefield, though his intentions were no doubt praiseworthy, is neither a simple natural Christian (if such exist among men of letters) nor a skilled theologian, nor, indeed, a master of the art of poetry. The play is therefore representative neither of mediaeval feeling, nor of modern feeling. We venture to counsel our spiritual pastors, that they should see to it either that they employ artists who are definite in their theology, or else who are really good artists. We shall have more to say later about the incursions of literary men and journalists into religion – with equal damage to both religion and literature – in connexion with the most recent biographer of Jesus.[7]

NOTES

1. It continued as a quarterly until the final number in Jan 1939.

2. TSE would include "The Literature of Fascism," his omnibus review of recent books on fascism, in the *Criterion* of Dec 1928 (3.540).

3. The *Criterion* group consisted of a fluctuating nucleus of contributors and advisers that had weekly lunch or dinner meetings to discuss matters of finance and policy. It included Harold Monro, at whose Poetry Book Shop they held special meetings, Herbert Read, Bonamy Dobrée, F. S. Flint, Orlo Williams, Frank Morley, J. B. Trend, John Gould Fletcher, Montgomery Belgion, Alec Randall, and others. TSE had written to Read on 18 Oct 1924 to describe the

"phalanx" of associates that he wished to bring together: "I wish, certainly, to get as homogeneous a group as possible: but I find that homogeneity is in the end indefinable: for the purpose of the Criterion, it cannot be reduced to a creed of numbered capitals. . . . What is essential is to find those persons who have an impersonal loyalty to some faith not antagonistic to my own" (*L2* 514).

4. Masefield's play (London: Heinemann, 1928) opened for four sold-out performances on Whit Monday, 28 May, with costumes by Charles Ricketts and music by Gustav Holst. It was commissioned as the first of the Canterbury Festival Plays by George Bell, then Dean of Canterbury Cathedral; the financial success of *The Coming of Christ* provided funds for future productions. Later, as Dean of Chichester Cathedral, Bell commissioned TSE's *Murder in the Cathedral* for the Canterbury Festival in 1935.

5. The review by "C. B. M." in the *Church Times* of 1 June, illustrated with photographs, praised the production as an event "of the highest significance, as marking an important stage in that recovery by the Church of the drama," but noted that Dean Bell "would probably agree that the performance of the play was an experiment and to be judged as such. . . . Altogether, 'The Coming of Christ,' though not to be claimed as a complete success, was a worthy attempt, and may well be the precursor of fine achievement" (661).

6. Kappa, the critic for the *Nation & Athenauem*, attributed his "lack of enthusiasm" for the play to "a certain dissatisfaction with Mr. Masefield's poetry . . . he is too rhetorical, too diffuse, for the stark dramatic effects required in this place. There are some delicate lyrics . . . but somehow they lost most of their appeal when solemnly declaimed on the steps of the Cathedral. . . . On the whole, the performance left on my mind an impression of weakness, and this in spite of the genuine nobility of the effort made. The only part of the play which gave me real pleasure was the talk of the shepherds, admirably dramatized by the poet" (43 [2 June 1928], 291).

7. John Middleton Murry's *The Life of Jesus* (1926) was followed by German biographer Emil Ludwig's *The Son of Man* (1928), which led to an anonymous comparative review, probably by TSE, in the *Criterion* of Sept 1928: "This [Ludwig's] book is the most flagrant example of the abuse of imaginative biography which has yet been produced, and we cannot believe that its excesses will easily be exceeded. It is also the worst Life of Jesus that has yet been written. . . . We have previously criticized Mr. Middleton Murry's *Life of Jesus* rather severely; but it is not only a more scholarly work than Mr. Ludwig's, it had a legitimate reason for being written, and is the outcome of a serious struggle with religious questions. Mr. Ludwig's book is merely a book which costs fifteen shillings" (172).

L'Action Française . . . A Reply to Mr. Ward

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (June 1928), 372-76

Mr. Ward's reply to my comments on his little book (*The Condemnation of the Action Française*) which I made in the March number of *The Monthly Criterion* has the merit of making the issue between us more precise – if also more hopeless. The matter of misquotation, or mistranslation, becomes quite secondary.[1] The difficulty is chiefly that Mr. Ward and I have a different equipment of values, in criticizing the motives and the influence of Maurras. It seems to me grotesque to posit as M. Maurras' view the affirmation that "France must be de-Christianized." Nor is it true to say that Maurras considers the Roman Church to be "not necessarily Christian" [364]. He simply is concerned with the *aspect* of the Roman Church which is not necessarily Christian, because his point of view is that of an agnostic political philosopher. This point of view Mr. Ward is not prepared to recognize. He is quite entitled to repudiate it, but he is not entitled to misunderstand it.

M. Maurras would not deny that in case of doubt or difficulty of conscience Christians should obey God and not man. This is in fact, as I understand it, the attitude of the Roman Catholic supporters of the *Action Française* who have been recalcitrant to the Papal decree, and to the decree of the Archbishop of Paris.[2] I believe that they consider that they are obedient to God in their conscience in being disobedient to ecclesiastical authority. As an outsider, I am not entitled to approve or blame this attitude: I only point out that it is consonant with the principle approved by Mr. Ward.

It is also to be supposed that Martin Luther, whether right or wrong, was acting in conformity with the same principle.

As for Maurras' remark that "un seul homme, le Pape, qui puisse se permettre au nom de Dieu des égarements de pensée et de conduite":[3] is it denied that some Popes (if we go back far enough) have committed errors of thought and of conduct?

I do *not* suppose that there is always a conflict between the mystical experience of the Saints and the defined revelation of the Church. I would only say, as I believe M. Maurras would say, that the Church has with all right and reason been often sceptical about new mystics; I would approve the hesitation of the Church in accepting even St. Francis. It is not a question of conflict, but of cautious discrimination, the discrimination which has recognized Francis as a Saint and has ignored Eckhart.[4] Such discrimination is our safeguard against Johanna Southcotts.[5]

Mr. Ward, although he envelops his phrase in more words, does not seem to retract what I call an accusation of dishonesty against M. Maurras. He merely says: "whether to catch or to retain supporters there can be no doubt that Maurras altered his speech" [367]. What Mr. Ward calls "alteration of speech" is what I call "development of thought": that is the difference. Mr. Ward does not seem willing to admit that Maurras' thought has changed, or that Maurras has learned anything from maturity except a diabolical skill in cajoling and deluding Catholics. He sticks to his quotations from Maurras' early and pre-political works, and in what I see a blunt and unpolitic honesty, Mr. Ward sees only duplicity and cunning. I am also an admirer of Machiavelli; Machiavelli also seems to me an honest thinker, and no politician; and I should say on the basis of Machiavelli's works alone, that a man who could write so honestly was a simple fellow with no skill in "practical politics" – a belief which is borne out by what we know of Machiavelli's career.[6] This is (without prejudice) one difference between Machiavelli and Maurras on the one hand and Mussolini on the other: the two former, who have not "succeeded," are men of thought; the last, who has "succeeded," is a man of action, a man of histrionic ability.

Mr. Ward asserts again (1) that Maurras is a profoundly anti-Christian thinker. How can Maurras be *anti*-Christian, when he admits that Catholic Christianity is essential to civilization? Mr. Ward would, on the same assumptions, be obliged to affirm that Mr. Irving Babbitt is "profoundly anti-Christian." What Mr. Ward says of M. Maurras, he ought to say of several other people of importance: and amongst persons of no importance, he might say it of myself. Mr. Ward asserts (2) that the *Action Française* is a de-Christianizing movement. He asserts this because he has met with persons who were Catholics only because they believed that Catholicism was essential to civilization. As I said before, he still has to prove that such persons would have been, *but* for the influence of Maurras, complete Catholics and Christians. Awaiting such proof, I find it difficult to believe that the persons in question would have been anything but Laodiceans or agnostics.[7]

I must say, that since I wrote my previous comments, but *before* I published them, I became aware of the fact that Mr. Ward (and no doubt Mr. Denis Gwynn)[8] must have had permission to read the complete works of Maurras. I found that any Roman Catholic of standing in his Church could obtain permission to read books on the Index, if he could give good reason for wishing to do so. But I did not alter my note, for the following reason: it does not matter whether Mr. Ward has read everything; what matters is that his Roman Catholic readers, those who are not, like Mr. Ward, distinguished writers and publicists, but obscure individuals, these people cannot check and verify; they can only read what Mr. Ward writes.

Mr. Ward asks: "Is it not only for those who identify Conservatism with Christianity that an adhesion to the former has been preparatory to a conversion to the latter?" [371] With all reserves as to the meaning of the word "conservatism," I say that I never supposed anything else. I never supposed that M. Maurras could influence towards Christianity anyone who was not influenced towards his political theory. But those who are not affected by his political theory will not be influenced by Maurras at all, so that their Christianity is not in question. I say only that if anyone is attracted by Maurras' political theory, and if that person has as well any tendency towards *interior* Christianity, that tendency will be quickened by finding that a political and a religious view can be harmonious.

I am sorry that Mr. Ward considers the Maurrasian political theory out of date, and I accept the flowers that he lays on the tomb of *The Criterion*. I may say in passing that I have been expressing my personal views, and that *The Criterion* is not committed to these. But on the other hand, Mr. Ward's tears (to mix a metaphor in a way which Crashaw might approve)[9] are double-edged. By other critics than Mr. Ward *The Criterion* has been called an organ for a "Frenchified" doctrine called neo-Thomism.[10] Will Mr. Ward affirm that *The Criterion* is a refuge for a French philosophy called neo-Thomism, which has come to that hospital to die?[11]

NOTES

1. Leo Ward's "*L'Action Française*: A Reply to Mr. Eliot" appeared in this issue of the *Criterion* (364-72), immediately preceding this reply by TSE. Ward begins by admitting to TSE's criticism that he had "seriously misrepresented" Maurras in quoting out of context "the passage about the 'ridiculous metaphysic' by which the Romantics sought to justify their passions," adding that the fault "was due to a careless quotation from my own rough notes" (364).

2. In Apr 1928, following the Papal decree condemning the Action française in Dec 1926, the aged Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Louis-Ernest Dubois (1856-1929), issued a decree by order of Pope Pius XI and signed by all the archbishops and bishops of France that all persons affiliated with the Action française were excommunicated until they renounced such affiliation.

3. Ward himself translates from Maurras's *Trois idées politiques* [*TIP* 275]: "there is only one man, the Pope, who can allow himself in the name of God some deviations of thought and conduct." *The Condemnation of the 'Action Française,'* 26-27.

4. St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan and other religious orders of poverty, was canonized in 1228, two years after his death, by Pope George IX. Meister Eckhart, a German theologian and mystic whose Dominican Order came into conflict with the Franciscan Order, was the object of an Inquisition against him for heresy, a charge that was upheld in trial by Pope John XXII, though Eckhart died before the verdict was reached.

5. Johanna (or Joanna) Southcott (1750-1814), brought up in the Church of England, declared herself in 1792 to be a religious prophetess with supernatural gifts; in 1814, at age sixty-four, she revealed to her growing sect that she was pregnant and would give birth to the new Messiah, the Shiloh of Genesis, on 19 Oct 1814. No birth took place, and she subsequently died of dropsy on 27 Dec. She was the object of numerous satirical portraits in the poetry of Byron, including his comparison of "Wordsworth's poem, and his followers," and "Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect," in *Don Juan* III:95: "And the new births of both their stale virginities / Have proved but dropsies, taken for divinities."

6. See TSE's essay, "Niccolò Machiavelli" (1927): "The passionate nationalism of Machiavelli was hardly likely to be understood in his own time; least of all by his compatriots. But the honesty of his mind is such as is hardly understood at any time" (3.115-16).

7. Laodiceans: associates of the early church in Laodicia reproved by the Spirit in Revelation 3:15-17: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

8. TSE refers to Gwynn's *The Action Française Condemnation* (1928); he quoted from it favorably in his letter to the *Church Times* of 2 Mar 1928 but wrote to Ward on 3 May: "I thought you were quite correct in your objections to Gwynn. His book in fact makes too much of the political motives" (*L4* 149).

9. TSE discusses the conceits of "The Teare" (1646), in which Crashaw brings for a teardrop "A pillow . . . Stuft with Downe of Angels wing," in his Clark lecture on Crashaw (2.711) and in "A Note on Richard Crashaw" (3.381).

10. TSE refers to Desmond MacCarthy's letter to the editor of the *New Statesman* of 21 Jan 1928, published under the title "Frenchified," in which MacCarthy writes in part to agree with W. J. Turner's statement in the previous issue that "Mr. Eliot's monthly *Criterion* is a review published in London but written in France," to which MacCarthy adds, "yes, there I see the influence of modern Paris – literary nationalism, Neo-Tomism [*sic*]"; see TSE's reply under the same title in the issue of 4 Feb (3.343).

11. In his "A Rejoinder," which follows TSE's reply in this issue (376-78), Ward concludes the controversy with his answer: "while greatly admiring the neo-Thomism presented to its readers by *The Criterion*, I feel inclined to congratulate the neo-Thomists on the Nullity which the Pope has declared between their system and what M. Étienne Gallois calls the 'pseudo-Thomism' of the *Action Française* group" (378).

Mr. Lucas's Webster[1]

A second review of *The Complete Works of John Webster*, ed. F. L. Lucas. Four vols.

London: Chatto and Windus, 1927.[2]

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 7 (June 1928) 443-46

Mr. Lucas's *Webster*, like Simpson and Herford's *Jonson*, is one of those monuments of editing which look eternal.[3] It is obviously the product of many years' labour. Scholars may be able to wrangle over a note or two, in a work so amply annotated; but I cannot conceive of justification for any future edition. Even to read and ponder these notes is an occupation of months; and the text is, I believe, as firmly established as it ever will be.

As for the critical introduction, that is naturally a different matter, though the opinion of a scholar and man of letters like Mr. Lucas, who has devoted many years to this subject, will always be considerable. My own disagreements with his estimate of Webster spring partly from a different attitude towards the "Renaissance," and from a slightly different angle of viewing Webster in relation to his contemporaries.[4] The two points of difference may perhaps be reduced to one. But it is natural that anyone who has spent much time in the study of one Elizabethan dramatist, should have a different point of view from that of an amateur who has dabbled in all without any exclusive preferences. Just as many students of Shakespeare, from their preoccupation with that study, have tended to isolate Shakespeare too far from his contemporaries, so Mr. Lucas seems to me to emphasize too strongly the personal differences of Webster.

It is not that Mr. Lucas has neglected the working relations of Webster with other dramatists. On the contrary, he has traced these as fully as possible, and I should hardly question any of his attributions. I still incline to believe that Jonson was the author of the additions to *The Spanish Tragedy*, though I am unable to explain why he should have been paid five pounds for so little work; but Mr. Lucas's argument against assigning them to Webster is ingenious and convincing. About the possibility of assigning any lines in *Sir Thomas Wyatt* to Webster I am not so sure. Mr. Lucas admits the probability of Webster's hand in this play, but doubts whether any lines can certainly be attributed to him. He observes quite justly, that the similarities may be explained by imitation or direct borrowing.[5] It is quite true that a poet of original genius may first distinguish himself by accomplished counterfeit of another's works; it is also true that Webster borrowed without scruple from other dramatists, as well as from such writers as Montaigne and Sidney.[6] I only think that Mr. Lucas does not make sufficient allowance for the likelihood of a poet's borrowing from himself: or more fairly, for a poet in maturity working up into better form some image or rhythm which was an inspired flash of his youth. This can be shown to have been done by Marlowe;[7] though, as Mr. Percy Allen has recently shown (*Shakespeare, Jonson and Wilkins as Borrowers*) Shakespeare probably borrowed, and turned into poetry, other men's verse from a play in which he had but little to do.[8] Mr. Lucas is quite as likely to be right about the lines in *Sir Thomas Wyatt* as I am; but I still think that the parallels are likelier the work of a man remodelling his own lines, than that of a man improving the lines of another.[9]

These are details. The main point is this: having myself written some scattered essays on several Elizabethan dramatists,[10] and being not satisfied with them, I incline to think that what is needed is a view which will consider the dramatists – including Shakespeare – together rather than separately; and that in order to do this the critic must have a general conception of, and a positive attitude towards the period. Though his criticism be purely literary, it will imply a positive judgment of the whole background of the period, and its whole relation to other periods.

Mr. Lucas does not give – I must add – a flagrant example of the contrary attitude. As against Sir William Watson and William Archer, for example, who quite wrongly exalt Shakespeare above Webster, not merely as poet and dramatist, but chiefly for his superior "morality," Mr. Lucas is on the right side.[11] The great example of artificial dissociation is Swinburne. Nearly all of Swinburne's essays are good, and at least they excite us to read the dramatist criticized; but when we read several consecutively we become muddled as to which dramatist is which, and are left with a confused impression of a crowd of poetic giants.[12] And I do not want to make too much case of Mr. Lucas's depreciation of Marston and Tourneur, where I quite disagree. But I remain inclined to believe that the differences – the interesting and the ascertainable differences – between Webster and the others, are differences which should be reduced as far as possible to technique and poetic power, rather than to point of view or understanding of life.

And I think that Mr. Lucas is apt to lean towards a type of error which is not uncommon in literary criticism: that of confusing literary questions with others, such as the moral, philosophical and religious. It is not that these matters are unconnected, but we must keep them separate in order to see the connections. In rebutting the charge of excessive "grimness" made against the tragedy of Webster,[13] for instance, he remarks: "the Muse of Tragedy indeed is of her nature infidel at heart. What room for her in the best of all possible worlds, where all endings are happy at last?" [40] The answer is that Mr. Lucas may have mistaken both the nature of fidelity and the nature of Tragedy (not yet having read his recent book on Tragedy, I make this comment with reserves).[14] But there seems to me to be plenty of room for real tragedy in the *Inferno*, and the "best of all possible worlds" had room for sin, error and suffering, and not all endings were happy.[15] Nor can we say that the Muse of Corneille is altogether infidel, nor, I believe, the Muse of the Spanish dramatists. And the attitude of the Greek tragic poets, however gloomy, is very different from that of Elizabethan drama. But the main point is that Mr. Lucas has a liking for the Renaissance which is as much fanciful as imaginative, and which is like nothing so much as it is like the Elizabethan's imaginative picture of Italy and Spain. The Elizabethan imagination which made a composite bogey of Machiavelli and St. Ignatius seems to me but little more confused than that of Mr. Lucas who talks about the Renaissance breeding "men free from the repressions, the cringings, the conformities of the centuries of superstition" [36].[16] It is bold to affirm that the Renaissance was less superstitious than the middle ages: and when Mr. Lucas talks of repressions and cringings, we want details. Was the mediaeval church more repressive than the Roman and Protestant churches of the Renaissance; was it more repressive than Calvin? and did Cranmer cringe less than Henry at Canossa?[17]

Mr. Lucas's view of the Renaissance is, I think, too highly coloured by Elizabethan drama; it is a literary view. On the other hand, his criticism of Webster is coloured by an imaginative and partial impression of what the Renaissance must have been like. And these impressions are stamped upon the sensitive and poetic, but decidedly modern mind of Mr. Lucas.

What is chiefly to the point, of course, is how Mr. Lucas's view is affected. I should say in two ways. He fails to distinguish clearly between the attitude of an age, the attitude of a group of dramatists, and the attitude of an individual. My point is not that in the case at hand the three attitudes are inconsistent; it is that the three are never quite commensurable. A "view of life" is a different thing when we speak of the "view of life" of the Renaissance, "the view of life" of the Elizabethan dramatists, and the view of life of Webster:

> The bitterness, the savage wit, the almost morbid rage to strip the mask from the basenesses of human life, the unutterable despair – echoes of this even our Augustan age can wake from that vault, "ubi saeva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit", and the Dean of St. Patrick's . . . [46][18]

We know more about the Augustan age than about the Elizabethan, not merely because there is more information, but also because the Augustan mind is more like our own. On the other hand, the surviving literature of both periods is enough to enable us to draw a clear distinction between "the bitterness, the savage wit, etc." of Webster (bitter and savage as it indeed is) and the same qualities in Swift. In Swift it is far more personal, and the tone of Swift is far less the tone of his age than is that of Webster. Certainly Swift is no "echo." And bitterness, and savage wit, and rage, are characteristic of most of the Elizabethan tragic poets, including Marston and Tourneur and Middleton, and including Shakespeare, and including Jonson who is bitterest and most savage in his "comedies." I do not for a moment assert that the great Elizabethan tragic poets have not each his own "personality," but several of them must have had enough experience to embitter them and make them savage.

If I have insisted upon one or two principles of Elizabethan criticism where it seems to me that Mr. Lucas has gone astray, it is because they are divagations which he shares with other critics, and which are of some importance. It is also because I have, for his incidental opinions, conjectures and judgments, nothing but praise.

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*: "Title from wrapper" (Gallup 220).

2. TSE first reviewed this edition anonymously under the title "John Webster" in the *TLS* of 26 Jan 1928 (3.326).

3. TSE reviewed vol III of C. H. Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson's eleven-volume edition of Jonson in the *TLS* of 21 July 1927 (3.152) and vols I, II, and III in the *Dial* of July 1928 (3.449).

4. TSE remarks in "John Webster" (1928) that "when Mr. Lucas speaks of the Renaissance he seems to lose his head entirely" and that "the charge against Webster of not having been Shakespeare is a trifling one, hardly worth rebuttal" (3.328-29).

5. In Appendix III, "The Additions to *The Spanish Tragedy*" (IV, 248-49), Lucas surveys the arguments and difficulties of assigning the additions to Jonson and, at greater length, to Webster:

"In 1602 Webster was doing his share in *Sir Thomas Wyat*, a poor piece of uninspired hackwork. Two years later in the Induction to *The Malcontent* and *Westward Ho!* he still shows not a glimmer of genius; and genius is hardly too strong a word for the author of these additions. Ten years later . . . it would seem improbable that he had written the additions in 1612; it seems all but impossible in 1602" (249).

6. Lucas describes Webster's borrowing from Sidney and Montaigne in his chapter on "Webster's Imitation" (I, 61-63).

7. In "Christopher Marlowe" (1919) TSE remarks that Marlowe "recognized many of his best bits (and those of one or two others), saved them, and reproduced them more than once, almost invariably improving them in the process" (2.98).

8. TSE reviewed Allen's book in the *TLS* of 5 Apr 1928 ("Poets' Borrowings"), where he remarks that "Mr. Allen deals . . . with several possible reworkings by Shakespeare. . . .The first, and perhaps the most interesting, is the manipulation of material from *Titus Andronicus* for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and other plays. . . . It is agreed by most competent scholars nowadays that Shakespeare had a little to do with *Titus*, and there are several lines at least which are probably Shakespeare's" (3.386).

9. See "John Webster" (1928), where TSE compares *Sir Thomas Wyat* (ll. 88-90) with the *Duchess of Malfi* IV.ii.222-24 (3.26).

10. By 1928, TSE had written "Christopher Marlowe" (1919) (2.97), "Ben Jonson" (1919) (2.150), "Hamlet" (1919) (2.122), "Philip Massinger" (1920) (2.244), "Four Elizabethan Dramatists" (1924) (2.503), "Thomas Middleton" (1927) (3.122), "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927) (3.245), and "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (1927) (3.195), all of which were collected in *SE* (1932).

11. Lucas: "Probably there will always be readers who shut these works with the moral distaste of Sir William Watson or the aesthetic contempt of William Archer" (16). In his *Excursions in Criticism* (London: Elkin Mathews, 1893), Sir William Watson (1858-1935) asserts that Webster's "filchings from Shakespeare are of the sneaking sort," but "they help to show the extent of Shakespeare's literary influence upon Webster. It was a literary influence almost solely, a moral influence hardly at all. . . . This poet's morbid imagination affects us like that touch of the dead man's hand in one of the hideous scenes of his own most famous play" (12-13). In *The Old Drama and the New* (London: William Heinemann, 1923), Archer also challenges the assumption "that, in tragic genius, John Webster stood nearest to Shakespeare, and that *The Duchess of Malfy* is his greatest play" (52).

12. Swinburne's essays on the minor Elizabethan dramatists, including Webster, appear in *The Age of Shakespeare* (1909) and in *Contemporaries of Shakespeare* (1919).

13. Lucas states: "That is the world Webster has imagined and painted and peopled: it is not the creation of a small mind. Is it too grim? For many, yes: for that great majority whose criterion of truth is its pleasantness" (39).

14. Lucas's *Tragedy in Relation to Aristotle's "Poetics"* also appeared in 1928.

15. The idea that "this is the best of all possible worlds" is the philosophy of Pangloss, Voltaire's satirical representation of Leibniz and his optimism in *Candide* (1759).

16. TSE also quotes this passage in "John Webster" (3.328).

17. Pope Gregory VII met his enemy, the excommunicated Holy Roman Emperor Henry IV, at Canossa in 1077. Henry came as a penitent, and received absolution in what was perceived as

a Papal victory (though short-lived) over secularism in the Investiture controversy. Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556), Archbishop of Canterbury under Henry VIII and Edward VI, recanted his Protestant faith under pressure from Queen Mary I, before withdrawing his recantations when he went to the stake as a Protestant martyr.

18. From Swift's self-written epitaph; *read*: "*Ubi* saeva indignatio / Ulterius / Cor lacerare nequit"; *trans*: "Savage indignation there / cannot lacerate his breast"; trans. W. B. Yeats, in "Swift's Epitaph."

Parliament and the New Prayer Book

To the Editor of *The New Adelphi*

The New Adelphi, 1 (June 1928) 345-46

Sir: I was so much interested by your admirable editorial notes in the March number of *The New Adelphi* that I hope you will permit me to make a few comments.

I find it a little difficult to reconcile your various statements about the Church of England. First, you say that the House of Commons, in rejecting the new Prayer Book at the beginning of this year, "voiced the dormant sentiment of the nation."[1] Being struck by this remark, I read further in the hope of finding out what the dormant sentiment of the nation might be. I admit that I am not yet clear in my mind what the dormant sentiment of the nation is, unless it be a dormant sentiment for remaining dormant: in which it seems to resemble the dormant sentiment of a dormouse.[2] The nation, apparently is (at least, in hundreds of thousands) attached to the Church of England: it is surely our business to analyze this sentiment of persons who, as you say, "scarcely ever take part in a Church service." But I think, Sir, that you alter the case by assuming, as you seem to do, that the new Prayer Book represents a tendency towards "Roman sacerdotalism."[3] I have no doubt that to you, and to the hypothetical hundreds of thousands who "scarcely ever take part in a Church service," because they are so "shy" – not because they are occupied with more important matters, but solely because of that schoolboy shyness, that precious quality which must be preserved at all costs unless the race is to degenerate – the rejected Prayer Book stands for "Roman sacerdotalism." But I find no admission in your admirable notes, that to those who like what you (and no doubt the hundreds of thousands as well) call "sacerdotalism," the Prayer Book represents a restriction of this "sacerdotalism." Accordingly, you speak of the rejection of the Book as a "blow" to Anglo-Catholicism. Yet you have read the report of the speeches in the Lords, including the speech of Lord Halifax,[4] so you can hardly suppose that the "Roman sacerdotalists" received the Book with great enthusiasm.

In one or two points of detail I cannot accept your statement of fact. It is interesting, of course, to hear that Lord Hugh Cecil is an Anglo-Catholic, for I did not know that fact.[5] But it is not interesting to hear that, according to the Anglo-Catholic view, Parliament has no right to pronounce upon doctrinal issues. The fact is that, according to the law of the land, Parliament has not only the right but the duty so to pronounce. To some of us, this is a legal absurdity which ought to be altered; but none of us question the legal right and duty of Parliament to pronounce, according to existing law. You refer to Hooker: but you must know as well as I know that the whole social situation was very different in Hooker's day; the relation of Crown to Estates was different; and it is hardly likely that Hooker envisaged the prospect of a Commons in which Nonconformists, Jews, Parsees, Atheists and women took part.[6] I doubt even whether Hooker realized that in the House of Lords an Isaacs would be a Marquis, a Smith an Earl, a Samuel a Baron.[7]

One other point. You say that the hundreds of thousands, who listen in or ride about in Morris cars on Sunday because they are too British in their "shyness" to go to Church, the hundreds of thousands who are too shy to take communion, the great broad-shouldered Englishmen who are such sensitive creatures that they cannot make confessions, these great generous, boisterous schoolboys, these persons constitute the Church of England.[8] The Church of England is not a visible Church of communicants, but a wholly invisible Church of shy schoolboys. And yet you admit that there is a real danger to the Church of England.[9] The shy schoolboy attitude does not, in fact, work. They are so shy that they will not take holy orders! It is not that they are not religious: no, there is no one more religious. No, it is that they are "educated," the hundreds of thousands; and being educated – they *cannot* believe in the Resurrection.

Now I wonder, Sir, whether you suppose that the "uneducated" believe in the Resurrection, and that the "educated" do not. My opinion is that it has nothing to do with education or illiteracy in the ordinary sense. I suspect that in England to-day there are more "educated" people who believe in the Resurrection than there are "uneducated" who so believe. But, perhaps, your standards of "education" are different from mine.

I can only suppose that your view of the Church is exactly the opposite of mine. According to your view, the Church of England consists of those people who never go to church (except, perhaps, to be baptized, married and buried), and who are too honest and too religious to think of becoming clergymen.[10]

Yours, etc.,
T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Produced by the Anglican Church Assembly and promoted by the House of Bishops, the revised Book of Common Prayer aroused national controversy over proposed changes to the Communion Service and the Reservation of Sacrament; the proposal was defeated in the House of Commons in 1928. Editor Middleton Murry wrote in support of this decision in the *New Adelphi*, 1 (Mar 1928), 194-99: "Hundreds of thousands of men and women who scarcely ever take part in a Church service are concerned for and attached to the Church of England. It is a strange situation, and one that must seem intolerable to the more specifically 'religious' people who are assiduous in worship. . . . England is a much more religious country than would ever be deduced from the statistics of church-going. Englishmen are shy about religion – so shy, indeed, that many of them never go to church at all" (194-95). See TSE's *Criterion* "Commentary" on the new Prayer Book from May 1927 (3.61). TSE wrote to Murry on 26 Apr 1928, "I hope you did not consider my communication too violent. On the other hand I might have made it very much longer by taking up one or two points that occurred to me" (*L4* 142).

2. Murry replied below TSE's letter: "In saying that the House of Commons in the Prayer Book debate had voiced the dormant sentiment of the nation, I meant precisely what I said. What that sentiment is was expressed with lucidity by Sir John Simon and more delicately by Sir Martin Conway to whose speeches I must refer Mr. Eliot" (*The New Adelphi*, 1 [June 1928], 347).

3. Murry's editorial continued: "What happened when the House of Commons rejected the New Prayer Book was that the nation, which is in the last resort the real Church of England, rejected a manifest tendency towards Roman sacerdotalism which the more professional or more specialized Church had found it necessary to yield to" (195).

4. Charles Lindley Wood, second Viscount Halifax (1839-1934), was president of the English Church Union, an organization dedicated to maintaining the Catholic heritage of the Church of England; TSE visited Halifax at his country estate in Oct 1927 (*L3* 734) and afterward corresponded with him. TSE wrote to Jean de Menasce on 22 May, "I owe a great deal in my present position to conversation with Lord Halifax" (*L4* 168). Halifax's speech to Parliament on 13 Dec appeared in the official *Parliamentary Report*, and the *Church Times* and *The Guardian* reported the debate of the Lords on 16 Dec. Halifax did not support the revision: "it will not bring peace and . . . it will not bring order" (*The Parliamentary Debates [Official Report]: House of Lords*, Fifth Series, Vol 69, column 846).

5. Murry wrote: "Lord Hugh Cecil has repeatedly enounced the wild theory that Parliament has no right to pronounce upon doctrinal issues in the Church of England. The theory in a vague form is shared by many Anglo-Catholics" (197). Hugh Cecil, Classical orator, conservative MP for Oxford University, and devout Anglican, helped to create the Church of England Assembly, the body that revised the Prayer Book and in 1919 was given powers to pass Church legislation, with consent of Parliament.

6. Murry wrote: "it would be easy to show that Anglo-Catholicism can trace a noble, though of late years sadly contaminated, descent from Andrewes, Laud and Hooker; it would be easy to admit that the majority of Anglo-Catholics are a high-minded and devoted body of men. But the fact is that they represent a doctrine totally opposed to that upon which the Established Church of England really rests" (196). TSE similarly wrote in "Lancelot Andrewes" (1926): "to the ordinary observer the English Church in history means Hooker and Jeremy Taylor" (2.818).

Richard Hooker's *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiastical Politie* (1594) laid the foundations of Anglican theology and church governance.

7. Rufus Isaacs, first Marquess of Reading (1860-1935), politician and judge; F. E. Smith, first Earl of Birkenhead, barrister and politician; Marcus Samuel, first Viscount Samuel (1853-1927), founder of Shell Transport and Trading Company (precursor of Royal Dutch Shell) became Baron Bearsted in 1921 and Viscount in 1925.

8. Beginning in 1913, Morris Motors produced a popular line of cars in the United Kingdom, including the upmarket Morris Oxford, and, starting in 1926, the sporty MG model. Alluding to Tennyson's *The Princess: A Medley* (1847), TSE also used the phrase "great broad-shouldered genial Englishman" in "The Romantic Englishman, the Comic Spirit, and the Function of Criticism" (1921) (2.302) and "Whitman and Tennyson" (1926) (2.877).

9. Murry wrote: "The doctrinal basis of the Church of England has collapsed. The tug-of-war between those who want more dogma and those who want less has disrupted its Articles of faith. Those who want to reform them and rebuild the doctrine of the English Church would be wise to show a little foresight and to consider from what quarter the most serious danger is to be apprehended. . . . The fact is simple. Educated men find it daily harder to take orders . . . educated men do not believe in the Resurrection of Christ" (199).

10. In his reply printed below TSE's letter, Murry wrote: "I must complain of some palpable misrepresentation in his last paragraph. To assert or imply that I dreamed of excluding communicant members from the membership of the English Church, because I included non-communicant members, is fantastic. Mr. Eliot's desire for a joke has carried him away.

Finally, in giving the inability of most educated (or cultivated) men to believe in the Resurrection as the fundamental cause of the continued shortage of candidates for orders, I was prepared for correction. Mr. Eliot offers none. . . . my explanation . . . does not involve the corollary that those who can believe in the Resurrection are uneducated: simply that the minds in which a belief in the Resurrection is compatible with a high level of culture grow steadily more rare" (347).

The Idealism of Julien Benda[1]

A second review of *La Trahison des clercs*, by Julien Benda

Paris: Grasset, 1927. Pp. 306.

The Cambridge Review, 49 (6 June 1928) 485-88

M. Julien Benda is a critic who does not write often or too much. His *Belphégor*, which some of us recognised as an almost final statement of the attitude of contemporary society to art and the artist, was published in 1918 or 1919. *La Trahison des clercs* is the first book of the same type that M. Benda has written since *Belphégor*; it represents some years of meditation and study; we expected a book of the same importance.[2] We are not disappointed. And just as *Belphégor*, although based upon an examination of French society alone, applied to the relation of society to the arts in all Europe and America, so is *La Trahison des clercs* of general application. It is indeed more general; for M. Benda now draws his illustrations from England, Germany, Italy and America, as well as from France. In these illustrations I do not think that he has been altogether fair; and as he has cited William James and Kipling, we are entitled to cross-examine him on his examination.

M. Benda's thesis may be divided into two parts, upon which we may find that we give separate verdicts. The first part is a general criticism of the political passions of the present time. The second part is a scrutiny of the culpability of certain noted men of letters, and implies a rule of life which M. Benda would lay down for men of letters of our time. In the first general diagnosis, I am inclined to yield complete assent; in the second part, he does not seem to me to have carried his analysis of individuals far enough; and the ideal that he holds up to contemporary men of letters seems to me to be infected with romance. But he puts a problem which confronts every man of letters; the same problem which Mr. Wyndham Lewis has solved for himself in his own way by writing his recent books; the problem of the scope and direction which the activities of the artist and the man of letters should take to-day.

With the first part of M. Benda's thesis I cannot deal in this short space. No one can disagree with his statement of the "modern consummation of political passions"; his classification of passions of race (e.g. the Nordic theory and the Latin theory), passions of nation (e.g. fascism) and passions of class (e.g. communism). I say that no one can disagree with the statement, which is made with all M. Benda's usual lucidity and concision, but the analysis could be carried much farther than M. Benda carries it. A new Remy de Gourmont could "dissociate" these ideas of Nationalism, of Class, of Race into their local components; and there is also the Religious Idea (not discussed by M. Benda) to be dissociated (with special reference to an actual controversy in England) into components such as conviction, piety, prejudice and politics. Each of these subjects would take a chapter by itself. Let us merely accept M. Benda's general statement of the "perfection" of these passions in the modern world – in universality, in coherence, in homogeneity, in precision, in continuity and in condensation; and proceed to the question: what is the role of the man of letters; does he to-day involve himself in these passions, and if so why; and what is his proper function?

M. Benda brings a grave accusation against the modern "man of letters," whom he calls the "clerc." The accusation is retrospective, for it applies to most of the 19th century. The "clerc," instead of sticking to his business of pure thought or pure art, has descended into politics in the widest and sometimes the lowest sense. M. Benda's instances are mostly contemporary and mostly French. For the sake of completeness, no doubt, he has added a few foreigners, such as D'Annunzio, Kipling and William James. Between these three "clercs" I can see nothing in common. D'Annunzio is a brilliant prose artist of pseudo-decadence, who took up with Italian nationalism as a new excitement; Kipling (it seems to me) writes of the Empire because he was born in India instead of Sussex (and, as Mr. Dobrée has said, part of his interesting peculiarity is that he makes the deck of a P. & O. liner seem as much British soil as Sussex or Shropshire);[3] James is included merely because he voiced a rather silly enthusiasm for the American war with Spain. M. Benda is more exact with his own compatriots. Two of those whom he accuses are Barrès and Péguy.[4] But one asks the question: has he carried his analysis far enough? I dislike both of these writers as much as M. Benda does. But the question is: are these writers dangerous because they have concerned themselves with practical and political matters, or rather because their attitude, both in art, speculative thought and practical thought, was wrong?[5]

It is not necessary to enter upon an exposition of the work of Barrès or of Péguy, although to those who already know something of these popular authors my remarks will he more immediately intelligible. My point is that

M. Benda has carved his chicken without taking any notice of the joints, and most of the bones are cut in the middle. I should like to give a summary and tentative account of the way in which the "man of letters," by which we mean either the artist in language, or the *critic* of the artist in language, is involved in practical matters of the day.

There is one obvious distinction: that between the "man of letters" who, having secured a solid reputation for literary ability – say as a novelist – exploits his reputation for the purpose of exerting influence over human beings in other ways. Manifestly, popular journalism encourages writers to such divagations. The Dean of St. Paul's is an example; having acquired a deserved distinction as an authority on Neo-Platonism, he expresses his opinions upon art, literature and society with an air of authority which no doubt convinces the general public.[6] I do not for a moment suggest that either the prelate mentioned, or any other popular writer, is influenced by the prices paid; for I believe that the love of power and the love of notoriety are much more insistent motives. Nor do I wish you to think that every notable author who writes in this way is unjustified; I would even say that the Dean of St. Paul's sometimes writes in newspapers about subjects on which he is fully qualified to write, and that he sometimes writes sound sense. It may also happen that a successful writer may be keenly interested in some alien subject, may feel a vocation to write about it, and then he can hardly be blamed for using his reputation to get his writings published and read. I should probably do the same thing myself. I do not agree, for instance, with the political views of Mr. Arnold Bennett, but I am sure that Mr. Bennett himself agrees with them and believes that they should be propagated; and if I were as important as Mr. Bennett I should probably write political articles myself. If one really cares about certain things, and if one's reputation in other ways is such as to gain one a hearing on any subject, one can hardly he blamed for talking. It is a matter between the celebrity and God, whether the former is sufficiently interested and informed to write in that way; it is a matter between the celebrity and the public intelligence, whether he should be heard.

The abuses of this sort of influence are encouraged, as M. Benda says, by popular journals. But there is a distinction which I think M. Benda fails to make. He tends to assume that writers like Barrès and Péguy are good artists in prose, but pernicious when they appeal to popular passions in practical affairs. On the latter point with regard to these two authors, I agree. But I should ask the question: do not the same vices, which make these authors dangerous guides, vitiate their work as literary artists? I do not want to enter upon an analysis which would presuppose a knowledge of the work of Barrès and Péguy. I only offer as my opinion, the view that not only the practical judgment but the theoretic judgment of these two writers is poisoned by an excess of sensibility over thought. I have myself found them both quite futile. But where M. Benda merely seems to say that such writers are dangerous because they have tackled politics, and applied to affairs a sensibility appropriate only to literature, I should say that their sensibility is wrong altogether. The Nationalism of Barrès, the Socialism and the Catholicism of Péguy, and I should add the Catholicism of Léon Bloy (who begat Maritain, who begat the emotional and popular vulgarised neo-Thomism of our time) seem to me due to a romantic excess of feeling over thought. But to say that all Nationalism, or all Socialism, or all Catholicism, or all Thomism is romantic, is a very different matter. We must on the one hand analyse the Idea, and on the other hand analyse the particular author under consideration.

There are therefore two questions which must be pondered separately and together: first, what are the causes of the inclination of men of letters – including poets, novelists and even painters (there is as yet no instance of a musician) – to occupy themselves with social theories? And second, to distinguish the artists or men of letters who excel in their proper sphere but fail in their public occupation, from those who exhibit the *same* faults in their art as in their public activity, and finally from those who (if there are such) excel and are right in both.

I think that one can admit that ours is an unsettled age.[7] No one is sure to what "class" of society he belongs: at no time has "class" been more uncertain, and yet at no time has the consciousness of "class" been greater. Everyone is now conscious of class, but no one is sure what class is; everyone is conscious of nationality and race (our very passports impress that upon us) but no one is sure who or which or what is what or which race; or whether race is divided north and south or east and west or horizontally; or whether any of us is anything but a mongrel; and we suspect that the more we know about race the more clearly we shall see that we are all merely mongrels. We are conscious of these questions as a man with indigestion is conscious of his stomach. It might almost be said that everybody is conscious of every question and no one knows any answers. This has been called an age of specialisation, but it is very much the age of the amateur. Not long ago I attended, with some curiosity, a "religious convention"; I heard a popular novelist and a popular actor talk nonsense for half an hour each, and then

I left. There is, in fact, very little respect for authority: by which I mean respect for the man who has special knowledge of some subject of which oneself is ignorant.

The causes are of course many; and I merely mention these things in order to point out that the meddling of men of letters in practical affairs, to which M. Benda objects, is only one phenomenon of a general confusion. The publicist who writes about everything on earth responds to the demand of a public which has a mild and transient interest in everything on earth. All this is perfectly commonplace, and I only mention it in order to point out that it is, in practice, extremely difficult to draw a line between the mere vulgariser of knowledge, of the American type, and the "intellectual" of wide interests. It is furthermore fallacious to group all the intellectuals who may be accused of doing somebody else's business, or of pandering to popular political passions, into one category; as an examination of M. Benda's instances will show.

"To-day," says M. Benda, "it is enough to mention the Mommsens, the Treitschkes, the Ostwalds, the Brunetières, the Barrès, the Lemaîtres, the Péguys, the Maurras, the D'Annunzios and the Kiplings, to agree that the intellectuals (clercs) exercise political passions with all the characteristics of passion: tendency towards action, craving for immediate results, indifference to everything but the end in view, contempt for argument, violence, hatreds and obsessions (idée fixe)" (57).[8] This classification seems to me rather summary. To take the historians first. It is quite true that certain German historians, and still more certain German philosophers of history, have exhibited a bias in favour of national passions. It is also true of several other historians, not all contemporary with ourselves. Sometimes, when an historian has exactly the same bias as ourselves, we have the optical illusion of no bias at all; to many people Gibbon or Mr. Lytton Strachey seem to possess the virtue of detachment, instead of the virtue of a pleasant bias. The judgment of any historian must depend both on the degree of his prejudice and (I am afraid) upon our moral judgment of the prejudice itself. And the historians, I submit, are in a class by themselves.

Far different is the case of writers like Péguy and Barrès. If anyone has done more harm than Barrès, it is Péguy. What these two authors have in common is a gift for language, and a sensibility for the emotional values of words, completely unrestrained by either logic or common sense. Like Hugo and Swinburne, they had no gift whatever for thinking; but unlike those poets, they disguised their lyricism in a form which looks to many people like a form of thought. But the question about such writers as these is not whether they have abused their gifts by applying them to the wrong uses, but whether they had any right to exist at all. The faults of the political outbursts of Péguy and Barrès are the faults apparent in all of their work; and if they are pernicious in politics, they are still more pernicious in literature. These two writers, again, are in quite a different category from Kipling. To make this difference quite clear would require a separate essay on Kipling, so I can only say this much: there is no doubt a bit of political jingoism in Kipling, but it does not affect his best work. The Imperialism which is in all of Kipling's work, and in the best of it, is not a political passion at all; it has no practical aim, but is merely the statement of a fact; and there is all the difference in the world between the vision of an Empire which exists, and the incitement to passion for an Empire in the future. On this point, M. Benda is perhaps no more unintelligent than any other continental writer.

Another author of our time, whom M. Benda does not mention, is equally to the point, and cannot be classified with any of the preceding. It is Mr. Wells. Wells is nearer to Barrès and Péguy than to Kipling, but must be distinguished from them very sharply. For whereas, to my thinking, there is a hopeless confusion in Barrès and Péguy which was bound to vitiate everything they wrote, Wells has positive, self-contained gifts for one or two types of imaginative fiction which are peculiarly his own. His imagination is that of the Common Man raised to the highest power. But being that of the Common Man, and of the Common Man of our time, it does not know where to stop. Hence there is a sharp division. Mr. Wells has all of the Common Man's respect for facts and information, and his imagination depends upon facts. When he uses the facts for imaginative purposes he is superb; when he uses his imagination to expound facts he is deplorable. He has the Common Man's habit of assuming that if you have enough facts, you can dispense with reasoning, for the reason is supposed to be in the facts instead of in the human mind; he is the reverse of Mr. Belloc, who supposes that if you have reason behind you, you can do what you like with the facts. The expected happens: when Belloc deals with facts, he fits them into his reason: when Wells deals with facts, he hampers his magnificent imagination, and becomes the quite unconscious victim of the parish prejudices. What a pity that Belloc supposes himself to be an historian, and that Wells supposes himself to be a biologist![9]

Another case which M. Benda does not mention, very different from that of Wells, is that of Shaw. Shaw has this in common with Péguy, that some of his faults must be referred to his masters – though it be as reprehensible to choose a bad master as to be a bad master. Péguy owes much to the philosophy of Bergson, which he translated into his own muddy rhetoric; the philosophy of Bergson after all is at least a philosophy; but what can be said for a disciple of the amateur crankiness of Samuel Butler? I cannot go thoroughly into the case of Shaw, but would only point out that here is the case of a kind of a kind of *trahison* not discussed by M. Benda; Shaw the master of a lucid and witty dialogue prose hardly equalled since Congreve, and of a certain power of observation, squandering these gifts in the service of wornout home-made theories, as in the lamentable *Methusaleh*.[10]

Here then, in England alone, we have at least four instances of *clercs* who might incur M. Benda's displeasure: Kipling, Inge,[11†] Wells and Shaw, and no two of them in the same category, or doing the same thing for the same reasons. I do not say that there are not the same social circumstances behind them all to account for them all, but merely that you cannot pass the same judgment on any two of them as individuals. In France there is perhaps more uniformity, but great differences appear there too. The great weakness of Benda's argument is that you cannot pass directly from the criticism of an age to the criticism of the individuals who represent that age. It breaks down further when you recognise that for practical purposes there is not much difference between a *clerc* who excites popular passions himself, and a *clerc* who does so by his influence upon others. Bergson, one would say, fulfilled Benda's requirements for the pure philosopher; for apart from one pardonable outburst in 1914 when, as I remember, he identified France with Life, and Germany with Machinery, he has written nothing but pure philosophy.[12] Yet half of the most excitable authors of our time, in France at least, have been Bergsonians. Péguy himself is a conspicuous example; and Péguy is also the remarkable example of a writer who managed to influence many people, largely because he had so confused a mind that there was room for everything in it somehow. He was a nationalist, a Dreyfusist, a republican who went into rhapsodies over Napoleon's tomb, a Socialist and a Catholic of a rather doubtful sort. The influence of Bergson again, as well as that of Péguy and the ecstatic Léon Bloy, is strong upon the leader of the Catholic rationalists, M. Jacques Maritain. I have a warm personal admiration for M. Maritain, though it is as much for his saintly character as for his intelligence; but I have never seen a more romantic classicist, or a Thomist whose methods of thought were less like those of Aquinas. His occasional intemperance of language, and his occasional sentiment, hardly qualify him for the philosophical crown which M. Benda is waiting to bestow on someone.

And on the other hand, it is doubtful whether M. Benda himself deserves it. He holds up to the artist, to the critic, to the philosopher, an ideal of detachment from passions of class, race, nation and party, which, even though he does not clearly distinguish *passion* from *interest*, looks very admirable. But it implies a complete severance of the speculative from the practical which is itself impossible, and leads, in M. Benda's implications, to an isolation which may be itself a romantic excess. I must avoid entering upon any question which would require a definition of those terrible terms romanticism and classicism; but that is unnecessary, for we are concerned only with what is *called* romanticism. It is apparent, I mean, that when anyone nowadays attacks anything on the ground that it is romanticism, he is always himself in danger of falling into an opposite extreme which is also and equally romantic. M. Benda attacks Maurras and the "neo-classicists," for instance, on the ground that their neo-classicism is itself a phase of romanticism. I think he is right, though the charge does not seem to me to be nearly so deadly as he seems to suppose. What he does not see is that his own brand of classicism is just as romantic as anyone else's.[13†] It is to be observed of the nineteenth century that a reaction against romantic individualism, liberalism, humanitarianism, sometimes leads to a romantic exaltation of herd instinct, or race (we have heard quite enough about the Nordic race and of the Latin mind and Latin civilisation) or tradition and the soil, etc., whilst on the other hand the reaction against romantic collectivism (including all forms of communism, fascism, etc.) may just as well lead straight to a romantic individualism. M. Benda, I suspect, is an admirer of Spinoza: and I am not altogether sure that Spinoza's isolation was not rather a misfortune to be pitied, than a quality to be admired.

The only moral to be drawn, therefore, is that you cannot lay down any hard and fast rule of what interests the *clerc*, the intellectual, should or should not have. All you can have is a standard of intellect, reason and critical ability which is applicable to the whole of a writer's work. If there is a right relation of emotion to thought in practical affairs, so there is in speculation and art too. A good poem, for instance, is not an outburst of pure feeling, but is the result of a more than common power of controlling and manipulating feeling; the faults which made D'Annunzio, for instance, rather a deplorable politician made him a second-rate artist. The surest way, perhaps, of judging the work of an author who ventures into a new field, whether it be that of political controversy or some other, is to trace if we can the growth of his interests and their relations among each other. A man may be led, by the connections of things themselves, far from his starting point, just as Sainte-Beuve, as literary critic, was led to study the whole of social life. Where there is no vital connexion, the man may be a brilliant virtuoso, but is probably nothing more. Even within one sphere of business, as in a novel or a play, the vital connexion may be absent; and if it is absent the novel or poem or play will not endure.[14]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In a letter of 11 Feb 1928 to editor Edmund Wilson, TSE proposed to write this review-essay for the *New Republic* (hereafter *NR*) in New York; on 18 May, he sent the piece to Wilson: "If you care to publish it you may use it whenever you like; if not, would you let me know immediately so that I may dispose of it elsewhere?" (*L4* 53, 162). On 11 June, Wilson accepted the essay for the *NR*'s fall literary supplement. Meanwhile, TSE read the essay to the Hesperides Society Dinner at Cambridge on 12 May, leading the student editor of the *Cambridge Review* to request it for this issue. TSE replied on 22 May: "I am not very well satisfied with it, but if it will be of any use to you, you are welcome to it . . . It will probably be printed in the same or a modified form in America, but I do not think that that will make any difference to either you or the American editor" (*L4* 170-71). Wilson made substantive deletions, minor American spelling and punctuation changes, and listed the review as of the translated American edition, *The Treason of the Intellectuals* (New York: William Morrow, 1928). The edited and altered version appeared in the *NR* of 12 Dec 1928, 105-07. TSE had in the interim written to Norman Foerster on 14 Aug: "I have read Benda's book, and have written a hasty note on it, I think, for *The New Republic*. I do not think it is a very good book" (*L4* 225). The carbon TS of this essay (13 pp) is in the Houghton: MS Am 1641.14 (41).

2. See TSE's previous review of *La Trahison des clercs* in the *TLS* of 23 Feb 1928, in which he describes *Belphégor* (1919) as "a careful diagnosis of the maladies of contemporary culture, a book equal in importance to [Matthew Arnold's] *Culture and Anarchy*" (3.345).

3. TSE refers to Dobrée's remark in his "Rudyard Kipling," which appeared in the *Criterion* of Dec 1927 (499-515): Kipling's "craving for roots makes even the deck of a P. and O. British soil; British, because he is a citizen of the Empire, not of England alone, for if it were essential to be the latter, he would be partly dispossessed" (507). The Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company, the world's oldest cruise line, with passenger service since 1844, had a London-Bombay service.

4. Benda criticizes these intellectuals for the kind of nationalistic passion expressed by a German teacher after the violation of Belgium in 1914: "There is nothing for which we need make excuses": "si leur pays se fût trouvé dans des circonstances analogues, prononcés par la plupart des chefs spirituels d'alors, par Barrès pour la France, par d'Annunzio pour l'Italie, par Kipling pour l'Angleterre, si l'on en juge par sa conduite lors du mouvement de sa nation contre les Boers, par William James pour l'Amérique, si on se rappelle son attitude lors de la mainmise

de ses compatriotes sur l'île de Cuba" (66); *trans*: "if their own countries had been in a similar position, the same thing would have been said by most of the spiritual leaders of that time; by Barrès in France, by d'Annunzio in Italy, by Kipling in England, if we may judge by his conduct during the attack of his nation upon the Boers, and by William James in the United States, if we recall his attitude when his compatriots seized the island of Cuba." Trans. Richard Aldington, *The Great Betrayal* (*La Trahison des clercs*) (London: Routledge, 1928), 38-39.

5. In *NR*, the following four paragraphs were deleted; the opening sentence of the fourth was editorially interpolated and the remainder incorporated into the end of this paragraph: "Let us undertake to consider what are the causes of the inclination of men of letters – including poets, novelists and even painters (there is as yet no instance of a musician) – to occupy themselves with social theories: and second, to distinguish the artists or men of letters who excel in their proper sphere, but fail in their public occupation, from those who exhibit the *same* faults in their art as in their public activity, and finally from those who (if there are such) excel and are right in both."

6. TSE frequently made the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, William Ralph Inge, the object of criticism for views expressed in his weekly column for the *Evening Standard*. See TSE's *Criterion* "Commentary" for Apr 1924, "The Very Reverend W. R. Inge and Byron" (2.523).

7. In *NR*, this paragraph begins: "Ours is an unsettled age."

8. TSE's translation of the following passage: "Aujourd'hui, il suffit de nommer les Mommsen, les Treitschke, les Ostwald, les Brunetière, les Barrès, les Lemaître, les Péguy, les Maurras, les d'Annunzio, les Kipling, pour convenir que les clercs exercent les passions politiques avec tous les traits de la passion: la tendance à l'action, la soif du résultat immédiat, l'unique souci du but, le mépris de l'argument, l'outrance, la haine, l'idée fixe" (57-58). Theodor Mommsen (1817-1903), German classical scholar and historian of Rome; Henrich Gotthard von Treitschke (1834-1896), German historian and politician.

9. For TSE's previous comparison of Wells and Belloc, see "Popular Theologians: Mr. Wells, Mr. Belloc and Mr. Murry" (1927) (3.63).

10. For TSE's previous criticism of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* (1921), see his "London Letter" of Oct 1921 (2.370).

11†. In *NR*: "three instances . . . Kipling, Wells and Shaw," with Inge's name expunged.

12. TSE refers to Bergson's pamphlet, *La Signification de la guerre* (1915), translated as *The Meaning of War: Life and Matter in Conflict* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1915), in which he critiques Germany's war effort as machinery: "On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant" (38). Trans. Edwin E. Slosson. TSE makes a passing reference to this pamphlet in "Culture and Anarchy," his first review of *La Trahison des clercs* (3.350, n.8).

13†. The remainder of this paragraph was deleted in the *NR*.

14. After Igor Stravinsky wrote to TSE on 8 Apr 1959 to request a copy of this essay, TSE obliged him on 21 May with a copy of the *NR* printing, declaring that "on rereading this piece I am extremely dissatisfied with it. I was, in fact, quite horrified to learn that in 1928 I held the opinion there presented about the prose writing of Charles Péguy. Why I held that opinion at that time must remain a mystery, but I want to make clear now that I am a fervent admirer of

Péguy's prose writings and was under the impression that I always had been, ever since Alain-Fournier introduced me to the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*. It may be that my opinion of Julien Benda would be modified by time, but although I haven't read anything of his for many years I remember *Belphégor* with satisfaction." Printed in Robert Craft, *An Improbable Life: Memoirs* (Nashville, TN: Vanderbilt UP, 2002), 212-13.

The Life of Prayer

An unsigned review of *Prayer and Intelligence*, by Jacques and Raïssa Maritain, trans. Algar Thorold

London: Sheed and Ward, 1928. Pp. xi + 56.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1377 (21 June 1928) 460

It seems at first sight rather a pity that Mr. Thorold has translated the title *La Vie d'oraison* by *Prayer and Intelligence*, which suggests, to anyone acquainted with the nature of M. Maritain's philosophical work, another philosophical treatise rather than a tiny book of devotional aid.[1] But there is, on second thoughts, some justification for this title. And, all the more because these fifty-six small pages of aids to spiritual exercise are composed by an eminent philosopher and his wife, their chief and sufficient value is as a reminder that the intellectual life is not enough, a reminder by a leader of Roman Catholic intellectualism who has already had much influence even outside the Roman Catholic world.[2] There are many excellent elementary treatises on the spiritual life, such as Father Bull's *How to Meditate*; there are very advanced treatises, such as the books of Baron von Hügel, to say nothing of the prayers of Andrewes, the exercises of St. Ignatius, the letters of St. Francis de Sales, and the writings of the great Christian mystics.[3] *La Vie d'oraison* does not fall into any of these categories. It is indeed a book to carry about and to ponder. It is not a book for those who approach religion solely through their emotional nature: it is rather for those who approach it intellectually, and is itself a corrective to the authors' intellectualism.

For there may be many persons, attracted by M. Maritain's intellectual brilliance, and impressed by Thomist philosophy which he has popularized, who may be tempted to accept Christianity merely as a mental feat, and neglect the side of emotional discipline.[4] It is for persons of this type – a modern type – that M. Maritain's small books should be of the greatest use:

> We must therefore consecrate the whole effort of our intelligence, as of our will, to know and love God, to make Him known and loved. But the intelligence itself can only develop its highest powers in so far as it is protected and fortified by the peace given by prayer. The closer a soul

> approaches God by love, the simpler grows the gaze of her intelligence and the clearer her vision. [4-5]

On the other hand:

> Prayer, particularly in the case of intellectuals, can only preserve a perfectly right direction and escape the dangers which threaten it, on condition of being supported and fed by Theology. [6]

It must not be supposed that the little book is limited to this type of counsel; admirable as this is, the other counsels of prayer and meditation, and the recommendations for those who are occupied with the "active" life (which includes the intellectual activities of this world), are equally good. In this kind of religious literature there is, of course, little to say that has not been said before. But there is always value in contemporary presentation of established truth. We should not commit ourselves to the statement that M. Maritain and his wife have written this book primarily for intellectuals; the book has value for all who study the life of prayer. But, with Maritain's name upon it, the book has special value for the intellectual. And in spite of its small size, the book is important for the study of Maritain's work also. Perhaps one of the most incontestable virtues of this philosopher is his reminder that the development of the mind and the development of the emotions should proceed together. There is, more particularly, a class of persons who find intellectual acceptance of Christian dogma easier than emotional assent; for such persons the training and organization of the feelings towards spiritual realities is specially important. It is, for some, easier to believe in God than to love Him.

We have not had an opportunity of comparing the translation with the original, but it seems excellent. But as Mr. Thorold has left the Gospel texts which form the chapter headings in the Latin of the Vulgate, it is a pity that he has translated some of the quotations into a version which is not that of the Authorized Bible.

NOTES

1. Algar Thorold (1866-1936) was an English translator, author, and editor. The Maritains' *De la vie d'oraison* [On the Life of Prayer] was privately printed in 1922 and revised and reissued in 1924 by l'Art catholique in Paris.

2. Maritain's wife since 1904 was Raïssa Oumansoff Maritain (1883-1960), a poet and philosopher.

3. Paul Bull (1864-1942) was an Anglican priest, member of the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, and author of *How to Meditate: Methods and Materials* (1925) and other religious manuals. TSE reviewed Hügel's *Selected Letters* in "An Emotional Unity" (1928), where he refers also to Hügel's major work, *The Mystical Element in Religion* (1908) (3.337). In "Lancelot Andrewes" (1926), he writes that Andrewes's *Private Prayers* (a 1903 translation of the *Preces privatae*) "should take for Anglicans a place beside the Exercises of St. Ignatius and the works of St. François de Sales" (2.821).

4. In two other pieces of 1928, TSE also credits Maritain with reviving and popularizing Thomism: "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (3.438) and "Three Reformers" (3.504).

The Oxford Jonson

A review of *Ben Jonson*, ed. C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Vols I, II, and III

Oxford: Clarendon, 1925-27.[1]

The Dial, 85 (July 1928) [65]-68

The most conscientious reviewer would find it hard to write in anything but praise, when presented with three such sumptuous volumes as these; and should therefore rejoice to find that the scholarship and critical abilities of the editors deserve the elegance of the printing. This is as fine and as final an edition as any Elizabethan dramatist has yet received; if there are any flaws, they are beyond the competence of this reviewer to discover. The arrangement of the book, first, is one to be commended to all editors of voluminous authors, who aim to combine the functions of scholarship, criticism, and biography. Not only the biography and the general critical estimate, but also the introductions to the several plays, are united in the first two volumes; only with Volume III do the texts begin; and with the first three volumes we have the texts of only four plays: *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Case is Altered*, *Every Man in His Humour*, and *Every Man Out of His Humour*. This is the right method, for it offers two advantages. Readers who cannot afford all ten volumes can buy the first two, and have at least the most final and exhaustive account of the life and work of Ben Jonson. And while we await the rest of the work, volume by volume, we have already assembled in Volume II, critical introductions to all the plays and minor work.

It would be impossible to review thoroughly the information and criticism of these three volumes; one who has already committed himself to a critical estimate of Jonson's plays finds not only much new information, but many critical suggestions to correct or to extend his own. The last chapter of the general introduction, entitled "Final Appreciation," condenses a sound opinion into nine pages.[2] Against the common view which would isolate Jonson from his contemporaries, and style him "pseudo-classical," we recommend the following passage:

> [I]t is clear that the cleavage between his work and the mass of contemporary production was by no means so deep and wide as his frequent air

> of aggressive isolation would suggest. To contrast Jonson as a thoroughbred neo-classic with the "romantic" Elizabethans is a very imperfect way of representing his relation to his fellow-dramatists. . . . More than this, a great part of the matter of Jonsonian drama is common ground. Marston and Dekker, Nashe, Middleton, Fletcher, Beaumont, Shakespeare himself, and scores of others, whatever their divergences from him and from one another, are Jonson's fellows and comrades at one point, – the drastic and humorous representation of the life of Elizabethan England. [I ,121-22]

And on the reputation of Jonson the authors are equally good:

> [I]t is founded even now less upon enjoyment or admiration than on the unforgettable image which has come down to us of "Ben," the most familiarly known to us, beyond comparison, of all the Elizabethans. Jonson, apart from all questions of merit or demerit, is *there*, a personal force even more than a creative power. . . . Only some nine years younger than Shakespeare, Jonson belongs to an England which had grown older by at least twice as many in that swiftly maturing time. [I, 127]

From the biography, with its notes, letters, and documents, we get an impression of the man essentially the same as that of his tradition, but merely graven deeper.[3] (We repeat with pleasure Jonson's note on his *Catiline*: "there's one scene in that play which I think is flat: I resolve to mix no more water with my wine.")[4] It was through an immensely impressive personality, as much as by the greatness of his work, that Jonson influenced, more than any other one man, the whole course of English literature: it may be asked whether a man of such personality, like Samuel Johnson after him, is not always likely to be read about rather than read.[5] It may be this, as much as the difficulty or asperity of the plays themselves, that has left them to be the reading, and the not very constant reading, of a few privileged admirers.[6]

There is much to be learned by reading the introductions to the several plays straight ahead, as they are here presented, as a consecutive study in criticism. Among the hints which I have got in this way, here is one point which I ought myself to have observed and emphasized years ago. We are apt to think of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* as by-products, as unsuccessful attempts to write tragedy, a mode for which the genius of Jonson was unfitted.[7] But *Catiline* and *Sejanus* are no more tragic, in significance, than *Volpone* is comic. They are variations on exactly the same sensibility as that of the great comedies. Messrs. Herford and Simpson bring out very well the capital importance of *Sejanus* in the preparation of Jonson for writing *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman*:

> Closely as *Sejanus* is modelled upon history, none of Jonson's dramas is more Jonsonian in conception and execution. If he alters little in his historical materials, it is partly because history in some important points played as it were into his hands, providing both a kind of action and a prevailing quality of character singularly suited to his genius and to his art. The advance in coherence upon any of the Humour plays, after the first, is enormous; upon *Every Man in His Humour* itself, it is considerable. He was entering in fact upon a new phase of his art. The immense constructive grip soon to be shown in *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* is already approached, as their dramatic situation is anticipated. [II, 16]

The resemblances between *Sejanus* and *Volpone* are particularized, and the criticism of the former closes with this paragraph:

> On the whole, *Sejanus* is the tragedy of a satirist – of one who felt and saw more intensely the vices and follies than the sorrows of men, and who, with boundless power of scorn, was poorly endowed in pity. He could draw the plotting of bad men, their savage vengeance, their ruinous fall; he could draw the fatuities and mishaps of fools; but the delusions which jangle and overthrow a noble nature lay beyond his sphere. Jonsonian tragedy suffers from an inner poverty in the humanities of the heart, – analogous to the wilful bareness of style which masks the poetic core of the tragedy of Ibsen. But the imagination is nevertheless impressed by this sombre fabric of verdureless flint and granite, too arid and savage to leave any coign of vantage for sympathy. [II, 27]

This is good criticism, though the analysis could be carried farther. For it does not explain the fact that the satire of Swift, with equal power of scorn, equal perception of folly, stupidity, and evil, moves our feeling as nothing of Jonson's can do. The last chapter of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms[8] is, in its kind, more terrible satire than anything Jonson ever wrote, yet it can move us to pity and a kind of purgation. We feel everywhere the tragedy of Swift himself, we never feel any tragedy about Jonson. Jonson nevertheless remains for us a great personality, as was Swift; but this personality is largely given through the tradition about the man, and nowhere completely in his work; and Swift on the other hand is wholly a terrific personality *in* his work. What is the difference? It is not to say that Swift was a greater man, or a greater artist, than Jonson; nor can we say in return that Jonson's was a keener intellect than Swift's. But the work of Swift came out of deeper and intenser emotion.[9]

What is repellent to many readers in the plays of Jonson, or what at least leaves them indifferent, is perhaps this fact that the satire fails of the first intensity, by not seeming to come out of deep personal feeling. By the consistency of the point of view, the varied repetition of the same tone, by artistic constructive skill, Jonson does create the illusion of a world, and works a miracle of great satire without great emotion behind it.[10] But it is not a world in which any one can live for long at a time, though it is one from the study of which every writer can profit.

NOTES

1. TSE reviewed vol III in an omnibus Jonson review, "Plays of Ben Jonson" (1927), with commentary on the Herford and Simpson editorial collaboration (3.152). At the time of this review, eight of ten projected volumes had been published; the final edition comprises eleven volumes.

2. Chapter VIII, from "The Life of Jonson" (I, 119-27)

3. Together with their essay on the "Life of Ben Jonson," Herford and Simpson include in their Appendix I, "Contemporary Notes and Records," Jonson's "Conversations with Drummond," Aubrey's notes on Jonson, Archdeacon Plume's notes on Jonson, Jonson's letters, court depositions as well as other legal and official documents featuring Jonson, and a bibliography of books in Jonson's library.

4. From "Memorandums of the Immortal Ben" (ll. 7-9) in the "Notes of Archdeacon Plume": "The first Speech in my Cataline, spoken by Scylla's Ghost, was writ after I parted from <my> Boys at the Devil-Tavern; I had drunk well y^{t} night, & had brave notions. Theres one <scen>e in y^{t} Play w^{c} h I think is flat; I ref olve to mix no more water with my wine" (I, 188).

5. In "Ben Jonson" (1919), TSE notes: "He has suffered from his great reputation as a critic and theorist, from the effects of his intelligence. We have been taught to think of him as the man, the dictator (confusedly in our minds with his later namesake), as the literary politician impressing his views upon a generation; we are offended by the constant reminder of his scholarship" (2.156).

6. TSE writes in "Ben Jonson" (1919): "to be read only by historians and antiquaries – this is the most perfect conspiracy of approval. . . . No critic has succeeded in making him [Jonson] appear pleasurable or even interesting" (2.150).

7. In "Ben Jonson" (1919), TSE counters the view that "Jonson failed as a tragic dramatist; and it is usually agreed that he failed because his genius was for satiric comedy and because of the weight of pedantic learning with which he burdened his two tragic failures" (2.151).

8. Part IV of *Gulliver's Travels* (1726)

9. TSE states in "Ben Jonson" (1919): "Jonson's drama is only incidentally satire, because it is only incidentally a criticism upon the actual world. It is not satire in the way in which the work

of Swift or the work of Molière may be called satire: that is, it does not find its source in any precise emotional attitude or precise intellectual criticism of the actual world" (2.153). In his review of Lucas's *Complete Works of John Webster*, TSE draws attention to Lucas's comparison of Webster's and Swift's savage wit, noting that "in Swift it is far more personal, and the tone of Swift is far less the tone of his age than is that of Webster" (3.428).

10. TSE remarks in "Ben Jonson" (1919): "We cannot call a man's work superficial when it is the creation of a world; a man cannot be accused of dealing superficially with the world which he himself has created . . . Jonson's characters conform to the logic of the emotions of their world." (2.156)

The Humanism of Irving Babbitt[1]

It is proverbially easier to destroy than to construct; and as a corollary of this proverb, it is easier for readers to apprehend the destructive than the constructive side of an author's thought. More than this: when a writer is skillful at destructive criticism, the public is satisfied with that. If he has no constructive philosophy, it is not demanded; and if he has, it is overlooked. This is especially true when we are concerned with critics of society, from Arnold to the present day. All such critics are criticized from one common standard, and that the lowest: the standard of brilliant attack upon aspects of contemporary society which we know and dislike. It is the easiest standard to take. For the criticism deals with concrete things in our world which we know, and the writer may be merely echoing, in neater phrasing, our own thoughts; whereas the construction deals with things hard and unfamiliar. Hence the popularity of Mr. Mencken.[2]

But there are more serious critics than Mr. Mencken, and of these we must ask in the end what they have to offer in place of what they denounce. M. Julien Benda, for instance, makes it a part of his deliberate programme to offer nothing; he has a romantic view of critical detachment which limits his interest. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is obviously striving courageously toward a positive theory, but in his published work has not yet reached that point. But in Professor Babbitt's latest book, *Democracy and Leadership*, the criticism is related to a positive theory and dependent upon it.[3] This theory is not altogether expounded, but is partly assumed. What I wish to do in the present essay is to ask a few questions of Mr. Babbitt's constructive theory.

The centre of Mr. Babbitt's philosophy is the doctrine of humanism. In his earlier books we were able to accept this idea without analysis; but in *Democracy and Leadership* – which I take to be at this point the summary of his theory – we are tempted to question it. The problem of humanism is undoubtedly related to the problem of religion. Mr. Babbitt makes it very clear, here and there throughout the book, that he cannot accept any dogma or revelation;[4†] and that humanism is the *alternative* to religion. And this brings up the question: is this alternative any more than a *substitute*? And, if a substitute, does it not bear the same relation to religion that "humanitarianism" bears to humanism? Is it, in the end, a view of life that will work by itself, or is it derivative of religion which will work only for a short time in history, and only for a few persons like Mr. Babbitt – whose ancestral traditions are Christian, and who is, like many people, at the distance of a generation or so from definite Christian belief? Is it, in other words, durable beyond one or two generations?

Mr. Babbitt says, of the "representatives of the humanitarian movement," that

> they wish to live on the naturalistic level, and at the same time to enjoy the benefits that the past had hoped to achieve as a result of some religious discipline. [47]

The definition is admirable, but provokes us to ask whether, by altering a few words, we cannot arrive at the following statement about humanists:

> they wish to live on the humanistic level, and at the same time to enjoy the benefits that the past had hoped to achieve as a result of some religious discipline.

If this transposition is justified, it means that the difference is only of one step: the humanitarian has suppressed the properly human, and is left with the animal; the humanist has suppressed the divine, and is left with a human element which may quickly descend again to the animal from which he has sought to raise it.

Mr. Babbitt is a stout upholder of tradition and continuity, and he knows, with his[5†] immense and encyclopedic information, that the Christian religion is an essential part of the history of our race. Humanism and religion are thus, as historical facts, by no means parallel; humanism has been sporadic, but Christianity continuous. It is quite irrelevant to conjecture the possible development of the European races without Christianity – to imagine, that is, a tradition of humanism equivalent to the actual tradition of Christianity. For all we can say is that we should have been very different creatures, whether better or worse. Our problem being to form the future, we can only form it on the materials of the past; we must *use* our heredity, instead of denying it. The religious habits of the race are still very strong, in all places, at all times, and for all people. There is no humanistic habit: humanism is, I think, merely the state of mind of a few persons in a few places at a few times. To exist at all, it is dependent upon some other attitude, for it is essentially critical – I would even say parasitical. It has been, and can still be, of great value; but it will never provide showers of partridges or abundance of manna for the chosen peoples.[6]

It is a little difficult to define humanism in Mr. Babbitt's terms, for he is very apt to line it up in battle order *with* religion *against* humanitarianism and naturalism; and what I am trying to do is to *contrast* it with religion. Mr. Babbitt is very apt to use phrases like "tradition humanistic and religious" which suggest that you could say also "tradition humanistic *or* religious." So I must make shift to define humanism as I can from a few of the examples that Mr. Babbitt seems to hold up to us.

I should say that he regarded Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and Erasmus as humanists (I do not know whether he would include Montaigne). It may surprise some to see Confucius and Buddha, who are popularly regarded as founders of religions, in this list. But it is always the human reason, not the revelation of the supernatural, upon which Mr. Babbitt insists. But Confucius and Buddha are not in the same boat, to begin with. Mr. Babbitt of course knows infinitely more about both of these men than I do; but even people who know even less about them than I do, know that Confucianism endured by fitting in with popular religion, and that Buddhism endured by becoming[7*] as distinctly a *religion* as Christianity – recognizing a dependence of the human upon the divine.

And finally, the attitude of Socrates and that of Erasmus toward the religion of their place and time were very different from what I take to be the attitude of Professor Babbitt. How far Socrates believed, and whether his legendary request of the sacrifice of a cock was merely gentlemanly behavior or even irony, we cannot tell; but the equivalent would be Professor Babbitt receiving Extreme Unction,[8†] and that I cannot at present conceive. But both Socrates and Erasmus were content to remain critics, and to leave the religious fabric untouched. So that I find Mr. Babbitt's humanism to be very different from that of any of the humanists above mentioned.

This is no small point, but the question is a difficult one. It is not at all that Mr. Babbitt has *misunderstood* any of these persons, or that he is not fully acquainted with the civilizations out of which they sprang. On the contrary, he knows all about them.[9†] It is rather, I think, that in his interest in the messages of individuals – messages conveyed in books – he has tended merely to neglect the conditions. The great men whom he holds up for our admiration and example are torn from their contexts of race, place, and time. And in consequence, Mr. Babbitt seems to me to tear himself from his own context. His humanism is really something quite different from that of his exemplars, but (to my mind) alarmingly like very liberal Protestant theology of the nineteenth century: it is, in fact, a product – a by-product – of Protestant theology in its last agonies.

I admit that all humanists – as humanists – have been individualists. As humanists, they have had nothing to offer to the mob. But they have usually left a place, not only for the mob, but (what is more important) for the mob part of the mind in themselves. Mr. Babbitt is too rigorous and conscientious a Protestant to do that: hence there seems to be a gap between his own individualism (and indeed intellectualism, beyond a certain point, must be individualistic) and his genuine desire to offer something which will be useful to the American nation primarily and to civilization itself. But the historical humanist, as I understand him, halts at a certain point and admits that the reason will go no farther, and that it cannot feed on honey and locusts.[10]

Humanism is either an alternative to religion, or is ancillary to it. To my mind, it always flourishes most when religion has been strong; and if you find examples of humanism which are anti-religious, or at least in opposition to the religious faith of the place and time, then such humanism is purely destructive, for it has never found anything to replace what it destroyed. Any religion, of course, is forever in danger of petrifaction into mere ritual and habit, though ritual and habit be essential to religion. It is only renewed and refreshed by an awakening of feeling and fresh devotion, or by the critical reason. The latter may be the part of the humanist. But if so, then the function of humanism, though necessary, is secondary. You cannot make humanism itself into a religion.

What Mr. Babbitt, on one side, seems to me to be trying to do is to make humanism – his own form of humanism – work without religion. For otherwise, I cannot see the significance of his doctrine of self-control. This doctrine runs throughout his work, and sometimes appears as the "inner check."[11] It appears as an alternative to both political and religious anarchy. In the political form it is more easily acceptable. As forms of government become more democratic, as the outer restraints of kingship, aristocracy, and class disappear, so it becomes more and more necessary that the individual no longer controlled by authority or habitual respect should control himself. So far, the doctrine is obviously true and impregnable. But Mr. Babbitt seems to think also that the "outer" restraints of an orthodox religion, as they weaken, can be supplied by the inner restraint of the individual over himself. If I have interpreted him correctly, he is thus trying to build a Catholic platform out of Protestant planks. By tradition an individualist, and jealous of the independence of individual thought, he is struggling to make something that will be valid for the nation, the race, the world.

The sum of a population of individuals, all ideally and efficiently checking and controlling themselves, will never make a whole. And if you distinguish so sharply between "outer" and "inner" checks as Mr. Babbitt does, then there is nothing left for the individual to check himself by but his own private notions and his judgment, which is pretty precarious. As a matter of fact, when you leave the political field for the theological, the distinction between outer and inner becomes far from clear. Given the most highly organized and temporally powerful hierarchy, with all the powers of inquisition and punishment imaginable, still the idea of the religion is the *inner* control – the appeal not to a man's behaviour but to his soul. If a religion cannot touch a man's self, so that in the end he is controlling himself instead of being merely controlled by priests as he might be by policemen, then it has failed in its professed task. I suspect Mr. Babbitt at times of an instinctive dread of organized religion, a dread that it should cramp and deform the free operations of his own mind. If so, he is surely under a misapprehension.

And what, one asks, are all these millions, even these thousands, or the remnant of a few intelligent hundreds, going to control themselves *for*? Mr. Babbitt's critical judgment is exceptionally sound, and there is hardly one of his several remarks that is not, by itself, acceptable. It is the joints of his edifice, not the materials, that sometimes seem a bit weak. He says truly:

> [I]t has been a constant experience of man in all ages that mere rationalism leaves him unsatisfied. Man craves in some sense or other of the word an enthusiasm that will lift him out of his merely rational self. [68]

But it is not clear that Mr. Babbitt has any other enthusiasm to offer except the enthusiasm for being lifted out of one's merely rational self by some enthusiasm. Indeed, if he can infect people with enthusiasm for getting even up to the level of their rational selves, he will accomplish a good deal.

But this seems to me just the point at which "humanistic control" ends, if it gets that far. He speaks of the basis "of religion and humanistic control" [110] in Burke,[12] but what we should like to know is the respective parts played by religion and humanism in this basis. And with all the references that Mr. Babbitt makes to the rôle of religion in the past, and all the connexions that he perceives between the decline of theology and the growth of the modern errors that he detests, he reveals himself as uncompromisingly detached from any religious belief, even the most purely "personal":

> To be modern has meant practically to be increasingly positive and critical, to refuse to receive anything on an authority "anterior, exterior, and superior" to the individual. With those who still cling to the principle of outer authority I have no quarrel. I am not primarily concerned with them. I am myself a thoroughgoing individualist, writing for those who are, like myself, irrevocably committed to the modern experiment. In fact, so far as I object to the moderns at all, it is because they have not been sufficiently modern, or, what amounts to the same thing, have not been sufficiently experimental. [142-43]

Those of us who lay no claim to being modern may not be involved in this scuffle, but, as bystanders, we may be allowed to inquire where all this modernity and experimenting is going to lead. Is everybody to spend his time experimenting? And on what, and to what end? And if the experimenting merely leads to the conclusion that self-control is good, that seems a very frosty termination to our hunt for "enthusiasm." What is the higher will to *will*, if there is nothing either "anterior, exterior, or superior" to the individual? If this will is to have anything on which to operate, it must be in relation to external objects and to objective values. Mr. Babbitt says:

> To give the first place to the higher will is only another way of declaring that life is an act of faith. One may discover on positive grounds a deep meaning in the old Christian tenet that we do not know in order that we may believe, but we believe in order that we may know. [227][13]

This is quite true; but if life is an act of faith, in what is it an act of faith? The Life-Forcers, with Mr. Bernard Shaw at their head, would say I suppose "in Life itself";[14] but I should not accuse Mr. Babbitt of anything so silly as that. However, a few pages farther on he gives something more definite to will: it is civilization.

The next idea, accordingly, to be examined is that of civilization. It seems, on the face of it, to mean something definite; it is in fact, merely a frame to be filled with definite objects, not a definite object itself. I do not believe that I can sit down for three minutes to will civilization without my mind's wandering to something else. I do not mean that civilization is a mere word; the word means something quite real. But the minds of the individuals who can be said to "have willed civilization" [229] are minds filled with a great variety of objects of will, according to place, time, and individual constitution; what they have in common is rather a habit in the same direction than a will to civilization. And unless by civilization you mean material progress, cleanliness etc. – which is not what Mr. Babbitt means; if you mean a spiritual and intellectual coordination on a high level, then it is doubtful whether civilization can endure without religion, and religion without a church.

I am not here concerned with the question whether such a "humanistic" civilization as that aimed at by Professor Babbitt is or is not *desirable*; only with the question whether it is *feasible*. From this point of view the danger of such theories is, I think, the danger of collapse. For those who had not followed Mr. Babbitt very far, or who had felt his influence more remotely, the collapse would be back again into humanitarianism thinly disguised. For others who had followed him hungrily to the end and had found no hay in the stable, the collapse might well be into a Catholicism *without* the element of humanism and criticism, which would be a Catholicism of despair. There is a hint of this in Mr. Babbitt's own words:

> The choice to which the modern man will finally be reduced, it has been said, is that of being a Bolshevist or a Jesuit. In that case (assuming that by Jesuit is meant the ultramontane Catholic) there does not seem to be much room for hesitation. Ultramontane Catholicism does not, like Bolshevism, strike at the very root of civilization. In fact, under certain conditions that are already partly in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted upon to uphold civilized standards. It may also be possible, however, to be a thoroughgoing modern and at the same time civilized. . . . [186]

The last sentence somehow seems to me to die away a little faintly. But the point is that Mr. Babbitt seems to be giving away to the Church in anticipation more than would many who are more concerned with it in the present than he. Mr. Babbitt is much more ultramontane than I am. One may feel a very deep respect and even love for the Catholic Church (by which I understand Mr. Babbitt means the hierarchy in communion with the Holy See); but if one studies its history and vicissitudes, its difficulties and problems past and present, one is struck with admiration and awe certainly, but is not the more tempted to place all the hopes of humanity on one institution.

But my purpose has been, not to predict a bad end for Mr. Babbitt's philosophy, but to point out the direction which I think it should follow if the obscurities of "humanism" were cleared up. It should lead, I think, to the conclusion that the humanistic point of view is auxiliary to and dependent upon the religious point of view. For us, religion is Christianity;[15†] and Christianity implies, I think, the conception of the Church. It would be not only interesting but invaluable if Professor Babbitt, with his learning, his great ability, his influence, and his interest in the most important questions of the time, could reach this point. His influence might thus join with that of another philosopher[16†] – Charles Maurras – and might, indeed, correct some of the extravagances of that writer.

Such a consummation is impossible. Professor Babbitt knows too much; and by that I do not mean merely erudition or information or scholarship. I mean that he knows too many religions and philosophies, has assimilated their spirit too thoroughly (there is probably no one in England or America who understands early Buddhism better than he) to be able to give himself to any. The result is humanism. I believe that it is better to recognize the weaknesses of humanism at once, and allow for them, so that the structure may not crash beneath an excessive weight; and so that we may arrive at an enduring recognition of its value for us, and of our obligation to its author.[17]

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NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*; originally published in *Forum* (New York), 80 (July 1928), [37]-44, the text preceded by the following editorial headnote: "The most widely discussed article in the February *Forum* was that by Professor Irving Babbitt of Harvard, entitled 'The Critic and American Life.' This article aroused intense appreciation because readers approved Mr. Babbitt's underlying philosophy, which is sharply contrasted with the purely experimental attitude toward life of the so-called 'modernists' in American literature. Mr. Babbitt calls his philosophy 'humanism,' and Mr. Eliot here attempts to draw the line which separates 'humanism' and religion." TSE wrote to the editor Henry Goddard Leach on 21 Feb 1928 that he would "get to work on the Babbitt as soon as possible"; after submitting the essay in late Apr, TSE received from Leach a check for $125 (*L4* 53, 154). Rpt. in *FLA*. The carbon TS (11 pp) is in the Houghton: MS Am 1641.14 (40).

2. H. L. Mencken, journalist and satirist of American life and culture, was then editor of the influential *American Mercury*. In his "London Letter" for Mar 1921, TSE described him as "a brilliant specialist in American depravity, whose last book I have read with strong admiration" (2.333).

3. TSE possessed the American edition (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1924).

4†. In *Forum* and *FLA*: that he is unable to take the religious view – that is to say that he cannot

5†. In *Forum* and *FLA*: with all his

6. John 6:31: Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from heaven to eat.

7*. TSE's note: "I wrote *becoming*, but to me it seems that Buddhism is as truly a religion from the beginning as is Christianity." Added in *SE* (1932)

8†. In *Forum* and *FLA*: extreme unction. The Roman Catholic sacrament in which a priest anoints and prays for a person in danger of death.

9†. In *Forum*: all about that.

10. Matthew 3:4: And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair . . . and his meat was locusts and wild honey.

11. Babbitt writes: "The inner check of emotional impulses" (252).

12. Babbitt's third chapter is on "Burke and the Moral Imagination."

13. Babbitt refers to a central tenet of medieval Christian humanism, *credo ut intelligam* (I believe in order that I may understand), expressed in this phrase by Saint Anselm in his *Prosologion* (1077-78) [Discourse on the Existence of God] but similarly professed in the second book of Saint Augustine's *De libero arbitrio* (ca. 393-95) [On Free Choice of the Will].

14. For TSE's earlier remarks on Shaw and his theory of the Life Force, see "Mr. Robertson and Mr. Shaw" (1926) (2.782).

15†. In *Forum* and *FLA*: religion is of course Christianity;

16†. In *Forum* and *FLA*: philosopher of the same rank

17. Babbitt wrote in reply to the essay: "As an exposition and critique of the position I am attempting to develop, Mr. Eliot's article . . . strikes me as confused and sophistical and in certain important respects positively inaccurate. It is not without interest, however, for the light it throws on Eliot's own perplexities and also no doubt on those of a portion at least of his numerous following of young intellectuals in England and America." *Forum*, 80 (Oct 1928), 638.

Sir John Denham

An unsigned review of *The Poetical Works of Sir John Denham*, ed. Theodore Howard Banks, Jr.

New Haven: Yale UP; London: Oxford UP, 1928. Pp. xi + 362.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1379 (5 July 1928) 501

Besides the famous "Cooper's Hill," there are but two or three poems of Sir John Denham that can be read with any pleasure; and even these are only just above the line at which pleasure expires. The best of Denham's verse is not poetry; it is charming verse.[1] Yet by his place in the history of English verse Denham deserves a scholarly edition; and Dr. Banks has provided not only the edition but a critical introduction which assigns Denham's place with entire justice.[2]

In being reckoned as one of the inventors of the Augustan couplet Denham has received rather more and rather less than his due. Less, because the poem has positive charm of its own; more, because, as Dr. Banks shows, the Augustan couplet would probably have reached the same perfection if Denham had never written. As for the respective contributions of Waller and Denham, there is no doubt at all.[3] Waller was a poet by vocation, and the bulk of his work has technical interest at least. Denham was a good versifier on occasion, and the bulk of his work is rubbish, and sometimes ribald rubbish. Of wit, in either the modern or the Augustan sense, he had none. But although Denham will not bear comparison with Waller, the reputation of Waller, too, has been perverted. As Mr. Banks justly remarks:

> Before Waller were Drummond of Hawthornden and George Sandys, both directly exposed to French influence, notably that of Malherbe, and both writing, in their early couplets at least, in the strict classical manner. Before them we find tendencies toward closed couplets in Beaumont and Fairfax, and Cartwright has, in the midst of metaphysical conceits, lines of the balance and polish typical of Pope. We might multiply examples, but these are enough to show that closed couplets are not the invention of any one man, but were simply the outcome of a gradual process of prosodical development. [29-30]

Mr. Banks allows, however, that Denham "had great influence in increasing the popularity" of closed couplets, by reason of the success of "Cooper's Hill" [30].

"Cooper's Hill" had, also, a distinct influence in forming a popular type of meditative poetry, to which this closed couplet is peculiarly adapted. In versification, as Dr. Banks gives us good reason to believe, Denham probably learned from Waller, and probably saw some of Waller's poems in manuscript; on page 36 Dr. Banks gives some interesting parallel passages. Even the four lines which the praise of Dryden has made famous:

> O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full.[4]

may, Dr. Banks thinks, have been suggested by a reading of Cartwright's inferior lines:

> Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
> Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
> Big without swelling, without painting fair.[5]

But the poem set the model for a succession of didactic or meditative monologues suggested by the contemplation of natural scenery. In most of them, as in "Cooper's Hill," the importance of the view or scenery contemplated is slight; for Denham it is merely the starting point for a succession of common-place but well phrased reflections. What is remarkable in "Cooper's Hill" is the neatness of construction of these 358 lines. It is a succession of reflections and formal images, but none is pushed to excess or continued to monotony; they glide easily and naturally into each other; and each exists long enough to be distinct but not long enough to tire.

It is observed that later poets and critics of the seventeenth century, in praising the qualities of Denham, have attributed to his verse the virtue of strength, often in contrast to Waller's sweetness.[6] Of strength in one sense in which the verse of Dryden has strength Denham's has little. The strength which resides in the controlled but forceful surprise of thought and phrase in Dryden is anticipated, if by anyone, by Dryden's young contemporary Oldham. Dryden combines the occasional force of Oldham with the mellifluence of Waller, and a wit and intellect infinitely superior to either. What is meant by Denham's "strength" is admirably defined by Johnson, who says: "The 'strength of

Denham,' which Pope so emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in a few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk."[7] That is, it is a strength of concision in which Denham excelled his contemporaries, including Waller.

Of Denham's other poems, here edited, the most noteworthy are the epigraphic poems on Strafford, on Fletcher's works, and on Cowley.[8] The last of these is a pleasing exercise in octosyllabics which anticipate the rhythm of Swift more than they echo that of Milton or the metaphysicals:

> To him no author was unknown,
> Yet what he wrote was all his own;
> He melted not the ancient gold,
> Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
> To plunder all the Roman stores
> Of poets, and of orators . . .[9]

Denham has little reason to complain of the judgment of posterity; the common neglect which covers the poets who came between the metaphysicals and Dryden has borne more hardly upon the more praiseworthy Waller and the more interesting Oldham. Yet "Cooper's Hill" still deserves the attention of the amateur of poetry, as well as that of the specialist, either scholar or critic, who must continue to take account of it. The description of the stag pursued by hounds has still a mild excitement; the structure of the poem deserves admiration, and also the precision of syntax which makes tolerable the faded vocabulary.[10]

NOTES

1. In "Prose and Verse" (1921), TSE similarly states that he can appreciate the meaning of those who think that "Cooper's Hill" (1642) is "not poetry" but declares that it is "certainly good verse" (2.324).

2. Theodore Howard Banks, Jr. (1895-1969), American poet, translator, and scholar, received his Ph.D. from Yale on the basis of this critical edition of Denham's poetry and went on to teach at Yale and Wesleyan University.

3. In "The Possibility of a Poetic Drama" (1920), TSE refers to Denham and Waller as minor poets "occupying points in the development of a major form" (2.280).

4. Banks quotes Dryden on the last two lines of this passage: "I am sure there are few who make verses have observ'd the sweetness of these two lines in Cooper's Hill. . . . And there are yet fewer who can find the reason of that sweetness" (54); quoted from *The Poetical Works of John Dryden* (1909), 512. TSE also quoted these lines from "Cooper's Hill" (ll. 189-92) in his 1926 Clark lecture on Cowley as an indication of the emergence of the "new style" of Augustan poetry (2.732).

5. William Cartwright (1611-43), poet, playwright, and Church of England clergyman; the work identified by Banks and quoted here is "In Memory of the Most Worthy Benjamin Johnson" (1638) (53).

6. Banks refers to Pope's *Essay on Criticism* – "And praise the easy vigour of a line / Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join" – and Henry Hall's "To the Memory of John Dryden Esq." – "Hail mighty master of thy mother tongue, / More smooth than Waller or than Denham strong" (31).

7. Johnson, *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Arthur Waugh (London: Oxford UP, 1906), I, 92; quoted by Banks, 31.

8. "On the Earl of Strafford's Tryal" (1668), "On Mr. John Fletcher's Works" (1647), and "On Mr. Abraham Cowley his Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets" (1667); Banks notes that Johnson quotes from the first and last of these as illustrations of Denham's "strength" (31).

9. Denham, "On Abraham Cowley," ll. 29-34 (150)

10. The stag hunt appears in "Cooper's Hill," ll. 247-322.

An Extempore Exhumation

A review of *The Skull of Swift*, by Shane Leslie

London: Chatto & Windus, 1928. Pp. 347.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 43 (7 July 1928) 470, 472

"An extempore exhumation" is not my invention; it is Mr. Leslie's own sub-title for his book. The book is very readable, confused and confusing; it would be easier to criticize if one knew why Mr. Leslie wrote it, and why he chose to write it in this way.[1] The "exhumation" is really a romantic biography; the skull is a mere figurehead. The first chapter contains a reference to a phrenologist, who after examining the skull of Swift reported, "amativeness large and wit small";[2] thereafter the skull slips back into its proper place. In the next chapter we are informed that the Life of Swift will never be written; and then Mr. Leslie proceeds to write it. The biography is bright, interesting, and apparently well informed; but Mr. Leslie does not bring us any further inside that mystery of Swift which he sets himself to study.

Perhaps it is partly because Mr. Leslie comes to his task with the wrong assumption. We are told on the wrapper that the "main thesis" of the book is that Swift was *a man without a soul.* Mr. Leslie makes the same observation at one point inside the book.[3] He does not develop it explicitly; but if it is indeed the main thesis, it is incapable of explaining anything. And I cannot see what such an assertion means. Everyone may remark about somebody that he "has no soul"; but that is merely a set phrase, and we know how much or little it means. But to make the phrase the thesis of a biographical study implies some theory either theological or psychological; and I have never heard of any such theory. Most theology supposes that everybody has a soul; some psychology supposes that nobody has a soul; but there seems no warrant for selecting the unfortunate Dean Swift for exclusion. Mr. Leslie believes that Swift may have had a "heart," though no soul. It would really be more plausible to say that Swift had little or no heart, but a soul – and a very sick one.

This picturesque belief may or may not affect Mr. Leslie's view. What is almost more unpardonable than this touch of flightiness is his combination of historical narrative with the method of fiction. The book has not the consistency of *Ariel* and such works,[4] and indeed Mr. Leslie is half-hearted about this method. Chapter III begins with this sentence:

> The Master of Moor Park in Surrey opened the door leading into his bowling green and garden. . . . [39]

We expect some sort of particular narrative, or perhaps a lively dialogue between Sir William Temple and young Swift.[5] Nothing of the sort; Mr. Leslie drops this design after two sentences, and treats us to the more conventional method of description of Moor Park and its inhabitants, which is quite temperate and reasonable. It is true that he frequently regales us with pieces of insight like this:

> Jonathan's thought had been read by his mother. The wolflike look in his eye was not lost upon her, though it was a mother's burning love that drove him from her door. [45]

If it were all conjecture or imagination of this sort we could bear it, but there is (to do the book justice) a great deal of genuine historical matter, which the more confuses us. Mr. Leslie takes, as you might expect, a final soaring flight when he comes to imagine what Swift was thinking about on his death bed:

> He could see the Castle at Kilkenny. . . . Every figure was minutely recognizable. . . . He looked again and saw a risen Congreve. . . . Again he fell into oblivion and the dream of death. [328-29, 331]

It is usually Mr. Lytton Strachey who gets the blame; but, after all, Mr. Strachey does not mix things up like Mr. Leslie: he does restrain his imagination to legitimate historical uses.[6]

There is another quality of Mr. Strachey which Mr. Leslie misses. In imaginative biography it is essential that the author should maintain a consistent attitude towards his subject. With Mr. Strachey, we cannot define – or cannot define so easily as we might expect – this attitude, either in general or towards a particular subject of biography; but we feel immediately his consistency throughout, whether we like the attitude or not. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Leslie has any consistent attitude towards Swift, except in regarding him as a good romantic subject. From this point of view alone, the short studies of Thackeray and Mr. Charles Whibley, both biased and from opposite points of view, are (especially when taken together) more illuminating than Mr. Leslie's book.[7] And with all of Thackeray's prejudice, his is the most memorable phrase that has ever been made about Swift: "So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling."[8]

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NOTES

1. Shane Leslie (1885-1971) Irish nationalist, diplomat, and author, served as editor of the *Dublin Review* (1916-26) and wrote biographies of Edward Manning and Mark Sykes before turning to Swift.

2. Leslie describes a group of unnamed phrenologists, "who were camped at that time in the middle ground between Science and Fashion. This Phrenological Art enabled them to decipher "amativeness large and wit small" between the sutures of his dead brain. With this sapient finding let Phrenology at least rest content" (4).

3. Leslie states in his prefatory survey of Swift's life that "it is simpler to deal with his ecclesiastical career on the supposition that Swift had no soul. . . . Of all his poetry not one line was drawn from the higher heights. No poetry was so soulless" (9-10). He then asks, "But whether he had a heart? – Oh yes. – A soul? – Nay" (35).

4. *Ariel; ou, la Vie de Shelley* (1923), by biographer and historian André Maurois (nom de plume of Emile Herzog); translated as *Ariel: A Shelley Romance* (1924). On 5 Oct 1929, TSE wrote to Charles Du Bos: "unfortunately Maurois is producing a Byron in the spring, in English. I see no reason to believe that his *Byron* will be any more important than his Shelley but Maurois has a great vogue here among the semi-literate" (*L4* 627).

5. Sir William Temple (1628-99), statesman, diplomat, and author, retired to become master of Moor Park in Surrey and patron of Swift, who served as his secretary there for ten years from 1689. Temple's essay "Upon the Ancient and Modern Learning" (1690) led to the "ancients versus moderns" controversy that caused Swift to write *The Battle of the Books* (1697).

6. TSE wrote critically of Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* (1918) and *Queen Victoria* (1921) in his "London Letter" of July 1921, stating that "Mr. Strachey . . . has invented new sensations from history . . . No other historian has so deliberately cultivated the feelings which the inspection of an historical character can arouse" (2.365). In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), he criticized Strachey's imaginative interpretation of Shakespeare's final days in *Books and Characters* (1922) as characteristic of new liberties taken by modern critics: "If the only way to prove that Shakespeare did not feel and think exactly as people felt and thought in 1815, or in 1860, or in 1880, is to show that he felt and thought as we felt and thought in 1927, then we must accept gratefully that alternative" (3.245).

7. Thackeray's short study of Swift appears in his collection of lectures, *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* (1853). Whibley's *Jonathan Swift* (1917) was his Leslie Stephen Lecture at Cambridge that year.

8. *English Humourists* (London: Smith, Elder, 1853), 54. TSE returned to Thackeray's view of Swift in a letter of 15 May 1964 to Roy Morrell, expressing his disagreement with Thackeray's horror at Swift's writing about a lock of Stella's hair: "To me that was very poignant and expressed his contrition rather than cynicism. Thackeray redeems himself, however, by one magnificent phrase in which Swift's end reminds him of an empire's falling."

Seventeenth-Century Preachers

An unsigned review of *English Preachers and Preaching: 1640-1670*, by Caroline Francis Richardson

London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;
New York: Macmillan, 1928. Pp. xii + 359.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1383 (2 Aug 1928) 560

Miss Richardson has hit upon an extremely interesting subject, and has written a book which is crowded with curious information.[1] She is not concerned with any of the great divines of the seventeenth century, nor is her book a study in theology at all. It is rather a study of the social aspects and relations of the ordinary preacher of those times: his training in composition of sermons, the attitude of his public, his secular interests, his social position.

It is true that during the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, and during the Commonwealth, preaching, as Miss Richardson says, "filled an important place in men's thoughts" [48]. We are apt to think that the Commonwealth provided no other diversion than preaching, and that on the other hand the Restoration was a universal debauch.[2] It is interesting to learn that the popularity of preaching seems to have continued unabated and that people went as readily to hear ministers of the Established Church as they had to hear Presbyterians or Independents. Whatever other pleasures were available, the sermon continued to draw. It was, of course, by no means a pure zeal for righteousness or a speculative curiosity in the finer points of theology that attracted the public, and there is no reason for supposing the average man or woman of the seventeenth century to have been more religiously minded than the man or woman of any other epoch. Indeed, apart from remarkable individuals and particular waves of excitement, one period of history differs less from another, in degree of religious feeling, than we sometimes suppose. But the seventeenth century was not merely an age of religious controversy and warfare, it was an age in which religious (or sectarian) passions and political passions were inextricably involved. Religious affairs affected everybody, though not necessarily in a religious way. And the spoken sermon had for many an interest later assumed by the political speech.

Miss Richardson has much interesting information about the training for the ministry. Although elocution and pulpit delivery were not directly taught, they were precious attainments, and the apt pupil had much experience both at school and at the university. Schoolboys received some training in debating and in the preparation (if not the delivery) of orations according to the rules of rhetoric. The boys were expected to keep commonplace books of forceful phrases and striking images with which to adorn their address. Hoole, in his *New Discovery of the Old Art of Teaching School*, recommended that boys should "exercise themselves in Anagrams, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Epithalamias, Eclogues, and Acrosticks, English, Latine, Greek, and Hebrew."[3] There were many more advanced treatises for the use of university students. As Miss Richardson says:

> In his childhood, therefore, a youth was specifically trained towards the acquirement of a dexterity in vocabulary and the use of a variety of illustrations. It is evident that a dull or lazy preacher could find much assistance in his own or anyone else's grammar school exercise books, for there ready to his hand would be a wealth of imagery and philosophy. [5-6]

Antiquated as the methods seem, there is much to commend them; there is no doubt that training in public speech, which implies training in the ordering of thought, is a training also for the writing of good prose. An immense number of dull sermons must have been delivered, but also a considerable number of lively ones.

In many directions Miss Richardson's researches and accumulations tend to show that the ordinary minister (both Established and Nonconformist) was very much like the ordinary minister of to-day. As a class, they were educated men; as a class, they had some difficulty in obtaining social recognition; as a class, they were poorly paid; as a class, they had other interests outside of the Church. They pursued investigations into archaeology, dead and foreign languages, science, law and the arts, or farmed and pursued active sports. Miss Richardson ends with the observation:

> Professionally, these men were ministers; many of them were theologians. Personally, they were like other educated persons in their day, or ours. To understand any one of them, his beliefs or his behaviour, it is necessary to realize what a close resemblance that man bears to any one of us. [304]

But her books tells us much more than this: it is a very interesting addition to the social and ecclesiastical history of the later seventeenth century.

NOTES

1. Caroline Francis Richardson (1876-1932), American academic, received her M.A. from Tulane University in 1905, joining the faculty in 1906 as Associate Professor of English and also becoming the first Counselor to Women at Tulane's Newcomb College for women.

2. Richardson defines her scope of 1640-70 as covering "a decade before the death of Charles I to a decade after the crowning of Charles II" (viii).

3. Quoted by Richardson (5) from Charles Hoole (1610-67), the author of several grammars and translations. Hoole served as rector and master of grammar schools in Rotherham, Yorkshire, and latterly in Lothbury Gardens, London. He writes in the long subtitle that his book (London, 1660) was "written about twenty three years ago . . . and now at last published for the general profit, especially for young schoole-masters."

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Sept 1928) 1-6

OF BRITISH FREEDOM

As we go to press, in the dull month of August, we have the reports of the suppression – or rather, the "withdrawal from circulation" – of Miss Radclyffe Hall's novel, *The Well of Loneliness*. Several journals, especially *The New Statesman*, have spoken forcibly and well about this case; and we have only one or two points to mention which may be overlooked.[1]

The novel in question was favourably, or at least tolerantly reviewed by *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Morning Post*, *The Daily Herald* and other papers of the same standing, including several Scottish and provincial.[2] It was, we think, rather more favourably reviewed than it deserved. But there the matter would probably have stopped, with a modest sale and some success of approval, but for the prompt action of the editor of the *Sunday Express*. This gentleman found the book to be a menace to morality; and instead of bringing it privately to the notice of the Home Office, gave it a generous advertisement by public denunciation in his own columns.[3] And so the publisher sent a copy to the Home Secretary, who asked that the book be withdrawn from circulation.[4]

Now there are several questions that are relevant; and one at least, that is likely to be asked, which is not relevant. It is not quite relevant to ask whether the book is a "work of art," on the ground that "works of art" should not be censored. No one knows whether the book that he wants to write is going to be a "work of art" or not; and if we were told in advance that our book would be tolerated if contemporary criticism considered it to be a work of art, and that it would be suppressed if it was not a work of art, we should not feel encouraged to write at all. If there is to be any discrimination, otherwise censorship, then the intention of the author should count for more than his success. We have read Miss Radclyffe Hall's book. Its literary merit is not so great as the author hoped it might be. She is passionately sincere; she is obviously a cultivated person with literary standards and ambitions; and has tried to write something which should be both a literary masterpiece and a monument of special pleading for the social status of the sexual invert. She does not succeed either as writer or as pleader, and for the same reason: that she has no sense of humour. The book is not in the least pornographic. But it is long, it is dull, it is solemn, and it is not well written.

We dislike the book, not because of the subject discussed, but because of its humourlessness, its hysteria, and the philosophy which seems to underlie it. There is the mistaken belief in what is sometimes called "the right to happiness." It is one thing to adopt an attitude of Christian tolerance, or of civilized indifference, towards the invert; and it is another thing to deny that the imperfect is imperfect. The person crippled from birth, the person afflicted with a painful chronic disease, or dissolute offspring, or inherited financial difficulties is to be commiserated, but he does not clamour for the "right" to be healthy or fortunate or affluent. There is a good deal of romantic slop about Miss Radclyffe Hall's attitude, which is made all the more tiresome by a streak of febrile Catholicism. And, finally, her subject is neither so important nor so interesting as she thinks. But all this has nothing to do with the *Sunday Express.*

What is disquieting about the affair is the solemn hysteria on both sides, a solemn hysteria which, as Mr. Clive Bell would say, is uncivilized.[5] But whereas Miss Hall's hysteria is an aberration from civilization, that of the *Sunday Express* is a degradation of civilization, and is much the more alarming of the two. It is indeed distressing to find that *The Morning Post*, *The Times*, *The Daily Herald* and other reputable papers are negligent shepherds of public morals, and that our security against vice and perversion depends upon the *Sunday Express*. There, as Matthew Arnold would say, is sweetness for you! there is light![6]

CENSORSHIP BY WHAT AUTHORITY?

We are not, in this instance, immediately concerned with the question whether there should be a censorship or not. We should like however to draw a distinction between a reasonable censorship and an unreasonable one; and when we say "reasonable," we mean only that it should, right or wrong, be reasoned. The Index of the Roman Church is in this sense reasonable, whether we approve of it or not. It is not right to be "shocked" by a book like the one in question; but there are two, and only two points of view from which you might consider its suppression. If you are a believer in some definite and dogmatic Church, so that your morality is not mere prejudice and habit, but is dependent upon a definite religious faith, then you can consider the book from the point of view of that religion. But if you have not this definite religious background, your only other possible standpoint is that of public order. And most "censorship" of books in Britain and America springs neither from religious dogma nor from a clear conception of public order. Miss Hall's book is certainly no menace to public order. But if a book is on the other hand an "offense against morality," then it is primarily an offense against the Church, if there is one. And if the Established Church were really "established" instead of being merely tolerated, the proper source of authority in the suppression of immoral or obscene books would be, not the Home Secretary, but the Archbishop of Canterbury. The suggestion to place such matters in the hands of a small curia of prelates sitting at Lambeth may appear preposterous, but it is at least logical. If we urged such a proposal, we should be denounced as mediaeval obscurantists and enemies of liberty; yet no one questions the single authority and responsibility of the Home Secretary or the Public Prosecutor. The present Home Secretary may or may not happen to be a good judge of such matters; but no one supposes that Home Secretaries are chosen primarily because they possess these qualifications. Nor can we discover at present any consistent doctrine concerning immorality or obscenity, since periodicals and cheap books of patently pornographic appeal are freely exhibited in certain little shops.

The general question of censorship is, we think, a question of expediency rather than principle, when it is not the censorship of a Church. The censorship of the theatre, so far as we know, seems to work pretty well; the censorship of films might be better indeed if it were more severe. But the censorship of books is almost beyond human powers to carry out well. A great deal of annoyance is caused to a small number of people; and, on the other hand, books which we regard as maleficent have passed unmolested.

THE PEACE OF LUDWIG

Mr. Emil Ludwig, whose most recent biographical work is reviewed amongst our short notices, is a contributor to another of Lord Beaverbrook's journals.[7] Mr. Ludwig, whose flight occurred at about the same time as the aeroplane manoeuvres over London, is a genuine dove of peace. The best comment upon his article appeared in *The New Age* of August 23rd;[8] and we have only one point to make beyond that criticism. Mr. Ludwig seems to be one of those who desire to propagate the theory that pre-war Germany may have been bellicose because of the Hohenzollern monarchy,[9] and that post-war Germany must be pacific because it is "Socialist" – socialist, that is, in that safe, humdrum, capitalist, middle-class way that is comforting to everybody. There are many people in France and England who fall in with this theory, and who congratulate everybody, in a comfortable liberal way, whenever the Nationalists suffer reverses in the German elections. But this theory does not honour either our intelligence, or the German nation, or human nature. A nation is neither more nor less aggressive because it has a king, or an emperor, or a president, or a committee as its nominal head. The fact that "the people" does not want war is no security against war; and a "people" is not a whit more reliable than an individual sovereign. The causes of modern war – and "war" means here war between peoples on the same level of civilization – lie deep in economic and financial matters. All that the common man who is not a specialist in these matters can say is this, that the more individuals there are in a nation who can think intelligently and independently, the less inclined for war that nation will be. And the more uniform public opinion is in any country, the more stereotyped in prejudice, the more dangerous will that nation be. And things being as they are, such soporifics as Mr. Ludwig's are dangerous. All peoples above the barbaric level desire peace – in general; but they should not be allowed to persuade themselves that the desire for peace is enough to ensure it; though intelligent vigilance and independent criticism will help to preserve it.

BEAVERBROOK AND SEIJI NOMA: OR EAST AND WEST

Having alluded to the *Sunday Express*, we recommend to our students of Occident and Orient a small book published by the Dai Nippon Yubenkwai Kodansha, in eulogy of Seiji Noma, the "magazine king" of Japan.[10] Like Miss Hall's heroine, Seiji Noma is an expert fencer; like Marcel Proust, he works by night and sleeps by day; and like Lord Beaverbrook he is a magazine king. Most of his characteristics, in fact, seem to be occidental. "From crown to toe," exclaims the anonymous eulogist, "you behold the marks of the fighter, but his voice is soft, evidently simulated for definite purpose. His manners are those of a master of ceremony, polite and affable, and in his well-regulated accents . . . there are unmistakable signs of Chesterfieldian dexterity. Mr. Noma is an expert talker."

Mr. Noma, besides being an expert talker, publishes nine monthlies.

IN MEMORIAM

We regret to announce the death of Miss I. P. Fassett, who had been Secretary of *The Criterion* almost since its beginning.[11] Not only the Editor and the office staff, but also the regular contributors had come to depend upon Miss Fassett's powers of organization and management, and upon her enthusiasm for the review. Her efficiency can hardly be replaced, but any temporary inadequacy in the routine of the review may be attributed to this loss.

We also regret to hear of the death of Professor Max Scheler of Bonn, who had made one contribution to *The Criterion*, and who, we had hoped, would become a more frequent contributor. When more of Dr. Scheler's work is translated into English, his importance will be more apparent. His *Philosophical Anthropology* was still in preparation, and we hope will appear in some form. Dr. Scheler was also a great figure in Bonn, because of his personal influence, and will be very much missed.[12]

NOTES

1. The poet and novelist Marguerite Radclyffe Hall (1880-1943); her fifth novel (511 pages) appeared in English bookshops on 27 July 1928 to mixed reviews, including that of Cyril Connolly in the *New Statesman* of 25 Aug: "*The Well of Loneliness* is a serious novel on the theme of homosexuality in women. It is a long, tedious and absolutely humourless book . . . a melodramatic description of a subject which has nothing melodramatic about it . . . a brave book to have written, but let us hope it will pave the way for someone to write a better" (614-15).

2. The anonymous reviewer (Orlo Williams) in the *TLS* of 2 Aug thought that the "sincere, courageous, high-minded, and often beautifully expressed" novel fails as a work of art due to its "divided purpose": "It is meant as a thesis and a challenge as well as an artistic creation" (566). To the *Morning Post* of 10 Aug, the novel "disarms criticism of fiction's incursion into the pathological field. The story is its own apology of its theme; and if that still leaves its wisdom debatable, there can be nothing but respect and admiration for the author's handling of it" (12). *The Daily Herald*, which defended the book and author from publication through the ensuing trial, printed Hall's letter of protest against censorship on 24 Aug: "Must there never be any new pastures for the writer? Never any new aspects of social problems presented to the adult and open minded reader? Is the reader to be treated like a kind of mental dyspeptic whose literary food must be predigested by Government Office before consumption?" (1). For a wide selection of reviews in London, provincial, and Scottish papers, see *Palatable Poison*, ed. Laura Doan and Jay Prosser (New York: Columbia UP, 2001), 50-73.

3. In the *Sunday Express* of 19 Aug, editor James Douglas, under an inch-high headline "A BOOK THAT MUST BE SUPPRESSED," denounced the book in bold as "**an intolerable outrage – the first outrage of the kind in the annals of English fiction**" and declared that "it is the duty of the critic to make it impossible for any other novelist to repeat this outrage. I say deliberately that this novel is not fit to be sold by any bookseller or to borrowed from any library" (10). The full text of the five-column editorial is printed in *Palatable Poison*, 36-38.

4. The publisher Jonathan Cape, in a strategic disaster, sent a copy to the Home Secretary, William Joynson-Hicks, and to the Public Prosecutor, Sir Archibald Bodkin, and then wrote a defensive reply to Douglas, who published it in the *Daily Express* of 20 Aug: "If it is shown to us that the best interests of the public will be served by withdrawing the book from circulation we

will be ready to do this and to accept the full consequences as publishers. We are not however prepared to withdraw it at the behest of the Editor of the *Sunday Express*" (1-2). Joynson-Hicks at once declared the book obscene and detrimental to the public interest and instructed Cape to discontinue publication.

5. Bell wrote in his recently published *Civilization: An Essay* (1928), which TSE reviewed in this issue (3.479): "Highly civilized people are rarely solemn" (152).

6. In chapter one of *Culture and Anarchy*, "Sweetness and Light," Arnold takes the phrase from Swift's "Battle of the Books" ("the two noblest things, which are sweetness and light"), and develops them as "the main characters" of human perfection and culture.

7. The German journalist and popular biographer Emil Ludwig (1881-1948), whose biography of Jesus, *The Son of Man* (1928), was anonymously noticed in this issue, probably by TSE, is described as "the most flagrant example of the abuse of imaginative biography which has yet been produced" (172). For TSE's earlier reference to the biography, and the comparison of it to Middleton Murry's *The Life of Jesus* (1926), see his "Commentary" for June 1928 (3.419, n.7). Ludwig's article, "The Dictators of Europe – and five reasons why another world war will not come," appeared in Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express* on 12 Aug (10, 15). William "Max" Aitken, first Baron Beaverbrook (1879-1964), Liberal Unionist politician and proprietor of the *Daily Express*, *Evening Standard*, and *Sunday Express*. The nighttime air maneuvers were held 13-16 Aug with mock training raids on London by Royal Air Force bombers, which were intercepted by squadrons of single-seater fighters, as vividly described in the *Times* of 15 and 17 Aug ("London Air Raids").

8. R. H. C. [the editor A. R. Orage] wrote in the *New Age* of 23 Aug: "Mr. Emil Ludwig gave all the romantic reasons why there will be no further European upheaval. . . . This is a fair sample of the democratic optimism with which emotional intellectuals with a huge following clog the brains of modern Europe, preferably of the youth of modern Europe" (194).

9. Hohenzollern monarchs ruled the Duchy and Kingdom of Prussia from 1525 to 1918; the monarch William II (1859-1941) ruled the German empire from 1871 until his abdication in 1918.

10. [Shunkichi Akimoto], *Seiji Noma, "Magazine King" of Japan; A Sketch of his Life, Character and Enterprises* (Tokyo: Dai Nippon Yubenkwai Kodansha, 1927), 9. Noma (1878-1938), son of a *samurai* father and fencing mother, published nine highly successful magazines in his publishing firm, Kodanska, in which he founded the Noma Dojo, a training hall for fencing, in 1925.

11. Irene Pearl Fassett (1901-28), TSE's secretary since late 1922 and an occasional reviewer and contributor to the *Criterion*, had tendered her resignation on 18 Apr after being diagnosed with tuberculosis. TSE said that he would hold her position until she recovered, but she died of tubercular peritonitis on 25 July (*L4* 134, 220).

12. TSE had commented on Scheler's forthcoming *Philosophical Anthropology* in his *Criterion* "Commentary" for Feb 1928 (3.333) and published in that issue a translation of Scheler's "Future of Man" (100-19), mistakenly identifying him there, as here, as Professor in the University of Bonn rather than Frankfurt, an error he corrected in his "Commentary" for the *Criterion* of Dec 1928 (3.537).

Civilization: 1928 Model[1]

A review of *Civilization: An Essay*, by Clive Bell

London: Chatto & Windus, 1928. Pp. ix + 257.

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Sept 1928) 161-64

Mr. Bell's book has been ably reviewed in several places, and the excellence of the matter written about it is a token of the excellence of the book.[2] The book is one which would be called "provocative and stimulating"; which means that the author has dealt with questions of general interest in a lucid style and with an honest mind, and that he has been clever enough not to sink too deep into these questions. Having chosen one of those subjects which are the food of interesting and lively conversation, Mr. Bell has wisely avoided the profundity of treatment which would have destroyed it. It is a subject for a symposium, "good talk" with no conclusion but a distribution of wreathes and drinking cups; and Mr. Bell is consistent with his point of view in assuming the existence of a small audience which will argue the matter with him.

Mr. Bell presumes that the word civilization has some meaning, and that some things have been associated with the meaning which are not essential to it, and that perhaps others have been associated with it which are positively hostile to it. No one will disagree with that, or with his protest against the confused thinking (at best) of those publicists of 1914 on both sides who asserted that the War was being fought for civilization. Had the Greeks been defeated by the Persians the history of civilization would certainly have been different. But in any case these are problems for historical retrospect; and when men find themselves obliged to fight they are too busy defending their lives and homes and what they believe to be their material interests to bother whether these lives and homes and interests are civilized. Mr. Bell further invokes our sympathy in advance by his prudent limitations upon the word Civilization, and indeed expends a good deal of time in clearing up superficial misunderstandings as to what civilization is *not*. He avoids the error of those who, being convinced that civilization must be the highest good, therefore conclude that what they believe to be absolute goods are essential to civilization. It is common to declare roundly that motor cars, gramophones and central heating are not essential to civilization (although I am not sure that machinery has not now become so much a part of us, as to be virtually essential to any civilization that *we* can conceive). But a more subtle fallacy is to suppose that Art (creation not appreciation) is identical with civilization – that, in some way, Alaskan or Solomon Island wood carvers were more "civilized" than the workmen and workwomen who turn out the bibelots of Woolworth's. The same process of reasoning would make us affirm that the ages of highest religious development were thereby more "civilized" than our own.

Mr. Bell disposes very ably of several fallacies of this sort. I suspect that he disposes of them only to bury himself in a deeper fallacy of his own; but the critic cannot approach Mr. Bell's fallacy without being careful to state in advance that the theses which he attacks are those commonly held, and against the theses commonly held, Mr. Bell is always right. Here, I think, he has been a little misunderstood, particularly by those who perceive the defects of the civilizations he holds up for admiration: the Athenian, the Italian Renaissance, and the French (and partly English) Eighteenth Century. It is quite true that all of these civilizations had characteristics which we should immediately denounce as barbarous: and truly we want no other civilization than our own, but want our own to be as good as it can be of its kind. I do not think that Mr. Bell is unaware of these considerations, nor do I think that those who object to his indifference to religious values have read his book carefully enough, for he has taken pains to make his restrictions clear. But beneath such instinctive protests there is, I believe, a legitimate objection.

Mr. Bell is out to find "distinctive characteristics" of civilization; "characteristics which are common to all highly civilized societies and which savages are without" [15]. And he proceeds to find them. But the question is whether, when he has found them, we are not left with merely an empty shell, a kind of categorical imperative. It seems to boil down to Reason and a Sense of Values.[3] Now for Mr. Bell to write a book on behalf of Reason and the Sense of Values could be made to appear almost as ridiculous as the behaviour of the journalists who said that the War was fought for Civilization. If we could have said to them, What is Civilization? and What Civilization? we could say to him: What is Reason? What Reason? and What Sense of Values? Mr. Bell is, I believe, in the position of many philosophers before him, and of many who will come after him: having first cast out everything irrelevant, in order to arrive at a definition, he can only give that definition significance by smuggling in a lot of his own property. Mr. Bell has his own sense of values, which is not identical with mine, and which I suspect is still more widely different from that of Socrates, or of Lorenzo.[4] I am quite aware that Mr. Bell is not concerned with historical origins, and the importance of Roman jurisprudence in the development of modern European civilization is no more his affair than the history of the Church. But I do think that he is inclined to confound the civilization of a race or an epoch with that of an individual. Eminent ability in law-making is not, we know, a "distinguishing characteristic" of a civilized man, though Mr. Bell and Lord Birkenhead might conceivably meet at dinner;[5] but it is another matter when we are denied the right to say that the Romans were, in some respects, more civilized than the Greeks, who flung away their civilization in petty wars and jealousies.

I suspect that it would have been better if Mr. Bell had confined himself to depicting a few types of civilized individuals or small groups, without indulging in the dangerous luxury of definition and generalization. Mr. Bell is in many things a sceptic, and so were many of the people he admires. It would be impertinent to point out to him what he knows quite well, that the scepticism of Socrates rests upon a special relation of a civilized race to a barbarous religion and the particular attitude of one philosophic mind towards the race which had that attitude towards that religion. The scepticism of the eighteenth century is based upon the Protestant rationalism of several British philosophers: for the Athenian and the Frenchman both belief and doubt were quite different, and they are different again to us. In civilization, when content differs, form differs too; and Reason and the Sense of Values cannot mean the same thing for Socrates and for Voltaire.

In fact, Mr. Bell in his pursuit of civilization, is like the hedonist moralist who makes pleasure the end. Civilization, like pleasure, cannot be aimed at directly. τελειοῖ δὲ τὴν ἐνέργειαν ἡ ἡδονή.[6]

Mr. Bell's position, on the other hand, has a curious relation to that of Mr. Irving Babbitt: he is essentially a "humanist."[7] As a general statement, his view of civilization has some of the aspect of a heresy, if heresy be taken philosophically as the overemphasis of part of the truth. It is both more fair and more profitable, however, to take it as an *apologia pro vita sua*,[8] in which sense the book is a document of great charm and wisdom; and if it makes converts to Mr. Bell's own private form of humanistic civilization, so much the better for everybody.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*: Gallup, "(Title from wrapper)."

2. TSE had become a friend of Clive Bell, writer and art critic, despite Bell's earlier scathing attack on *TWL*: "Disgusting and filthy article on me by Clive Bell in *Nation* – " TSE had written to Wyndham Lewis on 26 Sept 1923, "sort of thing one can only receive in silence." He described Bell's article to J. M. Robertson as "incorrect in its facts and malignant in its insinuations, and which conveys an impression of intimacy which is far from being a faithful report of Mr. Bell's relations with me," and he told Virginia Woolf that it "made me feel as if I was covered with lice" (*L2* 224, 228, 232). TSE subsequently published Bell's "Prolegomena to a Study of Nineteenth-Century Painting" in the *Criterion* of Jan 1925 (231-44). Bell's books included *Art* (1914), *Since Cézanne* (1922), *On British Freedom* (1923), and *Proust* (1928).

3. Bell asserts that two qualities distinguished Greek life, thought, and art: "the one is Reason, sweetened by a Sense of Values, the other a Sense of Values, hardened and pointed by Reason. . . . And these qualities which were the distinguishing characteristics of Athens, we shall find, unless I mistake, distinguishing every age of high civilization" (64).

4. Lorenzo de' Medici (1449-92), ruler of the Florentine Republic and patron of the arts during the Italian Renaissance. Bell includes him among the "disseminators" of civilization but says that it is "no exaggeration" to say that though the Florentines admired Lorenzo they "regarded Raphael and Michael Angelo as the supreme expressions of their country's genius" (68).

5. F. E. (Frederick Edwin) Smith (1872-1930), first Earl of Birkenhead, Conservative statesman and lawyer, served as Lord Chancellor (1919-22), Secretary of State for India (1924-28), and Rector of the University of Aberdeen from 1927 until his death.

6. *Trans*: Pleasure perfects its function; Aristotle, *Nicomachean Ethics*, Book 10.4.8, from TSE's copy of *Notes on the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle*, by J. A. Stewart, vol 2 (Oxford: Clarendon, 1892), 429. "Pleasure perfects its function, not as a habit does by subsisting in the agent, but as a supervening end."

7. See TSE's recent discussion of Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership* (1924) in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928) (3.454).

8. *Trans*: a defense of one's life; also the Latin title of John Henry Newman's history and defense of his religious opinions (1864).

An unsigned review of *The Greene Murder Case*, by S. S. Van Dine

London: Benn, 1928. Pp. 319.[1]

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Sept 1928) 174-75

The celebrated Mr. "Van Dine," about whose identity controversy rages in America, has produced a successor to *The Benson Murder Case* and *The Canary Murder Case*, which we have been considering for three months.[2] In some points of detail, Mr. Van Dine has improved. The eminent amateur detective, Philo Vance, has rubbed off a few of the rough edges of his movietone Oxford accent, though he still treats his present participles rather harshly. In this book the Bernard Berenson of the criminal world is up to his old tricks. It is a good detective novel. But – as we have already observed – Mr. Van Dine exhibits a tendency to over-elaboration which characterises American detective fiction. He is in grave danger of stereotype: his method is always to build up a strong case against half a dozen suspects at once; those who have read his two earlier books will immediately recognise the least likely suspect to be the culprit. In *The Benson Murder Case*, which we still think the best of the three, the author has an interesting thesis: namely, that when a murder is committed, it is possible to find several persons who have both motive and opportunity, so that argument from motive and opportunity is inconclusive. It is a pity that he has not found some equally interesting thesis for his later books.

The great weakness of the over-elaborate school is, that when you build up a very complicated plot, you are likely to descend to a very mechanical solution. This was particularly the fault of *The Canary Murder Case*: the crime is arranged by a piece of ingenious and improbable mechanics, rather than by human nature. On the other hand, the discovery, in that book, is done by entirely legitimate means, through the poker-game, which is perhaps Mr. Van Dine's greatest contribution to the art of detective fiction. In *The Greene Murder Case* he comes very near to surrendering to the pathological school of detective fiction. The villain of the piece just escapes the American psychopathic ward. As in the "Canary Case," and indeed in most of the American school of detective fiction following Anna Katharine

Green,[3] the complication is so great that it has to be resolved by a mechanical trick. The trick in this book is much simpler than the trick in the "Canary Case," but is equally doubtful.

Students of this type of fiction may be recommended to compare the work of Mr. Van Dine with that of Mr. Lynn Brock.[4] To our mind, Mr. Van Dine's hero is too clever, and Mr. Brock's hero is too stupid; curiously enough, both authors have had, it seems, to over-complicate their plots, the one in order to justify his detective's cleverness, and the other to justify his detective's stupidity.

Mr. Van Dine remains, however, in the first rank of detective writers, a little lower than Mr. Freeman and Mr. Crofts, and a little higher than Mr. Brock and Mrs. Christie.[5] Mr. Hulbert Footner's genius is more for the Thriller than for the Detective.[6]

NOTES

1. Attributed to TSE by the editors as a continuation of his previous reviews of Van Dine's *The Benson Murder Case* in the *Criterion* of June 1927 (3.105) and of *The Canary Murder Case* in the *Criterion* of Oct 1927 (3.270).

2. When Van Dine's second novel featuring detective Philo Vance, *The Canary Murder Case* (1927), became an American best seller, his readers began a search for his true name and background, which was unmasked in 1928. Willard Huntington Wright was raised in California, attended Pomona College and Harvard, and became a literary journalist and editor of *The Smart Set* before he moved to New York in 1920, where he began studying and writing detective fiction.

3. Anna Katharine Green, author of *The Leavenworth Case* (1878), whose influential detective Ebenezer Gryce reappears in several of her detective novels, including *The Affair Next Door* (1897), *The Circular Study* (1900), and *The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow* (1917), before she concluded her career with *The Step on the Stair* (1923) (3.108, 3.601).

4. The detective-hero of Brock's novels is Colonel Lysander Gore.

5. Agatha Christie (1890-1976) created the famous detective Hercule Poirot in her first detective novel, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles* (1920), followed by the creation of a detective couple, Tommy and Tuppence, in *The Secret Adversary* (1922). She returned to Poirot, who would appear in thirty-three of her sixty-six detective novels, in *Murder on the Links* (1923), and went on to become the best-selling mystery writer of her time.

6. Hulbert Footner (1879-1944), Canadian-American writer of adventure stories and crime fiction, created the female detective Rosika Storey, who appears in five of Footner's novels, including *Madame Storey* (1926) and *The Velvet Hand* (1928).

The Golden Ass of Apuleius

A review of *The Golden Ass of Apuleius, Being the Metamorphoses of Lucius Apuleius. An English Translation by W. Adlington [1566]: Revised 1915-1927. With an Essay by Charles Whibley*

New York: Boni & Liveright, 1927. Pp. xvii + 271.

The Dial, 85 (Sept 1928) [254]-257

The publishers have made a handsome volume, with impressive end papers, well worth the price. As the Tudor Translation text is out of print, and therefore extremely expensive, we are very glad to have this text which is well printed.[1] All the more because the publishers have had the good sense to reprint the admirable introduction which Mr. Charles Whibley wrote for the Tudor Translation edition which he himself edited. For the text itself, only one objection may be raised. It is "amplified from the more complete text of Thomas Taylor" on the wrapper; and it is "revised 1915-1927" on the title-page.[2] I have not had the opportunity of comparing the present text with that of the Tudor Translations or any other; but in this volume I have looked in vain for any explanation of the "amplifications" mentioned, or for any explanation of the revisions 1915-1927, or for any indication of the authority which made these revisions. One would like to know the nature and extent of these revisions. For, as Mr. Whibley has amply proved in his introduction, Adlington – an imperfect Latinist but a master of Tudor prose – has taken such liberties with his text that any "revision" in the direction of the Loeb Classics could only denature the Tudor prose.[3] Did the revisor have an eye upon the Watch and Ward Society?[4] The book cannot pretend to be a "scholarly" edition; but it is a handsome edition, and will do well if it brings Apuleius and Adlington to the notice of persons who never heard of them before.[5]

No one is at all so well qualified to write of certain late Latin and Greek writers – Apuleius, Petronius, Lucian, and Herondas for example – as Mr. Whibley; and no one has written of them so well.[6] Mr. Whibley is a scholar, a critic, and a man of the world; and one must be all of these to write well of these authors. Perhaps one should be a bit of a mystic also; but that is asking too much; for the slightest taint of mysticism would have removed the bloom of Mr. Whibley's most delightful qualities. It is difficult, with Mr. Whibley's essay before us, to find anything new or important to say about either Adlington or Apuleius. His appreciation of both is final. His recognition of that peculiar union of realism and fantasy, in Apuleius, is as near the bull's-eye as any one has hit. He makes one statement, however, which I think needs qualification: he says, of Adlington and Apuleius, that "Primitive and Decadent approach art in the same temper" [8].[7]

Now there is a sense in which these words are true: but to appreciate their truth, and the limitations of the truth, one needs to know both Primitive and Decadent as well as Mr. Whibley knows them. There is certainly a point at which they touch, but many points at which they do not touch. In the realism, the "gusto," and in the almost ecstatic debauch of words, the late Latin (much more than the late Greek) and the Tudor mind meet. In both is an odd combination of coarseness and materialism with unchecked spirituality – or, often, on a lower plane, superstition. But before and behind them the history is very different. It is true that the Tudor and Jacobean Translations are the best translations in English. What is not so evident is that their merits differ not only in degree but in kind, according to the work translated as well as according to the accomplishment of the translator. You cannot say the same things about Adlington as about North, about Florio as about Sandys, any more than you can say the same things about Plutarch, Ovid, Montaigne, and Apuleius.[8] And in the case of Adlington, we must take account, not only that Adlington was an Elizabethan, not only that he was a poor Latin scholar, dependent, like some other Tudor Translators, upon French translations; but we must take account also of the points at which late Latin and Elizabethan did not meet, as well as of those where they did.

Hence there is an important aspect of Apuleius which, I think, is not reproduced in Adlington. The world of Adlington, if more cosmopolitan and more inclusive than our own, was a world in which Nationalism and Protestantism were developing. Neither of these things is conceivable in the world of Apuleius. Apuleius came from the same land as St. Augustine.[9] The world which had much in common with the world of Middleton's comedies and the novels of Nashe and Deloney was also the world in which Christianity and the Church were being incubated.[10] Not every aspect of it recurs in Adlington. Let us compare the text and the translation of one famous passage: the appearance of the Goddess to Lucius before his reformation from an ass to human shape.

> Behold, Lucius, I am come; thy weeping and prayer have moved me to succor thee. I am she that is the natural mother of all things, mistress and governess of all the elements, the initial progeny of worlds, chief of the powers divine, queen of all that are in hell, the principal of them that dwell in heaven, manifested alone and under one form of all the gods and goddesses. At my will the planets of the sky, the wholesome winds of the sea, and the lamentable silences of hell be disposed; my name, my divinity is adored throughout all the world, in divers manners, in variable customs, and by many names. [251]

This reads like a rather good Collect of the English Church; and indeed the education of Adlington was not far removed from the education of Cranmer.[11] "The lamentable silences of hell" is excellent.

> En adsum tuis commota, Luci, precibus, rerum naturae parens, elementorum omnium domina, saeculorum progenies initialis, summa nominum, regina Manium, prima caelitum, deorum dearumque facies uniformis, quae caeli luminosa culmina, maris salubria flamina, inferum deplorata silentia nutibus meis dispenso: cuius numen unicum multiformi specie, ritu vario, nomine multiiugo totus veneratur orbis.[12]

It reminds one of Ave Maris Stella and of many another Latin hymn.[13] The translation is admirable: I have purposely chosen a passage in which the translation is admirable. And yet how utterly various the connotations!

There are two kinds of good translation. There is the "literal" translation which is useful for any one who is struggling with the original text; and there is the free translation which is best for those who cannot attempt the original text at all. Adlington's – and most Tudor translations – is of the latter type. It revives, but it metamorphoses. One kind of good translation widens the sensibility of our own language; the other kind is a simple aid to exploring the sensibility of another. We are apt to ignore this simple truth, in that we dream of an ideal translation. We need the two kinds; but we need to know which is which. It would still be quite possible for the language to produce translations as good as Adlington's, in its own kind, if we would unclothe ourselves from a stupid prejudice in favour of what is called "originality"; appreciate, and use for its proper uses, the "scholarly" translation; but allow the writer of English prose or verse the right to make use of the Latin and Greek classics as Adlington did.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The price of the volume in 1928 was $3.50. The Adlington translation was last published in 1893 by David Nutt as vol 4 of the Tudor Translation series, edited by W. E. Henley.

2. Thomas Taylor (1758-1835), neoplatonist and translator of the complete works of Plato and Aristotle as well as those of Apuleius and other classical authors.

3. William Adlington (fl. 1566), Elizabethan translator. In "The Tudor Translators" (1929), TSE describes Adlington's translation as "shameless" and remarks that his "knowledge of Latin was very poor, and that he depended upon a French translation, as he makes all the mistakes that the French translation made" (3.626). Begun in 1912, the Loeb Classical Library provided accessible editions of Latin and Greek texts with literal translations on the facing page.

4. The New England Watch and Ward Society, formed in 1878 as the New England Society for the Suppression of Vice, exercised its influence to censor books and plays that it deemed morally offensive, including Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* (1882) and Boccaccio's *Decameron* (1903, without success).

5. Apuleius (125-180), Latin author; native of North Africa, he wrote the only Latin novel that survives in its entirety, recounting the adventures of a man who accidentally turns himself into a donkey.

6. In "The Local Flavour" (1919), TSE wrote of Whibley: "it is a satisfaction to know that there is at least one man who has not only read but enjoyed, and not only enjoyed but read, such authors as Petronius and Herondas" (2.176).

7. Whibley compares Apuleius to Baudelaire (2), writing: "Were he alive today, Paris would have been his field, and he the undisputed master of Decadence and Symbolism. . . . His curiosity of diction, his unfailing loyalty to speech, his eager search after the strange and living word, his love for an art which knows no concealment – these qualities proclaim the Decadent" (8).

8. Thomas North translated Plutarch; John Florio, Montaigne; George Sandys (1578-1644), English writer and traveler, translated classical and religious works, including Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the Psalms, and the Song of Songs.

9. Both were born in the Roman province of Numidia, in cities located in the modern-day Algerian province of Souk Ahras: Apuleius in Madauras and St. Augustine in Thagaste.

10. Thomas Deloney (ca. 1540-1600), English balladist and early novelist; his novels celebrate the crafts, including clothiers in *Thomas of Reading*, shoemakers in *The Gentle Craft*, and weavers (his own trade) in *Jack of Newbury*. TSE compares Nashe favorably to Deloney in "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (1929) (3.637).

11. Thomas Cranmer, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and ordained in 1523, became a lecturer in divinity, a leader of the English Reformation, and the primary author of the Book of Common Prayer, including short collects or prayers for the liturgical year (1549); little is known of Adlington's life, but he addressed his dedication from "University College, Oxenford."

12. Latin original of the translation quoted above from Book XI. TSE's library contained a copy of Apuleius's *Metamorphosen libri XI* [*Metamorphoses Book XI*] (Leipzig, 1897); here, 255; signed and dated 1907.

13. "Hail, Star of the Sea," anonymous Latin hymn honoring the Virgin Mary, dating at least to the ninth century.

The New Censorship

To the Editor of *The Nation and Athenaeum*

The Nation and Athenaeum, 43 (15 Sept 1928) 755

Sir, – I should like to add a line in support of the admirable protest made by Mr. Forster and Mrs. Woolf in your last issue against the "withdrawal from circulation" of *The Well of Loneliness*.[1] I do not like the book, but I agree that it is perfectly decent; and I see no grounds for the suppression. I wish only to suggest that some more organized protest might be made, before the practice of suppression by *these means* – articles in Sunday newspapers – becomes an established custom.[2]

Yours, etc.,

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

[1] TSE discussed the censorship of Radclyffe Hall's novel about female homosexuality in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Sept 1928 (3.473). Published by Jonathan Cape, the book had to be withdrawn after protests in the *Sunday Express* and threats of legal action by the Home Secretary; the case was brought to court and the judge ordered all copies destroyed. The novelists E. M. Forster (1879-1970) and Virginia Woolf published a letter in the issue of 8 Sept protesting that writers "cannot produce great literature until they have free minds. . . . we feel that Miss Hall's fellow writers ought to protest vigorously against the action of the Home Office. . . . Not only has a wrong been done to a seriously minded book, a blow has been struck at literature generally" (725).

[2] TSE refers in particular to the review by James Douglas that initiated the controversy, "A Book that Must Be Suppressed," in the *Sunday Express* of 19 Aug 1928. Subsequently, TSE, E. M. Forster, Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Julian Huxley, and other authors signed an organized letter of protest that appeared in the *Daily Herald* of 28 Nov 1928 – "Book Ban Denounced: Eminent People Defend 'Well of Loneliness'" (5) – and also in the *Daily News* of that date (5).

Preface to *This American World*, by Edgar Ansel Mowrer

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928. Pp. xv + 254; Preface, ix-xv.[1]

The national and racial self-consciousness of our time, with its various transformations since the war, has provided the subject-matter for a great number of books of a new sort. The literature of Bolshevism has been followed by the literature of Fascism, and neither of these subjects appears to be exhausted.[2] The literature of Americanism, though never concerned with phenomena of such momentary excitement as the two former, has been steadily accumulating. It is for the most part of two kinds: books written by Americans in criticism of their society, and books written by more or less intelligent Europeans. The first kind varies infinitely, as the names of Mencken, Van Wyck Brooks, Sherman and Irving Babbitt testify; the latter kind varies from the casual notes of some eminent novelist on a lecture tour, to the conscientious survey of M. André Siegfried.[3] I mention M. Siegfried's book with design, for it is not only one of the best of its kind, but forms a useful counterpart to this book by Mr. Mowrer, which however falls into neither category.[4] Siegfried's book is a carefully documented study of the social, political and economic life of America, observed as something distinct from Europe. Mr. Mowrer's book is rather a study in the philosophy of history, in the same sense as the work of Spengler, but written with a lighter hand and with no hard and fast theory into which to fit his facts. It is a study of the future of Americanism both within and outside of America.

In this last qualification lies, I consider, the peculiar interest of the book. The majority of American criticisms of America, however intelligent, suffer from a preoccupation with the local aspects of the problems. And so, in another way, do most foreign criticisms. The majority of foreigners think either of Americanization as something to be welcomed and exploited, or as a plague to be quarantined; and either point of view is apt to be superficial. Mr. Mowrer goes farther. He inquires into the origin, as well as the nature, of Americanism; traces it back to Europe; and finds that what are supposed to be the specifically American qualities and vices, are merely the European qualities and vices given a new growth in a different soil. Europe, therefore, in accepting American contributions the danger of which Mr. Mowrer certainly does not palliate, has contracted a malady the germs of which were bred in her own system. Americanization, in short, would probably have happened anyway; America itself has merely accelerated the process.

This is an idea which must have occurred to many thoughtful minds, but which has never been so fully and cogently developed as here. In order to make his point, the author is obliged first to define and criticize the qualities and defects of America. This work has been done before, though never (by an American) more clearly or better in a short space. Mr. Mowrer is a shrewd observer, and his observation is given greater force and more particular interest by the brief account of his own origins and beginnings, and the American history of his own family, which he appends to this part of the book. It is a typical case of the history of the families of "Anglo Saxon" origin which have penetrated the Middle West and the West Coast. The author is the descendant of pioneers. There is much reason in the distinction which he draws in the following passage:

> Not to have the frontier in one's blood makes emotional understanding of the United States impossible. On this account Americans divide into two groups, the older stocks and the new-comers. The latter are strong in the cities. They almost monopolize certain branches of our life, they dress, conduct themselves, talk and think like the descendants of old settlers – but they do not feel as they. That is why so much that is admirable in American arts and letters, the work of the later arrivals, does not touch the older stocks, why to the "sixth generation American" New York often seems as alien as Vienna or Amsterdam. [61]

This statement is, broadly speaking, true, but I should make two reservations: that the newcomers have not all gone to the cities – witness in New England alone, the Portuguese in the fishing industry, and the Portuguese and Italians in suburban market-gardening; and what is more important, that those branches of the early-settling families which have remained in the East, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the towns of the southern seaboard, are further removed from the "pioneer" than those whose grandparents moved west. Several subdivisions might be made, to suggest the variety of backgrounds between Americans, in contrast to the general homogeneity of background between Europeans of the same class and nationality. I am myself a descendant of pioneers, somewhat like Mr. Mowrer. My family did not move so often as his, because we tended to cling to places and associations as long as possible; but with a family tendency to traditions and loyalties, I have a background which Mr. Mowrer would recognize, and which is different from that of the native European and from that of many Americans. My family were New Englanders, who had been settled – my branch of it – for two generations in the South West – which was, in my own time, rapidly becoming merely the Middle West.[5] The family guarded jealously its connexions with New England; but it was not until years of maturity that I perceived that I myself had always been a New Englander in the South West, and a South Westerner in New England; when I was sent to school in New England I lost my southern accent without ever acquiring the accent of the native Bostonian.[6] In New England I missed the long dark river, the ailanthus trees, the flaming cardinal birds, the high limestone bluffs where we searched for fossil shell-fish; in Missouri I missed the fir trees, the bay and goldenrod, the song-sparrows, the red granite and the blue sea of Massachusetts.[7] I remember a friend of my school-days, whose family had lived in the same house in the same New England seaport for two hundred and fifty years.[8] In some ways his background was as different from mine as that of any European. My grandmother – one of my grandmothers – had shot her own wild turkeys for dinner;[9] his had collected Chinese pottery brought home by the Salem clippers. It was perhaps easier for the grandson of pioneers to migrate eastward than it would have been for my friend to migrate in any direction.

Leaving the reminiscences to which Mr. Mowrer has tempted me, I wish to indicate again what seem to me the three principal divisions of his book. The first part, as I said, is occupied with a diagnosis of the peculiar ailments of America; the second with an investigation of the effect of these maladies upon Europe and the rest of the world, and with their European origin; the third is concerned with the future. It is evident that Mr. Mowrer has been affected by his reading of Spengler; but he is too reasonable to commit himself either to the pessimistic determinism of Spengler or the optimistic determinism of Wells and Shaw (but the optimism of Wells and Shaw is taking on slowly a darker colour). He recognizes that if one looks far enough ahead, none of these things that are happening seem either good or bad: they are merely change. Our task is simply to see what we are, and to know what we want in the immediate future, and to work towards that.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. The blurb on the cover of the Faber dust jacket was probably written by TSE: "This provocative book begins with a merciless exposure by an American of the weakness of the 'American' type of modern civilization; shows how the process of 'Americanization' has infected the old world; and forecasts its final triumph. If he may seem to some English readers to underestimate the powers of resistance in Europe, and particularly in England, there is no denying the onslaught of the disease, if we may call it that."

2. See "The Literature of Fascism" (1928) (3.548, n.1) for articles on Communism and Fascism written by TSE or published by him in the *Criterion*.

3. In "American Critics" (1929), TSE refers to "a more impatient group of critics of America, represented in the rougher sort by Mr. Mencken with his *Prejudices* and *Americana*, and in the genteeler sort by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks with his *Wine of the Puritans* and his *Ordeal of Mark Twain*" (3.569). *Prejudices* (1919-1927, 6 vols) collected Mencken's satirical journalism on American life, while *Americana* (1925-26, 2 vols) excerpted absurd passages from American periodicals as the object of humor. TSE referred to Mencken in pieces throughout the 1920s, calling him a "brilliant specialist in American depravity" in his "London Letter" of Mar 1921 (2.333). TSE reviewed Van Wyck Brooks's *The Wine of the Puritans: A Study of Present-Day America* (1908) for the *Harvard Advocate* in 1909, calling it "a confession of national weakness" (1.18). He criticized Stuart Pratt Sherman's assessment of Whitman in his "London Letter" of Apr 1922 (2.397); Sherman's books on American life and literature to date included *Americans* (1922), *The Genius of America* (1923), and *The Main Stream* (1927). TSE referred to André Siegfried's *America Comes of Age: A French Analysis* (1927) in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Mar 1928 (3.366). TSE's discussion of Babbitt's *Democracy and Leadership* (1924) in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" gave rise to a lively debate in *Forum* magazine during 1928-29 (3.454).

4. Edgar Ansel Mowrer (1892-1977), born in central Illinois, where his pioneering ancestors settled after crossing America, graduated from the University of Michigan and had served since 1914 as a foreign correspondent in Europe for the *Chicago Daily News*.

5. TSE's grandfather, William Greenleaf Eliot, Jr. (1811-87), Unitarian Minister, educator, and philanthropist, was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, graduated from Harvard Divinity School, received ordination as an Evangelist in the Federal Street Church in Boston, and moved to St. Louis, Missouri, to found the First Congregational Society in 1834. He established the Unitarian Church of the Messiah in 1837 and in 1854 founded the "Eliot Seminary," which became Washington University in 1857.

6. TSE was sent to the Milton Academy in Milton, Massachusetts, for the 1905-06 academic year, preparatory to entering Harvard in the fall of 1906. TSE similarly commented on his sense of displacement in a letter of 23 Apr 1928 to Herbert Read: "Some day I want to write an essay about the point of view of an American who wasn't an American, because his America ended in 1829; and who wasn't a Yankee, because he was born in the South and went to school in New England as a small boy with a nigger drawl, but who wasn't a southerner in the South because his people were northerners in a border state and looked down on all southerners and Virginians, and who so was never anything anywhere" (*L4* 137-38).

7. See TSE's reference to the Mississippi River ("a strong brown god") and "the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard" in *The Dry Salvages* (1941) and to "the granite shore" and "the bent

golden-rod and the lost sea smell" surrounding the Eliot summer house in Gloucester, Cape Ann, in *Ash-Wednesday* (1930) (*CPP* 130, 66).

8. Possibly Rishworth Pierpont Jordan (1887-1954), a classmate of TSE at Milton Academy and Harvard. The Jordans proudly traced their heritage to the 1660s in Saco, Maine (and nearby Cape Elizabeth). The family built or lived in substantial properties, often for several generations, though no one house has been identified as continuing in their possession. Saco Bay is just south of Casco Bay, the setting of "Marina."

9. TSE's paternal grandmother Abigail (Abby) Adams Eliot, née Cranch (1817-1908), who supplied her table from the abundance of game on the outskirts of St. Louis; his maternal grandmother was Charlotte Blood Stearns (1811-93), wife of Thomas Stearns (1811-80), a Boston merchant, after whom TSE was named.

Questions of Prose

To the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*

The Times Literary Supplement, 1391 (27 Sept 1928) 687

Sir, – In your interesting leading article of September 13 your reviewer makes one point which seems to me of some importance, and which may easily be overlooked. He quotes the well-known passage from North's Plutarch (Coriolanus's speech to Aufidius), and follows it with the equally famous version of Shakespeare, which he prints as prose. He observes that the version of Shakespeare is "a far better piece of prose than the original."[1]

I make precisely the opposite observation. The prose of North is fine prose, the verse of Shakespeare is great poetry. And printed as prose, the verse of Shakespeare seems to me to be bad prose. As prose, it is difficult to grasp; as prose, it is badly constructed. North's I find much superior – as prose.

What I think your reviewer, like many other people, has overlooked is this: that verse, whatever else it may or may not be, is itself a system of *punctuation*; the usual marks of punctuation themselves are differently employed. If your reviewer were right, the method ought to be reversible; so that some passages of great prose could be converted into fine verse; and I do not believe he can find an example.

Yours,

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, W.C.I. T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In "Questions of Prose" (*TLS*, 13 Sept, 637-38), the reviewer (John Middleton Murry) of four prose collections compares a passage from Plutarch's Life of Coriolanus, in the English translation by Sir Thomas North (1535-1601) of *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* (1579), to Shakespeare's close adaptation of the passage in *Coriolanus*, IV.5.71-90, when Coriolanus goes to Antium to help Tullus Aufidius in the war against Rome (printed by Murry in prose): "My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done to thee particularly and to all the Volsces great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may my surname Coriolanus . . . Now this extremity hath brought me to thy hearth; not out of hope – mistake me not – to save my life . . . but in mere spite, to be full quit of those my banishers, stand I before thee." Murry states that Shakespeare's rewriting of the passage "is manifestly superior: it is more vivid and concise; the dramatic emphasis is more

precise and certain . . . It is, in brief, a far better piece of prose than the original" (638). TSE discusses the two passages again in "The Tudor Translators" (1929), stating that "The verse of Shakespeare is more mature than the prose of North; but it proves how very fine the prose of North is; and indicates one way in which the prose of the translators contributed to the development of the English language" (3.630-31). TSE had drawn upon the passage from *Coriolanus* for the epigraph to "Ode" in *Ara Vus Prec* (1919): "To you particularly, and to all the Volscians / Great hurt and mischief."

Publishers' Preface to *Fishermen of the Banks*, by James B. Connolly

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928. Pp. xi + 274; Preface, vii-viii.[1]

The town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, lies about forty miles north-east of Boston.[2] As, in the old days, New Bedford to the south of Cape Cod was the centre of the whaling industry, and Salem, between Boston and Gloucester, was the centre for the fast clipper ships which traded with China, so Gloucester has always been the port for the deep-sea fishing of the North Atlantic.[3] It has the most beautiful harbor for small ships on the whole of that coast. In the summer, the Gloucester fishing schooner, laden with its seines and dories, can reach the south Banks or "Georges"; in the winter the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the codfish abound; it may even buy and sell in the harbour of Reykyavik, Iceland.[4] All the year round, and on every day of the week except Friday and Sunday, which are unlucky,[5] schooners are setting out for their cruises of several weeks. There is no harder life, no more uncertain livelihood, and few more dangerous occupations. Since the introduction of the "knockabout rig" – the schooner with a long bow and no bowsprit[6] – there are fewer losses at sea; but Gloucester has many widows, and no trip is without anxiety for those at home.[7] On the long rows of drying racks that lie behind the wharves, the salt fish is dried in the sun; the unedible parts of the fish are used in glue factories round about; the products of these two industries go to the whole of America.

Anyone who has ever read Mr. Kipling's *Captains Courageous* should be thrilled by these true stories of the adventures of Gloucester fishermen or "bankers," written by one who (with all respect) knows the subject much better than Mr. Kipling.[8] Mr. Connolly has himself shipped many times with the fishermen "out o' Gloucester" and knows their life and their ways intimately.[9] He is the author of several volumes of short stories of this life – stories which are brilliant pieces of fiction, but which also have received the exacting approval of the Gloucestermen themselves. But for a reader who is unfamiliar with that life, the tales in the present volume will serve as the best introduction. They are true narratives: most of them can – or could a few years ago – be learnt by word of mouth from the men between trips, as they lounged at the corner of Main Street and Duncan Street in Gloucester.[10] The heroes of these narratives are not imaginary heroes, but actual men.

NOTES

1. The first English edition, published 4 Oct 1928, of *The Book of the Gloucester Fishermen* (New York: John Day, 1927). TSE's preface is unique to the English edition. James B. Connolly (1868-1957), American writer, Olympic athlete, sports journalist, and sailor, wrote several books about the fishermen of the North Atlantic fishing grounds, or "banks," as well as about Gloucester's trade with Iceland.

2. The Eliots had strong New England family connections and built a summer home above Niles Beach at Eastern Point, Gloucester, in 1896, overlooking the outer harbor. From an early age, TSE summered with his family at Gloucester, where he learned to sail and where he purchased the notebook in which he inscribed his first poems, posthumously collected as *Inventions of the March Hare*. In "The Influence of Landscape upon the Poet," his address to the American Academy on 21 Oct 1959, he remarked that "my country landscape" is "that of New England, of coastal New England, and New England from June to October."

3. For TSE on the New England Atlantic sea trade and sailors, see "Gentlemen and Seamen" (1909) (1.21). TSE remarked in a letter of 14 Oct 1938 to Ian Cox that "my great-grandfather was an owner of whaling ships in New Bedford, and his business was ruined by the British fleet in 1812."

4. *schooner* (OED): "A small sea-going fore-and-aft rigged vessel, originally with only two masts, but now often with three or four masts and carrying one or more topsails"; *seine*: "A fishing net designed to hang vertically in the water, the ends being drawn together to enclose the fish"; *dory*: "A small boat; *esp.* a small flat-bottomed boat used in sea-fisheries, in which to go out from a larger vessel to catch fish." The Georges Bank, between Cape Cod and Cape Sable Island, Nova Scotia, and the Great Banks, southeast of Canada, are both large Atlantic fishing grounds, the former of which helped to establish Gloucester's place as a fishing center. See *The Dry Salvages*: "It tosses up our losses, the torn seine" (*CPP* 130).

5. According to fishermen's superstitions

6. *bowsprit* (OED): "A large spar or boom running out from the stem of a vessel, to which (and the jib-boom and flying jib-boom, which extend beyond it) the foremast stays are fastened." See "Marina" (1930): "Bowsprit cracked with ice and paint cracked with heat" (*CPP* 72).

7. The Fishermen's Memorial in Gloucester, erected 1923-25, commemorates the loss of over 10,000 men at sea.

8. *Captains Courageous* (1896, 1897). Eliot commented repeatedly on Kipling's lack of local knowledge. In "The Defects of Kipling" (1909): "But to make the commonplace interesting in a legitimate way needs insight. When Kipling tries it, he distorts it. I have often heard the British soldier of Kipling is not in the least like reality, and I have heard from the lips of Gloucester longshoremen that *Captains Courageous* is quite incorrect, the product of three weeks lounging about the wharves" (1.9); in his "Commentary" for the *Criterion* of Oct 1926: "Mr. Kipling's prose is liable to be qualified by the superior reader as merely brilliant *reportage*. Reportage it is, and sometimes, as in *Captains Courageous*, indifferent reportage: Gloucester fishermen have

been able to detect inaccuracies in that book" (2.831); and in a letter to Ian Cox of 14 Oct 1938: "You may remember my mentioning that Kipling made some mistakes in *Captains Courageous* in confusing the speech of Gloucester fishermen with that of Cape Cod fishermen."

9. See Connolly's *Out of Gloucester* (New York: Scribner, 1902). Connolly was an experienced sailor and went on numerous fishing expeditions with the Gloucestermen, as Kipling by his own account had not done. Kipling recollected going "once or twice to Gloucester," listening to his friend Dr. Conlan's youthful stories of service in the fleet – "My part was the writing, his the details" – and going to "the old T-wharf of Boston Harbour, and to queer meals in sailors' eating-houses"; and, once, "out on a pollock-fisher, which is ten times fouler than any cod-schooner, and I was immortally sick." From "Something of Myself" (1937), in *Kipling: A Selection of his Stories and Poems*, ed. John Beecroft, vol 2 (New York: Doubleday, 1956), 369-70.

10. A junction across from the inner harbor and wharves. TSE's "lounge," applied twice previously to sea matters – "lounging about the wharves" in "The Defects of Kipling" (1909) (1.9), and "From New Brunswick to Florida to-day lounge the coasters" in "Gentlemen and Seamen" (1909) (1.22) – resurfaces in relation to fishmen in *TWL*: "Where fishmen lounge at noon:" (*CPP* 45).

Two Studies in Dante

An unsigned review of *Dante's Conception of Justice*, by Allan H. Gilbert

Durham, NC: Duke UP; London: Cambridge UP, 1925. Pp. vii + 244.

The New Beatrice; or, The Virtue that Counsels. A Study in Dante, by Gratia Eaton Baldwin

New York: Columbia UP; London: Milford, 1928. Pp. 88.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1393 (11 Oct 1928) 732

These two books, both issued from American university presses, are curiously different, but arrive very happily together for any reader who cares to meditate upon human nature as exhibited by Dante students. The first, it must be said at once, is very much better and more important than the second; yet, taken together, the two volumes are much more informative about the dangers, limitations, and difficulties of the study of Dante than either would be alone.

Professor Gilbert[1] has provided, at the least, a compact and convenient and well-arranged handbook introducing the student to what is certainly the central idea of the *Divine Comedy* – the idea of Justice: an idea, furthermore, without a grasp of which we cannot understand the *De Monarchia* or the *Convivio*.[2] The author is perfectly orthodox among Dante scholars; there is nothing surprising or revolutionary about his conclusions; his merit is to have provided a sound and readable presentation of the key-idea of the *Comedy*. It may be recommended to anyone beginning the study of Dante without profound knowledge of Aristotle or of Scholasticism. We agree with the author that the importance of the conception of Justice in the *Divine Comedy* can hardly be over-estimated, and that the commentaries of Aquinas on Aristotle were probably far more important in the formation of Dante's views than were any of the available works of Aristotle himself. The author says rightly:

> Justice lies at the heart of the Commedia. The poem cannot be morally or even aesthetically acceptable unless the punishments and rewards of which it treats are accepted as justly assigned. Its structure and purpose cannot be grasped without an understanding of its author's conception of justice, nor can its allegory appear rational or artistic. The interpretation of the Purgatorio has especially suffered from the lack of any principle of justice as a guide. In the present work the penalties of purgatory are treated as parts of a connected allegory and distinguished from those of hell. The chapter on the Paradiso is intended to show how that part of the poem fits into Dante's allegorical scheme as a presentation of the Divine justice at work among living men. Interpreters of the Paradiso have too commonly been content with the literal meaning alone. [vi]

The book is improved by an appendix giving the relevant texts from Dante, Aquinas and Aristotle.

Our only criticism of the book is that the author might have gathered his argument into another chapter, pointing out the difference between the "justice" of Aristotle as developed by Aquinas and the common conception of "justice" at the present time. The Aristotelian "justice" as taken over by Dante is a term with progressive enlargement of meaning, from social or legal justice to Divine justice, which are related but not identical. It is largely due, we believe, to the romantic conception of justice that the *Inferno* has been, especially among Anglo-Saxon and Northern readers, the most popular and most apparently intelligible part of the *Comedy*. We do not need to *accept* the idea of eternal damnation in order to appreciate the *Inferno*, but we must certainly *understand* it – and that, as the history of modern literary criticism attests, is more difficult than most people think. Most of the romantic delight in the love of Paolo and Francesca, from Musset on, has been founded on a misconception.[3] Now it is essential to the understanding of the *Inferno* to understand that all of these damned are damned *voluntarily*; they prefer damnation because they prefer to remain in their several states of mind rather than make any motion of discipline or surrender. The choice of damnation by the damned is, however, contrasted with the choice of suffering by those in purgatory. Professor Gilbert makes a good point of the distinction between the "flames" of hell and the "flames" of purgatory – into which latter Guido Guinicelli, for example, withdraws again with gladness after speaking to Dante.[4] The damned choose the mental state which implies torment; the souls in purgatory choose the torment which will purge the mental state.

Miss Baldwin's little book deals with the special problem of the *Vita Nuova*, the problem which has proved itself a stumbling-block for most of its critics: Miss Baldwin, it must be said, falls over the block pretty heavily.[5] Miss Baldwin believes that she has made a discovery; she writes in a tone of autobiographical ecstasy. Whether she is right or wrong, she has all the fresh enthusiasm of the discoverer.[6] There are two obvious directions in which interpretation of the *Vita Nuova* can go: that curious work can be taken as autobiography in cryptogram, or as pure allegory without biographical foundation.[7] All the possible information is probably known; in the end the reader judges according to his predilections. Miss Baldwin is one of the allegorizers: her conclusions would carry more conviction if they were not so violent. "Pondering these appellations so spiritual in import," she exclaims, "I began to recoil from any idea of love of even the memory of a woman of flesh and blood" [11]. What Miss Baldwin, like many interpreters of the *Vita Nuova*, does not seem to allow is that it may be both personal and allegorical; to some readers, at least, the peculiar intensity of the document is due to just this union which commentators are anxious to deny. One of the miracles of Dante, as we see throughout the *Comedy*, is his ability to move without a break between the human and the Divine, the concrete and the abstract. To compare the *Vita Nuova* with any of its prototypes in vision literature or allegory – as *The Shepherd of Hermas* –[8] is to become aware of a vast difference: with Dante there is always a foundation of personal human feeling, which, however, cannot be isolated from his philosophical and religious emotions. Though the form of the *Vita Nuova* be shaped by convention,[9] though it is in no way autobiographical in the modern sense, the book is obviously based on human passion; and without this basis it would have been merely a curiosity of literature, not an immortal work. The allegory, some allegory, is certainly there; but the allegorical in Dante cannot be isolated from the personal. It is to us an alien system of feeling – alien far less by race and language than by time – which has to be learnt, and faintly apprehended, by much study.

The contrast between these two books is interesting, for it illustrates the requirements and the limitations of aids to Dante study. Such analysis of Dante's philosophy as Professor Gilbert gives us is right and necessary, but such analysis as Miss Baldwin's is unnecessary and mutilates. The one divides the joints of poetry and philosophy; the other splits the bones.

NOTES

1. Allan H. Gilbert (1888-1987), American writer and Professor of English at Duke University (1921-57), was a Renaissance scholar who authored works on Dante, Machiavelli, Jonson, and Milton.

2. Dante's post-exile political works, *Convivio* [The Banquet] (ca. 1304-07) and *De monarchia* [On Monarchy] (ca. 1312-13)

3. In "Dante" (1920), TSE criticizes de Musset's followers Walter Savage Landor and Henry Sidgwick for having "misunderstood" in "false simplification" the Paolo and Francesco episode (*Inferno* V.88-142) in their criticism (2.229). TSE likely first encountered de Musset's reading in Santayana's *Three Philosophical Poets* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 1910), where Santayana quotes from Musset's poem "Souvenir" (1850) and states that Musset "actually upbraids Dante for not seeing that such an eternal destiny as he has assigned to Paolo and Francesca would be not the ruin of their love, but the perfect fulfillment of it" (117-18). Alfred de Musset, in his prose fragment "Le Poète déchu" [The Fallen Poet] (1839), describes the overwhelming effect the Paolo and Francesca episode had on him: "je le relus plusieurs fois de suite, jusqu'à ce que le sentiment tout entire pénétrât dans mon âme. . . . Lorsque j'arrivai au dernier, où le poète tombe comme un cadavre, je me laissai aller à terre en pleurant." *Œuvres Complètes en Prose*, ed. Maurice Allem, Bibliothèque de la Pleiade (Paris: Gallimard, 1951), 331. *Trans*: I read it several times until the feeling penetrated my entire soul. When I came to the part where the poet falls like a dead body, I let myself fall to the ground in tears.

4. Guinizelli (or Guinicelli) is a fellow love poet of Dante who is found, along with Arnaut Daniel, among the lustful in *Purgatorio* XXVI. TSE refers to Dante's simile for Guido's withdrawal back into the fire (line 135): "come per l'acqua pesce andando al fondo" ["like a fish going through the water to the bottom"] (*DC2* 330-31). Allusions to this passage, especially Daniel's speech ("Ara vos prec") at 142-48, are recurrent in TSE's poems, and he discusses the passage again in "Dante" (1929) (3.716).

5. Gratia Eaton Baldwin (1873-1937), independent American scholar of Dante and medieval literature, and wife of the Yale scholar of medieval and Renaissance literature, Charles Sears Baldwin.

6. Baldwin states that the labor of discovering the meaning behind Dante's symbols has brought "great joy": "a new world of thought has been opened to my understanding, revealing to me a spiritual activity transcending experience and defying expression" (3).

7. TSE makes a similar distinction in "Dante" (1929), noting that critics of the *Vita nuova* "may be roughly divided into those who regard it as primarily biographical, and those who regard it as primarily allegorical"(3.730).

8. An early-Christian (ca. second century AD) visionary and allegorical text, comprising revelations and oracles regarding the early Church. TSE discusses Remy de Gourmont's comparison of "Dante's visions to those of other vision literature such as the *Shepherd of Hermas*" in his third Clark lecture (2.650).

9. The *Vita nuova* draws on conventions of the medieval genre of courtly love, with a series of love poems connected by prose narratives.

Three Reformers

An unsigned review of *Three Reformers: Luther, Descartes, Rousseau*, by Jacques Maritain

London: Sheed and Ward, 1928. Pp. 234.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1397 (8 Nov 1928) 818

This is the second of M. Maritain's books to be translated, Messrs. Sheed and Ward having this year brought out a translation of the small *Vie d'Oraison* by Mr. Algar Thorold.[1] The French editions of other of Maritain's works such as *Réflexions sur l'Intelligence* have also been reviewed.[2] Maritain's name, at least, is becoming known in England as that of the most popular and influential exponent of neo-Thomism; but there has not been hitherto the matter available to make possible for us any critical scrutiny of his position in contemporary France. The present book, which consists of three essays – on Luther, on Descartes and on Rousseau – makes such a scrutiny desirable.

The word "neo-Thomism" may be taken with more than one meaning. It can be applied to the philosophic work of Dominicans and members of other Orders which has gone on at least since the pronouncement of Leo XIII in favour of Aquinas, including the work of such men as Rousselot, Sertillanges, and Garrigou-Lagrange.[3] Or it can be applied to the popularization of intellectual Catholicism in the life of contemporary Paris. In the latter aspect, if we consider it only as an aspect, neo-Thomism has some of the appearance of a literary and philosophic mode.[4] It represents, beyond its strictly theological import, a reaction against such philosophies as that of Bergson, against Romanticism in literature and against democracy in government. These three reactions, which naturally cooperate, account for M. Maritain's temporary association with the group of the *Action Française*, and also for a good deal of the force which neo-Thomism has exercised outside of its strictly Catholic sphere of influence. They have also carried into the fold of the Church, for longer or shorter periods, men whose interests were primarily philosophical, or literary, or political. The influence of neo-Thomism has reached many persons who have probably never read a word of St. Thomas. Of this influence in the wider sense M. Maritain is the leading propagator and he occupies a dignified and distinguished position.

It is important to recognize that M. Maritain, though a brilliant and accomplished scholar, is more important as a popularizer of ideas than as an original thinker. He owes his place partly to charm of personality and beauty of character, to great enthusiasm, and to a vigorous and vivacious style. His process of development is interesting and significant. He was born of a Protestant family in France, and was a student of modern philosophy before his conversion to Rome. He was a student, even a disciple, of Bergson, a mathematician and a biologist. Before the War he had studied biology in Germany for two years, under Hans Driesch and others.[5] Only after his marriage was he converted to Catholicism; and his conversion was due, not to the study of Christian philosophy, but to the influence of that extraordinary personage, the violent and rhapsodical novelist Léon Bloy.[6] After this conversion he took up in earnest the study of Thomism, which has brought him to the Chair of Philosophy at the Institut Catholique.[7] And he became a friend of Charles Péguy.[8] He has written some charming pages about Bloy, and has recently edited a volume of the letters which Bloy wrote to him and to Mme. Maritain, Bloy's godchildren.[9]

In estimating Maritain's place and value we must recognize in his prose a poetic quality, which probably derives from the great influence upon him of Bloy, and perhaps also of Péguy. Maritain is the lyrist of Thomism. The champion of intellectualism, he found his own way to Christianity by a different route; he is an emotional rather than an intellectual Catholic. To say this is not to accuse him of inconsistency or incompetence, or to attempt to undermine his position. It is merely to assign him a place rather different from that of the technical philosopher. His work, too, always stimulates the intellectual appetite, even though it does not always give intellectual satisfaction. The three essays in this book are all, as would be expected, thoroughgoing denunciations of their subjects. They are a *tour de force* – though it is quite possible to arrive at right conclusions by a *tour de force*. Compare the third – that on Rousseau – with Irving Babbitt's masterly book *Rousseau and Romanticism*.[10] The latter is a patient and detailed and impersonal examination of a malady from every aspect, weighing every evidence and analyzing every symptom. M. Maritain leaps at his subject, sums up the disease in a phrase, and prescribes at once. His appeal is to the heart rather than the head. We are persuaded before we have reasoned; the book is brilliant, delightful and easy to read.

The essays are not intended to be comprehensive studies of their subjects. Each is the development of one idea applied to that subject. This is suggested by the sub-titles: Luther, or "The Advent of the Self"; Descartes, or "The Incarnation of the Angel"; Rousseau, or "Nature's Saint." The essay on Rousseau is the least interesting, because on this subject there is least that is new to say: the essay on Descartes is the most remarkable, and gets close to the heart of the matter. The essay on Luther is very able, but is disfigured by a certain unnecessary violence. We say unnecessary, because M. Maritain is dealing with Luther, as with the others, as the incarnation of certain ideas which he holds to be in the widest sense heretical; and he does his thesis less than justice, and may perhaps arouse opposition in the minds of some readers who might otherwise be favourably disposed, by dwelling too eagerly on Luther's personal faults and vices. The impression is rather that of a bestial maniac than of a great and dangerous heretic. It is a pity; all the more because M. Maritain is in detail fairer to Luther than he appears to be. Thus he says in a note on the *pecca fortiter*, the truncated phrase which is all that many people remember of Luther:[11]

> The famous *pecca fortiter* is not, for Luther, an *exhortation to sin*, and it is clearly not in this sense that we quote it. Luther thought that good works, while useless for salvation, must necessarily follow saving faith, like a sort of epiphenomenon, and that this faith, making the soul inseparable from God, would prevent bad works. In stating the formula in question in his celebrated letter to Melanchthon (August 1, 1521), he was giving a *précis* of all his ascetical and theological dialectic, of all his treatment for souls, and it is as such that we recall it. [175]

This is just. The main thesis, that Luther was an initiator of individualism, is also just. He separates faith and reason, God and man. Imbued with the spirit of Church discipline and authority in which he had been trained, he produced the immediate effect of an autocratic Erastianism throughout Germany, and was thus one of the ancestors of political nationalism.[12] The ultimate progress of Lutheran Protestantism was not wholly such as Luther foresaw, or such as he could have approved. But M. Maritain conceives the spirit of Luther as still operative in the modern world, and the consequences of Luther as still corrupting it. Whether we are Catholic or Protestant or neutral, whether we agree with M. Maritain or not, we must acknowledge that he has performed a real service in this brief and vigorous paper by calling attention to the extreme importance of Luther for anyone who would understand the modern world; and he sets the terms of the problem with concision and force.

The essay on Descartes is that which can be most confidently recommended to the general reader. Here we are not only outside the field of sectarian contention and in the field of pure philosophy, but we have a case which gives a fairer example of M. Maritain's powers. With Descartes there is no question of the private life, and we cannot be distracted by approval or dislike of his character. We are concerned only with his ideas. The influence of Descartes is only nowadays beginning to be fully recognized, when his philosophy itself is being more seriously called into question. M. Maritain's argument will be at first, for the reader who is not accustomed to the world of scholastic philosophy, a little foreign, though not impenetrable. The thesis, as the author states it, is that Descartes "conceived human Thought after the type of angelic Thought" [54]. The comparison between human thought, according to Descartes, and the thought of angels, according to St. Thomas, is then worked out. It should be explained for the benefit of the reader to whom angels mean little more than Christmas cards, that M. Maritain's view of Descartes is equally tenable whether you believe in the existence of angels or not. Put in more commonplace language, Descartes is one of the ancestors of materialism as well as of absolute idealism, of doubt as well as of irrational faith, of the antinomy of faith and reason. Descartes' philosophy has thus the marks of important heresy, for all important heresy has two sides to it. M. Maritain's essay is not easy reading; it is much the most difficult but much the most important of three. To the ordinary view of academic philosophers, Descartes is not a greater philosopher than several others; in the narrower sense of philosophy he is perhaps inferior to Spinoza and Leibnitz; and the influence of Descartes appears no more significant than the influence of Locke. And Descartes, on the other hand, shows traces of later scholasticism; of Occama and the nominalists.[13] But Descartes remains the great typical figure of modern "heresy" in the generalized sense of that word. Whatever the aberrations of individual philosophers in the Middle Ages, and they had been many; whatever their narrowness or ignorance, still the Greek philosophy of Plato and Aristotle had maintained its influence towards balanced wisdom, had prevented human thought from flying to peripheral extremes. In the simple, lucid and persuasive writings of Descartes the various elements are, so to speak, released from each other, so that you need only to press one aspect of his philosophy or another to produce the extremes of materialism and idealism, rationalism and blind faith. Descartes represents the triumph of the mathematical specialist in philosophy; and the mathematical specialist, the biological specialist, and the emancipated theologian have taken turns in dominating philosophical thought for two hundred years.

As M. Maritain is both philosopher and (in the best sense) a popularizer of ideas, his essays are worth reading both for their individual merit and because they indicate a very significant current of contemporary thought, which has already affected many minds besides those of technical metaphysicians, and many persons not included in the Roman communion. The future of the Maritain position is to be studied in connexion with that of others which are different and even antithetical, but equally significant of our time: such as the political philosophy of Maurras, and the humanism of Irving Babbitt, and the "philosophical anthropology" of the late Max Scheler.[14] The translation is quite competent, though not distinguished. We confess that we prefer to see translations signed by the translator; this translation is not only anonymous, but it has no explicit statement for the wholly uninstructed to show that it is a translation at all.

NOTES

1. *De la vie d'oraison* [On the Life of Prayer] by Jacques and Raïssa Maritain was privately printed in 1922 and revised and reissued in 1924 by l'Art Catholique in Paris. In "The Life of Prayer" (1928), TSE reviewed Thorold's translation, *Prayer and Intelligence, being La vie d'oraison of Jacques and Raïssa Maritain* (Sheed and Ward, 1928) (3.446). The publishing firm Sheed and Ward was established by Frank (Francis Joseph) Sheed (1897-1981) and his wife, Maisie Ward (1889-1975), Catholic lecturers and writers.

In a letter to H. V. Fitzroy Somerset of 3 Oct 1928, TSE wrote "I am just trying to write a review of the English translation of *Les Trois Réformateurs*, but it is difficult to write about the works of people one knows" (*L4* 275).

2. *Réflexions sur l'intelligence et sur sa vie propre* [*Reflections on the Intelligence and on One's Own Life*], Paris: Nouvelle librairie nationale, 1924. In "The Idea of a Literary Review" (1926), TSE mentions this book as an example of the modern tendency toward classicism (2.765).

3. Pope Leo XIII (1810-1903), born Vincenzo Pecci, led the modern revival of Aquinas's philosophy through his encyclical *Aeterni Patris* (1879) and by establishing academies for the study of Aquinas. Pierre Rousselot (1878-1915), French Jesuit author, wrote *L'intellectualisme de saint Thomas* (1908); Antonin-Gilbert Sertillanges (1863-1948), French Dominican philosopher, wrote *La philosophie morale de saint Thomas d'Aquin* (1914) and *S. Thomas d'Aquin* (1925); Réginald Garrigou-Lagrange (1877-1964), French Catholic theologian, taught at the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome and wrote commentaries on Aquinas's *Summa Theologica* and books on theology.

4. Paul Morand's Apr 1926 "Paris Letter" in the *Dial* discusses the "literary aspect" of the "great Neo-Catholic revival," in particular the Thomism of Maritain.

5. Hans Driesch, German biologist and philosopher who made discoveries in embryology; from 1909 to 1919, he taught natural philosophy in Heidelberg.

6. Bloy's attack on rationalism in *Le Désespéré* [*The Despairing One*] (1887) put him at odds with many in the French world of letters; he also wrote *La Femme pauvre* [*The Poor Woman*] (1897) and an eight-volume diary. In "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (1928), TSE writes that Bloy "begat Maritain, who begat the emotional and popular vulgarised neo-Thomism of our time" (3.438).

7. Founded in 1875, the Institut Catholique de Paris is a private university that trains students in both secular and sacred disciplines; in 1914, Maritain joined the faculty of philosophy, becoming full professor in the Chair of the History of Modern Philosophy in 1921, and in 1928, he was appointed to the Chair of Logic and Cosmology.

8. See TSE's 1916 review, "Charles Péguy" (1.483), and "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (1928), in which TSE calls Péguy's faults "pernicious" and questions whether he has "any right to exist at all" (3.440).

9. Maritain wrote *Quelques pages sur Léon Bloy* [*Some Pages on Léon Bloy*] (1927) and contributed a preface to Bloy's *Lettres à ses filleuls: Jacques Maritain et Pierre von der Meer de Walcheren* [*Letters to his Godsons*] (1928). Raïssa Oumansoff Maritain (1883-1960), poet and philosopher, married Maritain in 1904 and also converted to Catholicism under the influence of Bloy; the Maritains collaborated on *De la vie d'oraison*.

10. *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919) critiques Rousseau as a representative of Romanticism and the naturalistic view of life. In "Tradition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature" (1929), TSE describes Babbitt's book as "an account and a theory of the deterioration of taste since the early eighteenth century" (3.760).

11. Luther wrote to Melancthon, "pecca fortiter, sed crede fortius" [sin boldly, but believe more boldly]. *Luther's Works*, vol 48 (Augsburg Fortress, 1959), 21.

12. Erastianism: the subordination of church to state, after Thomas Erastus, sixteenth-century Swiss theologian, who held that religious crimes should be punished by the state, not the church.

13. Scholastic philosopher William of Ockham advanced the idea that universals exist only as concepts (names) and have no mind-independent existence.

14. See TSE's "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928) (3.454), and his "Commentary" for the Feb 1928 *Criterion*, in which Scheler's "Future of Man" appeared (3.333, esp. n.2). At the time of his death in 1928, Scheler was developing a theory of the human being as a meeting point of spirit and the life-urge, rather than as a substance. His "philosophical anthropology" focused on love and interpersonal relationships.

Augustan Age Tories

An unsigned review of *The Social and Political Ideas of Some English Thinkers of the Augustan Age, A.D. 1650-1750*, ed. F. J. C. Hearnshaw

London: George G. Harrap, 1928. Pp. 246.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1398 (15 Nov 1928) 846

This is the fifth volume of a series which has been edited by Professor Hearnshaw, of London University: each volume consists of a series of lectures at Kings College during the academic year, and each lecture is by a different authority. It is no small commendation to say that this volume is quite one of the best of the series. The average of the nine lectures is high; some are brilliant, but all are authoritative, just and useful. The choice of subjects, also, gives this book more coherence than some of the others. The book gains over its predecessor (*Some Great Thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*)[1] by being limited to England and to men whose work as social and political thinkers can be dealt with in one lecture each, and whose work is closely related. In the previous volume single lectures on such men as Spinoza or even Suarez provided an almost impossible task, and the lectures did not hang together. In this book we have a really useful handbook of the period, which gives the opportunity for general reflection.

After an introductory essay on the whole period by Mr. G. N. Clark, the subjects treated are Filmer, Halifax, Locke, "Jacobites and Non-Jurors," Bishop Hoadly, Defoe, Swift and Bolingbroke.[2] Not the least interesting are the papers on "Jacobites and Non-Jurors" and Hoadly, by Mr. H. Broxap and the Rev. Norman Sykes respectively.[3] The subjects are important and little known, the essays are valuable, and Mr. Broxap, in particular, has performed a useful service by digesting into one lecture the material which he has displayed fully in his two standard works on the subject.[4] We should mention with particular approval Mr. J. W. Allen's lecture on Filmer and the editor's lecture on Bolingbroke.[5] The former is the fairest, as well as the most spirited, exposition of the views of this singular political philosopher that we have ever seen. It amounts, indeed, to something very like a rehabilitation, and ought to send many readers direct to the works of a writer who at least was logical, who had by no means the worst of it in controversy, and whose greatest fault was that his own time, as well as all succeeding times, had little sympathy with him. We are in fact better able to understand and even to learn from him now than were any of our ancestors. He was, as Mr. Allen points out, not only traduced but travestied; and there is good reason for believing that Locke not only misunderstood him, but had not even read his works, except the *Patriarcha*. And, as Mr. Allen observes:

> That is no kind of an excuse for Locke. To write about Filmer when you have only read the *Patriarcha* is, from my point of view, mere dishonesty. In any case, if you want to understand Filmer's thought it is no manner of use to read Locke. [27]

Filmer, if his doctrine is to be found reasonable, must be approached from the negative side. He was opposed to the type of political doctrine that developed later in Rousseau, he was opposed to humanitarian Liberalism.

> It was, in 1648, being loudly asserted that Man[6†] is born free; that he is free by nature; that no man has a right to give commands to another unless by his consent. It was asserted that, originally, men were under no obligation to obedience to any authority but that of God; or even that they were under no obligation of any sort unless to themselves. Consequently, it was declared, all human authority is created by the act of man, even though God sanctions it and commands obedience to it. [31]

Filmer proceeds to a shrewd attack upon democratic government. His views have never been adopted, and the tide was already strong against him; but neither have his views been refuted or replaced. "His answer," says Mr. Allen, "was unsatisfactory, and even, in detail, extravagant. But if anyone supposes that we, nowadays, are in possession of an answer much more satisfactory, I should very much like to know what that answer is" [46].

To turn from Mr. Allen's Filmer to Mr. Hearnshaw's Bolingbroke is to observe a violent contrast between the lonely Royalist philosopher and the successful Tory politician. Bolingbroke has often appeared with the approval of Disraeli – as the darling of Toryism; Mr. Hearnshaw presents him, and with much reason, as its evil angel. It may seem that Mr. Hearnshaw has devoted too much of his space to Bolingbroke's active career in early life and too little to his writings; and that he has done less than justice to the brilliance of Bolingbroke's literary style. We think, however, that Mr. Hearnshaw's method was right. He has aimed to exhibit Bolingbroke as a study of failure through lack of character, with the moral that the failure of his character was the disaster of his party. Bolingbroke would stand higher with posterity and deserve far more of his country had he been prepared to stick to a lost cause.[7] It was not merely the depravity of his character, though that ruined his career, nor was it the violence of his party spirit, nor his avid self-aggrandisement; he was one too favoured by fortune. Success came too easily and too soon, and fostered (as it has in many other men) the desire for power rather than the devotion to principle. Bolingbroke could not found a real Toryism, for he was already in the current of his time. He was, as Mr. Hearnshaw shows, a genuine eighteenth-century rationalist, and his religious heterodoxy corrupts his politics. There is much of great value in his writings; but there is a fatal flaw in the substance of them. Professor Hearnshaw leaves us wondering – and that is a considerable service – whether a man can be a good Tory unless he is a sincere Churchman. And his essay, with the others, brings home to us the fact that the religious difficulty, the problem of Church and State, lies at the root of the troubles of that time, as of the dissensions from which we now suffer.

NOTES

1. Hearnshaw, *The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Thinkers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: A Series of Lectures Delivered at King's College, University of London, during the Session 1925-26* (1926), reviewed by TSE in "Hooker, Hobbes, and Others" (1926) (2.848).

2. G. N. (George Norman) Clark (1890-1979), historian and editor of the *English Historical Review* (1920-26) before his appointment as editor for over thirty years of the *Oxford History of England*. Sir Robert Filmer (1588-1653), royalist and author, defended the divine right of kings in *Patriarcha* (1680). Benjamin Hoadly (1676-1761), Bishop of Bangor and Winchester, advocated Whig policies and low-church principles in his writings.

3. The historian Henry Broxap (1865-1950) wrote about Anglican "non-juring" clergy who refused to swear allegiance to William of Orange and his wife Mary in the aftermath of the Glorious Revolution (1688).

4. Broxap, *A Biography of Thomas Deacon, Manchester Non-Juror* (1911) and *The Later Non-Jurors* (1924)

5. J. W. (John William) Allen (1865-1944), Professor of History at Bedford College, London, and author of *A History of Political Thought in the Sixteenth Century* (1928)

6†. Filmer reads: "man"

7. After the death in 1714 of Queen Anne, whom Bolingbroke had served as Secretary of State, he defected to the exiled court of "the Pretender," James Francis Edward Stuart. At this point, he was convicted of treason and condemned to death in absentia. Subsequently pardoned, Bolingbroke returned to England and unsuccessfully sought to regain political power.

Preface to *For Lancelot Andrewes: Essays on Style and Order*, by T. S. Eliot

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928. Pp. xii + 143; Preface, ix-x.[1]

Had I wished to publish a volume of collected literary essays, this book would have been much bigger. The reader may be puzzled to know why I selected these articles and in this order. I wished to indicate certain lines of development, and to disassociate myself from certain conclusions which have been drawn from my volume of essays, *The Sacred Wood*.[2] To make my present position clear I have three small books in preparation which will not be ready for a considerable time. Meanwhile, I have made bold to unite these occasional essays merely as an indication of what may be expected, and to refute any accusation of playing 'possum. The general point of view may be described as classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion. I am quite aware that the first term is completely vague, and easily lends itself to clap-trap; I am aware that the second term is at present without definition, and easily lends itself to what is almost worse than clap-trap, I mean temperate conservatism; the third term does not rest with me to define.[3] The uncommon reader who is interested by these scattered papers may possibly be interested by the small volumes which I have in preparation: *The School of Donne*; *The Outline of Royalism*; and *The Principles of Modern Heresy*.[4]

I wish to acknowledge my obligation to the editors of *The Times Literary Supplement*, *Theology*, *The Dial* (New York), and *The Forum* (New York), in which reviews these essays appeared.

T.S.E.

NOTES

1. Epigraph on title page: "Thou, Lord, Who walkest in the midst of the golden candlesticks, remove not, we pray Thee, our candlestick out its place; but set in order the things which are wanting among us, and strengthen those which remain, and are ready to die"; from *The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes*, trans. George Stanhope (Philadelphia: A. Walker, 1817), 53; dedication page: "For My Mother"; order of contents: I: Lancelot Andrewes; II: John Bramhall; III: Niccolò Machiavelli; IV: Francis Herbert Bradley; V: Baudelaire in our Time; VI: Thomas Middleton; VII: A Note on Richard Crashaw; VIII: The Humanism of Irving Babbitt. The volume was published on 20 Nov 1928. Framed statement on front of dust jacket: "This is Mr. Eliot's first

volume of collected essays since his *Homage to John Dryden* (1924), and he considers it his most important prose book since *The Sacred Wood* (1920). *For Lancelot Andrewes* consists of seven essays which are selected from Mr. Eliot's work of the last two or three years, and which he believes show some consistency. The subjects cover a wide range of literature, theology and philosophy; but taken together they have a unity of their own."

2. In Sept 1928, TSE send a proof copy of *FLA* to Paul Elmer More, to whose complimentary criticism TSE replied on 30 Sept: "I am well aware that the essays have not been adequately rewritten . . . Had I had the time, I would have done much more; but the book was precisely pushed forward quickly in order to prepare my few readers for some change of orientation, and also to correct what seemed to me wrong interpretation of *The Sacred Wood*" (*L4* 268).

3. TSE explained to his brother in a letter of 1 Jan 1936: "It was subsequently a few words of Irving Babbitt, when he dined with me in passing through London, that provoked the notorious preface to *For Lancelot Andrewes*. He said that I ought to come out into the open; and so I wrote that unlucky preface: but I had no suspicion that it would be so thumbed and quoted as it was. I was merely nettled by Babbitt's suggestion that I was being secretive."

4. None of these works appeared: "The School of Donne" was the working title for the never-completed revision of his Clark Lectures; TSE later subtitled his *After Strange Gods* (1934) as *A Primer of Modern Heresy*.

Censorship[1]

To the Editor of *Time and Tide*

Time and Tide, 9 (23 Nov 1928) 1131

Sir, – I have read with great interest Mr. Bernard Shaw's article on the Irish Censorship in your issue of November 16th.[2] After this article and that of Mr. W. B. Yeats in *The Spectator*, it seems that there is little more to be said.[3] Yet I am tempted to write, both because it is a rare pleasure for me to find myself in almost complete agreement with anyone so eminent as Mr. Shaw, and because I feel that this is a subject upon which every man who writes or thinks (or both) ought to speak his mind.

It pleases me to find that opinions which I have expressed elsewhere coincide with those of Mr. Shaw. It is important to recognise that this outburst of Puritanism in Southern Ireland will injure the Catholic Church in the opinion of Englishmen. It may not be important, but it is interesting to me personally, to find myself agreed with Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Yeats, against the powers of Ulster, and of Dublin, and against the author of a book entitled *The Prayer Book Crisis*.[4]

Yours, etc.,

T. S. ELIOT

THE MONTHLY CRITERION,
21, RUSSELL SQUARE, W .C.1.

NOTES

1. Written on 17 Nov at the request of the editor, novelist, and feminist Winifred Holtby, who was appointed a director of the journal in 1926.

2. In "Bernard Shaw Fulminates against the Irish Censorship," *Time and Tide*, 9 (16 Nov 1928), 1099-1100, Shaw states that under the new Free State Censorship Bill "Ireland is now in a position of special and extreme peril. . . . If she holds her own in the front of European culture, so much the better for her and for Europe. But if, having broken England's grip on her, she slops back into the Atlantic as a little grass patch in which a few million moral cowards are not allowed to call their souls their own, by a handful of morbid Catholics, mad with heresy-phobia, unnaturally combining with a handful of Calvinists mad with sexphobia . . . then the world will let 'these Irish' go their own way into insignificance without the smallest concern. It will no longer even tell funny stories about them" (1100).

3. See TSE's discussion of Yeats's article, "The Irish Censorship," in his "Commentary" for Dec 1928 (3.534).

4. William Joynson-Hicks, called by Shaw "the most resolute No Popery man in England," published his *The Prayer Book Crisis* (1928) in an appeal to remove all elements from the new Prayer Book that smacked of conventions of the Roman Catholic Church.

Introduction to *Selected Poems*, by Ezra Pound, ed. T. S. Eliot

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1928; rpt. with Postscript

London: Faber and Faber, 1949. Pp. 199; Introduction, 7-21; Postscript, 21.[1]

Mr. Ezra Pound recently made for publication in New York a volume of "collected poems" under the title of *Personæ*.[2]* I made a few suggestions for omissions and inclusions in a similar collection to be published in London; and out of discussions of such matters with Pound arose the spectre of an introduction by myself.[3]

The poems which I wished to include, from among those which the author had omitted, are found together at the back of the book.[4] The order followed throughout the book is, with the exception mentioned, that of original publication of the scattered volumes from which the poems are drawn.

Mr. Pound intended his collection to consist of all of his work in verse up to his *Cantos*, which he chooses to keep in print.[5] This book, so far as I am responsible for it, is not intended for quite that role: it is not a "collected edition" but a selection. Some of the poems omitted by Pound, as well as some of those omitted by myself, seem to me well "worthy of preservation." This book is, in my eyes, rather a convenient Introduction to Pound's work than a definitive edition. The volumes previously published represent each a particular aspect or period of his work; and even when they fall into the right hands, are not always read in the right order. My point is that Pound's work is not only much more varied than is generally supposed, but also represents a continuous development, down to *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*, the last stage of importance before the *Cantos*.[6] This book would be, were it nothing else, a text-book of modern versification. The *Cantos* "of a poem of some length" are by far his most important achievement; owing to their scarcity and their difficulty, they are not appreciated; but they are much more comprehensible to a reader who has followed the author's poetry from the beginning.

I remarked some years ago, in speaking of *vers libre*, that "no *vers* is *libre* for the man who wants to do a good job."[7] The term, which fifty years ago had an exact meaning, in relation to the French alexandrine, now means too much to mean anything at all.[8] The *vers libre* of Jules Laforgue, who, if not quite the greatest French poet after Baudelaire, was certainly the most important technical innovator, is free verse in much the way that the later verse of Shakespeare, Webster, Tourneur, is free verse: that is to say, it stretches, contracts, and distorts the traditional French measure as later Elizabethan and Jacobean poetry stretches, contracts and distorts the blank verse measure. But the term is applied to several types of verse which have developed in English without relation to Laforgue, Corbière, and Rimbaud, or to each other. To be more precise, there are, for instance, my own type of verse, that of Pound, and that of the disciples of Whitman. I will not say that subsequently there have not appeared traces of reciprocal influence of several types upon one another, but I am here speaking of origins. My own verse is, so far as I can judge, nearer to the original meaning of *vers libre* than is any of the other types: at least, the form in which I began to write, in 1908 or 1909, was directly drawn from the study of Laforgue together with the later Elizabethan drama; and I do not know anyone who started from exactly that point. I did not read Whitman until much later in life, and had to conquer an aversion to his form, as well as to much of his matter, in order to do so. I am equally certain – it is indeed obvious – that Pound owes nothing to Whitman. This is an elementary observation; but when dealing with popular conceptions of *vers libre* one must still be as simple and elementary as fifteen years ago.

The earliest of the poems in the present volume show that the first strong influences upon Pound, at the moment when his verse was taking direction, were those of Browning and Yeats.[9] In the background are the 'Nineties in general, and behind the 'Nineties, of course, Swinburne and William Morris. I suspect that the latter influences were much more visible in whatever Mr. Pound wrote before the first of his published verse; they linger in some of his later work more as an emotional attitude than in the technique of versification: the shades of Dowson, Lionel Johnson and Fiona flit about.[10]* Technically, these influences were all good; for they combine to insist upon the importance of *verse as speech* (I am not excepting Swinburne); while from more antiquarian studies Pound was learning the importance of *verse as song*.

It is important at this point to draw a simple distinction which is overlooked by nearly all critics who are not verse-makers themselves, and by many who are: the distinction between form and substance, and again between material and attitude. Such distinctions are constantly drawn, but are often drawn when they should not be, as well as ignored when they should be observed. Modern verse is often associated where it is different, and distinguished where it is the same. People may think they like the form because they like the content, or think they like the content because they like the form. In the perfect poet they fit and are the same thing; and in another sense they *always* are the same thing. So it is always true to say that form and content are the same thing, and always true to say that they are different things.

Pound, for example, has been accused of exactly opposite faults, because these distinctions are seldom observed in the right place. He is called objectionably "modern," and objectionably "antiquarian." Neither is true at the point at which it is supposed to be true.

I should say first that Pound's versification is objectionable to those who object to it as "modern," because they have not sufficient education (in verse) to understand development. Poets may be divided into those who develop technique, those who imitate technique, and those who invent technique. When I say "invent," I should use inverted commas, for invention would be irreproachable if it were possible. "Invention" is wrong only because it is impossible. I mean that the difference between the "development" and the "sport" is, in poetry, a capital one. There are two kinds of "sports" in poetry, in the floricultural sense. One is the imitation of development, and the other is the imitation of some Idea of originality. The former is commonplace, a waste product of civilization. The latter is contrary to life. The poem which is absolutely original is absolutely bad; it is, in the bad sense, "subjective" with no relation to the world to which it appeals.

Originality, in other words, is by no means a simple idea in the criticism of poetry. True originality is merely development; and if it is right development it may appear in the end so *inevitable* that we almost come to the point of view of denying all "original" virtue to the poet. He simply did the next thing. I do not deny that *true* and *spurious* originality may hit the public with the same shock; indeed spurious originality ("spurious" when we use the word "originality" properly, that is to say, within the limitations of life, and when we use the word absolutely and therefore improperly, "genuine") may give the greater shock.

Now Pound's originality is genuine in that his versification is a *logical* development of the verse of his English predecessors. Whitman's originality is both genuine and spurious. It is genuine in so far as it is a *logical* development of certain English prose; Whitman was a great prose writer. It is spurious in so far as Whitman wrote in a way that asserted that his great prose was a new form of verse. (And I am ignoring in this connexion the large part of clap-trap in Whitman's content.) The word "revolutionary" has no meaning, for this reason: we confound under the same name those who are revolutionary because they develop logically, and those who are "revolutionary" because they innovate illogically. It is *very* difficult at any moment, to discriminate between the two.

Pound is "original," in the way which I approve, in another sense. There is a shallow test which holds that the original poet goes direct to life, and the derivative poet to "literature." When we look into the matter, we find that the poet who is really "derivative" is the poet who *mistakes* literature for life, and very often the reason why he makes this mistake is that – he has not read enough. The ordinary life of ordinary cultivated people is a mush of literature and life. There is a right sense in which for the educated person literature *is* life, and life *is* literature; and there is also a vicious sense in which the same phrases may be true. We can at least try not to confuse the material and the use which the author makes of it.

Now Pound is often most "original" in the right sense, when he is most "archaeological" in the ordinary sense. It is almost too platitudinous to say that one is not modern by writing about chimney-pots, or archaic by writing about oriflammes.[11] It is true that most people who write of oriflammes are merely collecting old coins, as most people who write about chimney-pots are merely forging new ones. If one can really penetrate the life of another age, one is penetrating the life of one's own. The poet who understands merlons and crenelles can understand chimney-pots, and vice versa.[12] Some men can understand the architecture of the cathedral of Albi, for instance, by seeing it as a biscuit factory; others can understand a biscuit factory best by thinking of the cathedral of Albi.[13] It is merely a subjective difference of method. The mole digs and the eagle flies, but their end is the same, to exist.

One of Pound's most indubitable claims to genuine originality is, I believe, his revivification of the Provençal and the early Italian poetry. The people who tire of Pound's Provence and Pound's Italy are those who cannot see Provence and medieval Italy except as museum pieces, which is not how Pound sees them, or how he makes others see them. It is true that Pound seems to me to see Italy through Provence, where I see Provence through Italy (the fact that I am totally ignorant of Provençal, except for a dozen lines of Dante, has nothing to do with the matter).[14] But he does see them as contemporary with himself, that is to say, he has grasped certain things in Provence and Italy which are permanent in human nature. He is much more modern, in my opinion, when he deals with Italy and Provence, than when he deals with modern life. His Bertrand de Born is much more living than his Mr. Hecatomb Styrax (*Moeurs Contemporaines*).[15] When he deals with antiquities, he extracts the essentially living; when he deals with contemporaries he sometimes notes only the accidental. But this does not mean that he is antiquarian or parasitical on literature. Any scholar can see Arnaut Daniel or Guido Cavalcanti as literary figures; only Pound can see them as living beings. Time, in such connexions, does not matter; it is irrelevant whether what you see, really see, as a human being, is Arnaut Daniel or your greengrocer. It is merely a question of the means suited to the particular poet, and we are more concerned with the end than with the means.

In Pound's earlier poems then, we must take account first of the influence of certain predecessors in English poetry, and second of the influence of Provençal and Italian. In each of these influences we must distinguish between influence of form and influence of content; but, on the other hand, no one can be influenced by form or by content without being influenced by the other; and the tangle of influences is one which we can only partially resolve. Any particular influence of one poet on another is both of form and content. The former is perhaps the easier to trace. Certain of the early poems are obviously affected by the technical influence of Yeats. It is easier to trace the influence of the exact and difficult Provençal versification, than to distinguish the element of genuine revivification of Provençal, from the element of romantic fantasy which Pound acquired, not from Arnaut Daniel or Dante, but from the 'Nineties. But it must be remembered that these things are different, whether we are competent to perform the analysis or not.

There is a definite advance in *Ripostes* of 1912 beyond *Personae* of 1910. Some indications of the point of view of this period are found in notes reprinted in a prose book, *Pavannes and Divisions* (Knopf, 1918), entitled "Retrospect," and a note on "Dolmetsch and Vers Libre."[16] Probably the most important poem in this group is the version of the Anglo-Saxon "Seafarer." It is a new assimilation, subsequent to the Provençal, and with that a preparation for the paraphrases from the Chinese, *Cathay*; which in turn is a necessary stage in the progress towards the *Cantos*, which are wholly himself.[17] Throughout the work of Pound there is what we might call a steady effort towards the synthetic construction of a style of speech. In each of the elements or strands there is something of Pound and something of some other, not further analysable; the strands go to make one rope, but the rope is not yet complete. And good translation like this is not merely translation, for the translator is giving the original through himself, and finding himself through the original. And again, in following the work of Pound, we must remember two aspects: there is the aspect of versification, traced through his early influences, through his work on Provençal, Italian and Anglo-Saxon, on the Chinese poets and on Propertius and there is the aspect of deeper personal feeling, which is not invariably, so far, found in the poems of most important technical accomplishment.[18] The two things tend in course of time to unite; but in the poems under consideration they often are distinct, sometimes imperfectly united. Hence those who are moved most by technical accomplishment see a steady progress; those who care most for the personal voice are apt to think that Pound's early verse is the best. Neither are quite right; but the second are the more wrong. *Ripostes* is, I think, a more personal volume than the earlier *Personæ* and *Exultations*; some poems in *Lustra* continue this development and some do not; *Cathay* and *Propertius* are more directly important on the technical side, as is *The Seafarer*; it is not until we reach *Mauberley* (much the finest poem, I believe, before the *Cantos*) that some definite fusion takes place.[19] The reader should compare some of the lovely small poems in *Ripostes* with the poems in *Canzoni*, *Personæ*, and *Exultations* which are of more manifest technical interest, and on the other hand with *Mauberley*.[20] Meanwhile, in *Lustra* are many voices. In the beautiful "Near Perigord" in *Lustra* there is the voice of Browning. There is also

> There shut up in his castle, Tairiran's,
> She who had nor ears nor tongue save in her hands,
> Gone – ah gone – untouched, unreachable!
> She who could never live save through one person,
> She who could never speak save to one person,
> And all the rest of her a shifting change,
> A broken bundle of mirrors . . .[21]

These verses are not Browning, or anybody else but Pound; but they are not the final Pound either; for there is too much in the phrasing that might have been constructed by a various number of good poets. It is fine poetry; it is more "personal" than *Cathay*; but the syntax is less significant. In *Ripostes* and in *Lustra* there are many short poems of a slighter build than this, equally moving, but in which also the "feeling" or "mood" is more interesting than the writing. (In the perfect poem both are equally interesting, and being equally interesting are interesting as one thing and not as two.)

A GIRL

The tree has entered my hands,
The sap has ascended my arms,
The tree has grown into my breast –
Downward,
The branches grow out of me, like arms.

Tree you are,
Moss you are,
You are violets with wind above them.
A child – *so* high – you are,
And all this is folly to the world.[22]

There, you see, the "feeling" is original in the best sense, but the phrasing is not quite "completed"; for the last line is one which I or half a dozen other men might have written. Yet it is not "wrong," and I certainly could not improve upon it.

As for *Cathay*, it must be pointed out that Pound is the inventor of Chinese poetry for our time. I suspect that every age has had, and will have, the same illusion concerning translations, an illusion which is not altogether an illusion either. When a foreign poet is successfully done into the idiom of our own language and our own time, we believe that he has been "translated"; we believe that through this translation we really at last get the original. The Elizabethans must have thought that they *got* Homer through Chapman, Plutarch through North.[23] Not being Elizabethans, we have not that illusion; we see that Chapman is more Chapman than Homer, and North more North than Plutarch, both localized three hundred years ago. We perceive also that modern scholarly translations, Loeb or other, do not give us what the Tudors gave. If a modern Chapman, or North or Florio appeared, we should believe that he was the real translator; we should, in other words, do him the compliment of believing that his translation was translucence.[24] For contemporaries, no doubt the Tudor translations were translucencies; for us they are "magnificent specimens of Tudor prose." The same fate impends upon Pound. His translations seem to be – and that is the test of excellence – translucencies: we *think* we are closer to the Chinese than when we read, for instance, Legge.[25] I doubt this: I predict that in three hundred years Pound's *Cathay* will be a "Windsor Translation" as Chapman and North are now "Tudor Translations": it will be called (and justly) a "magnificent specimen of XXth Century poetry" rather than a "translation."[26] Each generation must translate for itself.

This is as much as to say that Chinese poetry, as we know it to-day, is something invented by Ezra Pound. It is not to say that there is a Chinese poetry-in-itself, waiting for some ideal translator who shall be only translator; but that Pound has enriched modern English poetry as FitzGerald enriched it.[27] But whereas FitzGerald produced only the one great poem, Pound's translation is interesting also because it is a phase in the development of Pound's poetry. People of to-day who like Chinese poetry are really no more liking Chinese poetry than the people who like Willow pottery and Chinesische-Turms in Munich and Kew like Chinese Art.[28] It is probable that the Chinese, as well as the Provençals and the Italians and the Saxons, influenced Pound, for no one can work intelligently with a foreign matter without being affected by it; on the other hand, it is certain that Pound has influenced the Chinese and the Provençals and the Italians and the Saxons – not the matter *an sich*, which is unknowable, but the matter as we know it.[29]

To consider Pound's original work and his translation separately would be a mistake, a mistake which implies a greater mistake about the nature of translation. (Cf. his "Notes on Elizabethan Classicists" in *Pavannes and Divisions*, pages 186 ff.)[30] If Pound had not been a translator, his reputation as an "original" poet would be higher; if he had not been an original poet, his reputation as a "translator" would be higher; and this is all irrelevant.

Those who expect that any good poet should proceed by turning out a series of masterpieces, each similar to the last, only more developed in every way, are simply ignorant of the conditions under which the poet must work, especially in our time. The poet's progress is dual. There is the gradual accumulation of experience, like a tantalus jar: it may be only once in five or ten years that experience accumulates to form a new whole and finds its appropriate expression.[31] But if a poet were content to attempt nothing less than always his best, if he insisted on waiting for these unpredictable crystallizations, he would not be ready for them when they came. The development of experience is largely unconscious, subterranean, so that we cannot gauge its progress except once in every five or ten years; but in the meantime the poet must be working; he must be experimenting and trying his technique so that it will be ready, like a well-oiled fire-engine, when the moment comes to strain it to its utmost. The poet who wishes to continue to write poetry must keep in training; and must do this, not by forcing his inspiration, but by good workmanship on a level possible for some hours' work every week of his life.

What I have just said should serve as an introduction, not only to the translations, but to a class of Pound's poems which may be called the Epigrams. These occur *passim* throughout *Lustra*. I have included most of them in this edition. There is, of course, acquaintance with Martial as well as with the epigrammatists of the Greek Anthology. Among "poetry lovers" of the present time a taste for Martial is still more rare than a (genuine) taste for Dryden; what "poetry lovers" do not recognize is that their limitation of poetry to the "poetical" is a modern restriction of the romantic age: the romantic age has decided that a great deal of prose is poetry (though I dare say that Burton, and Browne, and De Quincey, and other idols of the poetry-prose romanticists presumed that they were writing prose); and conversely that a good deal of poetry is prose.[32] (To me, Pope is poetry and Jeremy Taylor is prose.) The reader must not be hasty in deciding whether Pound's epigrams "come off"; for he should first examine his own soul to find out whether he is capable of enjoying the very best epigram as poetry. (Mackail's selections from the Greek Anthology are admirable except for being selections: that is, they tend to suppress the element of wit, the element of epigram, in the anthologists.)[33] The reader who does not like Pound's epigrams should make very sure that he is not comparing them with the *Ode to a Nightingale* before he condemns them. He would do best to try to accept them as a peculiar genre, and compare them with each other – for some are indeed better than others, and I have even omitted one on Mr. Chesterton – before he compares them with anything else.[34] No one is competent to judge poetry until he recognizes that poetry is nearer to "verse" than it is to prose poetry.

I am not prepared to say that I appreciate epigrams: my taste is possibly too romantic. All that I am sure of is that Pound's epigrams, if compared with anything contemporary of similar genre, are definitely better. And I am sure also of this, that Pound's occupation with translations and paraphrases, and with the lighter forms of serious verse, provide evidence of the integrity of his purpose. One cannot write poetry all the time; and when one cannot write poetry, it is better to write what one knows is verse and make it good verse, than to write bad verse and persuade oneself that it is good poetry. Pound's epigrams and translations represent a rebellion against the romantic tradition which insists that a poet should be continuously inspired, which allows the poet to present bad verse as poetry, but denies him the right to make good verse unless it can also pass as great poetry.[35]

This introduction will serve its purpose if it makes clear to the reader one point: that a poet's work may proceed along two lines on an imaginary graph; one of the lines being his conscious and continuous effort in technical excellence, that is, in continually developing his medium for the moment when he really has something to say. The other line is just his normal human course of development, his accumulation and digestion of experience (experience is not sought for, it is merely accepted in consequence of doing what we really want to do), and by experience I mean the results of reading and reflection, varied interests of all sorts, contacts and acquaintances, as well as passion and adventure. Now and then the two lines may converge at a high peak, so that we get a masterpiece. That is to say, an accumulation of experience has crystallized to form material of art, and years of work in technique have prepared an adequate medium; and something results in which medium and material, form and content, are indistinguishable. A semi-metaphorical account like this must not be applied too literally; even if it could be applied to the work of all poets, the work of each individual poet would exhibit some deviation from it. I posit it only as an introduction to the work of *some* poets, of whom Pound is one. It should help us to analyse his work, to distinguish his work of the first, second and third degree of intensity, and to appreciate the value of the lower degrees.

At this point the objection may be raised: even if the account of the process is correct, is it justifiable for a poet to publish any of his work but that in which perfection of form unites with significance of feeling; any, that is, but his very best? There are several rejoinders to this objection, both theoretical and practical: one of the simplest being that if you apply it you must apply it both ways, and the result would be to censor a larger part of the published work of most of the accepted poets. It might also expunge several excellent poets altogether. I have met but very few people in my life who really care for poetry; and those few, when they have the knowledge (for they are sometimes quite illiterate people), know how to take from every poet what he has to give, and reject only those poets who whatever they give always pretend to give *more* than they do give; these discerning people appreciate the work of Pope and Dryden (indeed it might be said in our time that the man who cannot enjoy Pope as poetry probably understands no poetry: incidentally, I remember that Pound once induced me to destroy what I thought an excellent set of couplets; for, said he, "Pope has done this so well that you cannot do it better; and if you mean this as a burlesque, you had better suppress it, for you cannot parody Pope unless you can write better verse than Pope – and you can't").[36] I have just described the relation of a poet's technical development and his personal development as two curves on a graph which sometimes meet. But I should add that the metaphor is deceptive if it makes you suppose that the two things are quite distinct. If we only knew "perfect" poetry we should know very little about poetry; we cannot say even who are the twelve, or the six, or the three, or the two "greatest" poets. But if we really love poetry, then we know and must know all its degrees. The distinction between technique and feeling – a distinction necessarily arbitrary and brutal – will not bother us: we shall be able to appreciate what is good of its kind; we shall be able to appreciate the meeting of the peaks, the fusion of matter and means, form and content, on any level; and also we shall appreciate both poetry in which technical excellence surpasses interest of content, and poetry in which interest of content surpasses technique.

In this volume you will find poetry of all three kinds. In some of the verse I believe that the content is more important than the means of expression; in others the means of expression is the important thing; some combines both. Most people will find things that they like in this book, and things that they dislike; only persons who like poetry and have trained themselves to like poetry will like it all. And of such persons there are not many.

The closest approximation – I mean the most nearly continuous identification – of form and feeling in Pound's poetry, I find in his *Cantos*, of which I can say but little, as I am not permitted to print them in this book. (At least they are the only "poem of some length" by any of my contemporaries that I can read with enjoyment and admiration; at most, they are more than I could deal with anyway in this essay; in any case, they are a mine for juvenile poets to quarry; and in any case, my disagreement with their "philosophy" is another affair.)[37] But concerning the contents of this book, I am quite certain of *Mauberley*, whatever else I am certain of. I have omitted one long poem, which Mr. Pound might himself have included: the *Homage to Sextus Propertius*. I was doubtful of its effect upon the uninstructed reader, even with my instructions. If the uninstructed reader is not a classical scholar, he will make nothing of it; if he be a classical scholar, he will wonder why this does not conform to his notions of what translation should be. It is not a translation, it is a paraphrase, or still more truly (for the instructed) a *persona*. It is also a criticism of Propertius, a criticism which in a most interesting way insists upon an element of humour, of irony and mockery, in Propertius, which Mackail and other interpreters have missed.[38] I think that Pound is critically right, and that Propertius was more civilized than most of his interpreters have admitted; nevertheless, I have thought best to omit the poem – though it is a most interesting study in versification, and one of the necessary prolegomena to the *Cantos*. I felt that the poem, *Homage to Propertius*, would give difficulty to many readers: because it is not enough a "translation," and because it is, on the other hand, too much a "translation," to be intelligible to any but the accomplished student of Pound's poetry.[39]*

It may give surprise that I attach so much importance to *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*. This seems to me a great poem. On the one hand, I perceive that the versification is more accomplished than that of any other of the poems in this book, and more varied. I only pretend to know as much about versifying as my carpenter knows about woodwork, or my painter knows about distemper. But I know very well that the apparent roughness and naïveté of the verse and rhyming of *Mauberley* are inevitably the result of many years of hard work: if you cannot appreciate the dexterity of *Altaforte* you cannot appreciate the simplicity of *Mauberley*. On the other side, the poem seems to me, when you have marked the sophistication and the great variety of the verse, verse of a man who knows his way about, to be a positive document of sensibility. It is compact of the experience of a certain man in a certain place at a certain time; and it is also a document of an epoch; it is genuine tragedy and comedy; and it is, in the best sense of Arnold's worn phrase, a "criticism of life."[40]

I wish that it were suitable and permissible for me to proceed to discuss the *Cantos*, and Pound's philosophy. But in any case it is not desirable for me to expound these matters except with those who accept his poetry as I accept it.

I must repeat that although this edition differs from Mr. Pound's collection in only one important respect – the omission of *Sextus Propertius* – the responsibility is wholly mine. Mr. Pound still disapproves of my additions, which have accordingly been segregated at the end of the book. On the other hand, I have not omitted any poems merely because they did not happen to please me. I omitted *The Goodly Fere* because it has a much greater popularity than it deserves, and might distract some readers from better work of the same period.[41] I have omitted a small number of epigrams and translations merely in order to concentrate attention on the best ones. And I have omitted *Propertius* because I thought it better for the reader to form an opinion of Pound's poetry before reading that poem, or the *Cantos*. *Propertius* may be read in the American *Personæ*, published by Boni and Liveright, or in the volume *Quia Pauper Amavi*, published by The Egoist and taken over by the firm which was then Faber & Gwyer.[42†] The "Draft of XVI Cantos for the Beginning of a Poem of some Length" was published in a limited edition by The Three Mountains Press in Paris.[43]

T. S. ELIOT

Postscript (1948): This Introduction, written over twenty years ago, still seems to me to serve its purpose better than would a new introduction to the same selection of poems. The contemporary of the author of the later *Cantos* cannot alter the introduction written when he was a contemporary of the author of *Lustra* and *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*. Certainly, I should now write with less cautious admiration of *Homage to Sextus Propertius*; but such changes of opinion are not enough to require a new introduction to the reprint of a volume from which it was omitted. There is no place for a new "selection": the complete early poems will be necessary when we have the complete *Cantos*. In the work of any major poet who does not repeat himself, the earlier part is necessary for understanding the later, and the later for understanding the earlier; but until Pound's complete works are assembled, there is still a place for a selection of the earlier poems up to and including *Mauberley*.

T.S.E.

NOTES

1. First published on 23 Nov 1928 by Faber & Gwyer. The 1928 title page continued: "This Selection Includes *Personae* of Ezra Pound, *Ripostes*, *Lustra*, *Cathay*, *H. S. Mauberley*, and Some Early Poems Rejected by the Author and Omitted from his Collected Edition."

In a letter to Ezra Pound of 10 Feb 1928, TSE wrote: "To my astonishment my colleagues seemed to be interested in the idea of producing a[n] edition of your select poetical works similar to but not necessarily identical with the expurgated edition recently produced by Horatio Liveright. Don't blame me for this idea. I had nothing to do with it. Mr. [Pollinger, Pound's literary agent] . . . seems to take kindly to the idea of a few notes by myself to explain the more heretical passages and justify your orthodoxy. . . . [T]he labour of scholarship on my part will be so great that I cannot consider putting any price about it. . . . Am willing to fall in with almost any requirements" (*L4* 43). On 22 Aug, he wrote: "Here is proof of my bloody oration. As it is for you please make any objections you like, only make 'em at once" (*L4* 257).

TSE later recollected that "my introduction to Pound's *Selected Poems* was in no way inspired by a desire to counterbalance the criticism by Wyndham Lewis. . . . [It] was inspired simply by a general sense of the neglect of Pound's poetry, a neglect which seemed to me largely due to irrelevant causes, that is, the extent to which Pound's personality both in society and as expressed in some of his critical outbursts, irritated the literary powers of the day" (letter to H. W. Häuserman, 5 Dec 1946, quoted in *L4* 277-78).

2*. TSE's note: "That title could not be given to the present book, because it would lead to confusion with the American volume, and with the original *Personæ* published in 1909 by Elkin Mathews." TSE refers to *Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound* (New York: Boni and Liveright, 1926); his review of it, "Isolated Superiority," appeared in the *Dial*, Jan 1928 (3.321).

3. TSE made recommendations for the 1926 *Personae* in a letter of 28 Oct 1925 (*L2* 766-67). Pound rejected TSE's suggested omissions and some of the proposed inclusions.

4. These poems are: "In Tempore Senectutis," "Camaraderie," "An Idyl for Glaucus," "Canzon: The Yearly Slain," "Korè," and "Canzon: Of Incense." In "Isolated Superiority," TSE wrote, "Meanwhile, where are 'In Tempore Senectutis' and the 'Lament for Glaucus'? Another collection must be made after Mr. Pound is dead" (3.322).

5. The 1926 *Personae* called itself the "Edition to date of all Ezra Pound's poems except the unfinished 'Cantos'"; Pound's earlier selection *Umbra* (London: Elkin Matthews, 1920) announced more candidly on the title page: "All that he now wishes to keep in circulation from *Personae*, *Exultations*, *Ripostes*, etc."

6. The sequence *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* first appeared in 1919 as a limited edition published in the United Kingdom by the Ovid Press; Pound included it in his *Poems 1918-1921* (1921) and *Personae* (1926 and subsequent editions). He began work on the *Cantos* in 1915; the first installment, "Three Cantos," appeared in *Poetry* in June 1917. After *Mauberley*, Pound focused his poetic energies on the *Cantos*. In 1925, the Three Mountains Press published *A Draft of XVI Cantos of Ezra Pound: For the Beginning of a Poem of Some Length*.

7. In "Reflections on *Vers Libre*" (1917), TSE wrote: "the so-called *vers libre* which is good is anything but 'free,'" and "freedom is only truly freedom when it appears against the background of an artificial limitation" (1.512). In *Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry* (also 1917), TSE remarked, "Pound's *vers libre* is such as is only possible for a poet who has worked tirelessly with rigid forms and different systems of metric" (1.630).

8. "Vers libéré," used by Mallarmé, Rimbaud, and Verlaine, eliminated certain conventions of the French alexandrine (twelve-syllable line), such as the caesura in the middle of the line, while preserving the fundamental syllabic pattern and principle of rhyme. By contrast, line lengths and rhyme schemes are not consistent in the "vers libre" of Laforgue, Rimbaud, and Gustave Kahn, poets variously credited with inventing the new technique; each published works of "vers libre" in 1886, many in the magazine *La Vogue* during the month of June.

9. In *Ezra Pound: His Metric and Poetry*, TSE identifies these poets as the "only two" influences of importance on Pound, with "La Fraisne" as an example of Yeats's influence, and "Mesmerism," "Cino," and "Famam Librosque Cano" as examples of Browning's (all from *A Lume Spento*, 1908) (1.630).

10*. TSE's note: "Mr. Pound, it must be remembered, has written an excellent brief study of the verse of Arthur Symons, and has edited a volume of the poems of Lionel Johnson, some few copies of which contained an introduction by the editor, hastily withdrawn from circulation by the publisher and now a bibliophile's rarity."

TSE refers to "Arthur Symons," *The Athenaeum*, 94 (21 May 1920), 663-64, and *The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson* (1915); TSE included the introduction to this volume in Pound's *Literary Essays* (1954).

Fiona MacLeod was the pseudonym of William Sharp (1855-1905), Scottish novelist and poet. As London art critic for the *Glasgow Herald* in the 1880s, Sharp became acquainted with the Rossetti Circle; in the 1890s he participated in the Celtic revival, experimented with free verse (*Sospiri di Roma*, 1891), and in 1894 began publishing under the name "Fiona" with the novel *Pharais*.

11. Oriflamme: red silk banner of St. Denis, a bright object resembling this banner, or a rallying-point; TSE picked out the use of this word by Georgian poets Maurice Baring and Herbert Asquith in "Verse Pleasant and Unpleasant" (1918) (1.680).

12. "Merlons" and "crenelles" refer to the alternating high and low sections (embrasures) of a crenellated parapet used for the defense of a medieval battlement.

13. The fortress-like Cathedral of Albi in southern France (built 1287-1480) was constructed after the suppression of the Albigensian heresy and is one of the largest brick buildings in the world.

14. TSE refers to Arnaut Daniel's speech in *Purgatorio*, xxvi.140-47, which includes the line "Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina" ["Then he hid him in the fire which refines them"], quoted in the final passage of *TWL*, and the words "Ara vos prec" ["Now I pray you" (*DC2* 331)], the title of his 1919 volume of poems.

15. "Sestina: Altaforte" (*Exultations*, 1909) is a dramatic monologue in the voice of Provençal troubadour Bertran de Born; "Mr. Styrax" is the first section of "Moeurs Contemporaines" (*Quia Pauper Amavi*, 1919), a sequence that TSE referred to in "Isolated Superiority" as "the poems that annoy me" (3.322).

16. "A Retrospect" included "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" from *Poetry*, 1 (Mar 1913); "Vers libre and Arnold Dolmetsch" first appeared in the *Egoist*, 4 (July 1917), 90-91.

17. *Cathay: Translations by Ezra Pound for the Most Part from the Chinese of Rihaku* (1915)

18. In "Homage to Sextus Propertius" (*Quia Pauper Amavi*, 1919), Pound freely adapted the *Elegies* of Augustan poet Sextus Propertius (29 BC).

19. *Exultations* (1909); *Ripostes*, including "The Seafarer" (1912); *Lustra* (1916)

20. *Canzoni* (1911)

21. Pound, "Near Perigord," III, from *Lustra* (London: Elkin Matthews, 1916); TSE also quoted this passage in *Ezra Pound: His Metric* (1.641) and "Reflections on *Vers Libre*" (1.513).

22. "A Girl," *Ripostes of Ezra Pound* (London: Swift, 1912); TSE also quoted this poem entire in *Ezra Pound: His Metric* (1.636).

23. George Chapman published his translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in 1616; Sir Thomas North translated Plutarch's *Lives*, which appeared from 1579 to 1603.

24. John Florio published a translation of Montaigne's *Essays* in 1603.

25. Sinologist James Legge translated the fifty-volume *Sacred Books of the East*; in a letter to the editor of the *Athenaeum* on 7 Nov 1919, TSE wrote: "the gist of my criticism is that Mr. Pound is less indebted to previous translators – Giles and Legge – than subsequent translators are indebted to Mr. Pound" (2.149).

26. George V, King of England from 1910 to 1936, dropped the family name "Saxe-Coburg and Gotha" due to anti-German sentiment during World War I and adopted the name "Windsor."

27. TSE refers to Edward FitzGerald's translations of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám, in *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* (1859-1868).

28. The Chinesischer Turm [Chinese tower] is a wooden structure originally built in 1789-90 in the Munich Englischer Garten [English garden], modeled on the Great Pagoda (1762) in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, London.

29. *an sich*: in itself

30. "Notes on Elizabethan Classicists" was originally published in five installments in the *Egoist*, Sept 1917 to Jan 1918, and reprinted in *Pavannes and Divisions* (New York: Knopf, 1918). The second part discusses Elizabethan translations, asking: "Was Chaucer's delectable style simply the first Ovid in English? . . . is a fine poet ever translated until another his equal invents a new style in a later language?" (197).

31. Named for the myth of Tantalus, condemned to stand for eternity up to his chin in water without being able to drink it, a "tantalus cup" or automatic siphon is a container that fills to a certain point and then begins to drain through a tube until it is completely empty.

32. Robert Burton (1577-1640), author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621-51), admired by Coleridge and Thomas Lamb. In "Prose and Verse" (1921), TSE remarks that the "diffuse" prose works of Sir Thomas Browne (such as *Hydriotaphia, Urne-Buriall*, 1658) and Jeremy Taylor "are spoken of as 'poetic.'" He praises Thomas De Quincey's "Dream Fugue" (from "The English Mail Coach," 1849) in comparison to Browne, writing: "De Quincey aims to express a content of some intensity, and . . . he is not diverted into verbal suggestiveness" (2.328).

33. J. W. Mackail, *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology* (1890)

34. "A New Cake of Soap," *Lustra*; this poem also appeared in the 1926 *Personae*.

35. In *Ezra Pound: His Metric*, TSE concedes that some readers find Pound's epigrams "'pointless,' or certainly 'not poetry'" (1.641).

36. Presumably, according to Valerie Eliot's editorial note, a reference to the first forty-one lines of TSE's draft of "The Fire Sermon" (the Fresca episode), cancelled in Pound's hand (*WLF* 127, 23).

37. In "Isolated Superiority," TSE describes Pound's "philosophy" as a "curious syncretism which I do not think he has ever set in order," asking in conclusion, "what does Mr. Pound believe?" (3.323-24)

38. In *Latin Literature* (Scribner's, 1900), Mackail discusses Propertius at length, characterizing him as a morbid, neurasthenic young man and emphasizing "the abandonment to sensibility, the absorption in self-pity and the sentiment of passion" in his poetry (126).

Discussing his introduction in a letter to Pound on 6 Oct 1928, TSE wrote: "Was not unaware of element of satire in [*Propertius*] or for that matter in *Mauberley*. Didn't think it profitable to call attention of Publikum to that; if they can't see it for emselves its no use telling em, and wd only mix em up" (*L4* 277).

39*. TSE's note: "It is, in my opinion, a better criticism of Propertius than M. Benda's *Properce*. I observe in passing that it was Mr. Pound who introduced Benda to England and America."

Julien Benda, *Properce ou les Amants de Tibur* [*Propertius; or, the Lovers of Tibur*] (1928)

40. In "The Study of Poetry" (1880), collected in *Essays in Criticism: Second Series* (1887)

41. "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," from *Exultations*

42†. 1928: "published by The Egoist and obtainable from Faber & Gwyer."

Albert Boni (1892-1981) and Horace Liveright (1883-1933) joined forces in 1917 to form the publishing house Boni and Liveright, bringing out the "Modern Library" series and many modernist works including *TWL*.

Harriet Shaw Weaver established the Egoist Press in 1916 to publish Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, which had appeared serially in the pages of the *Egoist* magazine; she also published *Prufrock and Other Observations* in 1917 and *Ulysses* in 1922; the press closed in 1923.

Sir Maurice Linford Gwyer (1878-1952) and Lady Alsina Helen Marion Gwyer (1876-1953) joined with Geoffrey Faber in 1925 to form the publishing firm Faber & Gwyer with TSE as an editor; in 1929 the Gwyers left and the name changed to Faber & Faber.

43. The Three Mountains Press was established and operated by American journalist William Augustus ("Bill") Bird from 1922 to 1928. The 1925 *Draft of XVI Cantos* was the first separate volume collecting Pound's *Cantos*, printed in a deluxe edition of ninety copies.

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Dec 1928) 185-90

THE CENSORSHIP: AND IRELAND

At the moment of writing this Commentary we hear rumours of fresh activity in the censorship of books. The Home Secretary has let fall a hint; there has been some correspondence in *The Times*: what is disquieting about this correspondence is that there appear to be persons prepared to defend the institution of the Censorship, which we should have thought patently indefensible.[1] It is unlikely that any movement will be made before the General Election; when that is out of the way we may hear more of the matter. That is all the more reason for talking of it now, and for making up our minds in good time: For even if the present Home Secretary should not remain in that post, even if the Conservative Party were to lose its majority, something may have started which will take its own course; and we should not be wise to trust any of the political parties to oppose it, if a popular press and fanatical influences had once been aroused in its favour.

Meanwhile we have the leisure to examine two specimens of censorship, one on the point of realization, the other, in America, already in operation. In the *Spectator* of September 29th last, Mr. W. B. Yeats published an admirable essay on the proposed Irish censorship. In his words, the "Free State" Government has drafted a "Bill which it hates, which must be expounded and defended by Ministers full of contempt for their own words" [391].[2] The situation thus summed up casts, of course, an interesting light upon popular government in general, and upon democratic tyranny. The Bill has not yet excited much interest in England; though several papers have pointed out that as present drafted, it might exclude from Ireland several of the most important English periodicals. Its enforcement would reduce Ireland to barbarism. But the Bill – which may have been passed in some form before these lines are printed – may have much more important consequences for England than that. We seriously recommend our readers to read some liberal Irish daily, or *The Irish Statesman*. It would be odd if the Protestantism of our Home Secretary found itself in touch with the local Catholicism of Ireland; and we have no desire to arouse an anti-clerical movement such as has been the misery of France. The question in Ireland is not whether the Church, or its lay zealots, is right, but whether the views of Churchmen can be imposed upon those who avow no allegiance to the Church. In England we have an established Church which is weak, and in Ireland they have an un-established Church which is strong. It is not in the interest of the Roman Church in England that its Irish Branch should abuse its power; it would merely strengthen in the English mind its hereditary suspicion of Roman intolerance and bigotry.

There is said to be a case for excluding English papers from Ireland, if it is true that the English papers most widely read there are such as educated people in England must deplore. But as Mr. Yeats observes, "every country passing out of automatism passes through demoralization, and . . . has no choice but to go on into intelligence" [392]. The Bill which is before the Irish Legislature is associated with the power of the Roman Church: if the Church wins this victory in Ireland it must inevitably lose ground in England.

And yet, after all, the support of such a Bill by Roman Catholics in Ireland is more intelligible than would be the support of similar oppressive measures in England by liberal Protestants. The tyranny of religion is bad; if religion should prosper, it should not prosper by such means. But the tyranny of "morality," with some wholly vague religious backing, or wholly divorced from any exact religion, is still worse.

THE CENSORSHIP IN BOSTON

We have read with great interest an article in *The Irish Statesman* of October 6th, on "Censorship in America," by Sean O'Faolain. We have not yet verified Mr. O'Faolain's statements: but he is a well-known Irish writer, temporarily resident in America, and his essay on language which we published in the September *Criterion* testifies to his ability.[3] Nowhere in America is the censorship of books exercised more widely – we are told – than in Boston.[4] Boston is, of course, the traditional home of Puritanism; a hundred and fifty years ago the spirit of Calvin might have exercised the same censorship over the same books. But Boston is not now a Puritan town; it is an Irish-American town, with its statue of his Honour the late Mayor, Patrick Collins.[5] And it is in the chief Irish-American city of America that the censorship is exercised with great rigour – a censorship not without profit to publishers, for the censoring of a book by Boston stimulates its sales in other parts of the country. And this is one of the most pernicious effects of a censorship. It lowers taste in literature. A good book, a conscientious work of art, may become popular for the wrong reason; a bad book, a pinchbeck apery of art, may be equally popular for the wrong reason. Censorship has made impossible a critical estimate of Joyce's *Ulysses* for at least a generation; by setting up a false relationship between art and morals it has obstructed the efforts of all those who recognize the true relationship between art and morals.[6]

MODERNISM IN ENGLAND

The difficulties between the Evangelical and Catholic parties in the Church of England are not in themselves so important as they have been made to appear. They have, unfortunately, provided scare headlines for the always hungry Press. They have also provided a certain emotional outlet to members of the House of Commons, who seem to welcome, with touching gratitude, any exciting debate not on party lines – it is possible that at bottom every party man resents having to belong to a party. But the recent Congress at Cheltenham, and its consequences, are of very wide importance, which not being of the kind to make good headlines, has been overlooked. Disputes on ritual affect only those within the Church; but the question of Orthodoxy and Modernism affects everybody. We are not in *The Criterion* concerned with the question whether Dr. Major, the Principal of Ripon Hall, is or is not a heretic.[7] What we are concerned with is that Modernism – and admitting that French "Modernism" and English "Modernism" are quite different – is a mental blight which can afflict the whole of the intelligence of the time, whether within or without the Church. Where you find clear thinking, you usually find that the thinker is either a Christian (if he is a European) or an atheist; where you find muddy thinking you usually find that the thinker is something between the two, and such a person is in essentials a Modernist.

REFLEXIONS ON A NEW PERIODICAL

There are evidences that the publication of periodicals in England may ultimately succumb altogether to the method which first became conspicuous in America. We should say that America was the first victim, rather than that America was the inventor. For the process was inevitable in modern economic life. The success of any periodical depends upon the advertisers. That is to say, the material prosperity of modern civilization depends upon inducing people to buy what they do not want, and to want what they should not buy. *The New Age* would explain this necessity;[8] we cannot go into the matter so profoundly. But it seems a very flimsy structure; and the periodical press is a symptom, a result, not a cause. For the moment we leave it at that.

CITY, CITY

Anyone visiting the City after an absence of ten years will be a very puzzled man. Suppose that he has been resident in the Antipodes, but in receipt of English newspapers, he will have heard of the hard times that the post-war slump has brought to London: foreign markets gone smash, the coal trade vanished, great companies writing off millions of stock, financiers selling "the very bonds out of their desks" to meet urgent crises. Yes! but why are the City men pulling down good bank buildings, all sorts of buildings, and erecting grander banks, grander insurance buildings, grander office buildings? Even the old Bank of England, whose one story seemed to represent British solidity and independence, is sprouting, under the direction of Sir Herbert Baker, into a dizzy beanstalk.[9] The other solid banks round about are doing the same, emerging in modern dress – nothing horribly modern, of course, but extremely expensive and smart. Sir Edwin Lutyens has been almost skittish – but classical – in his Midland Bank at the Cheapside end.[10] Sir John James Burnet is giving Lloyds Bank a rich, discreet, not really old-fashioned dress suitable to a Lady Mayoress;[11] Mr. Davis is giving a rather smarter but still very respectable costume to the Westminster.[12] And Lombard Street, though it continues to sport its admirable hanging signs – the grasshopper is particularly good[13] – has lately lost some grave, agreeable bank buildings where Nelson, or perhaps Sir William Hamilton, and Barnes Newcome may have cashed cheques.[14] Up they go in the best Portland stone.[15] Those who can remember the City as long ago as 1920 must feel very sad. And many of the courts and passages on the Cornhill side have vanished. Birch's has taken its famous old ironwork elsewhere. Baker's Chop House, which did indeed once provide good chops, with its curved many-paned front is gone;[16] and the spacious well-barrelled wine shop in Cowper's Court which you entered down a stair;[17] gone are the other dear dusty crevasses and shelves. Even the policemen there now can tell you nothing of these things. They are young, they are ignorant, they have no City lore and no City curiosity. And what has become of the City barmaid who knew good whisky from bad?

In our memorial of the late Professor Max Scheler, in the September Commentary, we made one slip which must be corrected. Although Scheler was personally known throughout the Rhineland, he was not Professor at

Bonn.[18] His reputation was achieved whilst he was Professor at Cologne; and when he died he was Professor at the University of Frankfurt. Our German Chronicle of this number, and one review, are devoted to his memory.[19]

NOTES

1. As reported in the *Times* of 16 Oct 1928 ("Home Secretary and Immoral Books / Limits to Freedom of Writing"), the Conservative Home Secretary William Joynson-Hicks (widely known as "Jix") said in addressing the London Diocesan Council of Youth: "The Home Secretary is a man who is exposed to every kind of attack . . . It may possibly be in the near future I shall have to deal with immoral and disgusting books. . . . There must be some limit to the freedom of what a man may write or speak in this great country of ours" (11). At least one respondent wrote in reaction on 19 Oct "to assure the Home Secretary that my wife and I are capable of watching over our family's reading without any Jixotic assistance from him" (17).

2. Yeats's article, "The Irish Censorship" (*Spectator*, 5231), addressed the proposed "Irish Free State Censorship of Publications Bill, 1928" (391-92), which passed and became effective in 1929; rpt. in *Uncollected Prose by W. B. Yeats*, vol 2, ed. John P. Frayne and Colton Johnson (New York: Columbia UP, 1975), 480-85.

3. The article by the Irish writer Seán Ó Faoláin (1900-91), "Style and the Limitations of Speech" appeared in the *Criterion* of Sept 1928 (67-87).

4. See *The Irish Statesman*, 11 (6 Oct 1928), 86-88. In the article, illustrated with described injustices, Ó Faoláin declares: "There is not a sole censor in Boston; there are many censors – far too many; no single State could produce so many wise judges – and as a result Boston is one of the most censored cities in the United States, and the most mocked at for that reason by all the rest" (87).

5. Ireland-born Patrick Collins (1844-1905) served three terms in the US Congress (1883-89) and was mayor of Boston from 1902 until his death. His statue stands in the Commonwealth Avenue Mall in Boston.

6. Copies of the *Little Review* containing serialized chapters of *Ulysses* were seized and destroyed by US postal authorities in 1921, as were copies of the novel when published in 1922. Finally legalized in the United States after a momentous court decision in 1934, the novel was not legalized in the United Kingdom until 1936.

7. Dr. H. D. A. (Henry Dewsbury Alves) Major (1871-1961), British-born New Zealander, returned to lead the Modernist church movement in England, founding and editing the *Modern Churchman* (1910-56), initiating the annual conference of the liberal Churchman's Union in 1914, and serving as principal of Ripon Hall, Oxford, from 1919 to 1948. In conservative Anglo-Catholic circles, he was known as "the anti-Christ of Oxford" and was the object of an unsuccessful heresy hunt in 1921. His writings include *A Resurrection of Relics: A Modern Churchman's Defence in a Recent Charge of Heresy* (1922), *English Modernism* (1927), and *Modern Problems of the Church* (1928).

The Church Congress opened in Cheltenham by the Bishop of Gloucester on 30 Sept 1928. Themed "The Anglican Communion, Past, Present, and Future," it was preceded by Lord Halifax's open letter of protest to the Bishop against his invitation to Dr. Major to speak to the

Congress, on grounds that his Modernist beliefs were heretical. In his reply, published in the *Church Times* of 5 Oct, the Bishop, who expressed his disagreement with many of Major's beliefs, found no grounds for charges of heresy and defended his right to speak at the Congress, saying that those who would refuse him a hearing "would, if followed, bring the Christian Faith into contempt" (382). On 10 Oct, the penultimate day of the Congress, Major spoke on "The Anglican Interpretation of the Faith."

8. A. R. Orage's weekly literary magazine, subtitled "An Independent Socialist Review of Politics, Literature, and Art."

9. Between 1921 and 1930, the architect Sir Herbert Baker (1862-1946) redesigned and rebuilt the Bank of England in Threadneedle Street into a seven-story neoclassical edifice.

10. Sir Edwin Landseer Lutyens (1869-1944) designed the City of London headquarters of the Midland Bank in Poultry Street, Cheapside.

11. The firm of architect Sir John James Burnet (1857-1938) redesigned and enlarged Lloyds Bank, Lombard Street (1927-30), where TSE was employed from 1917 to 1925. The Lady Mayoress, Russian Princess Alexandra Lieven (d. 1974), was the second wife of the Lord Mayor for 1928, the cricketeer and financier Sir Kynaston Studd.

12. In 1925, architect Arthur Joseph Davis (1878-1951) designed the headquarters of the Westminster Bank in Lothbury Street, next to the Bank of England.

13. The colorful signs of historic buildings and companies that once stood on Lombard Street were put in place for the coronation of George V in 1911. The Gresham golden grasshopper, emblem of the English financier Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange in 1565, hangs above his former residence at 68 Lombard Street.

14. Sir William Hamilton (1731-1803), diplomat and art collector whose much younger and extravagant wife, Emma, was the mistress of Lord Nelson; the fictional banker Sir Barnes Newcome is a character in William Makepeace Thackeray's novel *The Newcomes* (1855).

15. Portland stone, a creamy white limestone quarried on the Isle of Portland, Dorset, has been a principal building stone for London edifices since the late seventeenth century, including St. Paul's Cathedral, the British Museum, Buckingham Palace, and Westminster Abbey.

16. Baker's Chop Shop (previously the Rummer Tavern) in Change Alley, off Cornhill Street, opened in 1695 and closed in 1928.

17. Cowper's Court, just past Change Alley, off Cornhill Street

18. See 3.477.

19. Max Rychner devoted the entire "German Chronicle" to Scheler's character, work, and achievement (298-304). Herbert Read paid tribute to the importance and originality of Scheler's philosophy in his review (348-50) of Scheler's *Die Stellung des Menschen im Kosmos* [*The Human Place in the Cosmos*], stating that the pamphlet "is a short summary or conspectus of the late Professor Scheler's forthcoming 'Philosophical Anthropology.' . . . Professor Scheler was attempting no less than a synthesis of a new conception of humanity. He believed that the time had come when the faculties of modern biology, medicine, psychology and sociology could be given the unity of a comprehensive philosophy of anthropology."

The Literature of Fascism[1]

A review of *The Universal Aspects of Fascism*, by J. S. Barnes

London: Williams and Norgate, 1928. Pp. xxi + 247.

The Pedigree of Fascism, by Aline Lion

London: Sheed and Ward, 1927. Pp. 236.

The Fascist Dictatorship in Italy, Vol 1: *Origins and Practices*, by Gaetano Salvemini

London: J. Cape, 1928. Pp. 446.

Italy and Fascismo, by Luigi Sturzo, trans. Barbara Barclay Carter

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1926. Pp. xii + 305.

The Fascist Experiment, by Luigi Villari

London: Faber & Gwyer, 1926. Pp. xi + 253.

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Dec 1928) 280-90

I am, I suppose, a typical representative of the British and American public in the extent of my knowledge and ignorance of fascism in Italy. I have paid one or two visits to Italy under the present regime; I have the casual comments of friends who have been living there; I have read the apparently biased views of newspapers of various complexions, without being convinced by Sir Percival Phillips or H. G. Wells; and I have recently read these five books.[2] I am not convinced of anything by these books either. All are excellent; all are persuasive; none is quite comprehensive. The books by Italian authors are rather better written than the books by English authors. Unfortunately for my purpose, none of them quite meet. Signor Salvemini's book, for instance, is crammed with exact documentation, and is a valuable commentary on the evolution of the ideas of the fascist leaders; it appears to be the work of an honest and indignant man, and no one could question the author's sincerity or conviction.[3] But for my purpose of investigation, I feel that Signor Salvemini is too close to his subject; he has suffered too much; and he is obviously an English liberal in culture. I am not concerned to question any of his statements of fact; and if one had just been reading Sir Percival Phillips, one would be in a frame of mind to agree with him in his conclusions. But his accumulations of facts, however useful they may be to liberals like Mr. Wells, do not in themselves constitute a case. For a citizen of any country, who has definite political views, is always apt to believe that his fellow citizens of other views, when they behave in an unpleasant way, do so because their views differ from his. In one context, we exaggerate the differences of political parties and ignore race; just as in another context we may exaggerate the differences of race. The Russian Revolution, seen from a distance, appears far more Russian than revolutionary; possibly the fascist revolution is more Italian than fascist. Don Sturzo is an Italian dissentient of a different political stripe from Signor Salvemini; he also, though he has written a most interesting book, is too close to the object.[4] And Signor Villari is a convinced adherent of the fascist regime.[5] Mr. Barnes and Miss Lion, on the other hand, write as English sympathizers of fascism, who are naturally interested in extracting from the fascist movement the ideas of general value.[6]

Being interested in political ideas, but not in politics, I have found the last two books the most important. But a reading of the other three is a valuable aid to criticizing the theories of Mr. Barnes and Miss Lion. What really matters is whether Fascism is the emergence of a new political idea, or the recrudescence of an old one, that may infect the whole of Europe as Parliamentarism infected it in the nineteenth century, or whether it is purely local. It is a commonplace that the increase of the electorate, in Britain, is the destruction of Democracy; that with every vote added, the value of every vote diminishes, and that consequently the actual power will be more and more concentrated in the hands of a small number of politicians, or perhaps in the Civil Service, or perhaps in the City, or perhaps in a number of cities. What I am concerned with at the moment is not the normal progress of events due to the increase of voters – which seems to be taken for granted by everybody – but the possible influence on the public mind of the *idea*, or rather the vague sentiment of approval excited by the word, of fascism.

There are questions which I should like to ask; but I doubt whether anyone can answer them; and I am quite sure that I should be unable to understand the answers if given. Political theory, from the time of Aristotle, has been a distinguished branch of philosophy. The political imagination still exists: that is to say that people get emotional excitement out of political words, as they do out of other words; the words "Democracy," "Communism," "Fascism," "Monarchy," "Republicanism," "Empire," excite various behaviour from various individuals; and there are very few of us who do not respond with the proper jerk to one or another of these words. The human craving to believe in *something* is pathetic, when not tragic; and always, at the same time, comic. I still believe, however, that religious beliefs (including, of course, Atheism), are on a different plane. Some so-called religious beliefs are really political beliefs in disguise; but many political beliefs are substitutes for religious beliefs. The psychology of religion has been the subject of many books, mostly quite worthless. The psychology of politics is perhaps a more fruitful subject. There is room for books which would examine the nature of political belief: for one thing, the extent to which it is a substitute for religion, and therefore a muddle. So far as bolshevism is a practical way of running Russia – if it is – for the material contentment of Russians, it seems to me worthy of study. So far as it is a kind of supernatural faith it seems to be a humbug. The same is true of fascism. There is a form of faith which is solely appropriate to a religion; it should not be appropriated by politics.

There is another danger. The more a political creed usurps the place of religious creed, the more risk of its becoming merely a façade. The popular result of ignoring religion seems to be merely that the populace transfer their religious emotions to political theories. Few people are sufficiently civilized to afford atheism. When a political theory becomes a creed, one begins to suspect its impotence.

Mr. Barnes is not only an admirer of fascism, but a Roman Catholic; Miss Lion may or may not be a Catholic, but is certainly a diligent disciple of the Italian philosophers, especially Gentile.[7] They are accordingly anxious to prove, the first the consistency of fascism with Catholicism and mediaeval Catholic political philosophy, the second the consistency of fascism with Italian philosophy of the present time. Signor Salvemini and Don Sturzo, on the other hand, are concerned to prove that fascism is opportunism, with no ideas at all, except such as are likely to catch on at the moment. It is certainly shown that the Duce is a politician rather than a political theorist. It does not, of course, matter to the practical value of the "fascist revolution" to Italy whether it began from ideas, or whether it acquired and changed its ideas as it proceeded; but it is perhaps of use in assessing the value of the "idea" of fascism elsewhere.

The first question that occurs to me, as a political ignoramus, is to ask in what sense was the "fascist revolution" a revolution as compared with other accepted revolutions of history. The French Revolution was a revolution if there ever was one. A form of government which had developed gradually from the beginnings of France, was suddenly overturned, and so thoroughly that no restoration has endured. This revolution was prepared by social changes, and by the spread of certain ideas and sentiments; by many causes, so that it is always a matter of conjecture how large a part any one item played. The ideas and sentiments have had a continuous history, so that we may say that the ideas of Republican France, so far as they exist, are descended from the ideas of the Revolution. The Russian Revolution seems to have many parallels with the French. There was the violent overthrow of an ancient and traditional government, after considerable modification of Russian society in the last generations; the revolution had been fed by misgovernment, hurried and premature reforms, weakness, economic difficulties; it was prepared by a definite new theory of government, and precipitated by accidents. But there are other types of revolution. The English Revolution of 1688 deserves that name, though it has little in common with the French or the Russian: unlike them, it has turned out to be more revolutionary than it appeared at the time.[8] The Great Rebellion could not be called a revolution, not merely because it was reversed in the end, but because there was no weakening in the stamina of the Royalist Party, and therefore no general consent throughout the country.[9]

The "Fascist Revolution" evidently had some revolutionary characters and not others.[10] Its opponents take pains to point out that there was never any bolshevist "peril," or actual bolshevism in the disorders following the war. They say in unison that these disorders, furthermore, were already subsiding before the March on Rome.[11] The success of the March, they say, was due to the weakness and vacillation of the Cabinet. But these facts would make the triumph of fascism only the more definitely revolutionary. It is a frequent characteristic of revolutions that they appear all the more inevitable because they might so easily have been stopped. The singularity of the Italian revolution seems to be this, that it began with no "ideas" at all, or rather as an offshoot of advanced socialism, and proved itself capable of transforming itself as occasion required, and of assimilating ideas as required. If we are to judge the "idea" of fascism, then, we must speculate where its "ideas" came from, how they cohere, and whether they are not still in process of formation.

One approaches the books of Miss Lion and Mr. Barnes with these questions in mind. Their methods and aims are not quite the same: Miss Lion is more concerned to show an affinity between the action of Mussolini and the thought of Croce and Gentile; Mr. Barnes is more anxious to persuade us that the political philosophy of fascism is a modern development of the philosophy of the Catholic Church, and especially of Aquinas. Speaking in the name of fascism, and apparently in sympathy with it, he imagines fascism as saying that Europe

> can only be reunited on the basis of the Roman tradition. Reinforce this great common tradition – the only common tradition – by a general conformation to the Roman political and religious traditions, and we may yet have good reason to hope. [56]

I think I understand what the author means by the "Roman religious tradition," and it is quite natural for him to wish to see the whole of Europe in accord with it. But I am not so sure what he means by the Roman "political tradition," and if I have any idea what he means, then I do not know what is its connection with the religious tradition, except Mr. Barnes's enthusiasm for both. I presume that what he has in mind is that a fascist form of government in each country of Europe, plus the establishment or at least the general acceptance of Roman Catholicism in all, is the state of affairs which would please him most. It may be that he sees some analogy between fascist organization and that of the Church, for, as Miss Lion says, "the motto of fascism is order and hierarchy" [58]. He is careful to point out that a fascist need not be a Catholic, or a Catholic a fascist; but he adds that

> a non-Catholic fascist will find himself, within the debatable territory which even the strictest theologian admits, in agreement with the fundamental Catholic conception of the State, and will recognize in the last resort the need for an independent moral authority, such as the Church claims to be, in order to provide the coping stone for any truly perfect polity. [130]

I am in accord about the desirability of the "independent moral authority," but I cannot see why any fascist should necessarily recognize the need for it, unless a fascist also has to be a Christian, which is not demonstrated. And I am not sure *which* Catholic conception of the state is the fundamental one. I believe it was the view of the Church, in relation to the *Action Française*, that the *coup de force* was to be condemned, and that otherwise it justly allows its members to support any peaceable government; beyond that I should suppose that the Catholic conception of the State was ultimately theocratic.[12] As for the Roman political tradition, that might be the tradition of the Republic and the Empire; and there are some similarities between the fascist revolution and certain events in early Rome, but before the time of Christianity.

In spite of Mr. Barnes's able apology, I remain (as an outsider) unconvinced of the essential harmony between fascism and Roman Catholicism: it remains to be revealed whether the harmony will be any closer than, at best, that of a Napoleonic Concordat.[13] In any case, the position of the Roman Church, facing a Roman Dictator a few yards away, is much more difficult than when it faced a European Dictator in Paris. The question of the temporal power appears difficult, if not insoluble. If the Holy See accommodates itself too well with the temporal power, it must be prepared for the suspicion (however unjust) of becoming merely another National Church; if it cannot accommodate itself at all, it must face many embarrassments and vexations. And if the Duce is indeed imbued with Christian piety, there still remains the danger of Erastian tendencies on the part of a well-established, powerful, and self-confident government. The Roman Church is certainly passing through a difficult and dangerous political channel: it cannot be expected to adopt quite the same attitude in Rome, Paris, New York and Dublin. But I should not like to see it accept in Rome exactly what it has denied in Paris; and I should like to have explained to me why fascism can perhaps be swallowed, when the *Action Française* is spewed out.

These are, however, merely scattered doubts and questions about the conformity of fascism with Roman Catholicism; and most of them await an answer from future history alone. As I have said at the start, I am not concerned with the feasibility of fascism as a working programme for Italy. What matters is the spread of the fascist idea. Now it is manifest that any disparagement of "democracy" is nowadays well received by nearly every class of men, and any alternative to "democracy" is watched with great interest. This is one point on which intellectuals and populace, reactionaries and communists, the million-press and the revolutionary sheet, are more and more inclined to agree; and the danger is that when everyone agrees, we shall all get something that is worse than what we have already. I cannot share enthusiastically in this vigorous repudiation of "democracy." When the whole world repudiates one silly idea, there is every chance that it will take up with another idea just as silly or sillier. It is one thing to say, what is sadly certain, that democratic government has been watered down to nothing. It is one thing to say, what is equally sad and certain, that from the moment when the suffrage is conceived as a *right* instead of as a privilege and a duty and a responsibility, we are on the way merely to government by an invisible oligarchy instead of government by a visible one. But it is another thing to ridicule the *idea* of democracy. A real democracy is always a restricted democracy, and can only flourish with some limitation by hereditary rights and responsibilities. The United States of America, for instance, were more or less democratic up to 1829, when Andrew Jackson became President, when the system which is euphemistically known as *la carrière ouverte aux talents*, and more exactly as the Pork Barrel System, became powerful.[14] The modern question as popularly put is: "democracy is dead; what is to replace it?" whereas it should be: "the frame of democracy has been destroyed: how can we, out of the materials at hand, build a new structure in which democracy can live?"

Order and authority are good: I believe in them as wholeheartedly as I think one should believe in any single idea; and much of the demand for them in our time has been soundly based. But behind the increasing popular demand for these things, the parroting of the words, I seem to detect a certain spiritual anemia, a tendency to collapse, the recurring human desire to escape the burden of life and thought. The deterioration of democracy has placed upon men burdens greater than they could bear, and surreptitiously relieved them of those they could bear: our newspapers pretend that we are competent to make up our minds about foreign policy, though we may not know who is responsible for cleaning the streets of our own borough. There is a general sickness of politics, and a general admission that it is not worth while worrying, as all politicians are alike, and their activity is just as remote from ours as the meditations of Einstein, and our vote doesn't matter anyway. And in this state of mind and spirit human beings are inclined to welcome any regime which relieves us from the burden of pretended democracy. Possibly also, hidden in many breasts, is a craving for a regime which will relieve us of thought and at the same time give us excitement and military salutes.

It is this feeling that I fear, in the popularization of such words as "fascism" and "communism"; a feeling which would reduce any paraphernalia of ideas and political philosophy to a mere elaborate façade. I am all the more suspicious of fascism as a panacea because I fail so far to find in it any important element, beyond this comfortable feeling that we shall be benevolently ordered about, which was not already in existence. Most of the concepts which might have attracted me in fascism I seem already to have found, in a more digestible form, in the work of Charles Maurras. I say a more digestible form, because I think they have a closer applicability to England than those of fascism. The important differences are two, and they are both differences in favour of the French school of thought. The *Action Française* insists upon the importance of continuity by the Kingship and hereditary class, upon something which has some analogy to what the government of England was, formerly, at least supposed to be; it would protect the humble citizen against the ambitious politician. Now the idea of the Kingship does not seem to have played any great part in fascism: it looks rather as if it had been accepted as a convenience. In theory, the *Action Française* does not contemplate a powerful dictator and a nominal king – but the powerful king and the able minister. The other difference is that the aim of fascism appears to be centralization. The theory of the *Action Française* carries decentralization to the farthest possible point, and in this respect represents a reaction against the Napoleonic system, with which fascism has some analogies. It is to be admitted, of course, that Italy has centuries of chaotic decentralization to overcome, and that perhaps the Italian needs for a generation or so a powerful dose of central authority; and that the difference between France and Italy in this respect is diametrical. My point is, however, that the situation of England is nearer to the situation of France than it is to that of Italy.

The political philosophy of Maurras is obscured from English students by the fact that it is embedded in current writings of local interest: he has not generalized them into any statement of direct use abroad. It is also obscured by the fact that M. Maurras and his friends have often displayed a lamentable and even grotesque ignorance of foreign affairs[15*] – the ignorance which made it possible for M. Daudet to exclaim against British "tyranny" in Egypt.[16] Nor has the *Action Française* exhibited any desire to examine the foundations of fascism; it has pretended to believe that the Italian regime is good merely because it is different from that of republican France. The philosophy of M. Maurras has its own weaknesses, of course (as well as its intemperances of expression), with which I am not here concerned, such as a disposition, inherited from a previous generation of sociologists, to regard politics as a "science" independent of morals. But on the other hand I cannot find in fascism any idea of general interest which has not already been expressed by Maurras and his friends. I end by reflecting that the developments of fascism in Italy may produce very interesting results in ten or twenty years. And that it is a matter of regret that England has no contemporary and indigenous school of political thought since Fabianism, and as an alternative to it. The function of political theory is not to form a working Party, but to permeate society and consequently all parties: and this, for good or bad, Fabianism has done. But sound political thought in one country is not to be built upon political facts in another country; I cannot believe that enthusiasm for Russian or Italian "revolution" has any intellectual value here. A new school of political thought is needed, which might learn from political thought abroad, but not from political practice. Both Russian communism and Italian fascism seem to me to have died as political ideas, in becoming political facts.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. On 2 July 1928, TSE wrote to A. L. Rowse, inviting him to contribute an essay on Communism to the *Criterion*: "I have thought of dealing myself with the question of Fascism, and have recently worked through four or five books on the subject. The more I read about [it] the more uninteresting it seems, but it might be worth while to say even that. What I am trying to do is to find out whether there is any idea in Fascism at all; if not it might be at least worth while to say so. The books on the subject seem to be of two types: Those written by people who wish to prove either how virtuous or how wicked the regime has been; and those who wish to prove that Fascism is the realisation of a magnificent political ideal. The former have a certain scandalous interest, the latter being extremely dull" (*L4* 196). On 17 Nov, TSE wrote again to Rowse, drawing his attention to "a very superficial article by me called 'The Literature of Fascism'" (*L4* 323). Rowse's "Literature of Communism" appeared in the *Criterion* in Apr 1929, and TSE continued the conversation in July with "Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse" (3.657).

2. Sir Percival Phillips (1877-1937), American war reporter on the *Daily Mail*, knighted for his coverage of World War I, wrote sympathetically about the fascist movement in a series of dispatches that TSE praised in a letter to the *Daily Mail* of 8 Jan 1923 (2.430) (see n. 2). Phillips collected his dispatches in *The "Red" Dragon and the Black Shirts: How Italy Found her Soul; The True Story of the Fascisti Movement* (1922). Wells's *Meanwhile* (1927) makes a case against fascism.

3. Gaetano Salvemini (1873-1957), historian and antifascist politician, fled Italy in 1925; he lectured widely in Europe and became a Harvard professor.

4. Luigi Sturzo (1871-1959), Catholic priest and political leader who opposed fascism

5. Luigi Villari (1876-1959), historian, traveler, and propagandist of Mussolini's regime

6. James Strachey Barnes (1890-1955), Mussolini supporter raised in Italy and educated in England, became Secretary-General of the International Centre for Fascist Studies in 1927.

Barnes replied to TSE's review with "Fascism," *Criterion* 8 (Apr 1929), 445-59; TSE in turn replied in the next number with "Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse" (3.657). In 1937, TSE wrote this assessment of Barnes: "Jim is rather a queer bird. He is a cousin of the Stracheys and I think his father is a head of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company or something of the sort. He is very correct, having been to Eton, Cambridge, in the Blues and ended the War in the Air Force. He is a violent Italophile, a pal of Mussolini, and wrote a couple of books about Fascism in its early stages. He is also some kind of honorary valet to the Pope, being a R. C. convert" (quoted in *L4* 339, n. 1).

Aline Augusta Lion (1891-1964), French philosopher, studied at the University of Rome with Giovanni Gentile (see note 7 below) and at Oxford University.

7. TSE made passing reference to the Italian philosopher and educator Giovanni Gentile in 1917 (1.702); in 1923, Gentile became Minister of Public Education under Mussolini, who described him as "the philosopher of Fascism."

8. The overthrow of the Catholic King James II in favor of his Protestant daughter Mary and her husband, William of Orange (also called the "Glorious Revolution"), ended Catholic monarchy in England and strengthened parliamentary democracy.

9. The 1911 *Encyclopaedia Britannica* referred to the English Civil War (1642-51) as the "Great Rebellion."

10. In 1914, Mussolini founded the Fasci autonomi d'azione rivoluzionaria [Autonomous Groups of Revolutionary Action] and referred to the movement as "la rivoluzione fascista" [the Fascist revolution]. As TSE's quotes indicate, not all agreed on this nomenclature.

11. Supporters of Mussolini's Fascist party demonstrated in Rome from 22 to 29 Oct 1922, an act of intimidation ending in a legal transfer of power from Prime Minister Luigi Facta to Mussolini.

12. Maurras's 1910 *Si le coup de force est possible* [*If an act of force/armed takeover is possible*], argued for a forcible restoration of the monarchy. In Dec 1926, Pope Pius XI condemned the Action française, placing Maurras's journal by this name and other works on the index of banned books, and in Mar 1927 prohibited members of the movement from receiving the sacraments. TSE expressed his thoughts about these events in a letter to Lord Halifax of 15 Oct 1927 (*L3* 754-57).

13. The Concordat of 1801 between Napoleon and Pope Pius VII re-established the Catholic Church in France while reserving freedom of religion for Protestants.

14. Andrew Jackson (1767-1845), seventh president of the United States, instituted a patronage system for awarding government jobs. He succeeded John Quincy Adams as president in 1829; by 1830, the property restriction on white male suffrage had been abolished in all states.

"La carrière ouverte aux talents" [the career open to those with talents] is an expression attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte, who claimed to establish a meritocratic system of promotion in the place of the class system of the old regime.

The American political term "pork barrel," first used in 1873, refers to government spending directed at local projects designed to please voters.

15*. TSE's note: "An ignorance which, however, is not by any means limited to this political party, but is, it seems, characteristically French. The French are an insolent people, and inclined often to repudiate their best friends." In a reply of 9 Jan 1929 to Ramon Fernandez, who had objected to TSE's generalization of political ignorance to the entire French people, TSE wrote that "it is perhaps a feeble reply but a true one to say that I had altered this note considerably in my proof but owing to the illness of the head printer none of my final alterations to that article appeared" (*L4* 378).

16. Though allies in Europe, France and Britain contested each other's claims in the Middle East. In Mar 1928, the Egyptian parliament rejected a new treaty with Great Britain as incompatible with independence.

Freud's Illusions

A review of *The Future of an Illusion*, by Sigmund Freud, trans. W. D. Robson-Scott

International Psycho-analytical Library, No. 15.

London: Hogarth Press, 1928. Pp. 98.

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Dec 1928) 350-53

This is undoubtedly one of the most curious and interesting books of the season: Dr. Freud's brief summary of his views on the future of Religion. We can hardly qualify it by anything but negatives; it has little to do with the past or the present of religion, and nothing, so far as I can see, with its future. It is shrewd and yet stupid; the stupidity appears not so much in historical ignorance or lack of sympathy with the religious attitude, as in verbal vagueness and inability to reason. The book testifies to the fact that the genius of experimental science is not necessarily joined with the genius of logic or the generalizing power.[1]

What we may call Dr. Freud's innocence breaks out almost on the first page:

> Human culture – I mean by that all those respects in which human life has raised itself above animal conditions and in which it differs from the life of the beasts, and I disdain to separate culture and civilization – presents, as is well known, two aspects to the observer. It includes on the one hand all the knowledge and power that men have acquired in order to master the forces of nature and win resources from her for the satisfaction of human needs; and on the other hand it includes all the necessary arrangements whereby men's relations to each other, and in particular the distribution of the attainable riches, may be regulated. [8-9]

This appears to be by way of a definition; at any rate it is as near to a definition of "culture" as we get. It is oddly inadequate and even circular. Human culture is "all those respects" in which human life differs from brute life, we are told; but surely what we must first ask, to define human culture, is in what ways is the human different from the animal. Human culture then "includes" knowledge and power; we are left in doubt as to whether "includes" means "equals" or perhaps means "depends upon." Knowledge and power win resources from nature for the satisfaction of human needs: but what we want to know is precisely what are human needs, before we can know much about culture. Finally, human culture "includes" again what seems to mean political and economic organization. This does not get us very far; and if that is all there is to culture and civilization, culture and civilization do not amount to much. So far as culture means merely social organization, then Dr. Freud's next remarks, on the necessity of defending culture against the individual, are quite just. But this leads him to the view that culture and civilization are always "imposed" upon the many by the few – which is only intelligible if we continue to restrict culture to the maintenance of law and order, and not altogether true at that. But we are helplessly bewildered on the next page (11) where we read that

> one thought at first that the essence of culture lay in the conquest of nature for the means of supporting life, and in eliminating the dangers that threaten culture by the suitable distribution of these among mankind . . .

If one really thought that the essence of culture lay in eliminating the dangers that threaten culture, then there must be something very wrong with one's reasoning powers. I can feel only stupefaction on reading such a course of argument. And throughout this first chapter, one has the impression that the truly cultured and civilized man is the highly efficient Policeman. Dr. Freud observes with a sigh that "probably a certain percentage of mankind . . . will always remain asocial" [14]. The word "asocial" has perhaps some deep psychological meaning beyond my comprehension; but it seems to me that some contributions have been made to what I call civilization by men who have been solitaries or rebels.

Dr. Freud's baffling notion of culture keeps turning up. Later we hear that "it is the principal task of culture, its real *raison d'être*, to defend us against nature"; and again we are not told what is *us* and what is *nature* [26]. But "the preservation of mankind against nature" is "the great common task" [27]. Surely Dr. Freud has some shadowy personification of this angry goddess Nature at the back of his mind. I pass over a number of what seem to me merely the psychological terms which hide a vacuum, like "man's super-ego," which is "a special mental function"– in other words, another of Dr. Freud's supernatural beings [18]. The principal thesis seems to be this: the enquiry is not concerned with the value of religious doctrines as truth; but "psychologically considered" they are *illusions* [57]. The first part of this thesis must mean, if it means anything, that Freud is not concerned with the truth of religious ideas, or with the reality of religious "objects"; yet I fail to understand how they can be illusions in a "psychological" sense without being illusions pure and simple. Such a distinction between psychological truth and ordinary truth is much too fine for my reason to grasp. Indeed, I am not sure that it is not too fine even for Freud himself; for throughout the rest of the book he proceeds to treat religion as illusion in the ordinary sense, and as illusion which society is in the process of casting off.

But here another distinction appears, which seems to me still further to obfuscate the problem.

> When I say that they (religious ideas) are illusions, I must define the meaning of the word. An illusion is not the same as an error, it is indeed not necessarily an error. Aristotle's belief that vermin are evolved out of dung, to which ignorant people still cling, was an error. . . . It would be improper to call these errors illusions. On the other hand, it was an illusion on the part of Columbus that he had discovered a new sea-route to India. [53]

I have never mastered the philosophy of As If, and here my motherwit finds itself completely baffled.[2] Columbus was certainly "in error" in thinking that the West Indies were the East Indies; he was not in error in thinking that he had found a new route to India; but the combination of an error with a truth does not make an "illusion." An excellent example of "illusion" seems to be at hand: it is an illusion for Freud to think that he has defined the term "illusion" when he says that an illusion is not the same as an error, indeed is not necessarily an error. A vegetable marrow is not the same as a pumpkin, indeed is not necessarily a pumpkin: but this would not strike Aristotle as being the definition of a vegetable marrow. Freud should have begun by a definition of definition. Presently illusion is treated as if it was anything that does not admit of proof (55). Of some religious doctrines (he does not say which) he says that "we may compare them" to delusions; but we are not told what is to be learnt by the comparison. He then palms off a few commonplaces like this:

> The riddles of the universe only reveal themselves slowly to our enquiry, to many questions science can as yet give no answer; but scientific work is our only way to the knowledge of external reality. [55]

We are not told what is science, or what are the riddles of the universe. Yet in the end Dr. Freud re-echoes: "Science is no illusion" [98]. Thus dreams the wizard of the dream world. I have the impression that the real pundits of the real sciences, such as mathematical physics, are often less confident of anything than Freud is of everything. But it is naturally the adepts of the parvenu sciences, in their anxiety to affirm that their science really is a science, who make the most exaggerated claims for "science" as a whole. This is a strange book.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. In a letter to I. A. Richards of 9 Jan 1929, TSE wrote that Freud "is dealing with a subject to which his own knowledge is irrelevant. . . . [H]is chief difficulties in this book do not seem to me psychological errors at all but logical and epistemological" (*L4* 379).

2. In *Die Philosophie des Als Ob* [*The Philosophy of "As If"*] (1911, trans. 1924), Hans Vaihinger argued that because we cannot understand the underlying realities of the world, we construct fictional systems to explain the phenomena we encounter, acting "as if" the world matches our fictions.

Elizabeth and Essex

An unsigned review of *Elizabeth and Essex: A Tragic History*, by Lytton Strachey

London: Chatto and Windus, 1928. Pp. 288.[1]

The Times Literary Supplement, 1401 (6 Dec 1928) 959

When Mr. Strachey published his *Eminent Victorians* there arose a myth about him which neither his earlier nor his later works have been able to dissipate.[2] He was received as the mocking iconoclast of the Victorian Pantheon, a stripper of reputation, a master of the art of reducing the great to the small. Even his *Queen Victoria* did not succeed in correcting this impression, though it revealed clearly Mr. Strachey's genuine passion for genuine royalty and the fact that where he destroys one romance he creates another.[3] He destroyed some myths about Victorians, no doubt; but the upshot of his work was rather to replace one romantic view which had become incredible by another more suited to reception by his own generation. Irony and mockery are not Mr. Strachey's product, but merely his tools, which he uses slyly to allow us the luxury of sentiment without being ashamed of it. The great difference, indeed, between Mr. Strachey's methods and those of his imitators is that the latter are often limited to mere derision, whereas in Mr. Strachey there is always affection, and often strong admiration, for his prey.[4]

In this book there is less of the ironic or amusing than even the most intelligent reader might expect; and what little there is appears incidentally, and perhaps merely to give that flavour of realism which we like in our romance. It is a "tragic history"; and it is not only of dramatic material, but is treated with dramatic skill. So dramatic is it that we forget at times that it is history at all. Yet it has its perfectly correct historical face. Dialogue is restricted to a minimum – only words actually reported, and quotations of letters skilfully embroidered into the text. It is only occasionally, with what is one of Mr. Strachey's characteristic devices – one which is dangerous for him and fatal for anyone else – the reverie, the thoughts and dreams which some person may be supposed to have indulged at some critical moment, as of death, that we are reminded that this is drama, of a peculiar kind, more than history.

The author's presentation of his chief figures, however, is, we believe, as near to the right historical judgment as posterity can ever arrive. The chief figures are three: the Queen, Robert Devereux Earl of Essex, and Francis Bacon.[5] Like some other dramatists, Mr. Strachey is more fascinated by his villain (Bacon) than by his hero (Essex). His Bacon is the twentieth-century equivalent for the Ignatian Machiavel of Elizabethan drama.[6] He appears in higher relief, and with greater economy of words, than in the essay by Macaulay.[7] Bacon serves, indeed, as his example of his view of the Elizabethan character. To Mr. Strachey the Elizabethan age appears remote and strange. "With very few exceptions – possibly with the single exception of Shakespeare – the creatures in it meet us without intimacy; they are exterior visions, which we know but do not truly understand" [8]. This inscrutability Mr. Strachey is too wise to try to explain, and is content to insist upon.

> Human beings, no doubt, would cease to be human beings unless they were inconsistent; but the inconsistency of the Elizabethans exceeds the limits permitted to man. Their elements fly off from one another wildly; we seize them; we struggle hard to shake them together into a single compound, and the retort bursts. How is it possible to give a coherent account of their subtlety and their *naïveté*, their delicacy and their brutality, their piety and their lust? Wherever we look, it is the same. By what perverse magic were intellectual ingenuity and theological ingenuousness intertwined in John Donne? Who has ever explained Francis Bacon? How is it conceivable that the puritans were the brothers of the dramatists? [9]

Now it is quite true that at this distance the actions of Elizabethans appear often more inconsistent than our own. It is also true that in Elizabethan drama, even in the plays of Shakespeare, consistency of conduct in characters was obviously of much less importance to the dramatist and to the audience than it is to our contemporaries. As Mr. Mario Praz has pointed out in his admirable essay on the Machiavellian tradition in England, inconsistency and contrast were admired more than consistency and unity.[8] But it is necessary to draw a distinction between fundamental differences of human nature at different times – if there are any – and differences due to different ideas held by man as to what he is and as to what is admirable. To our mind the difference between the Elizabethans and ourselves is more a difference of fashion than a difference of nature. They allowed their inconsistencies to flourish and exulted in them; we have a morality, or a psychological theory (which is the same thing) which makes us ashamed of them.

It is not altogether certain either that Mr. Strachey, with this view of Elizabethan inconsistency, does not tend to exaggerate and even exploit it. The apparent inconsistencies of Donne, which he cites, would not even be interesting unless we felt them latent in ourselves. And there never was a time, and probably never will be, when piety and lust might not be found side by side. We have only to examine the literature of India. What is piquant about Mr. Strachey's attitude is that it combines the reasonableness of the eighteenth century with the romanticism of the nineteenth. He criticizes like an eighteenth-century rationalist, and admires like a nineteenth-century romantic.

But having adopted this view, Mr. Strachey is able to make the most of Bacon as a dramatic figure, flashing and glittering before us.

> Francis Bacon has been described more than once with the crude vigour of antitheses; but in truth such methods are singularly inappropriate to his most unusual case. It was not by the juxtaposition of a few opposites, but by the infiltration of a multitude of highly varied elements, that his mental composition was made up. He was no striped frieze; he was shot silk. The detachment of speculation, the intensity of personal pride, the uneasiness of nervous sensibility, the urgency of ambition, the opulence of superb taste – these qualities, blending, twisting, flashing together, gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent. A serpent, indeed, might well have been his chosen emblem – the wise, sinuous, dangerous creature, offspring of mystery and the beautiful earth. The music sounds, and the great snake rises, and spreads its hood, and leans and hearkens, swaying in ecstasy; and even so the sage Lord Chancellor, in the midst of some great sentence, some high intellectual confection, seems to hold his breath in a rich beatitude, fascinated by the deliciousness of sheer style. A true child of the Renaissance, his multiplicity was not merely that of mental accomplishment, but of life itself. His mind might move with joy among altitudes and theories, but the variegated savour of temporal existence was no less dear to him – the splendours of high living – the intricacies of Court intrigue – the exquisiteness of pages – the lights reflected from small pieces of coloured glass. Like all the greatest spirits of the age, he was instinctively and profoundly an artist. [43-44]

We have quoted this passage as much as a specimen of Mr. Strachey's heightened style as to illustrate his character of Bacon. But as a character of

Bacon it is, too, heightened through the romantic "perfumed mist" which invests the Renaissance. It is a right view of Bacon, and only misleading, if at all, by isolating the figure. Bacon was neither the first nor the last man to combine administrative ability with philosophic ability: neither the first nor the last to be swayed between several intellectual passions and to give himself alternately to one or the other. His love of public life, his legal gifts, were born and fostered of heredity and environment: his philosophic gifts were, as they always are, a freak. (Similarly, Donne's keenness for law and theology was natural, his genius for poetry a freak; and he is not the first or the last.) And finally, Francis Bacon is neither the first nor the last man to combine intellectual power with moral turpitude; examples might be found in any age. Without trespassing on modern times, might not Bolingbroke be made as much a paradox as Bacon?[9]

But, once we have allowed Mr. Strachey his dramatic licence for intensification and isolation, we must admit that his characters seem to us otherwise true to history. His character of Elizabeth is particularly just. He takes a middle path between those who represent Elizabeth as merely a puppet moved by the scheming Whig nobility created by her father – as merely a pawn in the game of spoiling the monasteries – and those who picture Elizabeth's Ministers as merely intelligent servants. The power of these intelligent servants Mr. Strachey does not diminish; and indeed one of his most powerful figures is that of Robert Cecil – always kept behind the arras, and always working to one end with a consistency which seems inconsistent with Mr. Strachey's Elizabethans.[10] But he makes it quite clear that the power of these servants was always precarious, always maintained by indefatigable attention and consummate diplomacy. And had the character of Elizabeth not been a strong one, and had it been different from what it was, her Ministers could not have played the *rôle* they did play.

> A deep instinct made it almost impossible for her to come to a fixed determination upon any subject whatever. Or, if she did, she immediately proceeded to contradict her resolution with the utmost violence, and, after that, to contradict her contradiction more violently still. Such was her nature – to float, when it was calm, in a sea of indecisions, and, when the wind rose, to tack hectically from side to side. Had it been otherwise – had she possessed, according to the approved pattern of the strong man of action, the capacity for taking a line and sticking to it – she

> would have been lost . . . Her femininity saved her. Only a woman could have shuffled so shamelessly, only a woman could have abandoned with such unscrupulous completeness the last shreds not only of consistency, but of dignity, honour, and common decency, in order to escape the appalling necessity of having, really and truly, to make up her mind. Yet it is true that a woman's evasiveness was not enough; male courage, male energy were needed. . . . Those qualities she also possessed; but their value to her – it was the final paradox of her career – was merely that they made her strong enough to turn her back, with an indomitable persistence, upon the ways of strength. [13]

This is finely said, and illustrates, like the passage quoted about Bacon, Mr. Strachey's taste for employing the cheap phrase or word: to "tack hectically," "appalling necessity," "shreds of consistency," "sheer style": it is out of such material that Mr. Strachey constructs his remarkable prose. But it is also just, and has not been so well said before.

So far we have said nothing of the narrative of the adventures of Essex and his quarrels and reconciliations with Elizabeth. One of Mr. Strachey's peculiar gifts, besides that of lucidity, is his cunning ability to accelerate or reduce the speed of his narrative. It is difficult to see how, with such simple means, this is done; but it is part of his dramatic gift to be able to give us the feeling, and the impatience, of intolerable delays and shifts and changes, and the rush of sudden events as well. For this reason we want to read the book at a sitting; we could no more insert a bookmark until tomorrow than we could see a play by going to a different act each night. The account of the tumult in the city is as exciting as the brawl of a Shakespearian mob, and instils the sense of the destiny and doom of Essex.[11] And the last paragraph of the book, after Elizabeth has expired, reads like the chorus at the end of a tragedy. The last figure on the stage is that of Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury:

> But meanwhile, in an inner chamber, at his table, alone, the Secretary sat writing. All eventualities had been foreseen, everything was arranged, only the last soft touches remained to be given. The momentous transition would come now with exquisite facility. As the hand moved, the mind moved too, ranging sadly over the vicissitudes of mortal beings, reflecting upon the revolutions of kingdoms, and dreaming, with quiet clarity, of what the hours, even then, were bringing – the union of two nations – the triumph of the new rulers – success, power, riches – a name in after-ages – a noble lineage – a great House. [280]

NOTES

1. Inviting Bonamy Dobrée to review this book for the *Criterion*, TSE wrote on 11 Dec 1928: "Say anything you like about it; I may say that had I been reviewing it under my own name I should probably have been more severe than I was in last week's *Literary Supplement*" (*L4* 356). On 28 Dec, he added, "Although I do not think it a good book, it seems to me worth taking as a symptom of popular taste" (*L4* 362), and on 1 Feb 1929, he concluded: "I lean more and more to the opinion that it is a shoddy piece of humbug. The time however is not quite ripe for showing him up" (*L4* 407). To his mother he wrote on 3 Feb: "I wish indeed that I could write a book that would have the sale of Lytton Strachey's. . . . bought by many people because they think it is the last word in intellectual writing; and as it is really very easy to read they think it proves they are very intellectual themselves" (*L4* 412).

2. *Eminent Victorians: Cardinal Manning, Dr. Arnold, Florence Nightingale, General Gordon* (1917)

3. TSE reviewed *Queen Victoria* (1921) in his "London Letter" of Aug 1921, writing: "It was evident from *Eminent Victorians*, and is equally evident from *Queen Victoria*, that Mr. Strachey has a romantic mind – that he deals, too, with his personages, not in a spirit of 'detachment,' but by attaching himself to them" (2.364).

4. In his 1921 review of *Queen Victoria*, TSE uses the expression "tout entier à sa proie attaché" [wholly attached to his prey] from Racine's *Phèdre* I.iii to describe Strachey's relationship to his subjects (2.364).

5. Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex (1565-1601), soldier, courtier, and favorite of Queen Elizabeth, beheaded for treason; his former friend and protégé Francis Bacon testified against him at his trial.

6. In his review of F. L. Lucas's edition of the works of Webster in the *Criterion* of June 1928, TSE wrote that the "Elizabethan imagination . . . made a composite bogey of Machiavelli and St. Ignatius" (3.427). Mario Praz discusses the "monstrous combination *Ignatian Matchivell*" in "Machiavelli and the Elizabethans," an essay mentioned by TSE below (*Proceedings of the British Academy*, XIV [1928] 49-98; here, 83). Praz quotes at length John Donne's satirical treatment of these two figures in *Ignatius his Conclave* (1611).

7. In a review of Bacon's work published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1837, Thomas Babington Macaulay wrote: "This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortunes, in shedding his blood, and in blackening his memory." Macaulay, *Lord Bacon* (London: Longmans, Green, 1911), 38.

8. See note 6; TSE may refer to Praz's observations about the Elizabethan fusion of the apparently contradictory characters of Machiavelli and Ignatius Loyola (83-94), and about the combination of the qualities of the "lion" and the "fox" in this composite figure, following Machiavelli's metaphor in chapter 18 of *The Prince* (87).

9. Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, nicknamed "Man of Mercury" for the dissembling nature of his private and public life. In his essay "Bolingbroke," published in the *Criterion* of Apr 1923, Charles Whibley begins by noting that Samuel Johnson offers the statement "Bolingbroke was a good man" as an example of irony (203). TSE wrote about Bolingbroke in his review "Augustan Age Tories" (also 1928) (3.510).

10. Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury and cousin of Francis Bacon, secretary of state for both Elizabeth I and James I and one of the most powerful administrators during both reigns,

eavesdropped on Essex's trial from behind a curtain and emerged to deny Essex's charge that he supported Princess Isabella of Spain as heir to the English throne (Strachey, 247).

11. In chapter XIV, Strachey narrates Essex's last desperate bid for power by attempting to rally support in the City: "The noise and tumult were so great that conversation was impossible, and Essex asked the stately but agitated envoys to come up with him into his library" (238).

Introduction to *The Merry Masque of Our Lady in London Town*, by Charles A. Claye

London: Printed at the Curwen Press for
the Society of SS. Peter & Paul, Ltd. [1928].[1]

The Oxford Dictionary definition of a "masque" is, in brief, "an amateur histrionic entertainment, originally in dumb show, later including dialogue, etc.; dramatic composition for this."[2] The definition, which we have taken purposely from the "concise" Oxford Dictionary, omits much that the word suggests, but is enough for my present need; for it shows that Mr. Claye's *Merry Masque* is rightly called a masque.[3] We are apt to think of masques, if for instance we have read any of the beautiful masques of Ben Jonson, as distinctly secular productions:[4] a "show," often of heathen deities and their marvellous activities, played, as they first were, for the celebration of some festival at a petty Italian court of the Renaissance, or, in England, for the festive delight of sovereigns; James I and Charles I took great pleasure in them. At an earlier date, Marlowe makes one of his personages declare, in *Edward II*:

> I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
> Musicians, that with touching of a string
> May draw the pliant king which way I please.
> Music and poetry is his delight;
> Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night. . . .[5]

The literary associations of the word "masque," accordingly, are frivolous if not necessarily irreligious. But Mr. Claye's *Masque*, while perfectly correctly named according to the definition given above, is a religious masque.

We mention this point to avoid a misconception at the start. When we think of religious plays, we are apt to think of the English "Mystery" or "Miracle" plays, like *Everyman* and other popular mediaeval plays which are put on at the Old Vic at Christmas time.[6] Mr. Claye, we think, has striven to present such religious feeling as we find in those old plays, not in the same form, but in the form of the masque. You must not expect to find a "mystery" play, like the *Second Shepherds' Play*; you must expect something in a seventeenth-century form but with a fourteenth-century spirit.[7]

The play is, as a masque should be, partly in "dumb show" and partly in lyrical dialogue. The importance of the distinction which we have just made is simply this – that the reader or spectator will not find it to be merely an imitation of an antique form of literature like a modern reproduction of some fine old piece of furniture. What the author is doing is new. It is directed, certainly, that the costumes and scenery should "suggest the miniatures in a Book of Hours of the fifteenth century."[8] But the author's purpose in giving these directions is not to produce something which might have been written and performed in the fifteenth century; it is merely to arouse in the audience the kind of feeling towards the divine story which a fifteenth-century audience might have enjoyed. Such an audience would have been innocent of "historical accuracy" of place or time; a modern audience is far too aware of these things. Nowadays every "historical" film is staged in the original setting, when possible: if religious films become popular, the Holy Land will be over-run with film studios. On the other hand, we have already had Shakespeare in modern dress, with Macbeth's soldiery accoutered like Scottish regiments.

Both of these methods are mistaken, because they both make the audience more conscious of what they should forget, the differences of place and time. We have only mentioned them in order to point out what seems to be rightly Mr. Claye's method. He wishes to revive something of the mediaeval popular attitude towards the divine story, but not to imitate any mediaeval type of performance. Having distinguished this masque from the Renaissance masque in spirit and material, and from the mediaeval mystery or morality plays in form, we must point out also that it is not an archaeological study, though the costume is of course all of one period, which was a period of beautiful dress. He has set the scene in Pimlico, not to amuse us by the quaintness of mediaeval fancy; but to remind us, on the contrary, of a drama which might have been at any place and at any time.[9] What happened in Bethlehem should be conceivable in Pimlico, and what happened at one time should be conceivable as happening at any time.

For the spoken scenes of the masque, the author has drawn both on the liturgy and on old carols. An example of the latter is his use of the "Cherry Tree Carol" in Scene V.[10] This is a very famous old carol, which was sung in many parts of England; there is a version in *The Oxford Book of Carols*, and Mr. W. B. Yeats has collected another in Ireland.[11] Here it appears merely as the theme for the author's original verse, very happily introduced as an illustration of late mediaeval feeling. Many of the adaptations and quotations from the liturgy will be immediately recognised, as the rhymed version of the *Magnificat* in Scene VI.[12] The later scenes will have a fuller meaning for those who are familiar with the offices of Holy Week, with *Tenebrae* – the Mattins of Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday,[13] with the mournful refrain

> Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return unto the Lord thy God.[14]

with The Reproaches

> O my people, what have I done unto thee, or wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against me.[15]

and with the hymn of *Pangue lingua gloriosi* and the other allusions to the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified.[16] The verses recited by the Doctor in Scene XIII

> I am the man that hath affliction seen . . .[17]

are also from *Tenebrae* (Lamentations of Jeremiah). Scene XIV again, is based on the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified.[18]

To make these observations is not to imply that the Masque is merely a tissue of allusions intelligible only to liturgical scholars, though most certainly it will have a fuller meaning to those who know the impressive Masses of Holy Week. The Masque which Mr. Claye has written should appeal to every one according to his knowledge. But it is no more necessary to have an intimate knowledge of the liturgy than to have an intimate knowledge of fifteenth-century costume and fifteenth-century art.

The play is indeed a Masque of Our Lady, because it is a masque of the divine story in scenes each of which is represented with special reference to Our Lady. The earlier scenes depict of course the birth and childhood of the Virgin "in Pimlico"; the Annunciation and the Nativity; the "Cherry Tree" episode.[19] The Second Part of the Masque begins with a lyrical scene which is immediately intelligible when we understand the building up of London Bridge with the beads of the Rosary.[20] This is followed by the scene of Christ among the Doctors, and the Marriage at Cana; both of which are, so to speak, presented from the point of view of Our Lady. The echoes of *Tenebrae* and the Reproaches in these two scenes prepare us for the final scene, "Mary under the Tree of the Cross," which might otherwise seem to follow somewhat abruptly.[21] And as in the previous two scenes we have premonitions of the final scene, so in the final scene we have reminders of the whole of the past story. As in a musical composition, a subordinate theme in the earlier part may become dominant later, and the dominant theme of the earlier part may be insinuated again towards the end. Thus in Scene XIV – the Good Friday scene – the words of the Virgin: "Sweet neighbour, love my Son," are repeated from Scene XI with fuller significance,[22] and the knights and ladies, the shepherds, the three kings, the angels of the Annunciation, and other figures from the earlier part of the masque, pass across the stage, between the voices of *Tenebrae* and the *Pangue lingua*, and the dying lights, and the Resurrection is anticipated. It must not be supposed that this last scene is intended to follow the liturgy of Holy Week literally and step by step. It is intended rather to suggest the various moments almost simultaneously, by a certain dramatic licence. Thus the candles are put out one by one, until only Mary's candle is left, and is the last to be extinguished. Mary's candle is then re-lighted, and the others are re-lighted from hers.[23] In this way the ceremonies of Holy Week and that of Holy Saturday, the lighting of the Pascal Candle, are dramatically suggested in one movement.[24] And in this way the final impression is not one of sadness but one of solemnity. The Masque ends with the *Magnificat*, and in the Passion we are reminded again of the Nativity.[25]

NOTES

1. TSE wrote this four-page introduction for a production of Charles A. Claye's 1925 masque, "*To be performed by the Players from St. Mary's, Graham Street, at Chelsea Palace Theatre, on December 8th, 12th and 22nd, 1928*." A copy of the separately printed introduction, evidently distributed gratis to members of the audience, was found inserted in a copy of the masque in a Penzance bookshop in 1979 by Stanley Revell, an avid collector of Eliot's work. He reported the unrecorded find to Valerie Eliot, who researched its provenance, and reprinted it with her permission in a pamphlet, *Not in Gallup* (Oxford: Perpetua Press, 1988), together with an account of her findings: "Some months later she wrote to me saying that she had done some research and had discovered that Charles Claye wrote the Masque and Pageant for the incumbent of St. Mary's Church, Graham Street, the Revd. Humphrey Whitby, and that productions continued at Chelsea Palace until the 1950's – on one of these occasions the Queen Mother and the two Princesses were present. She also discovered that a copy of her husband's introduction to the Merry Masque had been bound into the volume of St. Mary's Quarterly for 1928/1929, but otherwise, since then, it seems to have disappeared without a trace."

2. The second edition of the OED records a fuller definition from which the *Concise Oxford* definition is extracted: "A form of amateur histrionic entertainment, popular at Court and amongst the nobility in England during the latter part of the 16th c. and the first half of the 17th c.; originally consisting of dancing and acting in dumb show, the performers being masked and habited in character; afterwards including dialogue (usually poetical) and song."

3. Charles Aked Claye (1884-1960) lived in Darby and also wrote *A Joyous Pageant of the Holy Nativity*, similarly "Printed at the Curwen Press for the Society of SS. Peter & Paul," undated, and found by Revell with *The Merry Masque* in the bookshop.

4. The 1616 Folio of Jonson's complete works contains seventeen masques, and the 1640 folio includes a further seventeen. Many of his masques had costumes and scenery designed by Inigo Jones.

5. *Edward II*, I.i.50-54 (Gaveston to the "poor men" who come to court and offer him entertainment).

6. The Old Vic theater, opened in Waterloo Road, London, in 1818, became known in the twentieth century for its Shakespeare productions under the directorship (1912-37) of Lilian Baylis, who introduced into the repertory the morality play *Everyman*, which played annually at Lent, and produced other miracle and morality plays in the Christmas season. TSE taught *Everyman*, *Abraham and Isaac*, the *Second Shepherds' Play*, and other morality, mystery, and interlude plays in his 1918 Extension course on Elizabethan literature (1.754).

7. One of the best known of the fourteenth-century mystery plays, an unidentified "N-town" play by the anonymous "Wakefield Master."

8. From Claye's instructions, that "In colour and design, the Masque should suggest . . . (3)."

9. In the 1920s, Pimlico was a politically active area close to the Houses of Parliament in the City of Westminster, London.

10. The setting of scene V is "Mary under the Cherry-Tree," where she sings these two verses: "There was a cherry-tree grew tall and green / A fairer cherry-tree was never seen: / And all day long a yellow throssel sang / Among the branches where those berries hang. / Bend down your boughs, you merry cherry-tree, / For sweetest fruit is hid in me. // There was a little tree of roses red, / Oh, never had a tree such roses shed. / When e'ery bud is blossoming in May / A silver throssel sings there night and day. / Bow down your branches, little heavy tree, / For fairest Rose is hid in me" (12-13).

11. "The Cherry Tree Carol" is number 66 in *The Oxford Book of Carols*, ed. Percy Dearmer, R. Vaughn Williams, and Martin Shaw (London: Oxford UP, 1928), where it begins: "Joseph and Mary / Walked through an orchard green, / Where was berries and cherries / As thick as might be seen" (143). TSE refers to Yeats's renewed protest in "The Irish Censorship" against the suppression by the Christian Brothers in Ireland of an English magazine containing a version of "The Cherry Tree Carol," which Yeats describes and defends against ecclesiastical ignorance as "the lovely celebration of Mary's sanctity and her Child's divinity, a glory of the mediaeval church as popular in Gaelic as in English." The version suppressed in Ireland was from *English Folk-Carols* (1911). TSE discussed Yeats's essay in his "Commentary" for Dec 1928 (3.534).

12. The *Magnificat*, or Song of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," is a canticle often sung at Evensong in the Anglican church, with the text taken from Luke 1:46-55. Claye's five-stanza rhymed version begins: "My soul doth magnify the Lord; / Him gladly shall my spirit bless: / That he such favour doth accord / His handmaid in her lowliness" (16).

13. *Tenebrae* [Darkness] are the special mattins and lauds for the last three days of Holy Week, as TSE enumerates. Originally, fifteen candles were gradually extinguished as part of the services, and the lights are still typically put out gradually in the church.

14. The refrain from the musical setting of "Ierusalem, Ierusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum." This line, from Hosea 14:1, is sung at the conclusion of the first two lessons (from Lamentations) for Maundy Thursday.

15. These Reproaches, from Micah 6:3, are sung during "The Veneration of the Cross" on Holy Saturday. TSE alludes to this line (and Micah 6:5) in *Ash-Wednesday*, V.28, 36: "O my people, what have I done unto thee"; "O my people" (*CPP* 96-97).

16. This mass is said on Good Friday, when one of two hosts pre-sanctified on Maundy Thursday is distributed for communion. St. Thomas Aquinas's hymn, "Pange, lingua, gloriosi," [Sing, tongue, of glory] is sung during the procession of the Mass of the Lord's supper on Maundy Thursday, while the pre-consecrated host reserved for Good Friday is removed from the altar. The hymn begins: "Now, my tongue, the mystery telling / Of the glorious Body sing, / And the Blood, all price excelling, / Which the world's eternal King, / In a noble womb once dwelling / Shed for this world's ransoming."

17. A Doctor of the Law is engaged in a dialogue with the Angel of the Way: "(*reading out from the great book*): I am the man that hath affliction seen / By God's fierce wrath am I encompassed; / Who hath my feet unto great darkness led, / Nor brought me there where any light hath been"(42). Claye's verse is extrapolated from Lamentations 3:1: "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath."

18. This scene is set with "*Mary under the tree of the Cross*," "*crying aloud*": "Behold the wood / Of holy Rood: / Earth's Sanctifying / On Rood is dying" (43).

19. Scenes I-IV, 3-17. The setting line in scene II notes that "*Mary is born in Pimlico*" (7).

20. Scene XI (32-33). On the stage, these rosary beads are symbolized by roses. Once the bridge is fixed, Joseph and Mary cross over it with infant Jesus.

21. Scene XIV (33-47), the final scene of the masque, with Mary at the cross, succeeds XIII, the Wedding Feast, which takes place much earlier in the gospels.

22. Mary's last line, to the people, in XI (33), repeated as her penultimate line, again spoken to the people, preceding her final utterance, the first words of the *Magnificat*, in XIV (45).

23. From Claye's scene directions: "*They begin to blow out their lights one by one. Only* Mary's *candle burns. The light on her face dies. Her candle falls to the ground, and is extinguished. . . . The people light their candles and rejoice, passing the fire from one to another, while voices sing the 'Gloria'*" (45-46).

24. The Paschal (from Hebrew, *Pasach*, or Passover), or Christ candle, is a long, white candle lit at the start of the Easter Vigil on Easter Sunday, to commemorate the coming of Christ's light into the world.

25. Since the *Magnificat* occurs in the gospels at the time of Mary's conception of Christ.

Revell invited and appended a contextual statement by poet, critic, and editor Anne Ridler (1912-1989), who served as TSE's secretary (1935-40), at the end of TSE's Introduction: "In 1928, when T. S. Eliot wrote this preface to a religious verse play by an amateur playwright, the possibility of reviving the tradition of poetic drama was much in his mind. In that year he published his 'Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry', and a couple of years earlier he had attempted, and abandoned, an 'Aristophanic Melodrama', *Sweeney Agonistes*. . . . In the *Dialogue*, he had examined the relation between drama and religious liturgy, and this was the source of his interest in this Masque. Mr Claye's dramatic verse may not have merited serious attention, but his use of the liturgy, and in particular the Offices for Holy Week, seemed to Eliot to repay a close analysis."

American Critics

An unsigned review of *The Reinterpretation of American Literature: Some Contributions toward the Understanding of its Historical Development*, ed. Norman Foerster

New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928. Pp. xv + 271.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1406 (10 Jan 1929) 24

This book is a compilation of essays on related subjects, written on various occasions, but having something of the nature of a symposium, though the various authors do not criticize each other. It is of considerable general interest. The authors are chiefly of the academic world and of the younger generation; they represent the most intelligent aspect of contemporary American scholarship. During the last twenty years, and largely under the influence of Irving Babbitt at Harvard and his friends, a new type of American scholar has appeared. While the influence of President Eliot, of Harvard, dominated – roughly during the last quarter of the nineteenth century – the standards of American university scholarship were Teutonic.[1] The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was all important; in the field of letters it was obtained by minute researches and *Forschungen*.[2] The teacher of modern languages was well equipped with Gothic and Icelandic and Low Latin, but was often without any wide philosophic view of literature, and completely out of touch with the creative work of his own time. Now the tendency is to fly to the other extreme: no American college is without a course or two in contemporary literature, and even of contemporary American literature; and contemporary literature is perhaps given an exaggerated importance. It must be pointed out that the influence of Professor Babbitt has been to establish a just balance: not to disparage the scholarly research of such men as Kittredge and his pupils, which has borne good fruit in our time in the work of men like Professor John Livingstone Lowes, of Harvard, and, on the other hand, not to neglect contemporary literature, but to judge it by universal and severe criteria.[3]

Mr. Norman Foerster is one of the most brilliant of Mr. Babbitt's disciples, and one of those nearest to the master.[4] His recent work, *American Criticism* (which has not yet been published in England), contains, besides much sound criticism, an authoritative exposition of the "New Humanism."[5] He has edited, with a preface, this collection of essays by colleagues of the American Literature Group of the Modern Language Association.[6] These writers demand in unison a thorough revision of the traditional views of American literature and of the traditional methods of composing histories of American literature. As Mr. Pattee's essay entitled "A Call for a Literary Historian" (reprinted from the *American Mercury*) shows, they are much in sympathy with the modern school of American history and desire to cooperate with it.[7] They seem to belong, furthermore, to what may be called (without too much emphasis on dates and ages) the third generation of modern American criticism. The first generation is represented by Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More (the former little known, the latter almost completely ignored, in this country). Theirs was the first attempt to deprovincialize America, to replace the fireside criticism of men like James Russell Lowell by the harder standards of Sainte-Beuve and Taine and Renan.[8] There followed a more impatient group of critics of America, represented in the rougher sort by Mr. Mencken with his *Prejudices* and *Americana*, and in the genteeler sort by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks with his *Wine of the Puritans* and his *Ordeal of Mark Twain*.[9] The tendency of Mr. Mencken was to exaggerate the value of everything contemporary which offended Boston – whether it offended the Puritan traditions of Beacon Hill or the views of the Irish-American bishopric; the tendency of Mr. Brooks to be merely querulous. The third generation represents the disciples of the first generation: among general men of letters it is represented by Mumford, Munson, Allen Tate, among others; in the universities it is represented by Mr. Foerster and his friends.[10] It is one of the most interesting post-War phenomena of America. It could hardly exist, in its actual form, without the confidence and self-consciousness which the War aroused in America; but it represents also the sanest attempt to criticize and control this post-War America.

It is true, as these writers join in affirming, that there is no good history of American literature. It is also true, as they seem to be aware, that such a history would be very difficult to write. Barrett Wendell's monumental work, to which several of the writers refer sarcastically, is out of date; it was written from the point of view of old Boston, and was almost an admission, in a great many words, that there is no American literature.[11] The most brilliant book, fragmentary, prejudiced, unbalanced as it is, and sometimes completely misleading, is certainly Mr. D. H. Lawrence's dashing series of essays.[12] Mr. Lawrence's essay on Fenimore Cooper is the best thing ever written on Cooper; as might be expected, he is by no means so inspired about Poe and Hawthorne. What we are not sure that all the authors in this volume recognize is the isolated speciality of the task. Anyone who writes a history of American literature as *parallel* to English or French literature, or any other literature European or Asiatic, will be wrong, however moderate or just his claims for America may be. The justification for the history of American literature – instead of merely promoting the important Americans into a history of English literature – is that there is undoubtedly something American, and not English, about every American author. There is also something English about him, even when his ancestry is Swedish, German or Italian. An American writer, to write a first-rate history of American literature, must know far more about England, and even about the rest of Europe, than an Englishman needs to write a history of English literature, or a Frenchman to write a history of French literature. The case of Henry James is in point; James is understood by very few Americans and very few Englishmen. To understand James one should know the America that he knew at least as well as he knew it, and the England that he knew (and the rest of England) perhaps better than he knew it. The authors of this volume insist rightly that the history of American literature can only be written by an American who is not limited to the point of view of Boston or New York or Philadelphia or Chicago but who is what we may call a cosmopolitan-American, with equal knowledge and understanding of the whole country.[13] But we should add that he must have this further intimate knowledge of Europe. The genuine history of American literature will be one which shall have importance in Europe as well as in America. Perhaps these are some of the reasons why it has not yet been written, and why Mr. Lawrence's book, with all its faults, is still the best. There is some repetition, and much detail of little interest in itself, in this volume. But though only the expression of a desire for a history of American literature, it contains many hints of what is to come (Poe's critical abilities are at last being recognized) and deserves the study of every English critic.[14]

NOTES

1. Charles William Eliot (1834-1926), distant cousin of TSE, transformed Harvard University during his tenure as president (1869-1909), introducing the elective system, establishing Radcliffe College, and advocating more rigorous graduate education along the lines established by German universities. Commenting on Eliot's presidency in a letter to his mother

on 3 Feb 1929, TSE wrote: "I was one of the victims of the 'elective system.' . . . by which a student merely chose his courses in any combination according to caprice. . . . I was so interested in many things that I did nothing thoroughly, and was always thinking about new subjects that I wanted to study, instead of following out any one. . . . I have no one to blame but myself and partly President Eliot" (*L4* 411). Objections to "Teutonic" scholarship were common after World War I; TSE refers to a "particularly teutonic mixture of literature and scholarship" in a letter to Herbert Grierson on 21 Feb 1930.

2. *trans*: researches; specifically, in this context, philological research encompassing the historical study of language and the sources and versions of texts, in contrast to literary interpretation and criticism.

3. Medievalist and folklorist George Lyman Kittredge, mentioned by TSE in "Chaucer's Troilus" (1926) (2.807), taught and practiced philological methods of studying literature; he was chair of the Division of Modern Languages at Harvard during TSE's student years. Irving Babbitt and other "New Humanists" opposed philology as antiquarian and overly scientific, advocating instead a "great books" approach intended to educate the moral and aesthetic senses.

John Livingstone Lowes (1867-1945), English professor at Washington University in St. Louis, where he became acquainted with the Eliot family, and after 1918 a professor at Harvard. A medievalist whose books to date included *Chaucer and Dante* (1917) and *Chaucer and the Seven Deadly Sins* (1915), he was best known for his study of Coleridge's sources, *The Road to Xanadu* (1927). TSE wrote to his mother on 28 July 1929 that he had Professor Lowes to lunch "and liked him very much" (*L4* 554).

4. Norman Foerster (1887-1972) received his A.B. from Harvard in 1910 (but appears not to have been acquainted with TSE there) and was at this time Professor of English at the University of North Carolina and a leader of the "New Humanism." In addition to writings on American literature, he edited volumes designed to promote humanistic learning and values, including *Essays for College Men* (1913), *American Ideals* (1917), and *Recent American Literature: A Book of Readings* (1925).

5. *American Criticism: A Study in Literary Theory from Poe to the Present* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1928). After reading "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt," Foerster sent his book to TSE in summer 1928 (*L4* 225), and TSE in turn offered it to G. K. Chesterton on 21 Oct to use as the occasion for writing about humanism in the *Criterion* (*L4* 283-84). TSE reviewed it himself in "Second Thoughts about Humanism" (1929), calling it a "brilliant book" but criticizing moments of "ignorance, prejudice, confused thinking and bad writing" (3.615). Foerster presents his case for the "New Humanism" in the last chapter, where for an authoritative definition he refers readers to vol 4 of *The Cambridge History of American Literature* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1921), which identifies Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, John Jay Chapman, and George Edward Woodberry as leaders of the movement, and states: "These all attend to one or another phase of the cleavage between man's way and nature's way – a dualism which . . . places man's hope not upon what nature . . . may do for him, but upon his making himself more completely man" (491).

6. The Modern Language Association was formed in 1883 to professionalize the study of nonclassical languages and literatures. The American Literature Group was founded in 1921 to develop the academic study of American literature; in 1926 the field was subdivided into three areas – the Puritan tradition, Romanticism in American literature, and the frontier spirit – to

which Foerster's volume added a fourth, realism. In 1929 the American Literature Group launched its quarterly journal, *American Literature*.

7. Fred Lewis Pattee (1863-1950) taught English at Pennsylvania State and wrote poetry and literary scholarship, including *A History of American Literature since 1870* (1915). In "A Call for a Literary Historian," Pattee outlines a program for a literary history more engaged with the emerging biographical facts of nineteenth-century authors and more committed to a thoroughly "American" rather than regional approach. Pattee's essay was reprinted from the June 1924 issue of *The American Mercury*, a magazine founded by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan in 1924.

8. TSE's term "fireside criticism" combines Lowell's fame as a "Fireside Poet" and his role as editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review* (also suggesting his 1864 volume of impressions, *Fireside Travels*).

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve made biographical and historical context part of his literary portraits and his weekly critical pieces collected in *Causeries du lundi* [*Monday chats*] (1857-62, 15 vols) and *Nouveaux lundis* [*New Mondays*] (1863-70, 13 vols). In "An American Critic" (1916), TSE referred to "that passionate curiosity in individual men which, together with a complete detachment from all theory, all faith, all moral judgment, go to make the peculiar talent of Ste. Beuve" (1.406). TSE also wrote in 1916 of Hippolyte Taine and Ernest Renan: "with [them] scepticism was still a satisfying point of view, almost an esthetic pose" (1.558). Taine was known for his determinist and positivist views, as expressed in his *History of English Literature* (1863), referred to in "The Perfect Critic" (1920) (2.273).

9. In *Prejudices* (1919-1927, 6 vols), Mencken collected his journalism from *The Smart Set* and other periodicals, ranging over literature, art, politics, philosophy, religion, and science, often treating contemporary literary figures satirically. *Americana* (1925-26, 2 vols) drew from the *American Mercury* feature by this name in which Mencken reprinted excerpts from other publications displaying the absurdities of American beliefs and culture.

TSE reviewed Van Wyck Brooks's *The Wine of the Puritans: A Study of Present-Day America* (1908) for the *Harvard Advocate* in 1909, calling it "a confession of national weakness" (1.18). Brooks's biography of Samuel Clemens, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920), traces his failures and pessimism to his Calvinist upbringing and the influence of his mother and wife.

In calling Brooks the "genteeler sort," TSE alludes to George Santayana's distinction between two "American mentalities" – the "traditional" and the "fresh" – in his essay "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy" (1911); Brooks drew on Santayana's observations in *America's Coming-of-Age* (1915), contrasting highbrow culture – "the fastidious refinement and aloofness of the chief American writers" of the nineteenth century – with lowbrow "catchpenny opportunism" (8-9), criticizing both sides of this divide.

10. Lewis Mumford (1895-1990), American historian, sociologist, philosopher of technology, and literary critic, became the associate editor of the *Dial* in 1919 and wrote two early books on the American Renaissance: *The Golden Day: A Study in American Literature and Culture* (1926) and *Herman Melville: A Study of His Life and Vision* (1929).

Gorham Bert Munson (1896-1969), academic literary critic and founder-editor of *Secession* magazine, wrote books on contemporary literature, humanism, and writing, including *Menckeniana* (1928), an edited collection of negative opinions about H. L. Mencken. In a letter of 27 Jan 1932 to Jean Stewart, TSE wrote: "Among the younger critics both Lewis Mumford and Gorham B. Munson have some reputation, though neither I think seems to me yet quite first-rate."

Poet, critic, and editor Allen Tate (1899-1979), member of the Southern "Fugitive" group with John Crowe Ransom, became acquainted with TSE in 1928 (*L4* 331) as a *Criterion* contributor, writing "The Fallacy of Humanism" for the July 1929 issue.

11. In "American Literature" (1919), TSE recommended Wendell's *Literary History of America* as the "best reference" on Transcendentalism (2.22).

12. D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923) appeared first in the *English Review*, 1918-19, and included "Fenimore Cooper's White Novels" and "Fenimore Cooper's Leatherstocking Novels" as well as essays on Franklin, Crèvecœur, Poe, Hawthorne, Dana, Melville, and Cooper.

13. Foerster writes that the student of American literature must acquire "a usable knowledge of the social, economic, and political history of modern Europe, especially of England; of the history of modern philosophy and religion; of the literature and literary history of modern Europe . . . [and] a vital acquaintance with the social, economic, and political history of America" (xii).

14. In "A Call for a Literary Historian," Pattee writes: "Poe was the only real critic during the mid-century; he stood alone" (20).

Introduction to Goethe[1]

A review of *Goethe and Faust: An Interpretation*, by F. Melian Stawell and G. Lowes Dickinson

London: G. Bell & Sons, 1928. Pp. vii + 291.

Goethe's Faust, translated by Anna Swanwick

Bohn's Popular Library

London: G. Bell & Sons, 1928. Pp. lxx + 437.

The Nation and Athenaeum, 44 (12 Jan 1929) 527

It is a pity that the first of these books should have to be offered for sale at fifteen shillings. I know quite well the size of the public and the costs of production; under present conditions no publisher would launch such a book at a lower price. But the authors express the desire to "extend, in this country, the circle, still too narrow, of those who are interested in Goethe and his work"; and the persons among whom it is worth while to extend that interest will be mostly young and impecunious [1]. We can only hope for a run on the lending libraries, or a wave of American enthusiasm, so that the publishers may be able to produce the book later at a lower price. For the authors know their subject with scholarship and zeal; they have not made their book in a hurry; and it introduces a study which really needs introduction.

The book is an introduction to Goethe through Faust, and an introduction to Faust by an ingenious mixture of commentary and translation. The translations are so good that I at first regretted that Miss Stawell and Mr. Dickinson had not made two volumes, one the commentary and the other the complete translation of Faust which they say they have written.[2] But a glance at Miss Swanwick's translation, excellent for its period (1850-78) convinced me that their method was the best for their purpose.[3] Only earnest devotion to self-improvement could carry one through some of the dreary wastes in the second part of Faust; only the beauty of the verse makes it possible. There are large quantities of the Second Part which not the best of translations could make palatable. I hope that the Stawell-Dickinson translation will eventually appear; but when it does, its readers should reread the present volume first.

As the authors of this book are perfectly aware, Goethe, the object of passionate adoration to mid-Victorians, is at present in eclipse. It is highly desirable that he should again be admired and studied. But it is not merely a question of reviving a reputation; it is, at least in England and America, a matter almost of establishing a new one, so completely must critical opinion be revised. There have been good biographies, but for pure literary criticism, I suspect that we must wait for another generation to find the knowledge and understanding. That is not altogether our fault; the decline of interest in Goethe was an inevitable moment of history; and is connected with the reasons for which he is a writer of permanent greatness. Goethe is, as Mr. Santayana made clear in an essay which is the nearest approach to a new critical opinion that I know, a philosophical poet.[4] His philosophy, unfortunately, is that which the nineteenth century took up with, and it has therefore become too familiar to us in popular or degraded forms. Love, Nature, God, Man, Science, Progress: the post-Goethe versions of these terms are still current. But they are gradually being replaced; and as they are replaced, we shall be able to see Goethe more clearly and with more admiration.

It might be excessive to say that we cannot understand the nineteenth century without knowing Goethe; but it may be true to say that we cannot understand that century until we are able to understand Goethe. And perhaps the best way to understand many of the ideas of the nineteenth century is to go back behind them, to the man who expressed them best, and in whom they were fresh and new and enthusiastic. It is a useful exercise, for instance, to try to catch the original spirit of a passage like the following, which the present book quotes:

> Nature! We are surrounded by her, engulfed in her. . . . She creates fresh forms for ever; what is now, has never been before; what was, never comes back again – everything is new and yet still the old. . . . Each of her works has a being of its own, each manifestation is a unique conception, and yet they all make one. . . . Every moment she begins an unending race, and every moment she is at the goal. . . . She has neither speech nor language; but she creates hearts and voices and in them she feels and speaks. Love is her crown . . . [13-14]

On me this falls as dismal as a rural sermon. But it once had meaning, and it will have meaning again; not the meaning of something believed in, but the meaning of something which was once believed. What remains is the fact that Goethe said many such things better than anyone else has said them, and, indeed, thought and felt them better than anyone else has thought or felt them. If a passage like the foregoing seems to us to be nonsense, read the *Conversations with Eckermann*, in which is wisdom that every generation must respect.[5] It would be a delusion to think that we can isolate the poetry of Goethe from his ideas; we cannot understand his feeling without taking his thought seriously.

Miss Stawell and Mr. Dickinson have not attempted a critical revision of Goethe. Their book is an introduction, and they have done well to keep it so. There could be no better introduction to Faust. I applaud their attempt to revive interest in Goethe, not because I enjoy him, but because I wish I could do so, and because I regard my inability as an unfortunate limitation and prejudice. I cannot enjoy the Second Part of Faust, and to my mind the climax is an anti-climax. But if you do not enjoy it, you remain rather miserable because you do not. And this is not because it is a poem with a great reputation, and Goethe a poet with a greater reputation than that of any other poet in the two centuries in which he lived, but because one cannot escape the authentic feeling of greatness there.

The translations, as I said above, are wholly admirable, and really give some sensation of the original.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. On 5 Jan 1929, TSE wrote to Leonard Woolf, "I am very dissatisfied with my review of the Goethe: I wanted to point the book (which I like) to the public which Dickinson seems to aim at, but it looks feeble"; Woolf wrote that he found the review "admirable" (*L4* 374).

2. F. (Florence) Melian Stawell (1869-1936), classical scholar and translator; G. (Goldsworthy) Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), lecturer in political science at Cambridge and the London School of Economics and author of books on religion, politics, and classics. In a letter to his mother of 1 Nov 1927, TSE identified Dickinson as one of the "vigorous personalities" that made Cambridge "more congenial than Oxford" (*L3* 795). In their introduction, the authors write, "We have made a translation of the whole drama, but we have kept it back because, in the first place, there are already in existence good renderings of Part I, and, in the second, because it was felt that a complete translation would overweight the present book" (2). TSE was already aware of this translation; he had assessed it in a 1926 report for Faber & Gwyer as "too large for a popular and too small for a scholarly Commentary," and thus not financially viable for publication. It did not appear.

3. Anna Swanwick (1813-99), author, feminist, and translator of Goethe, Schiller, and Aeschylus.

4. TSE referred to Santayana's *Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, Goethe* (1910) in the first of his Clark lectures (1926), explaining that for Santayana, a "philosophical poet is one

with a scheme of the universe, who embodies that scheme in verse, and essays to realise his conception of man's part and place in the universe" (2.613).

5. In *Gespräche mit Goethe* (1836-48) [*"Conversations with Goethe"* or *"Conversations with Eckermann"*] Goethe's secretary Johann Eckermann reconstructed his conversations with the poet. TSE wrote to Paul Elmer More on 2 June 1930, "I am completely blind to the poetry of Goethe, except a few lyrics. The only Goethe whom I cherish and have found useful is the Goethe of Eckermann" (*L5* 209). In "Turgenev" (1917), TSE commented that in the *Conversations* "Goethe most nearly approaches an ideal that he has been credited with realizing" (1.615).

Turbervile's Ovid

An unsigned review of *The Heroycall Epistles of Ovid*, translated into English Verse by George Turbervile

Ed. with an introduction and glossary by Frederick Boas

London: Cresset Press, 1928. Pp. 349.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1407 (17 Jan 1929) 40

A reprint of Turbervile's translation of the *Heroides* has long been due not only to the author but to every student of Tudor verse.[1] Turbervile's translation of 1567 is memorable for two reasons: next to Golding's *Metamorphoses* and Marlowe's *Amores* it is the best Tudor translation of Ovid; and secondly, Turbervile is, with Golding, master of a verse form which it is very difficult to write well.[2] The Cresset Press have spared no pains to give a well edited text and a handsome book.[3] It is edited with introduction and glossary by Dr. Boas; and it is illustrated by Miss Hester Sainsbury.[4]

George Turbervile, if now obscure, was very respectably born, and very respectably educated at Winchester and at New College, of which he became a Fellow.[5] He was the author of some original verse which was printed, and of several translations from Latin, French and Italian, but these translations from Ovid are his masterpiece.[6] He was only twenty-seven when they appeared; at that age he becomes an historical figure, and disappears again into oblivion. The first three editions, of 1567, 1569 and 1570, were published by Henry Denham; the fourth, by John Charlewoode, was published in 1580; and the fifth, by Simon Strafford, in 1600.[7] It is not surprising that there were no further editions: the seventeenth century, even at its beginning, hardly appreciated the fourteener measure. But during his own century Turbervile's translation appears to have enjoyed a deserved popularity, and probably fell into the hands of many writers who borrowed from Ovid through Turbervile. The present edition Dr. Boas has based upon that of Charlewoode, as the differences are merely of "typography, spelling, punctuation, and a number of verbal variants due chiefly to printers' errors" [xxiii]. Dr. Boas expresses the hope that "it will be found that [Turbervile's] work is not unworthy of being here presented, after 350 years, in this new dress" [xxiv].

It is not only not unworthy, but highly meritorious, and even important. It is not only historically important, but the best translation of the *Heroides* in English. The versification is of three kinds. A few of the Epistles are done into a blank verse which is itself interesting; some are in the regular fourteener; but the most spirited, to our mind, is that in which a twelve-syllable line alternates with a fourteen. In the present edition, as in the original, the couplets are printed as quatrains. For example, the opening lines of "Dido to Aeneas":

Even so when fates doo call
  ystretcht in moysted spring,
Upon Meanders winding bankes
  the snowish Swanne doth sing.
Not for I thinke my wordes,
  may ought prevayle I wryte:
For why? I know the haughty Gods,
  at this my purpose spite. [85]

This form, as used by Turbervile, has a surprising sprightliness and freedom from monotony, but he handles the true fourteener also as well as it can be handled. We are only now, with gradual increment of reprints, beginning to recognize the merits of this uncouth, peculiar form of verse. We can now recognize that the fourteener of Chapman's *Iliad* is not the true fourteener, but almost an exercise, with a different vocabulary, in an already archaic form.[8] By the time that Chapman wrote, the English vocabulary had so altered that this metre was obsolete. To find the fourteener vocabulary, at its most typical and also (we must admit) sometimes at its worst, we can go to the *Tenne Tragedies of Seneca*.[9] Our only complaint against Dr. Boas's admirable introduction is that he gives the impression that Turbervile is extreme in quaintness where he is moderate. In apologizing for the necessity for his excellent glossary Dr. Boas says:

> Perhaps nothing is more striking in Turbervile's use of words than his predilection for colloquialisms, and for terms that have for us somewhat mean or grotesque associations. Sometimes these lend additional force to his version, as when Paris describes Menelaus as "a rascall and a snudge," or "that same unworthy patch." But more often they break the spell of the poetry and bring us up with a jerk. Even allowing for the subtle changes in the associations of words between Tudor times and our own . . . [xx]

With all respect for Dr. Boas's scholarship, he seems here to have exaggerated. For one thing, there were "subtle changes" of the associations of words between early Tudor and late Tudor (Elizabethan), or at least between early Tudor and Jacobean, which are to be considered before we contrast the Tudor language with our own. For another, these "mean" and "grotesque" terms belong to the early Tudor vocabulary; and the more we saturate ourselves in the period the less these terms "break the spell of the poetry," for they are of the tissue of that poetry and of that metre. You find more of them in Turbervile's twelve and fourteen syllable verses than in his blank verse, interesting as the latter is; and to many persons Turbervile's twelve and fourteen syllable verses will seem more spirited than his blank verse. But in particular Turbervile is really moderate in grotesqueness. The examples that Dr. Boas quotes can not only be paralleled but exceeded from the work of Heywood, Newton and the other translators of Seneca:[10]

> O wanny jaws of Blacke Averne, eake Tartar dungeon grim,
> O Lethes lake of woful Soules the joy that therein swimme,
> And eake ye glummy Gulphes destroy, destroy me wicked wight
> And still in pit of pangues let me be plunged day and night.
> Now, now, come up ye Goblins grim from water creekes alow.[11]

This is from Studley, a translator inferior to Heywood. It has its charm, but it is much more grotesque than Turbervile. Turbervile is a classic English writer, in that he avoids the excesses of his own type of verse, though he writes it naturally and spontaneously.

Dr. Boas concedes that Ovid's style "has often a well-bred familiar ease, but is misrepresented by anything that savours of pedestrianism or rusticity" [xx]. We doubt whether the vocabulary of Turbervile, or even that of Studley, could be called "rustic" by the standards of its own time. It has nothing to do with the deliberate and artificial rusticity of the "Shepherd's Calendar."[12] The statement is true of Ovid in general; but we might add that, in English translation, Ovid is equally misrepresented by anything that savours of modern scholarship or even of Augustan elegance. No one has translated Ovid better than Marlowe, who could not be called either rustic and pedestrian or pedantic; Golding follows next; but Turbervile is the third translator in the English language. It is open to question whether Miss Hester Sainsbury's undeniable talents might not have been better employed than in illustrating Turbervile. We should appreciate her ten illustrations better as a separate portfolio. There may be many persons able to enjoy both Turbervile and Miss Sainsbury; but some would prefer to enjoy them separately.

NOTES

1. George Turbervile (ca. 1543-97), Renaissance poet and translator. Ovid's *Heroides* (ca. 25-26 BC) are fifteen epistolary poems spoken in the voices of wronged mythological heroines.

2. TSE mentions Arthur Golding's *Metamorphoses* (1567) and Christopher Marlowe's *Amores* (ca. 1595-1602) together in "The Local Flavour," part of "Imperfect Critics" (1919) (2.177). Golding and Turbervile composed in the "fourteener," lines of fourteen syllables; see "The Author of 'The Burning Babe'" (1926) (2.800).

3. Established by Dennis Cohen in 1927, the Cresset Press initially published deluxe illustrated editions of classic works.

4. Calling Boas "one of the most accomplished of living scholars" of Elizabethan literature, TSE nevertheless criticized the author's "loquacious vice" in "Studies in Contemporary Criticism, II" (1918) (1.769). Hester Sainsbury (1890-1967) was a modernist illustrator, poet, dramatist, and dancer.

5. One of England's oldest boarding schools, Winchester College was founded in 1382 as a feeder to New College, Oxford.

6. Turbervile's original verse was collected in *Epitaphs, Epigrams, Songs and Sonets* (1567); of his translations Boas identifies *The Book of Faulconrie or Hawking* (1575), *Tragical Tales* from Boccaccio and Bandello (1587), and the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus (1567).

7. Boas mentions these three Renaissance printers and the dates of Turbervile's editions without further description (xxiii); all resided in London: Henry Denham (*fl.* 1556–1590), John Charlewoode or Charlewood (d. 1593), and Simon Strafford or Stafford (Boas has "Stafford") (1506-1626).

8. TSE discusses Chapman, including briefly his *Iliad* (*The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets in his Iliads and Odysses*, 1616) in "The Sources of Chapman" (1927) (3.30).

9. In 1927, TSE contributed the introduction to Thomas Newton's 1581 edition of *Seneca his Tenne Tragedies Translated into English*, for Charles Whibley's Tudor Translations series; the introduction was reprinted as "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.195).

10. In "Seneca and Elizabethan Translation" (1927), TSE praises Jasper Heywood as "the first and best" of Seneca's translators, above Newton (3.220).

11. In "Seneca and Elizabethan Translation," TSE quotes these lines from John Studley's *Hippolytus* (1567) found in the *Tenne Tragedies*, I, 181 (3.224).

12. Edmund Spenser's pastoral poem, the "Shepheardes Calendar" (1579)

Contemporary Literature: Is Modern Realism Frankness or Filth?[1]

To the Editor of *The Forum*

The Forum, 81 (Feb 1929) xlvi-xlvii

To the Editor:

I have read with interest Mr. Granville Hicks' article in your December number, and believe that I am in the main in agreement with him.[2] There are one or two excellent points made by him which I think would bear a little heavier stress.

In any discussion of the frankness and realism, as it is called on the one hand, or the "filthiness," as it is called on the other, of contemporary literature, I think that the whole point is lost if the discussion is restricted to the question of propriety and decency. So far as my own work goes, I happen not to have a taste for such methods as those of Mr. Joyce or Mr. Lawrence, but I consider that merely a question of method, so that it is hardly more than a trifling accident that Joyce and Lawrence are censored and I am not.[3] A certain number of books (not by Joyce or Lawrence) are produced which I deplore; but it is for the greater good that they should be allowed to circulate and sink by their own weight. Where I cordially support Mr. Hicks is in his alliance of the problem of decency in writing to a more general and more important problem. He remarks:

> The demise of the theory of progress, the skepticism about democracy, the decadence of liberalism – all these are evidence of the extent to which the old articles of faith are being questioned, even as were the articles they superseded. [803]

This is the real point. The people whose work Mr. Hicks discusses are fighting – even when, like Mr. Huxley, they are doing so unconsciously and in spite of themselves – the battle which Arnold, in *Culture and Anarchy*, tells us that Newman was fighting against nineteenth-century liberalism.[4] I shall not expect the Roman hierarchy of Massachusetts, which, like the rest of Ireland, north and south, seems to be thoroughly Puritanized, to be able to understand this statement.[5] But to my mind the phenomena that

Mr. Hicks discusses are evidences of a transition, a revolt against the paganism of progress of the nineteenth century, toward a rediscovery of orthodox Christianity. Even "Freudianism," crude and half-baked as it is, is a blundering step toward the Catholic conception of the human soul.[6] The religious faith which Mr. Hicks suggests has been destroyed by "science" was a faith much better destroyed. Perhaps the most interesting example, from the point of view from which we are looking at the matter, is the spectacle of the grandson of Thomas Huxley discovering that human nature is fundamentally corrupt.[7] This seems to me a very healthy sign. Mr. Huxley is on the way toward orthodoxy.

Certainly, a healthy movement like this will carry along a great deal of rubbish with it, like the negligible work of Mr. Cabell; but oblivion will soon take care of that.[8] And to paraphrase Mr. Hicks' words, one who thinks is only now justified in any surrender to church or to state, as the terminus of a voyage directed by "the courageous venturing of one's own spirit."[9]

London, England T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. This title, given by the editors of *Forum*, stands over both TSE's letter and that of another correspondent writing in response to the same article.

2. Granville Hicks (1901-1982), American author, critic, lecturer, and Marxist. In "The Gutter – And Then What?" *Forum*, 80 (Dec 1928), 801-811, Hicks discusses the "devotion" of modern literature "to whatever is stark, brutal, disgusting" (802), arguing that contemporary writers "want to get at something that is fundamental and true" (804).

3. Hicks writes, "The future may regard Huxley, Lawrence, Eliot, O'Neill, and Joyce as pioneers, or it may look on their works as experiments that led nowhere; but it cannot ignore their forthright honesty, their restless ingenuity, and their purely literary skill" (807).

4. Acquainted with Aldous Huxley since 1917, TSE wrote about his poetry in "Verse Pleasant and Unpleasant" (1918): "It is difficult to tell what he is really like" (1.681) and expressed reservations about Huxley to his mother (*L1* 475). In "The Contemporary Novel" (1927), TSE described Huxley as "the sort of writer who must produce thirty bad novels before he arrives at the good one," with "a certain natural, if undeveloped talent for seriousness" (3.92).

In Chapter 1 of *Culture and Anarchy* (Smith, Elder, 1869), "Sweetness and Light," Arnold writes, "what was it, this liberalism, as Dr. Newman saw it . . .? It was the great middle-class liberalism, which had for the cardinal points of its belief the Reform Bill of 1832, and local self-government, in politics; in the social sphere, free-trade, unrestricted competition, and the making of large industrial fortunes; in the religious sphere, the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion . . . [T]his was the force which Dr. Newman felt himself fighting with" (36-37).

5. See TSE's discussion of censorship in Boston and Ireland in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Dec 1928 (3.534).

6. Hicks writes: "Freudianism has made man doubt the genuineness of altruism. . . . Men have become cynical not only about their fellow men but about themselves, not only about professions but about actions also. Thanks to psychoanalysis, it is exceedingly difficult to think of man as in any way heroic" (804).

7. Hicks describes a scene in Aldous Huxley's novel *Antic Hay* (1923) in which a scientist pedals on a stationary bicycle, concluding, "Shearwater, pedaling madly, but getting nowhere. What a caricature of science to be drawn by the grandson of Thomas Huxley! What better measure could we desire of the distance between nineteenth century hope and twentieth century skepticism?" (806).

8. James Branch Cabell (1879-1958), American author of fantasy fiction. Hicks writes, "The victory of *Jurgen* has so emboldened Cabell that we have the spectacle of our preeminent romanticist employing his allusive, archaic style to describe organs and functions of which most of the realists still fight shy" (801). Cabell's novel *Jurgen* (1919), chronicling the adventures of a mythical suitor, was denounced by the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice and was unsuccessfully prosecuted for obscenity. In a letter of 28 Oct 1928 to Paul Elmer More, TSE wrote: "of Cabell I could only say that it seems to me one of the most uninteresting forms of humbug that any public has ever swallowed. But one of the worst results of censorship is to propagate a belief that every author 'censored' must be an artist" (*L4* 291).

9. Of Eugene O'Neill, Hicks writes: "Not by surrender to the authority of church and state, but by the courageous venturing of his own spirit, O'Neill has achieved the ability to say that life is good. One knows that he ignores nothing that is unpleasant in life; he does not romanticize; but he has suggested the possibility of a faith that has meaning in the twentieth century" (810).

Mr. P. E. More's Essays

An unsigned review of *The Demon of the Absolute*, by Paul Elmer More. New Shelburne Essays, Volume I

Milford: for the Princeton UP, 1928. Pp. xiii + 183.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1412 (21 Feb 1929) 136

Those who know Mr. More as the author of the many volumes of "Shelburne Essays," and of the five volumes entitled "The Greek Tradition," will find that this first volume of "New" Shelburne Essays is not merely a continuation of the old.[1] In the former series, Mr. More appears as a critic of the type of Sainte-Beuve, differing from Sainte-Beuve by his wider range of literatures and his preoccupation with major, to the exclusion of minor, figures, and by a positive moral bent of Puritan origin.[2] What connected these pieces of literary criticism was this moral interest, and the implications of his philosophic dualism. Since the last of the old series, Mr. More has been following out the consequences of the Platonism which had always inspired his work, and in the latest of his "Greek Tradition" volumes, that on *Christ the Word*, has appeared as a champion of Athanasius and an interpreter of Greek to Anglican theology.[3]

In this new volume he is not occupied with theology. The essay which gives the title to the book is much the longest and the most interesting; the second, called "Modern Currents in American Literature," is an able criticism of some contemporary authors from the point of view of the older generation. The next four essays on Poe, Borrow, Trollope and Vaughan are studies in literary criticism; the last is the translation of an episode from the Mahâbhârata.[4] The new reader should be warned that the character of this book is miscellaneous, though the several items are excellent. For this reason we concentrate attention on the preface and the first essay, which together make up nearly a third of the volume.

The essay is a protest against certain modern tendencies in art and in philosophy, and it is to these tendencies that the author opposes his dualism. The demon of the absolute is for Mr. More the spirit of heresy in all things: the human craving for unification which will push any theory to the extreme. There are, for the author of this book, certain absolute differences or gaps in the universe such as the gap between living and inanimate, or between mind and matter. In philosophy, we find that Mr. More objects both to absolute idealism and to any form of materialism. In the theory of art, he devotes one chapter of this essay to attacking the doctrine of impressionism in criticism on the one hand, and that of absolute objective classification of works of art on the other hand. He points out, quite reasonably, that Anatole France's theory of critical caprice has very little relation to his practice, which was the exercise of a delicate sensibility trained by standards and traditions.[5]

Mr. More's comments on the absolute in literature and art are full of good sense, although somewhat distracted for English readers by his retorts to American critics of his own work. The section of this essay which has the most pertinence and the liveliest expression is that on "The Phantom of Pure Science." Mr. More is naturally opposed to those modern developments of psychology of which Behaviourism is the extreme example and which would reduce ethics to biology. But he is also opposed to those scientists of whom Professor Whitehead is the most conspicuous, who would span the gulf between religion and science. This essay is one of the best pieces of criticism of the Whitehead philosophy that has been written. The author points out some of the most remarkable ambiguities in Professor Whitehead's theories, and asserts the uselessness of Professor Whitehead's God in religion:

> Formerly it was held that the human soul obeys the same laws as a stone; now we are to believe that a stone is of the same nature as the soul. In either case we avoid the discomfort of a paradoxical dualism and reduce the world to a monism which may plausibly call itself science, though as a matter of fact Mr. Whitehead's theory, if carried out, would simply abolish science. . . . Mr. Whitehead therefore discards the "traditional scientific materialism" for an "alternative doctrine of organism," that is, for a "theory of *organic mechanism*." Well and good. But is it unkind to ask the use of talking about an organical explanation when you do not know what you mean by "organism," or to hint that no very clear idea will be evoked by joining together two unknown quantities, "organism" and "mechanism," and calling the world an "organic mechanism"? [47-48]

In the essay from which we have just quoted Mr. More has not elaborated his own theory of dualism explicitly. For that we must go to those parts of his work which deal directly with Plato and Platonism. We can go also to the work of his friend Professor Irving Babbitt, whose views in philosophy and literature are closely similar. We may further observe that the theories of More and Babbitt are very much in the current of the present time. Mr. More's essay would, we think, be approved by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and his dualism is remarkably similar to the theory of discontinuity put forward by the late T. E. Hulme. In the remarkable posthumous volume of Hulme's notes which was published under the title of *Speculations*, Hulme outlined in a few rough notes a philosophy very similar to that of Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt.[6] At the beginning of a draft entitled "Humanism and the Religious Attitude" Hulme says:

> One of the main achievements of the nineteenth century was the elaboration and universal application of the principle of *continuity*. The destruction of this conception is, on the contrary, an urgent necessity of the present.
>
> Originally urged only by the few, it has spread – implicit in the popular conception of evolution – till it has attained the status of a category. We now absorb it unconsciously from an environment already completely soaked in it; so that we regard it not as a principle in the light of which certain regions of fact can be conveniently ordered, but as an inevitable constituent of reality itself. When any fact seems to contradict this principle, we are inclined to deny that the fact really exists. We constantly tend to think that the discontinuities in nature are only *apparent*, and that a fuller investigation would reveal the underlying continuity. This shrinking from a *gap* or jump in nature has developed to a degree which paralyses any objective perception, and prejudices our seeing things as they really are. For an objective view of reality we must make use both of the categories of continuity and discontinuity. Our principal concern then at the present moment should be the re-establishment of the temper or disposition of mind which can look at a *gap* or chasm without shuddering. [3-4]

This theory of gaps, as it may be called, points in the same direction as Mr. More's dualism. Readers should not be deceived by Mr. More's apparently antiquated terms, mind and matter. Whatever terms we may use, the attempt of the demon of the absolute is always to reduce mind to matter or matter to mind; and the inevitable reaction of common sense is to answer each resolution of that kind by a new division. The gap, for Mr. More as well as for Hulme, is much more than a mere distinction between mind and matter. They both assert in effect that there is a gap between psychology and ethics; and that any so-called reconciliation between religion and science is nugatory, because there are no common differences to be reconciled. The other essays in Mr. More's book are all excellent; but anyone for whom the first essay is the introduction to Mr. More's writings should be advised to turn next to his book on Plato.[7]

NOTES

[1] In 1916, TSE reviewed *Aristocracy and Justice*, vol 9 of the "Shelburne Essays" (1904-21), calling More "one of the most interesting *moralists* of the present time" (1.406). More's six-volume series "The Greek Tradition," an intellectual history from the death of Socrates to the Council of Chalcedon, appeared from 1924 to 1931.

[2] TSE contrasts More to Sainte-Beuve (the former as a moralist, the latter as a psychologist) in his earlier review of *Aristocracy and Justice* (1.406).

[3] Athanasius (ca. 96-373), Bishop of Alexandria, Church Father, and Saint, defended the idea of the Trinity against the Arian heresy that God the Father created the Son, who was not equal to or of the same substance with the Father.

In his next review for the *TLS*, "The Latin Tradition," TSE commends *Christ the Word* (1927, vol 4 of "The Greek Tradition"), writing: "Mr. More's contention is for the superiority of the Greek over the Roman tradition in orthodox Christianity, for the superiority of Greek theology, down to Athanasius, over Roman theology, and that Mr. More finds in Latin theology . . . an excessive imprint of the Roman legal mind, over-refining and over-defining" (3.589). On 10 Dec 1928, he wrote to H. J. C. Grierson, "I think P. E. More is doing good service by his insistence upon the Greek tradition, in the seventeenth century English church, as against the excessively legal Latin tradition" (*L4* 351).

[4] George Borrow (1803-1881), English translator and author of travel narratives. TSE included Borrow in the syllabus for his University of London tutorial class in Modern English Literature (1916), assigning *Lavengro* (1851), *The Romany Rye* (1857), and *The Bible in Spain* (1843) (1.473). Under the heading "Minor Novelists," TSE's syllabus also included Anthony Trollope (1815-1882), prolific and popular Victorian novelist, assigning *Barchester Towers* (1857) (1.473).

More translated the story "Sâvatrî" from the ancient Sanskrit epic the *Mahâbhârata*.

[5] Crediting Anatole France with the view that "criticism is a continual adventure of the soul, a kind of freebooting romance for the curious and enlightened," More observes that nevertheless when France found himself disliking Zola's *La Terre*, he wrote: "I have come to believe that the want of taste is that mysterious sin spoken of by the Scripture, the greatest of sins, which alone will never be pardoned" (10).

[6] Hulme, *Speculations: Essays on Humanism and the Philosophy of Art* (1924), which TSE reviewed in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Apr 1924 (2.521).

[7] More, *The Religion of Plato*, vol 1 of "The Greek Tradition" (1921)

The Latin Tradition

An unsigned review of *Founders of the Middle Ages*, by Edward Kennard Rand

Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP; London: Milford, 1928. Pp. ix + 365.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1415 (14 Mar 1929) 200

This book consists of a series of Lowell Lectures delivered in Boston in 1928.[1] Though obviously lectures, or obviously to anyone who has ever lectured, reproduced (in the author's words) "substantially as they were delivered," and though decidedly readable, these are not popular lectures; the subject is too limited and the author too learned [vii]. The eight chapters have, as in such a course of lectures they might be expected to have, eight topics: one is on St. Ambrose, one on St. Jerome, a third on a man on whom Professor Rand is one of the greatest living authorities – Boethius.[2] The period of Christian culture treated is mainly the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries.

Though each lecture may be read by itself, for information on its special subject-matter, at least two theses run through the whole and connect the essays. One is that the attitude of the Church towards classical culture was always double – an attitude of disapproval of pagan literature and learning was offset by one of pious preservation and enjoyment, so that Dr. Rand is able to insist upon the continuity of the classical tradition in Christianity. His other thesis appears more fitfully, and rather in the guise of jocular slaps at Mr. Paul Elmer More. It will not be wholly intelligible to readers who do not know Mr. More's great work on "The Greek Tradition," and especially the volume entitled *Christ the Word*.[3] We may explain briefly that Mr. More's contention is for the superiority of the Greek over the Roman tradition in orthodox Christianity, for the superiority of Greek theology, down to Athanasius, over Roman theology, and that Mr. More finds in Latin theology, at the same periods and through the Middle Ages, an excessive imprint of the Roman legal mind, over-refining and over-defining. Without entering into any theological controversy, or revealing his own point of view in these matters – for his book is strictly concerned with literary, not theological, criticism – Dr. Rand presents himself as a champion of the Latin tradition. Hence such pleasant asperities as calling Mr. More a "Binitarian *contra mundum*" [11].[4] But as Dr. Rand does not really tackle Mr. More in this book, we must leave them to wrangle the matter, if they will, on some other occasion; meanwhile reflecting that the difference may be partly due to Mr. More's being more saturated in the Greek and Dr. Rand in the Latin Christian literature.

There is no doubt that Dr. Rand is a very fine scholar, and a scholar of intelligence and wide sympathies. Perhaps there is no first-rate Latinist, whose primary business it is to teach the Latin classics, who knows so well, and so *humanely*, the literature of Christian Rome. He shares the high view of humanism of his colleague Irving Babbitt, whom he quotes; and he carries his learning lightly and gracefully. His book, though crowded with suggestion, can be read through at a sitting. But each part, as we said, has its particular subject. In connexion with his first thesis, that of the continuity of pagan and Christian culture, he insists again and again upon the importance of Cicero to the early Christian writers. In one essay of much interest ("St. Augustine and Dante") he takes pains to show the influence of classical culture, and particularly the influence of Cicero, upon Augustine, and through Augustine upon Dante. And Dr. Rand is manifestly qualified in temper to sustain his own thesis, for he manifests throughout a balanced sympathy both with classical Roman thought and with the Catholic Church.

Dr. Rand hardly touches upon the literature of the High Middle Ages, and therefore his essay on "The New Poetry" is mainly a defence and exposition – and a persuasive one – of the poetry of Prudentius.[5] The hymns of St. Ambrose are the only hymns of the canonical Latin hymnology to come within his field in this book. This essay is full of curious and fertile suggestions. Dr. Rand quotes a hymn of Ambrose,

Inventor rutili, dux bone, luminis,
Qui certis vicibus tempora dividis,
Merso sole chaos ingruit horridum,
Lucem reddite tuis Christe fidelibus,[6]

to remind us that the author probably had in mind the line of Horace,

Lucem redde tuae, dux bone, patriae. [212][7]

The least satisfactory of the essays, good as it is, is that on "St. Ambrose the Mystic." Like the essay on St. Jerome, it is a capital introduction to the subject. But Dr. Rand, who ought to know, and indeed does know, what medieval mysticism is, as he appreciates St. Bernard and the Victorines, does not make out a very good case for St. Ambrose as a mystic.[8] "A sure path to mysticism is through allegory," he says [85]. Mysticism is frequently allied to allegory; but it was a slip to call allegory a *path* to mysticism. What is most interesting in the essay is, again, the collocation of Ambrose with Cicero; but in choosing a title Dr. Rand has for once gone astray. The book is to be commended to every student of letters; but in mentioning Dr. Rand as one of the finest classical scholars and humanists of our time we may he permitted to add that we expect from him something more substantial than this book or than his charming little introduction to Ovid, which was published a year or two ago.[9]

NOTES

1. Rand gave these lectures, as he writes in the Preface, "before the Lowell Institute of Boston," an educational foundation established by bequest in 1836 by John Lowell, Jr. (1799-1836). The institute provided free public lectures on subjects of general interest and a series of more advanced technical courses.

2. As Archbishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, born Aurelius Ambrosius (ca. 340-97), fought the Arian heresy (holding that God consisted of two separate persons) and pagan practices. St. Jerome, born Eusebius Sophronius Hieronymus (ca. 347-420), ascetic and religious scholar, revised the Latin texts of the Old and New Testaments. The theological contributions of these two saints place them with St. Gregory and St. Augustine as the four "Latin Doctors of the Church."

Rand edited the Loeb edition of Boethius's *Theological Tractates and The Consolation of Philosophy* (1918).

3. TSE's review of More's *The Demon of the Absolute* (Feb 1929) also refers to More's eleven-volume series "The Greek Tradition" (1924-31), especially *Christ the Word* (1927) (3.585).

4. A Binitarian, as opposed to Trinitarian or Unitarian, believes that God unites two persons, the Father and the Son; this was an early Christian view. More endorsed a dualist, though not a Binitarian, philosophy.

contra munda: against the world. The Trinitarian theologian and Church Father Athanasius of Alexandria was called "Athanasius contra munda" for his struggles against the widespread Arian heresy (see n. 2).

5. Rand writes: "For the first time, Christians had an imaginative presentation in excellent verse of the inmost mysteries of their faith. This is what 'didactic' poetry becomes when treated by Prudentius" (184). TSE referred to the early Christian poet Prudentius in his Clark lecture on Crashaw (2.708) and to his own "Prudentianism" in a letter of 1921 (*L1* 606).

6. From "Hymnus ad incensum lucernae" ("Hymn for the Lighting of the Lamps") by Prudentius (not Ambrose); *trans*: "Blest Lord, Creator of the glowing light, / At Whose behest the hours successive move, / The sun has set: black darkness broods above: / Christ! light Thy faithful through the coming night." *The Hymns of Prudentius*, trans. R. Martin Pope and R. F. Davis (London: J. M. Dent, 1905), 45.

7. In this Ode (IV, 5, 5), Horace addresses the Emperor Augustus: "Restore, O excellent chieftain, the light to thy country," as translated in TSE's edition, *The Works of Horace*, trans. C. Smart (Philadelphia: David McKay, 1896), 73.

8. St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1090-1153), French Cistercian abbot, mystic, and theologian; in the *Paradiso*, he is Dante's final guide through the Empyrean. Rand writes: "Bernard is the true mystic, who communes with God, as he sets forth in his treatise 'How to Love God'. . . not by ratiocination but by rising above reason and dwelling in the pure sphere of contemplation" (69). Founded in 1108, the Abbey of Saint-Victor, Paris, was a major center of religious learning in the twelfth century; Rand refers to "that most intricate of Mediaeval mystics, Hugo of St. Victor" (90). TSE discussed the Victorines in his third Clark lecture (2.652).

9. TSE reviewed Rand's *Ovid and his Influence* (1926) in "The Influence of Ovid" (2.795).

Sleeveless Errand[1]

To the Editor of *The New Statesman*

The New Statesman, 32 (23 Mar 1929) 757

Sir: Like Mr. Edward Garnett, whose letter in your issue of March 16th I read with much interest, I was disturbed by the attitude which you adopted towards the *Sleeveless Errand* case; and I am not reassured by your reply to Mr. Garnett.[2] I have not read the book, but your comments upon it seem to me contradictory. You say, what no one denies, that "the police must retain the power to prohibit the general publication of prurient and pornographic pictures or writings which have no artistic value."[3] How this remark applies to Miss James's book is not clear; for you say later that two-thirds of the book "contain a very moving and admirably related tale to which no possible objection could be taken," and you "deny confidently that the book could possibly do any harm to anyone."[4] If the magistrate had thought as you do, that the book could do no harm, how could he have applied the statute under which it was condemned?[5] If the book could do no harm, then surely all defence or palliation of its suppression falls to the ground.

Furthermore, your counsel is that "pending the happy day when police supervision is altogether abolished, we think it the business of authors to avoid writing in such a way as positively to invite police interference."[6] Moses might thus have replied to the Lord: "Pending the happy day when Pharaoh will see the reasonableness of abolishing all restrictions on the freedom of movement of the children of Israel, I think it the business of my people to avoid acting in such a way as positively to invite the despatch of six hundred chariots." If authors act with such sweet reasonableness, the happy day is still less likely to arrive, and the bondage will endure for ever. I congratulate you upon your composition of liberalism and prudence.

I am far from believing that all pieces of fiction written by enthusiastic and earnest young women are "works of art." This obscure phrase merely confuses the issue, though doubtless the belief that a suppressed book is a work of art wins it many supporters. And the question is not what "the most broadminded of magistrates" should do when the book is arraigned before him: the point is that it should not be brought before him; the fault is not with Pilate.[7] There is a commonsense knowledge by inspection of pornographic literature of the underworld sort, which is adequate. There is another type of pornographic literature, of which I have seen specimens, and which is always written in such a way as to avoid the possibility of police action. Miss James's book, I am sure from your own testimony, is not pornographic. Yours, etc.,

24, RUSSELL SQUARE, W. C. 1 T. S. ELIOT
MARCH 19TH.

NOTES

1. *Sleeveless Errand*, the first novel by Norah C. James (1901-79), was published by Eric Partridge at the Scholartis Press in Feb 1929, depicting a milieu of hard-drinking, loose-living young Londoners and the suicide of a female protagonist whose use of profanity (especially "bloody") became the grounds for seizing and condemning the book, of which all but a few copies were destroyed. Snapped up by Jack Kahane for the Obelisk Press in Paris later the same year, it soon became a best seller in England. James, an employee of publisher Jonathan Cape when the book was published, went on to author over fifty novels on modern romance.

2. Edward Garnett, who served as literary adviser to Jonathan Cape, had urged Cape to publish James's novel, but Cape declined, having recently lost his defense of Radclyffe Hall's censored novel *Well of Loneliness* in the previous year. TSE discussed the Hall case in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Sept 1928 (3.473) and in a letter to the *Nation and Athenaeum* (3.489). On 9 Mar, *The New Statesman* printed an editorial comment about the suppression and confiscation of *Sleeveless Errand*, advising publishers to avoid "fifth-rate literature of the sort which sells only on account of its tickling sensuality" (686). Garnett criticized the judicial proceedings as a "farce" and defended James's novel in his letter of 16 Mar: "As a literary critic and publisher's reader of forty years' experience, not only do I deny that there are prurient or pornographic pictures in the book, but I assert that it is one spiritually pure, of perfectly sound morality, and one calculated to do public good" (727). The editor replied below this letter that James's picture "of what may be called the most decadent and disreputable 'Café Royal' set . . . may or may not be accurate, but after all a line must be drawn somewhere – there are some aspects of life of which we do not want *Ulysses*-like photographs – and we do not see how the most broadminded of magistrates could be expected to draw the line below this book and thus give it his official *imprimatur*" (728).

3. Editorial of 9 Mar 1929 (686); former deputy editor Charles Mostyn Lloyd had succeeded founding editor Clifford Sharp as editor of the *New Statesman* (1928-30).

4. Editor's response to Garnett on 16 Mar (728)

5. Magistrate Graham Campbell condemned the novel under the provisions of the Obscene Publications Act of 1857, using the so-called Hicklin test holding that a work may be banned if it has a "tendency . . . to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall" (Regina v. Hicklin, 1868, opinion of C. J. Cockburn).

6. Editor's response to Garnett on 16 Mar (728)

7. Pontius Pilate, Prefect of the Roman province of Judea, 26-36 AD, presided over the trial of Jesus and is described in all four gospels as avoiding responsibility for his death. A work seized under the Obscenity Act was presumed guilty; it was for the defendant to prove his innocence (Garnett writes, quoting from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*: "The lines, 'I'll be judge, I'll be jury, / Said Cunning old Fury. / I'll sum up the case / And condemn you to death' are exactly applicable to the Home Secretary's action").

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Apr 1929) 377-81

THOUGHTS ON A GENERAL ELECTION

Everyone who cares for civilization must dread and deplore that waste of time, money, energy and illusion which is called a General Election. No country pays so heavily for this undesirable luxury as Britain. In France political changes occur so frequently as to be indifferent; in America the recurrence of the malady is arranged every four years, and is rendered comparatively harmless by the fact that the results are usually known a year or two beforehand. But in Britain an election is still, more or less, what it pretends to be: its results cannot always be predicted. All that can be predicted this year is the usual waste of time, money and energy, a very small vote in consequence of the increased number of voters, and the return, known to Dryden, of "old consciences with new faces."[1]

THE LITERATURE OF POLITICIANS

Once upon a time there was supposed to be a sort of gentlemanly accord, even occasionally a union, between politics and literature. That was in the days before politics had been associated rather with the principles of cricket – even that jolly political game has vanished. The terms between politics and literature were so amiable that the statesman at least made some attempt to preserve the elements of prose style. Perhaps British statesmen once had more leisure, time to re-read their sentences, and even look up their words in a dictionary. Mr. Lloyd George was always a busy little man. But it is no relief to turn from his periods to the dreary sermons of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. And if we proceed from bad to worse, we arrive at length at the prose style of Mr. Winston Churchill. Beyond a certain point, degrees of inferiority are indifferent; and in this sense there can be nothing appreciably worse than the style of Mr. Churchill's recent reminiscences in *The Times* newspaper.[2] There may even be reason to fear that the Home Secretary, and perhaps all future Home Secretaries, may be so busy censoring English prose that they will have no time to study the art of writing and speaking it.[3]

In our ideal Platonic Republic, of course, the country would be governed by those who can best write and speak its language – those, in other words, who can best think in that language.

THE POLITICS OF MEN OF LETTERS

Meanwhile, in spite of Monsieur Benda, men of letters will go on worrying about the principles of politics.[4] They are in fact the only men who do worry about its principles. Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells, though birds of the same nest, do not always agree; and the pair of them seem to have little in common with Mr. Wyndham Lewis (*not* D. B. Wyndham Lewis).[5] Yet they are all worried about politics, and they all incline in the direction of some kind of fascism. Mr. Wells's fascism, it is true, is disguised behind the violent caricatures which he has drawn of Mussolini, and we do not suppose that he would be as well received in Italy as Mr. Shaw.[6] But it is merely that Mr. Wells, during his afternoon naps, still dreams of Liberalism; while Mr. Wells, in his morning hours, makes hasty blue-prints of a really efficient administration.[7] The aging Fabians, like the solitary artist, are more and more sympathetic towards some kind of autocracy.

This tendency deserves very serious consideration, for owing to the writings of these authors and others, it will become the instinctive attitude of thousands of unthinking people a few years hence. It will be sympathetic to the workman who does not want a vote which he shares with the young women on the street corner. At present, it is a natural attitude for the restive intellectual, and has considerable justification. There are qualifications to be drawn, however, before it is too late. The extreme of democracy – which we have almost reached – promises greater and greater interference with private liberty; but despotism might be equally despotic. There is a difference between democracy and self-government. In complete democracy, everyone in theory governs everyone else, as a kind of compensation for not being allowed to govern himself. The advantage of overt dictatorship is that the authority has to take the responsibility for its own actions; whereas under democracy it can always pretend that it is giving the people what the people demands. A rational government would be one which acted for itself in matters concerning which "the people" is too ignorant to be consulted (and would not pretend otherwise); which acted for the people in matters in which the people does not know its own mind; which did as little governing as possible; and which left as large a measure of individual and local liberty as possible. There are of course many more matters in the modern world than ever before, in which a central government must exercise its authority over the whole country: a parish cannot be allowed to neglect its sanitation, or its insect pests, or its control of its part of a river, because that would cause injury to its neighbours. In the banking system – which is a form, and perhaps the most important form, of government – some mediation has to be found between central authority and local independence.

We are in agreement with the eminent men of letters mentioned, in wishing to see the strengthening of central authority, the establishment of continuity in central policy, and its liberation from the humbug of pretending to act upon public opinion. Mr. Wells's blue-print committees of experts represent of course the particular route that Mr. Wells's mind has travelled: he retains a kind of Liberal optimism about Simon-commissions and Melchett-conventions.[8] It is possible that Lord Melchett might be able to rule British industry entirely to its advantage. But Mr. Wells would say that that is because Lord Melchett is an "expert"; we should say that it is because Lord Melchett is the independent and intelligent Alfred Mond.[9]

The men of letters seem to agree, and a great many obscure people will agree with them, that to have one fifty-thousandth part in choosing a representative (of whom one may know next to nothing) who himself will have only a small part in indicating the nomination of a Prime Minister who will himself be obliged to choose his Cabinet for various reasons, is a very poor kind of "self-government" for a human being put in the world to form his own character and work out his own salvation. The ordinary man will add that it is difficult to choose between a Conservative Party which seems to have no programme, and a Labour Party which seems to have any number of inconsistent programmes. And the programme of a party on election-day is not necessarily the programme of the same party in office. All these reflections are common-place. We are not here concerned with the statistics of the coming election, but with the general state of mind five, ten or twenty years hence. If, as we believe, the indifference to politics as actually conducted is growing, then we must prepare a state of mind towards something other than the facile alternative of communist or fascist dictatorship.

LAST THOUGHTS

After all, the purpose of government is, or should be, the happiness of the governed *in a good life*. But it is as immoral to *compel* a man to lead a good life – which of course being compulsory would not be really good – as to allow him to ruin himself. It is right to protect a man against his neighbours; but the reminder to Censorships is, that there is a very fine line of discrimination between the morality of protecting a man against his neighbours and immorality of protecting him against himself.

NOTES

1. From Dryden's "The Dedication to *Examen Poeticum*" (1693): "No Government has ever been, or ever can be, wherein Timeservers and Blockheads will not be uppermost. The Persons are only chang'd, but the same juglings in State, the same Hypocrisie in religion, the same Self-Interest, and Mis-mannagement, will remain forever. Blood and Mony will be lavish'd in all Ages, only for the Preferment of new Faces with old Consciences." The General Election held on 30 May 1929 resulted in a hung parliament: Stanley Baldwin's Conservative Party won the popular vote but lost the election; Ramsay MacDonald's Labour Party won the most seats but without a majority; Lloyd George's Liberal Party held the balance of power.

2. Under the title "Mr. Churchill's Book," the *Times* published in seventeen installments from 7 Feb to 1 Mar 1927 extracts from the forthcoming third volume of Churchill's *The World Crisis 1916 to 1918* (1927), his memoirs of World War I from New Year's Day 1916 to Armistice Day 1918.

3. The Home Secretary, William Joynson-Hicks, a champion of the censorship of books, resigned before the General Election. See TSE's "Commentary" in the *Criterion* of Oct 1929 (3.746).

4. In *La Trahisons des clercs*, Benda argues that it is a "betrayal" of the "clercs" (men of letters) to involve themselves in politics. See TSE's "The Idealism of Julian Benda" (3.435).

5. D. B. (Dominic Bevan) Wyndham Lewis (1891-1969), Welsh journalist and former literary editor of the *Daily Mail*, lived in Paris and wrote a humor column titled "At the Sign of the Blue Moon" for the paper. He and co-editor Charles Lee are known for their humorous anthology, *The Stuffed Owl: An Anthology of Bad Verse* (1930), which was anonymously reviewed, probably by TSE, in the *Criterion* of July 1930 (785-86).

6. In "What Is Fascism? Whither Is It Taking Italy? (1927), collected in his *The Way the World Is Going: Guesses and Forecasts of the Years Ahead* (London: Ernest Benn, 1929), Wells caricatures Mussolini from photographs "with which the world is now bespattered": "That round forcible-feeble face is the popular actor's face of perfection. It stares, usually out of some pseudo-heroic costume, under a helmet for choice, with eyes devoid of thought or intelligence and an expression of vacuous challenge. . . . It is the face of a man monstrously vain and – at the mere first rustle of a hiss – afraid" (27). In another essay in the volume, "The Man of Science and the Expressive Man," Wells is highly critical of the "emptiness" of Shaw's views and writings. In the anonymous review of the book, probably by TSE, in the *Criterion* of Sept 1928, the reviewer states: "To persons who dislike both Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells's attack upon Mr. Shaw will be particularly bright and pleasing; to persons who have been able to preserve some degree of impartial judgment, Mr. Shaw will still appear a more dignified figure than Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells's attack upon Fascism is bright and pleasing and wholly superficial" (173-74).

7. TSE refers to Wells's *The Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution* (1928), in which the anti-imperialist Wells argues for the consolidation of national political and economic

systems into a "World Commonweal." Though it was reviewed jointly with *The Way the World Is Going* (n. 5 above) as a "pretentious" book "with a strong Rotarian urge that ought to sell the book in America," TSE invited Wells to condense his views for the fourth number of the *Criterion Miscellany* series, printed as *Imperialism and the Open Conspiracy* (*L4* 597).

8. Sir John Simon (1873-1954), lawyer and Liberal MP, chaired the Simon Commission on India's Constitution from 1927 to 1931. Sir Alfred Mond (1868-1930), industrialist, financier, Zionist, and Liberal MP, was raised to the peerage as Baron Melchett in 1928. Following the General Strike of 1926, Melchett organized with Ben Turner, chair of the Trades Union Council, the Mond-Turner Conference on Industrial Reorganization and Industrial Relations. *The Times* of 26 Jan 1929 covered a large convention of Rotary International for Great Britain and Ireland, to which Melchett spoke on the Conference's aim "to analyse and examine the present difficulties and see whether, by closer cooperation, they could not help towards the prosperity of industry, in which lay not only benefit to the capitalist but the welfare of the working-man" (9).

9. Wells, in his *Imperialism and the Open Conspiracy* (London: Faber and Faber, 1929), targeted Baron Melchett and others for their advocacy of a "self-sufficient imperialism" and argued that it was time "to substitute for the . . . now out-of-date traditions of national sovereignty a new idea of world organization" (19). Mond appears in the fourth stanza of TSE's "A Cooking Egg" (1920): "I shall not want Capital in Heaven / For I shall meet Sir Alfred Mond. / We two shall lie together, lapt / In a five per cent. Exchequer Bond" (*CPP* 27).

Sherlock Holmes and his Times[1]

A review of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes Short Stories*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

London: J. Murray, 1929. Pp. 1336.

The Leavenworth Case, by Anna Katharine Green

London: Gollancz, 1928. Pp. 319.

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (Apr 1929) 552-56

It might seem that Father Knox, in his definitive *Studies in Sherlock Holmes* (V, "Essays in Satire," pp. 145 ff.) had said the last word on Sherlock Holmes:[2] yet he overlooks several interesting points, and commits one gross error in saying that Rouletabille was the *natural* son of Ballmeyer, when it is essential to the plot of *The Yellow Room* and *The Lady in Black* that he should be the *legitimate* son (his parents were married, if my memory is correct, in Cincinnati, Ohio);[3] and says himself that a full examination would occupy two terms' lectures.[4] There may therefore be a few matters still unexplored. One is this: why do these stories, in spite of their obvious defects from our present high standards of detective fiction, reread so much better than *The Leavenworth Case*?

I believe that *The Leavenworth Case* was the first detective story that I ever read; and that must be nearly thirty years ago. I wish that Messrs. Gollancz,[5] instead of merely reprinting it without explanations, had prefaced it with a biographical notice of Mrs. Green, the author.[6] She deserves that honour. It is true that she wrote only one other tale which at all approaches *The Leavenworth Case*, and I have forgotten its name; but she was deservedly popular towards the end of the nineteenth century, at a time when good detective fiction was not plentiful as blackberries.[7] This book is still readable; but it is unfair to its author to present it among the fiction of the year without an explanation. It is still more interesting, now, as a document upon sentimental taste in New York in the eighties and nineties, than as detective fiction.[8]

We have now come to a point of time at which it begins to be possible to separate with some assurance the permanent from the transitory in detective fiction. We have two standard works by which to judge: *The Moonstone* of Wilkie Collins and *The Murder of Marie Rôget* of Poe. *Edwin Drood* may be a third, but that would be in the same type as Collins.[9] These stories are at least as interesting as they ever were. Sherlock Holmes is *almost* as interesting as he was, but with a distinct shade of difference; *The Leavenworth Case* has faded. Why?

The detective interest is a special one. *Marie Rôget* is the purest of all detective stories, for it depends upon no "human" interest or interest of detail. Mr. Crofts, at his best, as in *The Cask*, succeeds by his thorough devotion to the detective interest; his characters are just real enough to make the story work; had he tried to make them more human and humorous he might have ruined his story.[10] The love-interest, in *The Cask*, is a postulate; it does not have to be developed, and puts no strain upon the author. But a writer may, like Collins – and that is his peculiar merit – reinforce detective interest by other interests. Collins had a wider gift for drama and fiction. The one thing not to do is to muddle the interests; as, to arouse detective hopes and provide only human satisfactions – or vice versa. It is here that Mrs. Green failed. She did not realize that unless one can create permanent human beings, one had better leave one's figures as sketchy as possible. She had great ability of the detective fiction order, but no firm control. Possibly, for her time, the public was not educated up to *The Cask* or *The Benson Case*.[11] Yet her contemporary, Holmes, survives.

Both books "date," but there are two ways of dating. Sherlock Holmes reminds us always of the pleasant externals of nineteenth-century London. I believe he may continue to do so even for those who cannot remember the nineteenth century; though I cannot imagine what it would be like to read him for the first time in this volume, without the old illustrations.[12] I wish that Messrs. Murray[13] would bring out another volume with the old illustrations: I cannot even remember the name of the artist: but I remember the hansom cabs, the queer bowlers, Holmes's fore-and-aft cap, Holmes in a frock coat after breakfast, Sir George Burnwell when he "took down a life-preserver from the wall."[14] But in the Sherlock Holmes stories the late nineteenth century is always romantic, always nostalgic, and never merely silly.

It is a great convenience to the critic to be able to compare what he is writing about with something else. But I cannot think of anything to which to compare Sherlock Holmes. He does not seem to be descended from either Sergeant Cuff or Monsieur Dupin.[15] His relationship to Lecoq is quite superficial.[16] He has had, on the other hand, a numerous progeny. So has Professor Moriarty.[17] Only Mycroft Holmes, that colossal genius, has, so far as I know, no descendants. In Arsène Lupin, even in Raffles, we distinguish the features of the Robin Hood type. But Holmes was always reticent about his family: in fact he has no family to be reticent about. Another, and perhaps the greatest of the Sherlock Holmes mysteries is this: that when we talk of him we invariably fall into the fancy of his existence. Collins, after all, is more real to his readers than Cuff; Poe is more real than Dupin; but Sir A. Conan Doyle, the eminent spiritualist of whom we read in Sunday papers, the author of a number of exciting stories which we read years ago and have forgotten, what has he to do with Holmes?[18] The only analogies are such as make the case more puzzling. We can think of Sam Weller without thinking of Dickens, or of Falstaff or Hamlet without thinking of Shakespeare: yet we do not compare Conan Doyle with Dickens or Shakespeare.[19] Even Holmes's reality is a reality of its own kind. Never is he impeccable.[20] He employs the most incredible disguises: in a good modern detective story, such as Mr. Freeman's, the author realizes the need for apologising for disguises by explaining carefully how they were done (sc. *Angelina Frood*).[21] It was wrong of him to go mountain climbing in Switzerland when he could better have eluded Moriarty in London.[22] The last two volumes show him in mental decay: he repeats himself; in *His Last Bow* he descends to the level of Bull-Dog Drummond;[23] he repeats the name Carruthers for a new character, and again uses the name Lucas for another shady foreign gentleman of humble extraction.[24] *The Lion's Mane* and *The Devil's Foot* are merely bits of natural history unworthy of a detective.[25] And yet, if all the contemporary detective story writers brought out new books at the same time, and one of them was a new Holmes, it is the Holmes that we should read first.

It is of course, the dramatic ability, rather than the pure detective ability, that does it. But it is a dramatic ability applied with great cunning and concentration; it is not spilt about. The content of the story may be poor; but the form is nearly always perfect. We are so well worked up by the dramatic preparation that we accept the conclusion – even when, as in *The Red-Headed League*, it is perfectly obvious from the beginning. (By the way, was bank robbery subject to capital punishment at that epoch? or else why should John Clay, when caught, have exclaimed "I'll swing for it"? This is one of the minor points which Father Knox seems to have overlooked. And what sort of garments did burglars wear, when Athelney Jones tore off Clay's accomplice's coat-tails?).[26] Also, it must be remarked that the author (for we must mention Sir Arthur now and then) shows wisdom or instinct in keeping the sentimental interest down. Several times he trips: in *The Solitary Cyclist*, for instance, the phrase, "we may save her from the worst fate that can befall a woman," might date the story fifty years before it was written, as well as the "forced marriage" which follows.[27] In *The Second Stain* (the plot of which follows *The Naval Treaty*, precedes *The Bruce-Partington Plans*, and turns up again, reinforced by a comic page-boy who would make a good part for Ernie Lotinga, in *The Mazarin Stone* – and by the way, in the last of these, "Count Negretto Sylvius" is a name unworthy of the inventor of Dr. Roylott of Stoke Moran, as the personage is unworthy of the inventor of Professor Moriarty)[28] in *The Second Stain*, I repeat, the Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope is a preposterous figure.[29] *An indiscreet letter written before my marriage – a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl:* that sort of letter would not serve in a detective story now, though we sympathize with the author for what he had to be careful not to imply.[30] But on the whole Sir Arthur kept the sentiment in its place; and it is superfluous sentiment that dates a detective story.

Now *The Leavenworth Case* is simply popping over with sentiment. And the sentimentality throws a spotlight upon every technical flaw in the plot.

"Seated in an easy chair of embroidered satin, but rousing from her half-recumbent position . . . I beheld a glorious woman. Fair, pale, proud, delicate; looking like a lily in the thick creamy-tinted wrapper that alternately clung to and swayed from her richly-moulded figure, with her Grecian front, crowned with the palest of pale tresses, lifted and flashing with power . . . I held my breath in surprise, actually for the moment doubting if it were a living woman I beheld . . . etc."[31]

But this slumberous blonde is merely Mary; when it comes to her cousin, Eleanor,

"Here, description fails me; Eleanor Leavenworth must be painted by other hands than mine."[32]

It is immediately certain that neither Mary nor Eleanor murdered old Mr. Leavenworth: there is some dreadful mistake, and for most of the book, the toils close inexorably around the innocent. This sort of heroine belongs [not] to the Sherlock Holmes age, but to America, which was still apparently attached to the ideal heroine of the Wilkie Collins age. Sir Arthur never held up any of his tales with descriptions of this sort. *The Leavenworth Case* is a detective story of the period of transition. It has great merits. Mrs. Green was so far as I know one of the first to use maps and drawings (before Holmes used them) with an X to indicate the position of the body.[33] She also had an expert to say whether a certain bullet came from a certain pistol.[34] She was a thrilling writer in those days. And she has, I believe, influenced deeply the American, as distinct from the English, school of detective fiction. I seem to detect her influence upon even Mr. Van Dine. In her later stories she inclined to overelaborate machinery. In one called, I think, *The Circular Staircase*, people are killed by a leaden plummet which forms part of the ceiling decorations, and which is hauled up again into place by a wire; and there is an elaborate cryptogram hidden in some other preposterous place, which explains how to use the plummet.[35] I recall a recent American tale in which a document which could easily have been left at a bank for safe custody is hidden behind a bookplate. Mr. "Van Dine," so far as I know the best of recent American detective writers, tends towards this vice (*videlicet* the turning of the key in *The Benson Case*, and the disposal of the revolver in *The Greene Case*).[36]

But every writer owes something to Holmes. And every critic of The Novel who has a theory about the reality of characters in fiction, would do well to consider Holmes. There is no rich humanity, no deep and cunning psychology and knowledge of the human heart about him; he is obviously a formula. He has not the reality of any great character of Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot or Meredith or Hardy; or Jane Austen or the Brontës or Virginia Woolf or James Joyce: yet, as I suggested, he is just as real to us as Falstaff or the Wellers. He is not even a very good detective. But I am not sure that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is not one of the great dramatic writers of his age. And France, in the person of Arsène Lupin (about whom I hope to write at length) has rendered homage to him. What greater compliment could France pay to England, than the scene in which the great antagonists, Holmes and Lupin, are lying side by side on deckchairs on the Calais-Dover paquebot, and the London Commissioner of Police, walks up and down the deck unsuspecting?[37]

I do not wish to discourage the reading of Mrs. Green's works. *The Leavenworth Case* is as well worth reading, for readers of current detective fiction, as any novel published since Mr. Croft's *Starvel Farm*.[38] Those who have not read it ought to read it; those who, like myself, have read it many years ago, will want to read it again.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Untitled in the *Criterion*: title from wrapper (Gallup 223)

2. Ronald Knox's "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," parodies the style of the "higher criticism" of the Bible in substituting Holmes for theological objects. First published in *The Blue Book* magazine (1912), it was collected in his *Essays in Satire* (1928). The author of several theological writings, Knox also wrote detective stories featuring Miles Bredon (1926-38). TSE reviewed *The Three Taps* (1927) in *The Criterion*, remarking that Knox's "characters tend to be too humorous and amusing" (3.108).

3. For TSE's distinction, see the OED's definition of *natural*: "Of a person: related genetically but not legally to his or her father; born outside marriage, illegitimate." In *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, Rouletabille's mother, Mademoiselle Strangerson of Philadelphia, meets a charming Frenchman, Monsieur Jean Roussel (a pseudonym used by the criminal Ballmeyer) at her father's home in Philadelphia. Roussel requests her hand; her father, knowing him to be a scoundrel, refuses, and the pair elope to Cincinnati, Ohio. A son is born secretly to the couple at the home of Mademoiselle Strangerson's aunt in Cincinnati, but the identity and fate of the son is left a mystery (for *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*) at the end of *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*.

4. In "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," Knox remarks that "the author of the *Mystery of the Yellow Room* was a bungler when he made Jacques Rouletabille the criminal's natural son," and ends the lecture with a brief analysis of "a special kind of epigram, known as the Sherlockismus," noting that "to write fully on this subject would need two terms' lectures at least (*Essays in Satire*, 166, 175)." *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, or *Le Mystère de la chambre jaune*, a French detective story by Gaston Leroux (author of *The Phantom of the Opera*), was published in periodical form in 1907 and in book form in 1908; *The Perfume of the Lady in Black* (*Le Parfum de la dame en noir*, 1908-09) is its sequel. Joseph Rouletabille is the fictional detective in both novels; Ballmeyer is an international criminal.

5. Victor Gollancz (1893-1967), English publisher, opened his own firm in 1927 and began publishing in 1928. Collaborating with Stanley Morison, he created colorful dust jackets for use on the majority of his books.

6. Anna Katharine Green, American author known for developing the serial detective and for introducing women into detective fiction. *The Leavenworth Case* became a best seller when it was first published in 1878, preceding Doyle's Holmes stories by a decade. TSE indicates that he first read it circa 1898, when he was ten years old.

7. *The Leavenworth Case* was her first novel; Green went on to write thirty-six books, many of which are detective stories. TSE alludes to Falstaff's rejoinder in his verbal joust with Poins in *1 Henry IV* II.4.232: "Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I."

8. The novel is set in New York City, where its detective, Mr. Ebenezer Gryce, works for the New York metropolitan police.

9. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870) is Dickens's last, unfinished novel.

10. *The Cask* (1920) was Freeman Wills Crofts's first detective story. TSE called Crofts, together with R. Austin Freeman, "our two most accomplished detective writers" (3.106).

11. Reviewed by TSE in "Recent Detective Fiction" (1927), *The Benson Murder Case* (1926) by S. S. Van Dine (pen name of Willard Huntington Wright), starring detective Philo Vance, borrowed details out of a 1920 "locked room" murder.

12. The artists Sidney Paget (1860-1908) and Frederick Dorr Steele (1873-1944) were commissioned to illustrate the majority of Sherlock Holmes stories by the editors of *The Strand* magazine, in which most of the stories initially appeared. Many of these illustrations continued to accompany the stories in republications.

13. John Murray V (1884-1967), publisher, in 1928 took over the firm that had been in his family since its founding in 1768.

14. From "The Adventure of the Beryl Coronet" (1892), illustrated by Paget. Holmes finds his culprit in "a man of evil reputation among women," Sir George Burnwell, who, when confronted, "tried to bluster, and took down a life-preserver from the wall." In this case, the "life-preserver" is not a buoy, but, as the OED has it, and as Paget illustrates it, "a stick or truncheon weighted at one end with lead and intended for use in self-defence." Although the illustrations were typically accompanied by a caption from the story, the illustration of this scene is captioned not by this quotation, but by part of the succeeding sentence, "I clapped a pistol to his head." TSE refers here to Holmes's morning coat (the Victorian frock coat worn as part of formal morning dress), his "ear-flapped travelling cap" (illustrated by Paget as a "deerstalker cap," a style also known as "fore-and-aft" or "sidecap"), the ubiquitous Victorian bowler hats, the business hat of a variety of trades from the working class to the professional class, and the small, single-horse-drawn Hansom carriages, which, being numerous in London, were often hired by Holmes and Watson for travel within the city.

15. Sergeant Cuff is the detective in *The Moonstone*; Monsieur Dupin is the detective in Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," and "The Purloined Letter."

16. *Monsieur Lecoq* (1868), a detective novel by Émile Gaboriau (1832-73), features the police detective who also appears in several successive works. Gaboriau, a follower of Poe, was known as one of the fathers of the detective novel.

17. Professor James Moriarty is the villainous, intellectual archenemy of Sherlock Holmes. Mycroft Holmes, Sherlock's older brother, is a government auditor who has, according to Holmes, "better powers of observation than I." He is introduced, much to Watson's "very great surprise," in "The Greek Interpreter" (1893), and he reappears in "The Bruce-Partington Plans" (1908). Arsène Lupin is the clever "gentleman thief" in French detective novels (1907-39) by Maurice Leblanc (1864-1941), who was frequently pitted against Holmes. Raffles is an English gentleman burglar, and cricket fancier, starring in *The Amateur Cracksman* and subsequent books by E. W. Hornung (1866-1921). Presumably, what TSE means by the "Robin Hood type" is an admirable criminal, rather than one whose crimes are committed for beneficent ends.

18. After publishing the work in which Holmes was introduced, *A Study in Scarlet* (1886), Conan Doyle continued to write Holmes stories as well as other kinds of fiction. He killed Holmes off in 1893, but was cajoled to bring him back by popular demand. The last long story, *The Valley of Fear*, was serialized from 1914 to 1915; *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes*, a collection of shorter stories, appeared in 1927. During the 1920s, Conan Doyle was a vocal proponent of spiritualism, a movement that claimed that the dead and living could interact, often through a medium. He wrote three books in support of spiritualist beliefs, together with a book on fairies in 1922.

19. Sam Weller is a character in Dickens's first novel, *The Pickwick Papers* (1837); Sir John Falstaff appears in Shakespeare's *1 Henry IV, 2 Henry IV*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

20. In "Wilkie Collins and Dickens" (1927), TSE remarks that "Holmes exists, not solely because of his prowess, but largely because he is, in the Jonsonian sense, a humorous character, with his needle, his boxing, and his violin" (3.167).

21. In R. Austin Freeman's *The Mystery of Angelina Frood* (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924), the character Thorndyke remarks: "The subject of personation and disguise is often misunderstood. It is apt to be supposed that a disguise effects a complete transformation resulting in a complete resemblance to the individual personated – or, as in this case, a complete disappearance of the identity of the disguised person. But no such transformation is possible. All disguise is a form of bluff. It acts by suggestion" (304).

22. In "The Final Problem" (1892), Holmes and Moriarty meet atop Reichenbach falls in Switzerland, where, Watson surmises, "the two men ended . . . in their reeling over, locked in each other's arms."

23. Captain Hugh "Bulldog" Drummond, the titular detective of *Bulldog Drummond* (1920) by H. C. McNeile (1888-1937), also appears as hero in several successive works.

24. The original Bob Carruthers appears in the "The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist" (1903); the duplication of his surname appears in "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" (1908), where Holmes references a case that does not in Watson's accounts exist, hence TSE's mention of a "new character": "My dear Watson, you know how bored I have been since we locked up Colonel Carruthers." Mr. Lucas, who is "undoubtedly a foreigner, chocolate brown, wily, suave and cat-like with a poisonous gentleness of speech," also appears in "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge," as the "friend and secretary" of the "curious man," Mr. Henderson.

25. "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot" appears in *His Last Bow* (1917); "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane" in *The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes* (1927), Doyle's last Holmes book.

26. In "The Red-Headed League" (1891), John Clay, "the murderer, thief, smasher and forger" "at the head of his profession," and his accomplice, create an elaborate scheme to access the cellar of a house neighboring a branch of the City and Suburban Bank, "one of the principal London banks," in order to steal a cache of French gold. When he spies Holmes and Watson in wait, John Clay cries out, "'Great Scott! Jump, Archie, jump, and I'll swing for it!'" TSE may have misinterpreted this statement. S. Tupper Bigelow ("Two Canonical Problems Solved," *The Baker Street Journal Christmas Annual*, 1959, 261-71) suggests that Watson misheard what Clay said, as in England at the time "only traitors and murderers were hanged." Peter Jones (not Athelney Jones, who appears instead in *The Sign of the Four*), the police agent, clutches at the "skirts" of Clay's accomplice as he disappears back down their tunnel, causing Clay to remark: "'I fancy that my pal is all right, though I see you have got his coat-tails.'"

27. In "The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist," Miss Violet Smith, a governess, is abducted by the ruffian Bob Woodley and his accomplice. When the abduction is discovered, a helpful stranger proclaims, "'but we may save her from the worst fate that can befall a woman.'" Minutes later, Holmes, Watson, and the "stranger" (Bob Carruthers, her employer, in disguise) interrupt the conclusion of the forced marriage of Miss Smith to Woodley, at which time Carruthers pulls out a pistol and shoots Woodley in the chest. Though the story was set in 1895 and published in 1903, TSE dates its morality to the 1850s.

28. "The Adventure of the Naval Treaty" (1893), like "The Adventure of the Second Stain" (1904), involves the theft of secret government war documents by a member of the possessor's

household. In "The Bruce-Partington Plans" (1908), the government's secret plans for the intricate "Bruce Partington submarine" are stolen by, and then from, a young government clerk. In "The Adventure of the Mazarin Stone" (1921), the Home Secretary and Prime Minister hire Holmes to find the stolen Crown diamond, worth £100,000. Count Negretto Sylvius, "the famous game-shot, sportsman, and man-about-town . . . a big, swarthy fellow," together with Sam Merton "the boxer . . . a big, silly bull-headed gudgeon," are the thieves of the stone, who seek to murder Holmes to prevent their discovery. The "comic page-boy" of "The Mazarin Stone" is "Billy, the young but very wise and tactful page, who had helped a little to fill up the gap of loneliness and isolation which surrounded the saturnine figure of the great detective." In his "London Letter" of Mar 1921, TSE describes the "excellent bill" at the Palladium, which included the music hall comedian Ernie Lotinga (2.337); he last saw Lotinga in a comedy titled *Convicts* at the Islington Empire in June 1927. Dr. Roylott of Stoke Moran, in Surrey, figures in "The Speckled Band" (1892).

29. Lady Hilda is the beautiful, loving wife of Right Honourable Trelawny Hope, Secretary of European Affairs, who steals a "confidential letter from a foreign potentate" to exchange for one of her youthful love letters when she is blackmailed and threatened with exposure. Holmes discovers her secret and returns the confidential letter to her husband without scandal or exposure.

30. Explaining her theft, Lady Hilda proclaims, "It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an indiscreet letter written before my marriage – a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal."

31. The introductions of Mary and Eleanor Leavenworth occur at the start of chapter VI, "Side-Lights."

32. *Read*: "– but no, here description fails me . . ."

33. The first chapter ("A Great Case") of *The Leavenworth Case* contains a diagram of the scene of the crime, in which the location of the body is marked by a circle, not an X. An "X" marks the location of the body in a similar crime scene in the Holmes story "The Adventure of the Golden Pince-Nez" (1904). Earlier Holmes stories occasionally contained maps or figures.

34. The coroner in the case tells Eleanor Leavenworth (chapter VIII: "Circumstantial Evidence") that "the ball has been extracted from your uncle's head . . . It corresponds with those in the cartridges found in his stand-drawer, and is of the number used with this pistol."

35. *The Circular Staircase* (1908) was authored by the American mystery writer Mary Roberts Rinehart (1876-1958).

36. *videlicet*: "that is, to say," used as an amplification or explanation. Vance frequently uses such erudite foreign expressions in *The Benson Murder Case*, in which a key to the door of the locked room where the murdered Benson is discovered features in the mystery. In *The Greene Murder Case* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1927), the third Philo Vance novel, the revolver used to commit the crime is hidden when the criminal "attached a cord to the revolver with a weight of some kind on the other end, and hung the weight out of the window. When her hand released the weapon it was simply drawn over the sill and disappeared in the drift of soft snow on the balcony steps" (370).

37. In *Arsène Lupin versus Herlock Sholmes*, by Leblanc (1909; translated 1910 by George Morehead), Holmes (called Herlock Sholmes in Leblanc's Lupin books, in deference to Conan

Doyle's request) finds that Lupin is his deck-chair companion on the "City of London" Calais-Dover steamer, when Austin Gilett, the Head of Scotland Yard, strolls by with the ship's captain. At the end of the story, Gilett, accompanied by two sleuths from Scotland Yard, strolls again past Lupin, who is asleep on his bench on the ship's deck. A *paquebot* is a mail, or post, boat.

38. *The Starvel Hollow Tragedy* (1927) by Freeman Wills Crofts

Sacco and Vanzetti[1]

To the Editor of *The Nation and Athenaeum*

The Nation and Athenaeum, 45 (20 Apr 1929) 72

SIR: I was interested by Sir Horace Plunkett's letter in your issue of the 13th inst. On the general question of this case, I sympathize with Mr. Mortimer; and I hasten to add that I have no closer knowledge of it than has Mr. Mortimer.[2] But I feel quite sure that in underlining President Lowell's words, Mr. Mortimer mistook hasty words for a hurried conclusion, and bad English for a bad conscience. I know the type of American which Lawrence Lowell represents; and I have not the slightest doubt that he was honestly convinced of the guilt of the accused.

Yours, etc.,

57, CHESTER TERRACE, S.W.1. T. S. ELIOT
APRIL 14TH, 1929.

NOTES

[1] Nicola Sacco (1891-1927) and Bartelomeo Vanzetti (1888-1927), Italian-born anarchists, were convicted and imprisoned for murdering two men during an armed robbery in South Braintree, Massachusetts, in 1920. The controversial trial, conflicting evidence, and growing world support urging their pardon led the Massachusetts governor to appoint a three-man commission to hear a final appeal in 1927. Sentenced to death, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed in the electric chair on 23 Aug 1927.

[2] In his review of *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti* (1929) in the issue of 6 Apr, the English critic and editor Raymond Mortimer (1895-1980) focused on the governor's Commission of Inquiry that heard the appeal. Mortimer pointed to one member of the Commission, Lawrence Lowell (1856-1943), President of Harvard University, who "heard the witnesses, pondered the evidence, and decided that 'On the whole, beyond all reasonable doubt, Vanzetti was guilty.' . . . Mr. Lowell was not knave enough to deny entirely his uncertainty, or else he was too stupid to realize that in a couple of phrases he had betrayed it. The men were electrocuted, and their blood is on Mr. Lowell . . . His name will not be forgotten" (18). Horace Plunkett (1854-1932), Anglo-Irish author, politician, and leader of the Irish agricultural cooperative movement, came to Lowell's defense in the issue of 13 Apr, stating that he knew Lowell "as well as I know or have ever known any human being," and that while he recognized the "bad impression" of Lowell's carelessly stated words, he "did not foresee that it would be the basis of an indictment casting the blood of Sacco and Vanzetti on the shoulders of one of the most honoured men in the English-speaking world." Plunkett requested that Mortimer "give Mr. Lowell the benefit of the doubt . . . on account of the hope we must all cherish that the tragedy will, in due time, point the moral so many Americans clearly see" (40).

The Little Review

To the Editor of *The Little Review*

The Little Review: Quarterly Journal of Art and Letters, 12 (May 1929) 90

I am distressed by your letter.[1] I have been pallbearer at the funeral of several periodicals and have, like the speaker in Tom Moore's famous poem, become used to the expectation that anything in which I am interested should die.[2] But although I have not had the honour to contribute to *The Little Review* for some years, it is very hard to have such a landmark disappear.[3] In fact it makes me feel that I am approaching old age. I have, I believe, a complete file of *The Little Review* of the days in which Pound was foreign editor and both he and Lewis and I were occasional contributors, and the serial parts of "Ulysses" were eagerly awaited.[4] In those days *The Little Review* was the only periodical in America which would accept my work, and indeed the only periodical there in which I cared to appear.

If it is certain *The Little Review* is no longer to be controlled by Margaret Anderson and yourself, may I express the hope that it may disappear altogether? *The Little Review* did stand for so much that was important that I should not like to see the same title used for other purposes.

With all best wishes.
Sincerely yours,

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Jane Heap, co-editor with Margaret Anderson of *The Little Review*, sent a letter to TSE and scores of writers, artists, and musicians inviting them to respond to a questionnaire or write a letter for this final issue, titled "Confessions and Letters." The sixty-two respondents included Pound, Lewis, and Joyce.

2. The Irish poet and composer Thomas Moore, from his "Lalla Rookh" (1817): " I never lov'd a tree or flow'r / But 'twas the first to fade away. / I never nurs'd a dear gazelle / To glad me with its soft black eye, / But when it came to know me well / And love me, it was sure to die!"

3. TSE's contributions in prose and poetry began in 1917 with "Eeldrop and Appleplex" and a group of four poems: "Le Directeur," "Mélange adultère de tout," "Lune de miel," and "The Hippopotamus." In 1918, he contributed "In Memory of Henry James," "Literature and the American Courts," "The Hawthorne Aspect," and another group of four poems: "Sweeney among the Nightingales," "Whispers of Immortality," "Dans le restaurant," and "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service."

4. Joyce's novel was serialized (episodes I-XIV) from Mar 1918 to Dec 1920. Jane Heap wrote in her farewell editorial, "Lost: A Renaissance": "We have given space in the *Little Review* to 23 new systems of art (all now dead), representing 19 countries. In all of this we have not brought forward anything approaching a master-piece except the 'Ulysses' of Mr. Joyce. 'Ulysses' will have to be the master-piece of this time. But it is too personal, too tortured, too special a document to be a master-piece in the true sense of the word. It is an intense and elaborate expression of Mr. Joyce's dislike of this time" (5).

Second Thoughts about Humanism[1]

In July, 1928, I published in *The Forum* the note on the Humanism of Irving Babbitt which appears on the foregoing pages.[2†] I understand that Professor Babbitt considers that I misstated his views: but as I have not yet received detailed correction from any Humanist, I am still in the dark.[3] It is quite likely that I am at fault, because I have meanwhile heard comments, from sympathetic friends, which indicate that they have misunderstood me. The present essay is therefore inspired rather by desire to make my own position clearer, than by desire towards aggression. Here, I shall find it more useful to refer to Mr. Norman Foerster's brilliant book *American Criticism*, than to Mr. Babbitt's works.[4] Mr. Foerster's book, as the work of a disciple, seems to give clearer hints of what Humanism is likely to become and do, than the work of Mr. Babbitt, which is more personal to himself.

My previous note has been interpreted, I am afraid, as an "attack" on humanism from a narrow sectarian point of view.[5] It was not intended to be an attack. Having myself begun as a disciple of Mr. Babbitt, and feeling, as I do, that I have rejected nothing that seems to me positive in his teaching, I was hardly qualified to "attack" humanism.[6] I was concerned rather to point out the weak points in its defences, before some genuine enemy took advantage of them. It can be – and is already[7†] – of immense value: but it must be subjected to criticism while there is still time.

One of the criticisms which I have heard of my criticism is this: that my criticism is all very well from the point of view of those who "believe"; but if I succeeded in proving that humanism is insufficient without religion, what is left for those who cannot believe? Now I have no desire to undermine the humanist position. But I fear that it may take on more and more of the character of a positive philosophy – and any philosophy, in our time, is likely to take on the character of a substitute for religious dogma. It is Humanism's positivistic tendencies that are alarming. In the work of the master, and still more in that of the disciples, there is a tendency towards a positive and exclusive dogma. Conceive a Comtism from which all the absurdities had been removed – and they form, I admit, a very important part of the Comtist scheme – and you have something like what I imagine Humanism might become.[8]

In the actual Humanist position there is, as I have tried to show, on the one hand an admission that in the past Humanism has been allied with religion, and on the other hand a faith that it can in the future afford to ignore positive religion. This curious trick of identifying humanism and religion in one context, and contrasting them in another, plays a very large part in the Humanist formulation. Mr. Foerster says:

> This center to which humanism refers everything, this centripetal energy which counteracts the multifarious centrifugal impulses, this magnetic will which draws the flux of our sensations toward it while itself remaining at rest, is the reality that gives rise to religion. Pure humanism is content to describe it thus in physical terms, as an observed fact of experience; it hesitates to pass beyond its experimental knowledge to the dogmatic affirmations of any of the great religions. It cannot bring itself to accept a formal theology (any more than it can accept a romantic idealism) that has been set up in defiance of reason, for it holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect. Again, it fears the asceticism to which religion tends in consequence of a too harsh dualism of the flesh and the spirit, for, as we have said, humanism calls for completeness, wishing to use and not annihilate dangerous forces. Unlike religion, it assigns an important place to the instruments of both science and art. Nevertheless, it agrees with religion in its perception of the ethical will as a power above the ordinary self, an impersonal reality in which all men may share despite the diversity of personal temperament and toward which their attitude must be one of subjection. This perception, immensely strengthened for us by Christianity, was already present in the humanism of the Greeks, who saw that the unpardonable sin is insolence or presumption, an overweening pride of passion or reason, a failure to be mindful of the Nemesis that lies in wait for disproportionate self-assertion. Humanism, no less than religion, enjoins the virtue of *humility*. [244-45]

With all respect to Mr. Foerster's sound literary criticism, and his usual brilliance of statement which one cannot fail to admire, the passage I have just quoted seems to me a composition of ignorance, prejudice, confused thinking and bad writing. His first sentence, for the meaning of which I am at a loss, is a cloudy pseudo-scientific metaphor; and his remark that "pure humanism is content to describe it thus in physical terms" seems to give his hand away completely to what he calls "naturism." Either his first sentence is, as I think, merely a metaphor drawn from nineteenth-century physics – in which case it is not a "description," and no one can be content with it – or else the author is surrendering to the mechanistic ethics based upon old-fashioned physics. "The reality which gives rise to religion" is a phrase which suggests the older school of anthropology; it is a guarded hint that religion is merely a state of feeling produced by certain physical or quasi-physical "realities" and "facts." Mr. Foerster's "hesitates" and "cannot bring itself" conceal dogmatism behind apparent prudence. Here he confuses, I think, the Humanist with Humanism. If an individual humanist hesitates or cannot bring himself, that is a perfectly natural human attitude, with which one has sympathy; but if the humanist affirms that *Humanism* hesitates and cannot bring itself, then he is making the hesitation, and the inability to bring itself, into a *dogma*: the humanist *Credo* is then a *Dubito*.[9] He is asserting that there is a "pure Humanism" which is *incompatible* with religious faith. When he proceeds to distinguish Humanism from religion by saying that Humanism "holds that the value of supernatural intuition must be tested by the intellect," one wonders with what sort of religion he is contrasting it: for this kind of test was held by the Church long before the word Humanism was coined. Next, the "fear of asceticism" is characteristic, not only of Humanism, but of liberal Protestantism, from which Humanism sometimes seems to descend. The typical humanist, I agree, is not conceived as a cenobite; but *Humanism* if it goes so far as to include in its Creed "I fear asceticism," is merely committing itself to another anti-religious dogma. Humanism, Mr. Foerster says, "wishes to use and not annihilate dangerous forces"; but does he really believe that the Christian religion, except in several heretical varieties, has ever tried to *annihilate* those dangerous forces? And if he thinks that religion depreciates science and art, I can only suppose that his religious training took place in the mountains of Tennessee.[10] Humanism, he says, agrees with religion in only one point: in believing in the ethical will. There was once an organization called the Ethical Culture Society, which held Sunday morning services: that seems to be the kind of liberal religion to which Mr. Foerster's Humanism comes down.[11]

Mr. Foerster's Humanism, in fact, is too ethical to be true. Where do all these morals come from? One advantage[12†] of an orthodox religion, to my mind, is that it puts morals in their proper place. In spite of all the hard (and just) things Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More have said about Kant, the second generation of humanism seems to found its ethics on a similar basis to Kant's.[13] Mr. Foerster finds that "the essential reality of experience is ethical" [241]. For the person with a definite religious faith, such a statement has one meaning; for the positivistic humanist, who repudiates religion, it must have another. And that meaning seems to rest upon obscurities and confusions. I can understand, though I do not approve, the naturalistic systems of morals founded upon biology and analytical psychology (what is valid in these consists largely of things that were always known); but I cannot understand a system of morals which seems to be founded on nothing but itself – which exists, I suspect, only by illicit relations with either psychology or religion or both, according to the bias of mind of the individual humanist.

Humanism depends very heavily, I believe, upon the tergiversations of the word "human"; and in general, upon implying clear and distinct philosophic ideas which are never there. My objection is that the humanist makes use, in his separation of the "human" from the "natural," of that "supernatural" which he denies. For I am convinced that if this "supernatural" is suppressed (I avoid the word "spiritual" because it can mean almost anything), the *dualism* of man and nature collapses at once. Man is man because he can recognize spiritual realities, not because he can invent them. Either everything in man can be traced as a development from below, or something must come from above. There is no avoiding that dilemma: you must be either a naturalist or a supernaturalist. If you remove from the word "human" all that the belief in the supernatural has given to man, you can view him finally as no more than an extremely clever, adaptable, and mischievous little animal. Mr. Foerster's ethics would be much more "reasonable" if they were those of Mr. Bertrand Russell; as they are, they are a form which is quite untenable and meaningless without a religious foundation.[14*]

The real trouble, of course, is one of simple human fallibility. Mr. Foerster, like most humanists, was I believe, trained as a man of letters; and Humanism bears the imprint of the academic man of letters. His approach to every other field of study is through literature. This is a perfectly proper approach; for we must all approach what we do not know with a limited equipment of the things that we do know. The trouble is that, for a modern humanist, literature thus becomes itself merely a means of approach to something else. If we try to make something do for something else, it is likely to become merely an amateur substitute for that other thing. Mr. Foerster and I would probably agree about the prevalent desiccation of the study of philosophy in universities.[15*] Nevertheless, there is a philosophic training, and it is not the literary training; there are rules of the philosophic game about the use and definition of terms, and they are not the literary rules. One may consider the study of philosophy vain, but then one should not philosophize. What one is likely to do is to philosophize badly, because unconsciously. My objection is not to Humanism, but to Mr. Foerster for not being humanistic enough; and for playing the games of philosophy and theology without knowing the rules.

There is another aspect to Mr. Foerster's position which might earn him the title of "The Newest Laocoön":[16] the interesting consideration that this trick of making literature do the work of philosophy, ethics and theology tends to vitiate one's judgment and sensibility in literature; but this aspect has been so well exposed in an essay[17†] by Mr. Allen Tate that I shall not linger over it here. But I should like to mention that Mr. Foerster, in seeking, as he says, "an ethos which has never existed," looks for guidance to:

> Greek sculpture (*of what period?*), Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, Horace, Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Francis of Assisi, Buddha, Confucius, Shakespeare, Milton and Goethe.[18]

Mr. Foerster is not quite so silly as this list makes him seem, perilously as he does approach towards Five-Foot Shelf Culture; he is merely confusing two points of view.[19] For *culture* (and Mr. Foerster's culture is a propagation of Arnold's), these are the sorts of authority to which we may properly look; and the man who has frequented them all will so far as that goes be a better, in the sense of being a *more cultured* man, than the man who has not. This is the best possible background. But the search for an "ethos" is a very much more serious and risky business than Mr. Foerster imagines; and Mr. Foerster is more likely to end in respectability than in perfection. Those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and are not satisfied with a snack-at-the-bar, will want a great deal more; and if they follow any one of these leaders, will not be able to follow all the rest. Boil down Horace, the Elgin Marbles, St. Francis and Goethe, and the result will be pretty thin soup. Culture, after all, is not enough, even though nothing is enough without culture.

With these odd mixed motives, Mr. Foerster does not make very much of Shakespeare, though he gives him a patronizing word or two. Shakespeare is not a humanist. Mr. Foerster's judgment of Shakespeare is neither a literary nor a moral judgment. He seems to me to depreciate Shakespeare for the wrong reasons, just as, with all respect, Mr. Middleton Murry seems to me to extol him for the wrong reasons.[20] If, as he says, Shakespeare was concerned "rather with mirroring life than with interpreting it," and with submitting "to actuality rather than transcending it," I should say that such a good mirror, if you call that a mirror, is worth a great many interpretations, and that such submission is worth more than most transcendence [249]. If you stick to a literary judgment, you cannot say that Shakespeare is inferior to any poet who has ever written, unless[21†] you are prepared to substantiate your opinion by detailed analysis; and if you depreciate Shakespeare for his lower view of life, then you have issued out of literary criticism into social criticism; you are criticizing not so much the man but the age. I prefer the culture which produced Dante to the culture which produced Shakespeare; but I would not say that Dante was the greater poet, or even that he had the profounder mind; and if humanism chooses Goethe and leaves Shakespeare, then humanism is incapable of distinguishing between the chaff and the wheat.

Mr. Foerster is what I call a Heretic: that is, a person who seizes upon a truth and pushes it to the point at which it becomes a falsehood.[22] In his hands, Humanism becomes something else, something more dangerous, because much more seductive to the best minds, than let us say Behaviourism. I wish to try to distinguish the functions of true Humanism from those imposed upon it by zealots.

I. The function of humanism is not to provide dogmas, or philosophical theories. Humanism, because it is general culture, is not concerned with philosophical foundations; it is concerned less with "reason" than with common sense. When it proceeds to exact definitions it becomes something other than itself.[23]

II. Humanism makes for breadth, tolerance, equilibrium and sanity. It operates against fanaticism.

III. The world cannot get on without breadth, tolerance and sanity; any more than it can get on without narrowness, bigotry and fanaticism.

IV. It is not the business of humanism to refute anything. Its business is to *persuade*, according to its unformulable axioms of culture and good sense. It does not, for instance, overthrow the *arguments* of fallacies like Behaviourism: it operates by taste, by sensibility trained by culture. It is critical rather than constructive. It is necessary for the criticism of social life and social theories, political life and political theories.

Without humanism we could not cope with Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, Mr. Russell, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Sandburg, M. Claudel, Herr Ludwig, Mrs. Macpherson, or the governments of America and Europe.[24]

V. Humanism can have no positive theories about philosophy or theology. All that it can ask, in the most tolerant spirit, is: Is this particular philosophy or religion civilized or is it not?

VI. There is a type of person whom we call the Humanist, for whom humanism is enough. This type is valuable.

VII. Humanism is valuable (*a*) by itself, in the "pure humanist," who will not set up humanism as a substitute for philosophy and religion, and (*b*) as a mediating and corrective ingredient in a positive[25†] civilization founded on definite belief.[26*]

VIII. Humanism, finally, is valid for a very small minority of *individuals*. But it is culture, not any subscription to a common programme or platform, which binds these individuals together. Such an "intellectual aristocracy" has not the economic bonds which unite the individuals of an "aristocracy of birth."

Such a modest limitation of Humanism as I have tried to indicate above (the list is not exhaustive or defining, but consists merely of the qualifications which occur immediately to my mind) will seem more than unsatisfactory to the more hopeful and ambitious devotees of the word.[27†] I wish to distinguish sharply, however, between what seems to me the correct and *necessarily* vague Humanism, and what T. E. Hulme means by Humanism in his notes in *Speculations*.[28] I agree with what Hulme says; and I am afraid that many modern Humanists are explicitly or implicitly committed to the view which Hulme denounces; and that they are, in consequence, men of the Renaissance rather than men of our own time.[29] For instance, Hulme gives as one characteristic of the Humanist (in his sense) the "refusal to believe any longer in the radical imperfection of either Man or Nature" [47]. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Foerster and even Mr. Babbitt are nearer to the view of Rousseau than they are to the religious view. For it is not enough to chastise the romantic visions of perfectibility, as they do; the modern humanistic view implies that man is either perfectible, or capable of indefinite improvement, because from that point of view the only difference is a difference of degree – so that there is always hope of a higher degree. It is to the immense credit of Hulme that he found out for himself that there is an *absolute* to which Man can *never* attain. For the modern humanist, as for the romantic, "the problem of evil disappears, the conception of sin disappears." This is illustrated in Mr. Foerster's illusion of the *normally or typically human* (241). (If Mr. Foerster met Jesus, Buddha, St. Francis or any one in the least like them, I question whether they would strike him as conforming to this ideal of 100 per cent. normalcy.)[30†] Hulme put the matter into one paragraph:

> I hold the religious conception of ultimate values to be right, the humanist wrong. From the nature of things, these categories are not inevitable, like the categories of time and space, but are *equally objective*. In speaking of religion, it is to this level of abstraction that I wish to refer. I have none of the feelings of *nostalgia*, the reverence of tradition, the desire to recapture the sentiment of Fra Angelico, which seems to animate most modern defenders of religion. All that seems to me to be bosh. What is important, is what nobody seems to realize – the dogmas like that of Original Sin, which are the closest expression of the categories of the religious attitude. That man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet apprehend perfection. It is not, then, that I put up with the dogma for the sake of the sentiment, but that I may possibly swallow the sentiment for the sake of the dogma. [70]

This is a statement which Mr. Foerster, and all liberal theologians, would do well to ponder. Most people suppose that some people, because they enjoy the luxury of Christian sentiments and the excitement of Christian ritual, swallow or pretend to swallow incredible dogma. For some the process is exactly opposite. Rational assent may arrive late, intellectual conviction may come slowly, but they come inevitably without violence to honesty and nature. To put the sentiments in order is a later, and an immensely difficult task: intellectual freedom is earlier and easier than complete spiritual freedom.

There is no opposition between the religious and the *pure* humanistic attitude: they are necessary to each other. It is because Mr. Foerster's brand of Humanism seems to me *impure*, that I fear the ultimate discredit of all humanism.

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*; first published in John Middleton Murry's *New Adelphi*, 2 (June/Aug 1929), [304]-310, and reprinted in the July/Sept issue of *Hound & Horn* (339-50), at the request of R. P. Blackmur, to whom TSE described the piece as "a kind of sequel to my *Forum* essay, trying to sweep up on the way some misconceptions" (*L4* 452). The ostensible occasion for the essay was a response to Norman Foerster's *American Criticism* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1928). On 5 Mar 1929, TSE wrote to Allen Tate, who was also reviewing Foerster's book for the *Criterion*, that Tate's essay "reached me before I had finished my (briefer) paper for the *Hound & Horn*; I avoided saying some things that you had said better than I could have done, but you may find some overlapping nevertheless" (*L4* 459).

2†. In *New Adelphi*: "which I reprinted in a small volume of essays entitled *For Lancelot Andrewes*." "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" appeared in *Forum*, 80 (July 1928), [37]-44 (3.454).

3. Babbitt wrote to the editor in response to TSE's "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928) (3.462, n.17): "As an exposition and critique of the position I am attempting to develop, Mr. Eliot's article . . . strikes me as confused and sophistical and in certain important respects positively inaccurate" (*Forum*, 80 [Oct 1928], 638). *Forum* hosted a debate on humanism during 1928-29, to which TSE makes frequent reference in this essay.

4. Foerster sent this book to TSE after reading "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (*L4* 225), and he also replied to TSE in *Forum* of Sept 1928 (470), distinguishing TSE's conception of humanism ("exterior" to religion) from Babbitt's ("interior"). TSE, who had just reviewed Foerster's *Reinterpretation of American Literature* in Jan 1929 (3.568), gave *American Criticism* to Herbert Read to review for the *Criterion* of Dec 1928 (270-76).

5. Gorham B. Munson wrote to the editor of *Forum* in reply to TSE's article on Babbitt: "humanism is exposed to attacks from religious critics, and while I would not label Mr. T. S. Eliot as one, he analyzes very ably from a religious point of view" (*Forum*, 80 [Aug 1928], 313). In the *Adelphi* version of "Second Thoughts," the word "Humanism" was almost always capitalized; in revising it for publication in *SE* (1932), TSE changed many but not all instances to lower case.

6. A *Forum* contribution by Edward Aswell on "American Humanism" referred to Babbitt's followers as "disciples": "for thirty-five years Mr. Babbitt has been shaping the minds and directing the purposes of young Americans in his classes at Harvard. Thus a full generation of men has come under his influence and hundreds have carried away the impression of his thought. Some of them are now beginning to make their own influence felt, and it is upon this group of Mr. Babbitt's disciples (I choose the word deliberately) that the ultimate reality of a humanistic movement will depend" (*Forum*, 82 [Aug 1929], xvii).

7†. In *New Adelphi*: "indeed is already"

8. "Positive Philosophy" was the name given by August Comte to his broad application of scientific principles to investigations of the natural as well as the social world ("what *is* positivism? . . . we had always thought [it] was something to do with Comte" wrote TSE in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of June 1927) (3.101). Later, in his *System of Positive Polity* (1851-54), Comte transformed his philosophical system into a "Religion of Humanity" complete with priests and a calendar of saints.

9. *trans*: "I believe"; "I doubt"

10. TSE may refer to the 1925 Scopes "monkey" trial in Dayton, Tennessee, which challenged a state law forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools; the trial pitted religious fundamentalists against "modernists" who held that evolution was consistent with religion.

11. In 1877, Felix Adler founded the New York Society for Ethical Culture, a nontheistic organization that promoted self-reform, public service, and education of the young; by 1886, similar organizations had appeared in Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis.

12†. In *New Adelphi*: "The advantage"

13. In *Rousseau and Romanticism* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1919), for example, Babbitt criticizes the "central impotence of the whole Kantian system. Once discredit tradition and outer authority and then set up as a substitute a reason that is divorced from the imagination . . .

reason will prove unable to maintain its hegemony" (42). Similarly, in *Platonism* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton UP, 1917), More suggests that Kant's categorical imperative quickly becomes "an excuse for forcing your own sense of right upon reluctant mankind" (276).

14*. TSE's note: "Mr. Foerster's 'reason' seems to me to differ from any Greek equivalent (λόγος) [Logos] by being exclusively human; whereas to the Greek there was something inexplicable about λόγος so that it was a participation of man in the divine. See the late Max Scheler's *Mensch und Geschichte* (Neue Schweizer Rundschau), 21." In his 1924 discussion of reason in Greek philosophy from Plato to the Stoics, Scheler argued: "diese sogenannte Vernunft im Menschen wird als Teilfunktion (später erst Geschöpf) des *göttlichen* ideenkräftigen *λόγος*, *νοῦς*, angesehen" (21). *Trans*: this so-called reason in man is regarded as a subfunction (later a creation) of the *divine*, rich-in-ideas Logos [reason or word], Nous [mind].

On Russell's beliefs, particularly his *What I Believe* (1925), see "Literature, Science and Dogma" (3.46, esp. n.16).

15*. TSE's note: "Not, however, primarily the fault of the teachers, but of the whole educational system of which this teaching is a part. The teaching of philosophy to young men who have no background of *humanistic* education, the teaching of Plato and Aristotle to youths who know no Greek and are completely ignorant of ancient history, is one of the tragic farces of American education. We reap the whirlwind of pragmatists, behaviourists, etc. Incidentally, it is a public misfortune that Mr. Bertrand Russell did not have a classical education.

Humanism has done no greater service than in its criticism of modern education. See Mr. Babbitt's admirable essay on President Eliot in *The Forum* several years ago."

In "President Eliot and American Education" (*Forum*, 81 [Jan 1929], 2-12), Babbitt attacks the "fatuous doctrine of progress" as held by Harvard's former president and promulgated in educational reforms.

16. Babbitt's *New Laokoon: An Essay on the Confusion of the Arts* (1910) criticized the mixing of genres in Romantic literature.

17†. *New Adelphi* version adds "(not yet published)"; Tate's "The Fallacy of Humanism" appeared in the *Criterion* of July 1929 (661-681).

18. This passage paraphrases rather than quotes Foerster, who writes that humanism looks for guidance "chiefly toward Greece, where it still finds its best examples (in sculpture, in Homer and Sophocles, in Plato and Aristotle); also toward Rome (Virgil, Horace), toward the Christian tradition (Jesus, Paul, Augustine, Francis of Assisi), toward the Orient (Buddha, Confucius), toward moderns like Shakspere, Milton, and Goethe" (242).

19. "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf," later the Harvard Classics, is a fifty-one-volume anthology of classic works of world literature, selected by Charles W. Eliot and first published in 1909 by P. F. Collier, who followed up Eliot's claim that reading fifteen minutes per day from books fitting on a five-foot shelf would yield a liberal education.

20. In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), TSE characterizes Murry's "messianic Shakespeare" as "bringing a new philosophy and a new system of yoga" (3.425); in "Mr. Middleton Murry's Synthesis," he writes, "Mr. Murry tells us . . . that faith and reason have got mixed up – you can now hardly tell one from the other – that is Shakespeare's great gift to society" (3.275).

21†. In *New Adelphi*: "even if"

22. In response to Martin D'Arcy's compliments on this essay, TSE wrote on 1 July: "'humanism,' in its various forms, seems to me one of those forms of heresy which I feel had to

come, and had to work themselves out to the end. Humanism is perhaps merely a more than usually protean and slippery form" (*L4* 533-34).

23. In the last chapter of *American Criticism*, Foerster presents "a doctrine and a discipline" of humanism in eight numbered points that outline "an adequate human standard" with the following qualities: *completeness* ("the cultivation of every part of human nature"); *proportion* ("a scale of values"); "a permanently valid ethos," reflecting the "normally or typically human" and found in great artworks of the past; a Hellenic faith in *reason* supplemented by the use of *intuition* or *imagination*, including the "ultimate ethical principle . . . of *restraint* or *control*" (241-43).

24. TSE strongly disagreed with the political views of German journalist and biographer Emil Ludwig in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Sept 1928 (3.475) and privately called Ludwig an "abominable charlatan" in a letter to John Gould Fletcher of 15 Apr 1930 (*L5* 149). Aimee Semple McPherson (1890-1944) was an American evangelist, media celebrity, and founder of the "Foursquare Church."

25†. In *New Adelphi*: "more positive"

26*. TSE's note: "An interesting infusion of humanism in a remarkable religious personality is shown in the late Baron von Hügel's *Letters to a Niece*." On 12 Feb 1929, TSE wrote to P. E. More that he had been reading *Letters from Baron von Friedrich Hügel to a Niece* (1928) "with great enjoyment" and "was impressed by one remark . . . that there seem to be certain persons for whom religion is wholly unnecessary. I do not think of people like Babbitt, or even Bertie Russell, in whom the religious instinct is very strong, even if diverted into other channels – but of persons . . . in whom it is simply absent" (*L4* 432). TSE reviewed Hügel's *Selected Letters* in "An Emotional Unity" (1928) (3.337).

27†. As printed in *New Adelphi*; *SE* (1932,1951) has "world," probably a misprint.

28. At his death in 1917, T. E. Hulme left behind extensive notes from which Herbert Read constructed several essays, including "Humanism and the Religious Attitude"; these were published in *Speculations: Essays on Humanism and the Philosophy of Art* (London: K. Paul, Trench, & Trubner, 1924), reviewed by TSE in his first *Criterion* "Commentary," 1924 (2.521).

29. In the light of the "absolute and objective" values supplied by religion, according to Hulme, "man himself is judged to be essentially limited and imperfect. He is endowed with Original Sin. A man is essentially bad, he can only accomplish anything of value by discipline"; by contrast, under the humanist attitude, "When a sense of the reality of these absolute values is lacking, you get a refusal to believe any longer in the radical imperfection of either Man or Nature. This develops logically into the belief that life is the source and measure of all values, and that man is fundamentally good" (Hulme, 47). Hulme associates the former view with the Middle Ages, and the latter with the period from the Renaissance to the present, but he predicts that "humanism is breaking up" (57) and offers as evidence of this change the "establishment of the objective character of ethical values" by philosophers such as G. E. Moore (62). See also TSE's review of Sorel's *Reflections on Violence*, trans. by Hulme, esp. n. 9 (1.560).

30†. Parenthetical remark added in *SE* (1932)

The Tudor Translators[1]

The Listener, 1 (12 July 1929) 833-34

In talking about some of the great prose writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, I do not mean to follow the method of history books. What I want to do is to give a kind of cross section of English prose at one time, say in the later years of Queen Elizabeth;[2] and by putting one after other examples of very different kinds of writing, to illustrate the great richness and variety of that prose. To me, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have always seemed the most exciting period of English literature, both in prose and verse. It was a time of many inventions, of very rapid development of every kind. In studying its prose, even more clearly than in studying its verse, we can watch the English mind learning to think and to speak: we see many people learning to think in English where before only a few people had thought in Latin, and preparing a language in which anything could be thought and spoken. I am not going to examine a process, but merely to try to show a few of the kinds of prose writing of the time, without which we should not have our literature or our language of to-day.

[And I do not intend simply to pick out the most beautiful and impressive specimens of Elizabethan prose. If you enjoy food, you like to know the recipe by which it was cooked; and if you care for modern English prose, you will enjoy it more by knowing some of the ingredients out of which it is made. A good deal more goes to an omelette than the eggs: but with prose style, the ingredients are as good eating as the modern dish. My six types of Tudor prose are six ways in which the English mind developed during that age.]

You may wonder at my beginning with translators; for translation does not seem to most people nowadays a particularly important part of literature. But the men who translated a famous Latin or Greek or French or Italian book into English were doing a different work, with different aims and standards, from the learned scholars who translate the classics nowadays. Their public was very different from the people who now read modern translations of Virgil or Tacitus in the Loeb Translation Series. Many of their readers were more like the novel-reading subscriber to a library when he takes home a novel translated from German or Scandinavian. He wants a good novel, and does not care much whether it be English, American, or a translation: except that in the latter he enjoys (or not) the local colour and foreign scenes. The Elizabethan reader of translations might or might not have heard of the author before he picked up the translation; but he read the book in the same spirit in which he would have read a book originally written in English. Obviously, the first task of the modern translator of a classical work is accuracy: if he mistranslates, or shows in any way that he is not a perfect master of the original language, the reviewer will find him out and denounce him directly. But if he translates into flat stale style, that is a minor fault; and scrupulous accuracy does not always allow a high vivid style. That is inevitable, and it is right that a modern translation should first of all be scholarly. But the Elizabethan translator had first of all to make a book that would interest readers of books. Sometimes, like Florio, who translated Montaigne, he happened to be so well qualified that we usually prefer to read him still in preference to modern translations; sometimes, like Adlington, who translated the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius (even the title is a translator's variation), the translation is so shameless as to be almost a different book.[3] The differences between the King James Authorised Bible and the modern Revised Bible only matter when some theological distinction is at issue; but Adlington's Apuleius is very different from Apuleius in Latin.[4] It is quite certain that Adlington's knowledge of Latin was very poor, and that he depended upon a French translation, as he makes all the mistakes that the French translation made.[5] It is natural that a popular thriller like the story of Apuleius, a genial tale of witchcraft and adventure comparable to *Dracula*, should be seized upon by a rogue of a translator who did not know his job; and that the Bible should be entrusted to the greatest scholars of the time, such as Bishop Andrewes; it is a fortunate accident that Montaigne should have been translated by a man who was at least bilingual.[6] But what is important is that in Tudor times all of these people, from the eminent bishop who composed his own prayers in Greek and Hebrew, down to the hurried hack who translated from a translation, could write beautiful English.

They could do more than that. Their very freedom, in introducing to an eager public literary treasures for the first time, makes possible at best a kind of fidelity denied to the modern translator. They give the effect, and I imagine had much of the feeling, of men writing the books themselves; we often have the impression of men thinking the thoughts, and feeling the emotions of original authors. If you try yourself to translate from Latin or

Greek, you are painfully aware of the differences between Latin or Greek ways of thinking and feeling and our own; even in translating a modern language into English, you are aware of the differences in mentality between any particular foreign people and your own. If you transmute the original too much, you falsify; but if you are painfully literal, you falsify, to the reader who does not know the original language, in a different way, and you do not even make sense. We know a great deal more about ancient Greece and Rome now, but the expansion of knowledge leaves less room for imagination. We have to use two terms: *translation* and *paraphrase*. In the former we are as faithful as possible, in the latter we are consciously unfaithful to the literal text, for the sake of catching the spirit and making English prose or verse with it. The Tudor translation was between translation and paraphrase.

[So we do not read Tudor translations merely because they are written in beautiful English; but also because they do give us something of the original which modern translations cannot give. Even when we want to read a translation merely as translation, to know what the author has said, we can usually profit by reading the less accurate Tudor translation as well as an exact modern translation, where both exist. If, on the other hand, we begin with a curiosity to read some Tudor translation in order to find out what they are like, we should not begin at random, or necessarily with the most famous, but with some book of which the subject interests us. For all kinds of books were translated, moral, philosophical, historical, romances and travels; you have every kind to choose from. Fine as the Tudor prose is, it is as well to remember that the Elizabethans themselves did not realise that they were reading Tudor Prose; they merely read the books; and it is worth while to read them partly in the same spirit in which contemporaries read them.]

Now, when I said that all English authors were indebted to the translators, I mean several kinds of indebtedness. From histories and romances, the dramatists and poets were glad to borrow and adopt plots and even parts of the text. But there are larger debts of two kinds. First, the effort of translating into English so much literature of kinds that had not been written in English before, exercised the vocabulary as it had never been exercised before. Old words were sometimes revived, as Spenser deliberately revived them in his original poetry; new words had to be coined; popular idioms and proverbial phrases were given literary standing and preservation; meanings of words were developed. We see a similar process nowadays only when a new science is developed, and new words have been hurriedly constructed out of Greek and Latin roots, or imported from France or Germany. When it is merely a new science that is in question, we may often well wonder whether the language is not worse off than before. But the English of the sixteenth century were not merely learning new sciences, they were learning to think and to express themselves. And this leads us to the second great debt of every writer to the Tudor translators: their work with vocabulary and syntax was teaching the English mind to think in English, was maturing emotions, too. When Henry VII came to the throne, the English mind, and the civilisation that expressed it, was cruder by a century than the French mind, and still further behind the Italian.[7] By the time of Charles II it had caught them up.[8] In this process, the part played by a book of the importance of Montaigne's *Essays* is incalculable. England had not yet produced a man as mature, as civilised, as Montaigne; but here he was, translated into such English that his thoughts could now be thought in English.

[There is a long standing controversy about the original play of Hamlet, and about the relation of matter invented by Shakespeare to matter taken over by him from an older manuscript, in that play.[9] What is really a more interesting question is the relation of the Shakespeare of Hamlet to the Montaigne of Florio.] No one, I think, can read *Hamlet*, especially after reading the earlier plays in order, without feeling that this play represents some deep emotional and intellectual crisis in the life of the poet. Its tone is different from that of his earlier plays, and is continued and transcended in the later plays. Whatever the emotional experience in Shakespeare's life may have been we shall perhaps never know, and have no business to ask; but there is very little doubt that his mind, just at this time, was fed and sustained upon the thought of Montaigne in Florio's translation. Florio appeared in good time for Shakespeare to have read the book before *Hamlet*: it was a popular, widely-read book.[10] Hamlet in his meditations is almost a more intense projection of one aspect of the brooding inquisitiveness of Montaigne. Read especially chapter XII of the second book of Montaigne (Vol. II in the "Everyman" Florio), that longest and most curious of all his chapters which is entitled the *Apologie of Raimond Sebond*. One must read it all and slowly, for this is not a case of verbal borrowing, but of saturation in thought and feeling:[11]

> When we dream, our soul liveth, worketh and exerciseth all her faculties, even, and as much as, when it waketh; and if more softly, and

> obscurely; yet verily not so, as that it may admit so great a difference, as there is between a dark night and a clear day: Yea as between a night and a shadow: There it sleepeth; there it slumbreth: More or less, they are ever darknesses, yea, Cimmerian darknesses. We wake sleeping, and sleep waking. In my sleep I see not so clear; yet can I never find my waking clear enough, or without dimness. Sleep also in his deepest rest, doth sometimes bring dreams asleep: But our waking is never so vigilant, as it may dearly dissipate and purge the ravings or idle phantasies, which are the dreams of the waking, and worse than dreams. Our reason and soul, receiving the phantasies and opinions, which sleeping seize on them, and authorising our dreams actions, with like approbation, as it doth the days. Why make we not a doubt, whether our thinking, and our working be another dreaming, and our waking some kind of sleeping?[12]

You can, I think, turn to the pages of *Hamlet*, the lines of Hamlet, of which this passage rouses an echo in your minds.

I have chosen North's *Plutarch* also because of Shakespeare. Not because I think it the best of all the translations. If comparison could be made at all, I should single out, after the Bible, Florio's *Montaigne*, Holland's translation of another work of Plutarch, the *Moralia*, and Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Rabelais*.[13] North, like Adlington and others, made his translation from the French, but with the advantage of a very good translation in French, that of Amyot.[14] North betters his original, and indeed his English is superior to Plutarch's Latin. But the best testimony to North's excellence is the use Shakespeare made of him: and I have taken North for this reason. You probably know quite well how heavily Shakespeare drew upon North for his Roman plays, and indeed that Shakespeare's knowledge of Greece and Rome was chiefly derived from it. But it is worth a moment, in the present context, to glance again at two brief parallel passages of North and Shakespeare in *Coriolanus*. Here is Shakespeare:

> If, Tullus,
> Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
> Think me for the man I am, necessity
> Commands me name myself.
> [IV.v.56-59]

And North, in prose:

> If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity bewray myself to be that I am.[15]

Shakespeare again:

> My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
> To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
> Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
> My surname, Coriolanus: the painful service,
> The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
> Shed for my thankless country, are requited
> But with that surname; a good memory,
> And witness of the malice and displeasure
> Which thou shouldst bear me; only that name remains.
> [IV.v.68-76]

And North:

> I am Caius Marcius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear. For I never had other benefit or recompense, of all the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname: a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed, the name only remaineth with me.[16]

My first feeling about these astonishing parallels is certainly not moral indignation against Shakespeare for robbing so openly; nor do I raise the cry of "lack of originality"; no, I admire the self-confidence of the master, and the consummate skill of the man who could, by altering *so little*, turn a piece of fine prose into a piece of great poetry.[17] But, second, these verses of Shakespeare are a concentrated piece of literary criticism of the style of North. The fact that Shakespeare altered so little, is the best possible testimonial to the beauty of North's prose; and his alterations are a comment on its limitations. Re-read the passages yourselves: *Coriolanus*, IV. v. and North's Plutarch's *Coriolanus* (Vol. III, page 35, in the Temple Edition). Every change made by Shakespeare is not merely the change from prose to verse, but an absolute improvement in force, concision, and ease of syntax. The verse of Shakespeare is more mature than the prose of North; but it proves how very fine the prose of North is; and indicates one way in which the prose of the translators contributed to the development of the English language.

[Some of the finest of the Tudor translations are, like the Bible, very easy to get. Florio's Montaigne is in the Everyman Library, and the same publishers, Messers. Dent, have several translations besides the North's Plutarch in their Temple Edition.[18] They have also published recently in the Everyman Library the great Rabelais of Urquhart. But there are many other fine translations included in the Tudor Translation Series, edited by Mr. Charles Whibley and published by Constable.[19] This series, unfortunately, when the volumes can be had at all, is very expensive; and most of us must be content if we can find it at a library.

Next week I shall be speaking about one of the least known groups of Elizabethan prose writers, the humble but fascinating hack journalists. John Lane's Bodley Head Quartos, published at half a crown each, give specimens of most of those whom I shall mention; and I should be glad if any listener who can would read Nashe's Pierce Pennilesse His Supplication to the Divell and see what he or she can make of it.[20†] Or in the Everyman volume of Elizabethan Novels, read Deloney's short novel Jack of Newbery.[21] And there is one book which is not in my list because it has no direct bearing on my subjects, but which helps us by giving a vivid picture of England of that day: G. B. Harrison's Elizabethan Journal published by Constable.][22]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 p.m. on Tuesday, 11 June, as TSE's first talk in a series of six weekly lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original title of broadcast, "The Translator: North"; the unpublished TS of TSE's full revised reading text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham; an unrevised fair copy (carbon) is in Beinecke Library, Yale. Passages of the broadcast deleted at publication in the *Listener* are restored in square brackets.

The broadcast series was commissioned by Charles A. Siepman of the BBC in the spring of 1929. On 29 May, TSE wrote to Siepman that he had "written out" his first lecture and wanted to know "whether it is what you want, or whether too high- or alternatively too low-brow" (*L4* 500). TSE's scripts, typed by the BBC staff eight days in advance, were scheduled for nineteen minutes of reading but had to be cut to 1,800 words for the *Listener*. TSE was invited to mark a copy of each script for cuts, but as he rarely marked a passage for this purpose, the editors made the cuts for him. He made stylistic emendations on his reading copies, but as the editors worked from the original prebroadcast scripts, his changes were not incorporated into the edited texts, which were published the next day; his significant revisions, overlooked emphases, and cancellations are incorporated into the *Listener* texts throughout the six lectures.

2. Elizabeth I occupied the English throne from 1558 to 1603. Shakespeare's plays began to be put on around 1592, when the plays of Kyd and Marlowe were popular.

3. John Florio published his translation of Montaigne's essays (1580, 1588, 1592) in 1603. *The Golden Ass* by Lucius Apuleius Madaurensis is a second-century prose fiction in which the character Lucius is transformed into an ass but finally recovers his humanity. The 1566 translation by William Adlington was one of the most popular of Elizabethan translations and was used as a source by Shakespeare. Although the original title was *Metamorphoses*, it has been known as *The Golden Ass* since the time of St. Augustine, who popularized the new title. See TSE's review of a recent "Tudor Translations" edition the Adlington translation, "The Golden Ass of Apuleius": "Adlington – an imperfect Latinist but a master of Tudor prose – has taken such liberties with his text that any 'revision' in the direction of the Loeb Classics could only denature the Tudor prose" (3.485).

4. The Revised Edition of the 1611 King James Bible (Authorized Bible) was published complete in 1895.

5. Some of the book's tales appeared in the mid-fifteenth-century French *Les Cent Nouvelles nouvelles* [*One Hundred Merry Tales*], a collection of short, often comic and coarse stories of bourgeoisie life compiled by Antoine de la Sale.

6. Lancelot Andrewes served as chairman of the Westminster Committee, appointed by James to oversee his new, authorized translation of the Bible. Florio's father was an Italian, and his great dictionary was an English-Italian compendium.

7. Henry Tudor (1457-1509) was the son of Edmund Tudor and Margaret Beaufort, and the father of Henry VIII. He ruled England from 1485 to 1509.

8. Charles II ruled from 1660 to 1685.

9. TSE refers to the "Ur-Hamlet," a lost Hamlet play (ca. 1592), probably by Kyd, which draws on the same source, Belleforest's 1570 French translation of a story by Saxo Grammaticus, as Shakespeare's play. TSE discusses the "Ur-Hamlet" in "Hamlet" (1919) (2.123).

10. Whether Florio's translation circulated in manuscript before 1603 is not known, but Hamlet's disputed date of performance is 1599-1600; the first text of the play (Quarto 1, a corrupt text) was published in 1603, succeeded by Quarto 2 in 1604/5). On *Hamlet* and *Apologie for Raimond Sebond* (Montaigne's essay on the natural theologian whose work he translated into French for his father), see n. 12.

11. The comparison is likely with part of Hamlet's "To be or not to be" speech at III.ii.65-8, "To die; to sleep; / To sleep perchance to dream . . . "

12. TSE owned the two-volume Everyman edition of *The Essayes of Michael Lord of Montaigne* (London: J. M. Dent, 1915, 1921) in the 1603 translation by John Florio, with vol 1 signed and dated Nov 1918; "An Apologie of Raymond Sebond" appears in chapter XII of vol 2 (125-326); the passage above appears on page 317, which TSE has dog-eared in his copy. He also owned the French edition of *Essais* (Paris: Garnier, 1872). TSE first referred to Montaigne's essay in relation to Shakespeare, as above, in "Hamlet" (1919), in which he states that "we should like to know whether, and when, and after or at the same time as what personal experience, he read Montaigne, II. xii, *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*" (2.126).

13. Philemon Holland published in 1600 a folio of the first complete Livy in English. His translation of Plutarch's *Moralia* made use of multiple sources: He compared Amyot's French with a Latin translation, as well as using the original Greek. Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty,

a Scottish author and translator, was best known for his three-volume translation of the works of Rabelais (published 1653, 1664, 1693). Although Urquhart's dates fall a century outside of the other Tudor translators, Charles Whibley featured the Rabelais in his Tudor Translations series, which TSE knew. In "Was There a Scottish Literature?" (1919), TSE remarked that Urquhart, "a Scot unquestionably Scottish, one of the greatest prose writers of his time . . . translated Rabelais into a language which is English" (2.93).

14. Jacques Amyot (1513-93), French translator, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, produced his French translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* in 1559, which was used by Thomas North for his 1579 English translation.

15. TSE mostly modernizes the text from "The Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," ii.169, in the Tudor Translations series, with an introduction by George Wyndham. In his "Introduction," Wyndham quotes these lines, and remarks that Shakespeare's "additions and developments can in no way minimize the fact that he takes from North that speech [III.i.69], and the two others which are the pivots of the play [IV.v.53], as they stand" (xci).

16. "The Life of Caius Martius," Tudor Translations, 169-70.

17. In his "Introduction," Wyndham remarks that in places "Shakespeare is turning prose into poetry" (xc-xci).

18. J. M. Dent published a three-volume Everyman edition of Florio's *Montaigne* in 1910 and an edition of *Plutarch's Lives* in their Temple Classics series in 1898 and 1910. Their Everyman two-volume edition of Urquhart's translation (1653) of François Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (1532, 1534) appeared as *The Heroic Deeds of Gargantua and Pantagruel*, ed. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, in 1929.

19. W. E. Henley edited the first Tudor Translations series (1892-1909); his friend Charles Whibley edited the second series (1924-27), for which TSE's "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (1927) (3.195) was an introduction to the two volumes of Thomas Newton's 1581 edition, *Seneca His Tenne Tragedies*.

20†. TSE deleted the following sentence in his reading text.

21. Nashe's *Pierce Peniless, His Supplication to the Divell*, one of the most well-known of Elizabethan prose fictions, was published in 1592; printed as no. XI in the Bodley Head Quartos (London: John Lane, 1924). TSE owned and drew upon this and additional volumes of the Bodley Head Quartos, edited by G. B. Harrison, during the course of the broadcast series. *Jack of Newbury*, by Thomas Deloney, was published ca. 1597.

22. *An Elizabethan Journal: Being a Record of Those Things Most Talked about in the Years 1591-93*, ed. G. B. Harrison (London: Constable), the first of three volumes (1928, 1931, 1933).

The Elizabethan Grub Street[1]

The Listener, 1 (19 June 1929) 853-54

I call this "The Elizabethan Grub Street" instead of "Elizabethan Novelists" for two reasons. Although most of the men I shall mention wrote novels or romances, it is their whole work in all its variety, not their novels by themselves, which throws light upon their time. Also I wished to omit two novels which are not in the Grub Street class: the *Arcadia* of Sidney and the *Euphues* of Lyly.[2] The latter is a very dull book; the former I believe to be the dullest novel in the language.[3†] Both have much higher literary pretensions than my Grub Street work; and just because they are more studied and artificial and "literary," remain as curiosities of the literature of a period, rather than as documents of life. And furthermore, it is not out of *Arcadia* and *Euphues*, but out of the work of the hack novelists and pamphleteers that the modern novel comes; and it emerges triumphantly in the work of a man who belongs to their type but wrote a more developed language and wrote with greater genius: Daniel Defoe.

Some of the more important of these men are Greene, Dekker, Nashe, Deloney, and Lodge.[4] Greene and Dekker are particularly known as dramatists, but any of these men would have turned his hand to anything. They belonged to a new class of men which the Tudor age produced, a class to which Christopher Marlowe himself belonged. They were mostly university men who, on coming down from Oxford or Cambridge, found themselves able to earn some sort of poor living by their pen. They were sometimes a little disreputable, and often lived recklessly and in great poverty, and wrote from hand to mouth; they were the first hack and free lance journalists, whose life, even in the pages of Thackeray, who has immortalised their nineteenth-century descendants,[5] has been made to appear more picturesque than it really is. This humble literary type is really a product of the sixteenth century. The universities bred a race of educated men who had no inclination for the church but found that they could write; the multiplication of printing presses, and the increasing popular demand for sensational reading matter as well as for plays, gave them an opportunity. They were proud of their academic distinction, and sported their M.A.s whenever possible; but they were rather despised, especially by such university pundits as Gabriel Harvey.[6]

Their forms of composition are several. They were ready, as in the famous Martin Marprelate case, to write controversial pamphlets to order, mostly (as was the custom of the time) highly vituperative; political or theological pamphlets – for Church affairs were as popular and as acrimonious then as they are now.[7] Another form of their activity has its parallel in the modern world; their exposures, or pretended exposures, for they had little scruple in mixing fact and fiction, of the life of the underworld. This perennial interest is, of course, for us very competently supplied by the daily press, though we require also our volumes of confessions of criminals, accounts of famous crimes, etc. One of the most resourceful masters of this form of literature was Robert Greene, who wrote several successful pamphlets on the art of "conny-catching," that is to say, various kinds of thieving and swindling, as practised in London.[8] I must add that the authors of such pamphlets sometimes pretended to be reformed thieves, sometimes to be merely public-spirited citizens; but that their intention was invariably to warn the public against the dangers and temptations of London. They mingled a certain amount of truth with what may be called realistic fiction, and in this prepared the way for their greater exemplar Defoe. Robert Greene was a resourceful fellow, and managed to do very well with a special line of his own, which was *deathbed confessions*. Two were published in one year, his *Groats-Worth of Witte, bought with a million of Repentance* and *The Repentance of Robert Greene*.[9] The fact that he repented and died so often has thrown some doubt on his sincerity, and obscured the genuine literary art which gives them plausibility and interest.

The Elizabethan public liked to have its flesh creep, and the horrors of the tragic stage were supplemented by the prose writers. Dekker, far above any other of the pamphleteers as a dramatist, wrote in several forms. His *Wonderful Year* is a grisly account of the plague in London, again anticipating Defoe; and the comparison with Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year* has great interest in showing the swift development of the English mind.[10] Defoe still makes us shudder by his plain matter-of-fact narration; his is a style which anyone would be proud to emulate; Dekker more often makes us laugh, for in his narrative are shrieking mandrakes, gibbering ghosts, and the other properties which only the poetry of the drama can make us take seriously. Yet in the midst of all this rubbish you find here and there a straightforward paragraph, a simple tale well told. In *The Gull's Horn Book* Dekker turns his hand to satirising amusingly the pretentious young man about town; in *Lanthorn and Candle Light* he rivals Greene in exposing villainies.[11]

[The Gull's Horn Book is a very light satire indeed, yet it does help us to see the Elizabethan Londoners as real people. I will quote from the chapter in which Dekker is advising his young man about town how to behave in an Ordinary, that is to say a Restaurant. He has different instructions for different types of young man, the soldier, the courtier, and so forth. Here is his advice to the young poet:

> If you be a poet, and come into the ordinary (though it can be no great glory to be an ordinary poet) order yourself thus. Observe no man, doff no cap to that gentleman to-day at dinner, to whom, not two nights since, you were beholden for a supper; but, after a turn or two in the room, take occasion (pulling out your gloves) to have some epigram, or satire, or sonnet fastened into one of them, that may (as it were vomitingly to you) offer itself to the gentlemen: they will presently desire it: but, without much conjuration from them, and a pretty kind of counterfeit loathness in yourself, do not read it; and though it be none of your own, swear you made it. Marry, if you chance to get in your hands any witty thing of another man's, that is somewhat better, I would counsel you then, if demand be made who composed it, you may say: faith, a learned gentleman, a very worthy friend. . . . Marry, I would further entreat our poet to be in league with the mistress of the ordinary, because from her (upon condition that he will but rhyme knights and young gentlemen to her house, and maintain the table in good fooling) he may easily make up his mouth at her cost, gratis.[12]

The public had an equal appetite for conspiracy abroad as for crime at home, as is shown by The English Romayne Life by Anthony Munday, a most fertile and unscrupulous writer, and I am sorry to say, a most unadmirable character.[13] This pamphlet is an account of a visit to Rome, on which he was received, or pretended to be received, into the counsels of the English Roman Catholics there; and his exposure of their villainous plots against Queen Elizabeth and the State of England was naturally intended to feed the Protestant terror of both real and imaginary dangers.]

When these writers turned their hand to romance, it is precisely the qualities exercised by their pamphleteering that preserves their novels, and which gave rise to a new type of novel. The old type was chivalrous or pastoral; chivalrous so far as it derived from mediaeval fiction and pastoral in imitation of the late Greek and Latin through the Italian renaissance. The work of Sidney and Lyly is mostly pastoral. So is much of the Grub Street fiction, and that part of it is very dull reading. But there is another kind of fiction, represented very well in Mr. Saintsbury's selection in the Everyman Library by Deloney's *Jack of Newbury*, and *Thomas of Reading*, and Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*. Deloney has, I think, been overrated in recent years, and especially by Mr. Saintsbury.[14] [He was certainly under-rated by his contemporaries such as Nashe, who looked down upon him, partly because he was a University man, and because he wrote of humble affairs for humble readers. His hero is usually an artisan, a weaver or cobbler, who rises to prosperity by honesty, amiability and hard work: his stories are hardly more than a string of anecdotes and merry jests, of a cruder Merry Wives of Windsor type. Yet there is liveliness in his dialogue and he has the courage to introduce dialect. Except in his conversations between humble people, Deloney's style is nothing to boast of, for it is either perfectly pedestrian or else a feeble imitation of Sidney and Lyly.]

But Thomas Nashe is a very great writer indeed, in his own way; the only one of the Grub Street prose writers to show real genius in prose. His *Unfortunate Traveller* is the first really interesting English novel.[15] The plot is extremely crude. The hero, Jack Wilton, is a pleasing rascal who serves a nobleman; the two travel through Europe, and a tenuous narrative links together various escapades in courts, camps and cities. What really keeps the story moving, although it also interrupts it, is Nashe's marvellous gift for words. He seems always intoxicated with his own vocabulary. If he has a piece of murderous villainy to describe, he speaks as follows:

> He grasped her by the ivory throat, and shook her as a mastiff would shake a young bear, swearing and staring he would tear out her weasand if she refused. Not content with that savage constraint, he slipped his sacrilegious hand from her lilly lawn skinned neck, and enscarfed it in her long silver locks, which with struggling were unrolled. Backward he dragged her, even as a man backwards would pluck a tree down by the twigs, and then like a traitor that is drawn to execution on a hurdle, he traileth her up and down the chamber by those tender untwisted braids, and setting his barbarous foot on her bare snowy breast, bade her yield or have her wind stamped out. She cried, stamp, stifle me in my hair, hang me up by it on a beam, and so let me die, rather than that I should go to heaven with a beam in my eye . . .[16]

and so forth. After a number of scenes equally thrilling, we are rather surprised to be told by the author towards the end of the tale: "Prepare your ears and your tears, for never till this thrust I any tragical matter upon you" [350].

Nashe has a genius of torrential flow of language. Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in his book *Time and Western Man*, has a good paragraph about Nashe, whom he compares with James Joyce.[17†] [He says:

> Nashe is a great prose-writer, one of the greatest as far as sheer execution is concerned, and in that over-ornate bustling field. Yet his emptiness has resulted in his work falling into neglect, which, if you read much of him, is not difficult to understand. His great appetite for words, their punning potentialities, along with a power of compressing them into pungent arabesques, is admirable enough to have made him more remembered than he is. But certainly some instinct in Posterity turned it away from this *too* physical, too merely high-spirited and muscular, verbal performer. He tired it like a child with his empty energy, I suppose.[18]

That is good criticism.] But there is great fun, besides great stimulus to one's own freedom in the use of words, in the reading of Thomas Nashe. Of all these men he is the greatest writer. He has a facility in coining and a resourcefulness in using words which make him comparable to Rabelais. His humour is by no means rabelaisian; that is to say it has none of the geniality. He writes most often to hurt someone. Combine the garrulity of Falstaff with something of the bitterness of Swift and you have some approximation. A large part of his time was spent in attacking or defending; in the art of vituperation he has no superior; like other of his contemporaries, he knew something of the inside of prison life. Robertson says well of his style that he could "stamp distinction upon scurrility, and compass beauty of rhythm in a treatise penned either for writing's sake or for gain."[19] Much of his prose work is a part of that extraordinary controversy of anonymous pamphleteers which is known as the Martin Marprelate controversy; and much is devoted to his enemy, the Cambridge scholar Gabriel Harvey. In the novel, his masterpiece is *The Unfortunate Traveller*. For a thrilling pamphlet about ghosts and apparitions, the *Terrors of the Night* has real beauty; in *Lenten Stuffe* there is a jovial humour; for invective, I think that *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, one of his attacks upon Harvey, is the top of his form. Unfortunately, these are hardly to be found except in the collected edition;[20] and Nashe's very abundance makes him little read except by those who will take the trouble to find their way about.

I will therefore quote, from the only book available, except *The Unfortunate Traveller*; that is *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, which, like most of the pamphlets by other authors to which I have referred, can be had in the admirable and cheap series of Bodley Head Quartos published by John Lane. (Price 3/-).

Pierce Penniless professes to be a hack writer who has fallen upon bad times. He decides to appeal to the Devil, who for some reason is out of town. The appeal itself, when Pierce has found a messenger to deliver it, is a defence of poetry very different from Sidney's, incidental to abusing every sort of evil doer except poets. While reviewing the Seven Deadly Sins, he finds time to exclaim:

> With the enemies of poetry, I care not if I have a bout, and those are they that term our best writers but babbling ballad makers, holding them fantastical fools, that have wit, but cannot tell how to use it, I myself have been so censured among some dull-headed divines: who deem it no more cunning to write an exquisite poem than to preach pure Calvin, or distil the justice of a commentary in a quarter sermon. Prove it when you will, you slow spirited Saturnists, that have nothing but the pilfries of your pen, to polish an exhortation withal: no eloquence but tautologies, to tie the ears of your auditory unto you: no invention but here is to be noted, I stole this note out of Beza or Marlorat: no wit to move, no passion to urge, but only an ordinary form of preaching, blown up by use of often hearing and speaking: and you shall find there goes more exquisite pains and purity of wit, to the writing of one such rare poem as *Rosamund*, than to a hundred of your dunsticall sermons. [56-57][21]

[It is no wonder that after the Supplication is delivered, the Knight of the Post, who is to bear the letter, cries out "A supplication callst thou this? . . . It is the maddest supplication that ever I saw" [95].] But when one becomes a little used to the long breathing sentences, the torrential phrases, and the perpetual surprises of conceit, one finds something more than archaic quaintness: one finds *life* in this style, a life from which our language can still be renewed. We look to old prose like this for two qualities. First, it issues from something inferior and proceeds to something better: it has the quality of *development*. Second, if it has more than merely historical interest, it has some quality peculiar to its own stage: something which had not existed before, and which is lost in the very process of improvement by the next generation. In the invectives and absurdities of Nashe there is this quality, which is *not* quaintness but the vigour of youth with its inexperience. To call such a style quaint is to lack imagination: for it is to view something as interestingly dead which is really interestingly *alive*.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 p.m. on Tuesday, 18 June, as TSE's second talk in a series of six weekly lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original broadcast title, "The Elizabethan Grub Street: Nashe"; the unpublished TS of full text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham. Passages of the broadcast deleted at publication are restored in square brackets. TSE's emendations on his personal script have been incorporated into the *Listener* text.

TSE's use of the term "Grub Street" derives from George Gissing's novel, *New Grub Street* (1891), referring to the London street that was synonymous with hack writing in the eighteenth century.

2. The combined versions (1570s, 1580s) of Sidney's *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* appeared posthumously in 1593, the two parts of Lyly's *Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit* in 1579. See TSE's discussion of the style of Lyly in comparison to other Elizabethan prose writers, including Nashe, in "'Rhetoric' and Poetic Drama" (2.83).

3†. In *Listener*: absolutely the dullest novel

4. Robert Greene (ca. 1558-1592), writer of prose romances, crime exposés, dramas, and other genres; like Thomas Dekker, Thomas Nashe, Thomas Deloney, and Thomas Lodge, he was a versatile and prolific writer. TSE had lectured on "The Elizabethan Romance" in his 1918 Extension course: "The beginnings of the novel. Why less important than the drama, and less mature. Lyly, Sidney, Nashe, Greene, and their work" (1.756).

5. Thackeray popularized the Bohemian lifestyle of nineteenth-century journalists in such novels as *Vanity Fair* (1847-48) and *Pendennis* (1848-50).

6. Gabriel Harvey (ca. 1552-1631), Cambridge scholar and pamphleteer, son of a rope and halter maker from Saffron Walden, Essex, and friend of Spenser, entered into an extended back-and-forth pamphlet controversy with Nashe after being criticized by Nashe in his preface to Robert Greene's *Menaphon* (1589). Nashe's final riposte, *Have with you to Saffron-Walden, or, Gabriell Harveys Hunt is up, Containing a full Answere to the eldest sonne of the Halter-Maker* (1596), brought their verbal insults and assaults to a close, though the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London decreed in 1599 that the pamphlets of Harvey and Nashe should be confiscated wherever found and never printed again.

7. TSE discusses the pamphlets of Martin Marprelate, the pseudonymous author of Puritan attacks on the Church of England hierarchy for Queen Elizabeth's failure to rid the Church of its Roman Catholic remnants, in his fourth Clark lecture (2.670).

8. In 1591-92, Greene wrote several "conny-catching" pamphlets, including *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage*; *A Disputation betweene a hee Conny-Catcher, and a shee Conny-Catcher*; and *The Second Parte of Conny-Catching*; of these, TSE had in his library *The Thirde and Last Part of Conny-Catching* (1592), no. III of the Bodley Head Quartos (1923).

9. Both volumes appeared in 1592, the former "Describing the follie of youth, the falsehood of makeshift flatterers, the miserie of the negligent, and mischiefs of deceiving Courtesans /

Written before his death and published at his dyeing request," the latter "Wherein by himself is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death." They were published together in no. VI of the Bodley Head Quartos (1923).

10. Dekker's *The Wonderful Year* (1603), "Wherein is Shewed the picture of *London*, lying sicke of the Plague," was published as no. VIII of the Bodley Head Quartos (1924). Defoe's *Journal of the Plague Year*, on the Great Plague of 1665, appeared in 1772. See TSE's comparison of Dekker and Defoe in "Plague Pamphlets" (1926) (2.801).

11. *English Villainies Discovered by Lantern and Candlelight*, originally titled *Lanthorne and Candle-light; or, The Bell-mans second Nights walke* (1608), "*in which Hee brings to light, a Broode of more strange Villanies, then ever were till this year discovered.*"

12. TSE modernizes the quotation from chapter V of *The Guls Horn-Booke* in the Temple Classics edition (London: J. M. Dent, 1905), 41-42.

13. Anthony Munday (ca. 1560-1633), Elizabethan poet, playwright, translator, and pamphlet-writer, spent some months at the English College in Rome in 1579, turning his experience there to profit after he returned to London by spying and informing against Edmund Campion and other Jesuit missionaries who had come over in disguise from Rome. Munday's testimony led to their brutal execution: hung until half alive, they were brought down, burned, genitally mutilated, disemboweled, and quartered, as described by Munday in one of his anti-Catholic tracts, *A Discoverie of Edmund Campion and his Confederates* (1582). To counter charges that he had never been to Rome, he wrote *The English Romayne Lyfe* (1582), describing his adventures there and discovery of treachery against the Queen and her realm. The volume was published as no. XII of the Bodley Head Quartos (1925).

14. Thomas Deloney, balladist, silk weaver, and pamphleteer of the clothing trade, authored three episodic novels, *Jack of Newbery* (1597), *The Gentle Craft* (1598), and *Thomas of Reading* (1599). In his introduction to the Everyman edition of *Shorter Novels*, vol 1: Elizabethan and Jacobean (London: J. M. Dent, 1929), Saintsbury, who is not uncritical of Deloney, states that "his novels are more valuable to us to-day on account of the picture they give us of our ancestors living their normal lives and going about their daily work than are the moral and alliterative tales of Lyly's time"; he further asserts that the novels, "written in a plain, unaffected style," reach "moments of a transparent lyrical beauty . . . Unconsciously, he achieved a triumph of realism, his dramatic restraint and sureness of touch being unsurpassed by any other contemporary novelist" (xv-xvi).

15. *The Unfortunate Traveller; or, The life of Jacke Wilton* (1594)

16. TSE modernizes the quotation from the text of *The Unfortunate Traveller* in the Everyman *Shorter Novels* (328-29).

17†. In *Listener*: "with James Joyce, rather to the detriment of the latter"; crossed out in TS by TSE.

18. *Time and Western Man* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1927); Lewis continues: "Nashe appears to be at present the chief source of Joyce's inspiration – associated with his old friend Rabelais" (128).

19. Robertson writes in *Elizabethan Literature* (London: Williams and Norgagte, 1914): "Nashe had no success in drama; and no real gift for verse; but in prose he reveals a faculty which could stamp distinction upon scurrility, and compass beauty of rhythm in a treatise penned either for writing's sake or for gain" (126).

20. *The Terrors of the Night; or, A Discourse of Apparitions* (1594), *Nashes Lenten Stuffe, Containing, the Description and first Procreation and Increase of the towne of Great Yarmouth in Norfolke* (1599), and *Have with You to Saffron-Walden; or, Gabriell Harveys Hunt is up* (1596), are collected, the former in vol 1, the latter two in vol 3, in the McKerrow edition of *The Works of Thomas Nashe* (1910).

21. *Pierce Penilesse, His Supplication to the Divell* (London: John Lane, 1924), 56-57. TSE modernizes the quotation from the Bodley Head text. Nashe's reference to the rare poem "Rosamund" may be to that of Samuel Daniel, who, under the patronage of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, dedicated to her his *Delia. Containing Certain Sonnets: With the Complaint of Rosamond* (1592), a celebrated poem that established his reputation.

The Genesis of Philosophic Prose: Bacon and Hooker[1]

The Listener, 1 (26 June 1929) 907-08

In case this title sounds rather forbidding, I must say at once that I do not propose to discuss either the philosophy of Bacon or the theology of Hooker; I wish only to consider the two men as great prose writers, and indicate their contribution to the English language which we use to-day. Think first of what would be left in English prose of the last years of Elizabeth without these two men. There would be the rich and lively prose of the translators, and the skilful popular journalism of the men like Greene, Dekker and Nashe.[2] There would be a language well fitted for historical narrative, description, and even biography; a language fitted for splendid pulpit oratory, more gorgeous with Donne, more intellectual with Andrewes. And there is another prose which I have not mentioned and shall not discuss: the great prose of the great dramatists. I do not take it up here, because dramatic prose, being the brief give and take of dialogue, is a rather special type: but I would ask you to keep it in mind. It is difficult to discuss by itself: some of it, as in the comedies of Middleton, is related to the prose of the Grub Street writers; there is the heightened style of Jonson – the most intelligent man of his time – and finally there is the unique prose of Shakespeare, who was one of the greatest prose writers of all time. And by the way, we are apt to overlook the great prose of Shakespeare because of the drama and the greater poetry: but try the experiment of reading aloud a passage of his prose, say from the *Oxford Book of English Prose*, without informing your listeners of the author's name, and see the effect.[3] There is no finer prose than Shakespeare's.

But if you took merely the writers whom I have already mentioned, and those with whom I shall deal later, and ignored Hooker and Bacon, I think that you would find in all of it either a certain boyishness, as in the people we looked over last week, or a certain pedantry and quaint stiffness, as in Donne and Andrewes, or a kind of luxuriance of style, as in Donne and Andrewes and later in Jeremy Taylor, and especially Browne and Burton, all of which are qualities to be enjoyed, but which seem to us antique. Of all of the writers we examine, Bacon and Hooker seem to me among the most modern. That they are the fathers of modern philosophy and theology respectively is not the point with which I have to deal: my point here is that they are the fathers of the modern abstract style. We do not all study philosophy, but we must all make use of a kind of writing which these two men made possible; make use of it, I mean, either when we write or in much that we read. Any kind of argument, legal, political, or general; any kind of scientific exposition or explanation, from the theory of relativity to how to clean a typewriter or oil a motor car, owes something to Bacon and Hooker.

[I do not want to give the impression that Bacon founded a line of philosophers, and Hooker a line of theologians. That is partly true. But from the literary aspect from which I am looking at them, this distinction does not hold. I dare say that theological writers have learned much from the style of Bacon; and I am quite sure that the atheistical philosopher Thomas Hobbes learned much from the style of the pious divine Richard Hooker.][4]

About the personalities of these two men, close contemporaries, I need say little. Francis Bacon, the great Chancellor, is too important an historical figure, and too picturesque and tragic a figure; there is the great essay on him by Macaulay, and the glittering portrait of him by Mr. Lytton Strachey in his recent *Elizabeth and Essex*.[5] About Richard Hooker, you can find out all you need to know from the introduction to the "Everyman" edition of his great work, the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*.[6] If Bacon were alive to-day, he would be a K.C.,[7] earning, as he did in his time, a very large income; he would be a cabinet minister, or a cabinet minister out of office. If Hooker were alive to-day, he might be a Lady Margaret or Regius Professor of Divinity.[8] Bacon's name would be known to every newspaper reader, Hooker's only in university and theological circles. The two men had no more in common then than they would have now; they certainly did not know the common work in the creation of English prose in which they collaborated; but as prose masters, after three hundred years, they are now equals.

I should not advise anyone to tackle Hooker, either in his great work, the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, or in his minor works, unless he is interested in the subject. Nothing is more dreary, or more deadening to this sensibility, than to read "for the sake of the style" some book on a subject about which you care nothing. I think myself that the subject of Hooker's book is a very interesting one, and indeed very pertinent to some modern problems. For he set himself no less a task than a justification of the Church of England as against both Romans and dissenters, a task which involved a statement of the relation of the Established Church to the Civil Government. The nature of the task implies both philosophical training and legal gifts for its execution. I will not say that Hooker settled the matter once for all; for the problem is, if anything, more difficult and complicated now than it was then: my point is that he was dealing with a problem which is as much ours as it was his, and dealing with it as a master.

Although I do not wish to incite anybody to read Hooker unless he is interested in the subject, I should like to quote a passage almost at random, to show the *maturity* of Hooker's prose:

> Some things are so familiar and plain, that truth from falsehood, and good from evil, is most easily discerned in them, even by men of no deep capacity. And of that nature, for the most part, are things absolutely unto all men's salvation necessary, either to be held or denied, either to be done or avoided. For which cause St. Augustine acknowledgeth that they are not only set down, but plainly set down in Scripture; so that he which heareth or readeth may without any great difficulty understand. Other things also there are belonging (though in a lower degree of importance) unto the offices of Christian men: which, because they are more obscure, more intricate and hard to be judged of, therefore God hath appointed some to spend their whole time principally in the study of things divine, to the end that in these more doubtful cases their understanding might be a light to direct others.[9]

Now there are obviously, in the choice and especially in the arrangement of words, a good many antiquities. Compare it with the writing of any good modern theologian, like Canon Rawlinson,[10†] or with one of the best written decisions of the Law Lords, or with the style of such modern masters of philosophical prose as Mr. Bertrand Russell or the late F. H. Bradley, and it will appear obsolete. The style of Hooker, and the style of Bacon, have a stiffness due to their intellectual antecedents being *Latin* and not English prose; and this stiffness continues in the next generation into the styles of Thomas Hobbes in his *Leviathan* and Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon in his *History of the Great Rebellion*. But it is the stiffness of the first exercises of the muscles and joints of English prose: you have only to read a paragraph from one of the early Tudor writers, such as Elyot or Ascham, to find it supple and subtle in comparison.[11] And I must ask you to accept a distinction between this stiffness and what I call *immaturity*.

One is a question of style, the other a question of mind. Read again something that you read in connexion with my last subject, something by Nashe or Greene or Deloney: these journalists will seem to you to have the mental development of boisterous schoolboys, but Hooker will seem quite grown up.

And the difference of mind will be still more obvious to the general reader when he takes up Bacon. The only readers for Hooker will be those who are interested in theology; but anyone who is interested in the history of the modern and the English mind must attend to Bacon. He wrote, among a great mass of work in Latin and English, two small books which anyone can buy and everyone should read: the *Essays*, and the *Advancement of Learning*, published in the Oxford World's Classics, each at two shillings.

I hope that some of you have at least looked at Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays: you may even have read the *Apologie de Raimond Sebond* and then re-read *Hamlet*. The form of thought of Montaigne's Essays undoubtedly supplied the inspiration to Bacon. The likeness, and still more the difference, is very interesting.[12] [There is no sympathy of temperament between the retired country gentleman without ambition, living in solitude in his manor near Bordeaux, and the bustling ambitious English barrister. Montaigne is great because of having done one kind of thing, which no one had ever done before, supremely well; Bacon, because he could do so many things so efficiently. He was not as great a philosopher as Hobbes or Locke, not so great a lawyer as Blackstone, not so great a statesman as Burghley and others,[13] and not so great an essayist as Montaigne: he is great because in his combination of talents there is no one with whom to compare him. Incidentally, he was a bad man.]

The prose of the *Essays* shows, certainly, a less mature mind than Montaigne's. Montaigne is a very highly civilised man indeed. I must confess that he is rather too civilised for me, and that I prefer cruder forms of literature: but that is an aside. But Montaigne, in his essays, is a personality: one feels that he is quite willing to give himself away, to admit his defects and peculiarities with a humorous detachment, and an entire absence of self-consciousness, vanity or pose, which is the mark of a highly civilised person. Bacon does not thus betray himself, and in this is inferior to Montaigne. And yet for England to produce the Essay at all, a highly cultivated form of thought, was a great step forward. And in his essays Bacon has a kind of polished ease which we have not met with in our previous Elizabethans, and will not meet again. He has that gift of putting what we have often thought vaguely ourselves, in a phrase which seems quite final. Here is a passage from his essay "Of Great Place" which has application to Bacon's own life, and to the lives of any politicians of our own time:

> Men in great place are thrice servants – servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame, and servants of business; so as they have no freedom; neither in their persons, nor in their actions; nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power, and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising unto place is laborious; and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing: *cum non sis, qui fueris, non esse, cur velis vivere*. Nay, retire men cannot when they would, neither will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow: like old townsmen, that will be still sitting at their street-door, though thereby they offer age to scorn.[14]

This might serve as a funeral oration for a present-day politician. It serves also for the venal and corrupt politician, the great Chancellor, Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, whose life twittered out at Highgate in 1626. But it was a very great thing, towards the end of the 16th century, for a writer in the English language to produce this kind of meditation; and almost every paragraph of Bacon's essays is as good as this. The writers we have examined before, and most of those we shall examine later, have, with all their virtues, the vice of longwindedness and diffuseness; often we can say of them as was said of a modern theologian, that they never use *one* word when four will do: but in Bacon you find the very mature virtue of concision and spareness.

But to my mind – being, as I have said, not civilised enough to enjoy the Essay as much as some of my friends do – Bacon's most exciting book is *The Advancement of Learning*. It is not quite true that Bacon is the first modern philosopher – though Bacon is at least the compatriot of two and the namesake of one, of the first modern philosophers: I mean William of Ockham and Roger Bacon.[15] But he is the first modern English philosopher to write in English. It is true that he committed what he thought his more serious works to a rather third-rate Latin; but when he wrote in English, he wrote well. The first book of his *Advancement of Learning* is concerned with the advantages of learning in general: skip it and begin with the second book. I will quote from page 107 of the small and cheap Oxford World's Classics text:

> The mathematics are either pure or mixed. To the pure mathematics are those sciences belonging which handle quantity determinate, merely severed from any axioms of natural philosophy; and these are two, geometry and arithmetic; the one handling quantity continued, and the other dissevered. Mixed hath for subject some axioms or parts of natural philosophy, and considereth quantity determined, as it is auxiliary and incident unto them. For many parts of nature can neither be invented with sufficient subtlety, nor demonstrated with sufficient perspicuity, nor accommodated unto use with sufficient dexterity, without the aid and intervention of the mathematics; of which sort are perspective, music, astronomy, cosmography, architecture, enginery, and divers others.[16]

You might compare this passage with a paragraph from some good modern book explaining recent scientific theory to the general reader. Take Professor Eddington's new book, *The Nature of the Physical World*.[17] There is no living scientist of anywhere near Mr. Eddington's eminence who can write better English, precise, spare, lucid, and free from unnecessary technicalities. But if you compare his writings with the *Advancement of Learning* you will find certainly an immensely greater mastery of the subject than Bacon's – for Bacon, even for his day, was inadequately equipped with scientific learning and practice – but no greater mastery of English. What Professor Eddington has to say could almost be said in the language of Bacon; but what Bacon had to say could not have been said in the English language of a generation before Bacon.

Bacon was no scientist; but what he had was an intuitive understanding of the future before experimental science, and a passionate faith in it. [His book is one of those which somehow stimulate scientific enquiry, or at least express the scientific point of view before the science is born. He anticipates, of course, much that is wrong as well as much that is right: the deification of natural science, as the only avenue by which man can approach truth, has been attributed to the 19th century and to the 18th: it began with Bacon. But] It is not my business here to criticise Bacon's ideas: only to make two points. One, that Bacon, in the two books I have discussed, is certainly one of the authors we must read in order to understand the modern world; and two, that Bacon is with Hooker, otherwise so different from him in temper, the founder of the modern English prose style for philosophy, theology, law, science, and every form of prose in which exact reasoning, classification and exposition of ideas is the first thing; of prose which is truly prose, not merely prose aspiring after the condition of poetry. And on this kind of prose Bacon and Hooker have never been antiquated and will never be surpassed.

[I shall discuss next week chiefly the prose works of John Donne, a man who in some ways was much more mature, and much nearer to Montaigne in spirit, than was Bacon. I know only two first-rate essays about Donne: one is in Italian and the other is Professor Grierson's Introduction to the Poems in his Oxford Text. But I had rather you read the one whole sermon in the Nonesuch Edition, or at least a number of the passages in the Pearsall Smith Selections.][18]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 pm on Tuesday 25 June as TSE's third talk in a series of six weekly lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original broadcast title, "Philosophic Prose: Bacon"; the unpublished TS of full text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham; passages deleted at publication are restored in square brackets.

2. These authors are the subject of the previous broadcast, "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (3.634).

3. *The Oxford Book of English Prose 1250-1900*, ed. Sir Arthur Quiller Couch (Oxford: Clarendon, 1925) contains the following passages from Shakespeare: Falstaff and the Hostess (*2 Henry IV* II.i.86-174); Justice Shallow on Death, same play (III.ii.1-58); Before Agincourt (*Henry V* IV.i.104-196); Hamlet (*Hamlet* II.ii.306-22).

4. See TSE's "Hooker, Hobbes, and Others" (1926) (2.848).

5. Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay, published "Lord Bacon" (July 1837), his lengthy critical review of biographer Basil Montagu's *The Works of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England* (1825-34), in the *Edinburgh Review*, ending with the statement that "we should conclude our survey of a life placidly, honourably, beneficiently passed . . . with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame" (104).

TSE reviewed Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* (1928) in the *TLS* of 6 Dec: "So dramatic is it," TSE writes, "that we forget at times that it is history at all. Yet it has a perfectly correct historical face" (3.555).

6. In addition to the two-volume Everyman edition (London: Dent, 1907) of *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (1593-97; 1661), TSE owned the three-volume, leather-bound edition of Hooker's *Works*, arranged by the Revd. John Keble, second edition (Oxford: The University Press, 1841).

7. KC: King's Counsel ("His Majesty's Counsel learned in the law"), a merit-based designation for distinguished barristers (lawyers) chosen within the legal profession and privileged to sit at the Bar of England.

8. The Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge was founded in 1502 by Lady Margaret Beaufort (1443-1509), mother of Henry VII; The Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity at Oxford was founded in 1540. The Regius Professorships of Divinity were founded by Henry VIII, at Oxford in 1535, at Cambridge in 1540.

9. From "A Preface" (III.2), in the Everyman edition, *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, vol 1 (94-95).

10†. "like Canon Rawlinson" crossed out in TSE's personal emended copy. George Rawlinson (1812-1902), professor of classical history at Oxford and known for his translation of *The History of Herodotus* (1858-60), served as Canon of Canterbury from 1872 to his death. An orthodox Christian theologian, he wrote *The Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records Stated Anew* (1859), a defense of scripture against modern criticism, and made numerous contributions to biblical and theological works and to religious controversies.

11. See TSE's discussion of various styles of Elizabethan prose in "'Rhetoric' and Poetic Drama" (1919): "Is the style of Lyly, is Euphuism, rhetorical? In contrast to the elder style of Ascham and Elyot which it assaults, it is a clear, flowing, orderly and relatively pure style, with a systematic if monotonous formula of antitheses and similes" (2.83).

12. See TSE's quotation from *Apologie de Raimond Sebond* in "The Tudor Translators" (3.628, n.12).

13. Sir William Blackstone (1723-80), jurist, politician, and lecturer on English law, known for the literary qualities and clarity of his four-volume *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765-69), and William Cecil, Lord Burghley (1520-98), chief adviser to Queen Elizabeth for much of her reign.

14. The opening lines of "Of Great Place," in *Essays by Francis Bacon*, World's Classics edition (London: Oxford UP, 1928), 26-27; *trans*: "Since thou art no longer what thou wast, there is no reason why thou shouldst wish to live"; trans. Richard Whately, *Bacon's Essays: With Annotations*, 4th edn (London: John W. Parker, 1858), 105. TSE has modernized the capitalization, spelling, and punctuation of the World's Classics text.

15. Roger Bacon (1214/20 – ca. 1292) and the younger William of Ockham were both English Franciscan friars, scholastic philosophers, and commentators on Aristotle's natural philosophy and metaphysics.

16. *The Advancement of Learning and the New Atlantis*, World's Classics edition (London: Oxford UP, 1906); 107-08.

17. A. S. Eddington (1882-1944), Professor of astrophysics and philosopher of science at Cambridge, originally delivered the text of *The Nature of the Physical World* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1928) as the Gifford Lectures for 1927 at the University of Edinburgh. In discussing the theory of relativity, the quantum theory, the principles of thermodynamics, and other new physical theories, Eddington states that his "principal aim has been to show that these scientific developments provide new material for the philosopher. . . . I realize that the philosophical views here put forward can only claim attention in so far as they are the direct outcome of a study and apprehension of modern scientific work" (vi). TSE had the book reviewed by John Macmurray in the *Criterion* of July 1929 (706-09).

18. TSE refers to Mario Praz's *Secentismo e marinismo in Inghilterra* (1925), which he reviewed in the *TLS* of 17 Dec 1925 (2.596) and placed on the list of essential books for his Clark Lectures; to the Introduction in vol 2 of Herbert Grierson's two-volume Clarendon edition of *The Poems of John Donne* (1912); to John Hayward's Nonesuch edition of *John Donne: Complete Poetry and Selected Prose* (1929), containing the complete sermon of "Death's Duell" (1630), "Being his last Sermon . . . The Doctors Owne Funerall Sermon" (Sermons No. 26); and to Logan Pearsall Smith's Clarendon edition of *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages* (1919). TSE reviewed Smith's edition in the *TLS* of 28 Nov 1919 (2.165).

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (July 1929) 575-79

NATIONAL PRESERVATION

A good deal has been accomplished, during the last year or two, towards preserving monuments and places of historical interest or beauty; and much generosity, devotion and hard work have been well spent. Much has been done locally at Oxford and at Cambridge, and the danger and desecration of Stonehenge is known to everybody.[1]

We choose this moment for expressing regret that none of the political parties found room to provide any programme of National Preservation among its mostly vague or dubious policies. For, as we have said before, our present behaviour is hardly more than hand to mouth, and should at least be supplemented by some far-sighted central direction. We say "direction," rather than "authority," because there are obvious demerits in replacing local zeal by central bureaucracy. Yet, while Oxford and Cambridge are comparatively able to look after themselves, there are many parts of the country, and isolated monuments, which cannot. A central Association could do much towards surveying the whole country, with an intelligent eye to necessary or inevitable developments, and calling attention in good time to those buildings and pieces of countryside which may be threatened and ought to be preserved.[2] But an organization having government standing and government funds (to be supplemented, no doubt, by private generosity), could accomplish much more. What is needed is a working arrangement between central and local effort and between public and private responsibility.

There is all the more reason for some government responsibility, in that *any* government is (as at Lulworth) a possible offender, and a difficult one to bring to book.[3] When reading the Liberal election pamphlet on unemployment, we reflected that this enthusiasm for construction might, in the name of making work, involve a good deal of destruction too, or at least of defacement; and some of Mr. Lloyd George's phantom employees might well have been engaged on work of preservation.

We need a central organization under government auspices and with government funds to deal with the country as a unit; if we cannot have that, there should at least be a central private association. Such a society should prepare, with the assistance of affiliated local societies, a report of the condition of every county and every village; and when any building or piece of country worth preserving is in danger, it should be ready at least to advertise the fact, and be able to arouse interest. It should be concerned with the City Churches as well as the Wye Valley; with buildings which are merely perishing from decay as well as those which are in risk of demolition.[4] At present there is always the danger that while our attention is being directed to one menace something else will be happening of which we may not hear till too late. St. Magnus Martyr was not as important as Stonehenge, but still it was not insignificant.[5]

AN INTERNATIONAL AWARD

The Criterion is to co-operate with four other European reviews in presenting a new form of literary prize. The five reviews – *The Criterion* representing Britain, *La Nouvelle Revue Française* representing France, *La Revista de Occidente* representing Spain, *Nuova Antologia* representing Italy, and *Die Europäische Revue* representing the German-speaking countries, will compose a jury to decide on the merits of unpublished fiction of suitable length submitted to it from each of the five countries in turn.[6] As the project originated with the *Europäische Revue*, it is right that the first competition should be for stories in German. The story chosen as the best by a majority of the jury will be published as nearly simultaneously as possible in the five reviews, but of course in translation. The intention is to follow the competition for German fiction, with awards to be made in the same way for the best stories submitted in English, French, Italian and Spanish. An announcement of the conditions will be made when the jury is ready to consider English fiction.

It is obvious that such an enterprise is sympathetic to a review like *The Criterion*, which has always tried to make known in England the best of foreign thought and literary art. We feel some pride in the fact that *The Criterion* was the first literary review in England to print work by such writers as Marcel Proust, Paul Valéry, Jacques Rivière, Ramon Fernandez, Jacques Maritain, Charles Maurras, Henri Massis, Wilhelm Worringer, Max Scheler, E. R. Curtius, and others.[7] We welcome the opportunity of association with reviews of the same standing and of similar ideals in their respective countries. We hope to have the successful German story for publication in September.[8]

THE DOLMETSCH FOUNDATION

A society was incorporated a year ago, under the presidency of Robert Bridges, which has not had enough notice. Arnold Dolmetsch has the gratitude and admiration of everyone who cares for music.[9] His work in discovering and interpreting old music, in the technique of copying the old instruments and in the technique of playing them, is known throughout the world. But it is not realized that Mr. Dolmetsch has not yet communicated any share of his learning and accomplishment to more than a very few persons; and the Foundation is to serve the purpose of carrying on his work. It has already maintained one scholarship out of temporary funds and hopes to maintain such scholarships permanently, for the purpose of enabling young students to perfect themselves in Mr. Dolmetsch's work. It also hopes to establish workshops for manufacturing and repairing instruments such as Mr. Dolmetsch makes.

This is a society which deserves and needs the support of everyone. Full information can be had from the Secretary, at 37, Walbrook, E.C.4.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE BRAINLESS ELECTION

A number of kindly, tired gentlemen with hoarse voices and nothing to say, made speeches; when they found themselves forced to mention each other, their remarks were in the best of taste, if not always in the purest English. It was cricket, and extremely slow cricket. In their broadcast-oratory, they only omitted to do two things: split their infinitives, or produce a new idea.

We should not murmur a word of objection against the "new faces" (not so new either) being provided with "old consciences" (often quite satisfied ones), if we had any hope of their being provided with "new ideas."[10] But who, inspecting photographs of the amiable Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Henderson, or Mr. Snowden (a lamb in economist's clothing), could still look for inventions and discoveries?[11]

There is of course a great opportunity – for the Conservative Party; an opportunity which we are quite certain it will fail to seize. It is the opportunity of thinking in leisure, and of appreciating the efforts of private persons who have committed some thinking already. The Labour Party is a capitalist party in the sense that it is living on the reputation of the thinking done by the Fabians of a generation ago (we do not know whether any Fabian veterans are still thinking or not). The names of a few men of brains (though not necessarily of sense) still lend it a sunset glory. The Conservative Party has a great opportunity, in the fact that within the memory of no living man under sixty, has it acknowledged any contact with intelligence. And also it has a long, if extremely muddled tradition; or at least, it has a history which an agile mind at any time can manipulate into a tradition. It has, what no other political party at present enjoys, a complete mental vacuum: a vacancy that might be filled with anything, even with something valuable. Will it, during its holiday, be inclined to take any notice of the fancies of men who like to think, and do not want to hold office of any sort? We are ready to place a bet on the negative.

NOTES

1. An editorial in the *Times* of 9 Mar 1929, "Stonehenge – a Last Chance," supported an accompanying letter from Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald and the chairman of the National Trust (established in 1895), John Bailey, asking the public to contribute to the purchase of the last plot of land "necessary for the protection of the national monument" (13).

2. TSE's firm, Faber & Gwyer, had recently published G. M. Trevelyan's *Must England's Beauty Perish?* (1929), a plea on behalf of the National Trust for the preservation of places of historic interest and natural beauty that were being rapidly destroyed by economic development.

3. When in 1924 the War Office determined to establish a Tank Corps Gunnery School and firing range near Lulworth Cove, a famous pleasure resort in Dorset, the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society argued for an alternate site and negotiated to maintain public access to the cliffs between Lulworth Cove and Arishmill Gap. As reported in the *Times* of 30 Oct 1925, "Tank School at Lulworth," the Lulworth Parish Council "passed resolutions in favour of the retention of the camp, the financial value of which to the village they considered was greater than that to the tripper" (9).

4. See TSE's "London Letter" of May 1921 in protest against the Church of England's proposed demolition of nineteen City churches (2.348, n.29). In the *Times* of 23 Jan 1929, the secretary of the Smoke Abatement League reported that corrosion had been found "well marked" at the twelfth-century Tintern Abbey in the Wye Valley and expressed the League's growing concern over "the wanton manner in which irreplaceable treasures were being allowed to slowly rot away through the never-ceasing smoke corrosion" (14).

5. TSE returned to the plight of City churches in his *Criterion* "Commentary" of Oct 1926, protesting that the construction of Adelaide House within feet of the Church of St. Magnus Martyr obscured its beauty and reduced the Church "to the proportions and importance of a museum piece" (2.831).

6. The editors joining TSE and the *Criterion* in establishing the fiction prize were Jean Paulhan of the *Nouvelle Revue française* in Paris, José Ortega y Gasset of *La Revista de Occidente* in Madrid, Cesare Giulio Viola of *Nuova antologia* in Milan, and Max Clauss of *Die Europäische Revue* in Berlin.

7. One exception: Paul Valéry's two-part "Letters from France: The Spiritual Crisis" appeared in the *Athenaeum* (Apr-May 1919) before his "The Serpent," translated by Mark Wardle, appeared in the third issue of the *Criterion* (Apr 1923).

8. Ernst Wiechert's short story, "Der Hauptmann von Kaparnaum," won the first "Five Reviews Award" and was published in the *Criterion* of Jan 1930 (185-200) as "The Centurion," translated by Marjorie Gabain; thereafter the award was discontinued.

9. TSE was introduced to the French-born musician and instrument-maker Arnold Dolmetsch (1858-1940) and his family by Ezra Pound in 1915. "I passed one of the most delightful afternoons I have ever spent," TSE wrote to Pound on 2 Feb, "in one of the most delightful households I have ever visited. You were quite right – there was no difficulty about the conversation, and I made friends with the extraordinary children in no time, and am wild to see them again" (*L1* 93). The Dolmetsch Foundation held its first meeting on 14 June 1928, with Poet Laureate Robert Bridges on the Council, and distributed a circular of aims to increase the membership of musicians and the general public. The Foundation launched its first magazine, *The Consort*, in Oct 1929.

10. For TSE's previous reference to John Dryden's "The Dedication to *Examen Poeticum*" (1693), see his "Commentary" in the *Criterion* of Apr 1929 (3.596).

11. After the Labour Party victory in the General Election of 30 May, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald brought into his cabinet J. H. Thomas (1874-1949) as Lord Privy Seal in charge of employment; Arthur Henderson (1863-1935) as Foreign Secretary; and Philip Snowden (1864-1937) as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Snowden's economic policy of balanced budgets, free trade, and holding to the gold standard was opposed to radical attempts to tackle the Great Depression. MacDonald's Labour government collapsed in 1931.

Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (July 1929) 682-91

I am gratified that my comments on the literature of Fascism, in *The Criterion* of December last, provided the occasion for the very able articles on Fascism and Communism by Mr. J. S. Barnes and Mr. A. L. Rowse respectively in the April number.[1] My own rôle was merely to ask questions; but I find that Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse have suggested to me new, and I hope more intelligent, questions to ask. Indeed I think the interesting questions are those which can be asked of both parties or schools, for the most interesting is precisely the question of what the two political theories have in common. Between the exposition of the two causes there is one obvious superficial difference: that Mr. Barnes, who is a friend of Signor Mussolini and a Director of the International Centre of Fascist Studies[2] at Lausanne, speaks as a convinced supporter of fascism, whereas Mr. Rowse, like some other intellectual students of communism, speaks rather (if I understand him) as a sympathetic critic.[3] Yet the phrase is attributed to Mussolini that "fascism is not for export"; whereas the protagonists of communism in Russia seem to be desirous of converting the whole world to the doctrine of Moscow.[4] In spite of these and other contradictions I am by no means the first person to observe a family likeness between fascism and communism – Major Douglas, I believe, has called attention to it, among others: but perhaps it deserves reiteration.[5]

One of the characteristics which the two doctrines have in common is certainly *familiarity*. They have both been already partially absorbed by the popular mind, so that, in the intellectual sense, there is nothing "shocking" about them; and as they seem to be so easily absorbed by the popular mind, one suspects that they must have a good deal in common with what was in the popular mind already. They are both, in other words, perfectly *conventional* ideas. When the ordinary man is terrified by the bogey of a fascist or communist dictatorship, it is not his *mind* that is terrified. He may be terrified by the notion that fascism may interfere with his right to "brawl as he likes," or that communism may confiscate his savings, or merely by a vague prospect of bullets flying about the streets. If, on the other hand, you talk to him about the divine right of kings, or the advantages of an hereditary oligarchy, he will retort either with open derision and hearty giggles, or with the patient gentleness with which he treats a harmless maniac. These ideas, are, as ideas, and whether true or false, revolutionary; and a really revolutionary *idea* is often to be divined by the laughter it evokes. Fascism and communism, as ideas, seem to me to be thoroughly sterilized. A revolutionary idea is one which requires a reorganization of the mind; fascism or communism is now the natural idea for the thoughtless person. This in itself is a hint that the two doctrines are merely variations of the same doctrine: and even that they are merely variations of the present state of things. Nothing pleases people more than to go on thinking what they have always thought, and at the same time imagine that they are thinking something new and daring: it combines the advantage of security and the delight of adventure.

Man can *believe* almost anything: his capacity for credulity is unlimited. Only, he makes one condition: that his old beliefs shall not be disturbed. (I distinguish between what he believes, and what he thinks he believes.) The wildest fancy, which does not touch his rooted beliefs, can be accepted; the strongest reasoning will be rejected with contumely if it injures one of these beliefs. It is easy to believe the proposition "that the propositions of Einstein are true" – because they disturb nothing: the "disturbance" has all taken place in the minds of physicists. Facility of belief is of course irrelevant to the question of truth and error: I have merely made the point that neither fascism nor communism is now shocking or revolutionary to the ordinary mind.

I must hasten to declare that I have cleared my mind of any prejudice against what communists or Marxians call the "materialist theory of history." Marxians sometimes fear that outsiders will connect the materialist theory of history with materialism. There is an ancient and respectable philosophical doctrine called "materialism," which is almost extinct; represented to-day by the eminent solitary figure of George Santayana.[6] But what could this Aristotelian, neo-Thomist materialism of Mr. Santayana have to do with a "materialism" which issues almost directly from the brain of Hegel? The "materialist interpretation of history" bears the imprint of its idealistic German origin: it might better be called the *fatalistic*, or even the *conventional* interpretation of history. For it seems to be merely a theory that things happen. I have no quarrel with Marx's "materialistic interpretation" of past history, which is intelligent and within limits very illuminating, but this materialistic interpretation seems to be simply incompatible with *desiring* anything; or if not, then it is rather suspicious that what the communists say must come to pass should be so exactly what they desire to come to pass. Suppose that the materialistic interpretation of history had been discovered four hundred years ago by some capitalist intellectual: he might have said that "capitalism" was something that was bound to be realized sooner or later. So the communist seems to say that communism is bound to be realized; but surely the "materialist interpretation" of history ought to carry him further, and make him admit that communism is bound to lead to something else (if being is indeed becoming, as most people think); and that something else to something else; and finally to something that might horrify the communist of to-day as much as communism might have horrified my imaginary "capitalist" of four hundred years ago. In other words, this historical conception seems to me incompatible with *value*; for if all these things are bound to happen then there is no reason for preferring any state of things to any other, either earlier or later.[7]

In fact, communism, so far as I can understand it, is like fascism and most political theories, in mingling science with feeling. I can see no reason why the theoretical communist should desire anything, since what he desires is bound to give place to something else. But if communism is *desirable*, then the materialistic interpretation of history does not matter a fig one way or the other.

In spite of the fact that the materialistic interpretation is not materialistic, I still fear that the word "materialism" has some emotional charm for communists which I cannot share. I suspect, in fact, that the communist is under the spell of Victorian science. I turn for enlightenment to our refreshing contemporary *La Revue Marxiste*, and read in its manifesto the following:[8]

> La croissance du prolétariat a contraint cette bourgeoisie à se replier vers des formes de pensée de plus en plus réactionnaires, à passer par toutes les nuances de l'idéalisme pour en arriver – en plein XX^{e} siècle – à reconnaître et à utiliser, dans son exploitation des masses opprimées, les aspects les plus grossiers de la superstition religieuse. Mais ce recul coïncide avec le triomphe du matérialisme dialectique dans le mouvement. Le temps est venu d'armer le matérialisme présent et d'appeler les témoignages du matérialisme passé, inconnu en France, ou dénaturé.[9]

This is a little hard on that large part of the French bourgeoisie which has fought the battle of anti-clericalism during fifty years, and which has not always had to employ "the religious superstition" in order to oppress its inferiors; but what seems to me more deplorable is this flinging about of the magic word "materialism." If the defenders of communism reprehend its opponents for mistaking the use of the word "materialism," then they ought to warn their own friends to use it more cautiously. In the interior of the same review I found a very interesting essay by the late Nicolai Lenin, entitled "De l'importance du matérialisme militant."[10] According to Lenin, "militant materialism" should be also "militant atheism."[11] But he says further that "militant materialism ought to make an alliance with the representatives of the natural sciences, who incline towards materialism."[12] It appears presently that the political materialist must try to bring in the "natural scientists," even Einstein who "does not attack the foundations of materialism."[13] The materialistic interpretation of history is of course like any other interpretation of history, an *aspect* of history. It is just as genuine an aspect as any other. Like every other interpretation of history, it asserts itself to be the "fundamental" interpretation: and if one went into the matter thoroughly, one would question it, not from the point of view of any other interpretation, but from the point of view of an observer who believes that any interpretation of history is merely a selection of a particular abstracted series of causes and effects, and is valid only from a particular point of view. I suspect that the materialistic interpretation derives much of its cogency (like any other) from a sentimental prejudice: namely, for this interpretation, that the most important thing is that human beings should be fed and clothed and sheltered (which is not self-evident). I believe, that is, that *any* interpretation of history being a selection, is preceded by a valuation, which is a postulate and cannot be justified rationally.

I am quite ready to admit that the "materialistic interpretation of history" is not materialistic; but quotations like the above make me suspect that the communist has also a sentimental attachment to the word "materialism"; that he is, in fact, a French revolutionist a hundred and fifty years behind the times, as well as an Hegelian revolutionist. And to the Anglo-Saxon, accustomed to regard God with good-humoured tolerance, the "militant atheism" is disturbingly silly.

What I find in both fascism and communism is a combination of statements with unexamined enthusiasms. It may well be that in any political theory there must be this combination. But then it is the part of the political thinker to analyze these elements, and to recognize the *irrational* element in his own philosophy. But that is what political philosophers never do. Mr. Barnes seems to me to confound the rational and irrational elements in fascism; and Mr. Rowse seems to me to try to isolate the rational and ignore the irrational element in communism. It is true that the latter observes that the Russians "are a great and gifted nation, and one cannot but think that a race of a hundred and thirty millions will be very important in world-politics in the future."[14] Without denying the great gifts of the Russian races, I cannot see why a people should be important because of its numbers, except for a reason that Mr. Rowse does not mention: that everybody else wants to sell them goods at a profit (and get paid).

There is much in the essays of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Rowse with which I cordially agree. For instance, when Mr. Rowse speaks of the "revolutionary character of the bourgeoisie," I can only express assent: the bourgeoisie is timid in thought, and revolutionary in act.[15] Nothing is more revolutionary than the two-seater.

Merrily sang the monks of Cowley
As Morris Bart. went driving by. . . .[16]

But I want to know how much the verbal incantations count, in both these doctrines. It seems to me that any political theory ought to be analysable roughly into three parts: an economic doctrine, a wisdom (sophia) and an enthusiasm. And the political theorist ought to be quite clear in criticizing his own theory, as to the distinctions; he should, so far as he can, isolate the irrational element and confess it frankly. What most do is to diffuse the emotional element through the theory, and so conceal it from themselves as from others, and become the servants, not the masters, of words. By admitting to oneself the existence of the irrational nature of one's enthusiasm, it is possible to effect a kind of continuity between the enthusiasm, the wisdom, or humane knowledge of humanity, and the strict economic doctrine.

I do not mean that every political theory should be based upon an original economic doctrine: it may start from ethical or even theological premises; but it should have an economic doctrine appropriate to it. What strikes me about the two doctrines I am criticizing, and about much political theory, is the muddle of economics and enthusiasm for words. Nor do I suggest that political thought is impossible to anyone but an economist, for a glance at the world of economists would dispel this fancy. But one ought to know where things begin and where they end. The really interesting thing about fascism is its syndicalism, its organization of workers, and its financial policy, if it has any. Order, Loyalty, realization of the individual in the life of the State, are words of good implication and good report, which sum up the tendency of a mass of feelings in the mind of the person who uses them. But what the outsider would like to know is, first, to what the difference in economic theory between fascism and communism amounts. Mr. Barnes tells us that "Fascism would substitute for the commonly accepted contractual interpretation of the idea of the Sovereign People, the idea of the *sovereignty of the State machine*" [452] – an idea, I should suppose, common to fascism and communism. He admits, further, that Fascism is not "just a revolt against Communism":

> The threat of Communism, which was the work of the noncombatants, provided merely the anarchical conditions which gave Mussolini and the ex-combatants their opportunity of sweeping away the old regime, which . . . had allowed Italian society to fall into a condition of practical anarchy. [456]

It would seem from this that Fascism was a revolt against a *threat* [not] only of Communism, but still more against an actual *anarchy*. No one can confuse communism with anarchy. The revolt was against anarchy, but took a fascist instead of a communist form: so its word became Nationalism instead of Internationalism.

Now I must confess, as an onlooker, that I cannot see very much fundamental difference between Nationalism and Internationalism: the first term can sound either more pernicious or more glorious than it is, and the second as well. The first exalts one particular group of men, the second (in theory) all mankind; and neither of these deities seems to me particularly worthy of worship. The wise man will pay due respect to both, the fanatic to one.

The test of both doctrines is of course their finances. Both doctrines are apparently anti-capitalistic. The essence of capitalism does not seem to me, as an ignorant observer, to be the division of humanity into those who live on earned and those who live on unearned income, but the concentration of power into a few hands; it is not the numbers of obscure though wealthy persons who can live on their dividends who matter – not the shareholder, but the active director. The interesting point about capitalism is its creation of economic or financial power, distinct from the political power, and in a way less responsible. If Italy or Russia wishes there to be but one power, they cannot afford, let us say, to borrow money from America. The interesting question to answer is whether Russia or Italy succeeds in concentrating all power into political hands, or whether they will merely evolve a *new* financial class.

I willingly concede to Mr. Barnes that the philosophy of the *Action Française* is evolved from eighteenth-century rationalism.[17] What is important is the extent to which it has transcended its origins. I would point out too that its "nationalism" (which was primarily a struggle against *internal* enemies, not an instrument of foreign aggression) is less nationalistic in essence than is fascism. The vital dogma is not nationalism but royalism. For it is not, as Mr. Barnes thinks, a "deification of the State," nor is it what Mr. Barnes commends, "the idea of the sovereignty of the State machine" [447, 452]; it is the reintroduction of the idea of loyalty to a King, who incarnates the idea of the Nation. And in this idea is I think the *alternative* to Nationalism. Fascism seems to me rather (in the form in which it has succeeded up to date) to represent the Napoleonic idea. The latter, in contrast to the idea of Monarchy, is a familiar conventional modern idea: it is the doctrine of success. The feeling towards a dictator is quite other than that towards a king; it is merely the consummation of the feeling which the newspapers teach us to have towards Mr. Henry Ford, or any other big business man.[18] In the *success* of a man like Mussolini (a man of "the people") a whole nation may feel a kind of self-flattery; and the Russian people deified itself in Lenin. Both Italy and Russia seem to me to be suffering from Napoleonism. And this does not strike one as an "utter repudiation of materialism."

To sum up. Both fascism and communism seem to me to be well-meaning revolts against "capitalism," but revolts which do not appear to get to the bottom of the matter; so that they are likely to be merely transformations of the present system which will completely satisfy the materialistic interpretation of history. Their economic and political doctrines, which have much in common, are attached to enthusiasms which appear to be contradictory. Fascism supports the Church, Communism would destroy it. But neither attitude seems to me to have any necessary connection: an atheistical fascism, or a devout communism, is theoretically conceivable; but it is quite intelligible that local circumstances should determine the attitude in each place. Fascism is (begging Mr. Barnes's pardon) nationalistic,[19] and communism internationalistic: yet it is conceivable that in particular circumstances fascism might make for peace, and communism for war. The objections of fascists and communists to each other are mostly quite irrational. I confess to a preference for fascism in practice, which I dare say most of my readers share; and I will not admit that this preference is itself wholly irrational. I believe that the fascist form of unreason is less remote from my own than is that of the communists, but that my form is a more reasonable form of unreason. But my chief purpose in venturing to criticize two authors immeasurably more learned and competent than myself, is to affirm my previous contention that neither fascism nor communism is new or revolutionary as *idea*.

NOTES

1. TSE's "Literature of Fascism" in the *Criterion* of Dec 1928 reviewed books on fascism (both pro and con) by J. S. Barnes and others (3.540). In the issue of Apr 1929, Barnes replied in "Fascism" (445-59), and on 10 Apr, TSE wrote to him: "Your essay on Fascism has been very successful and received a good deal of praise. I am indulging myself to the extent of writing a shorter essay myself for the next number dealing with you and A. L. Rowse together and I hope to provoke replies from both of you although of course discussion on the subject will have to get shorter and shorter (*L4* 481). Historian and poet A. L. (Alfred Leslie) Rowse (1903-97) was at this time a lecturer at Merton College, where TSE met him in 1927, commenting: "I spent the week-end at Oxford and met A. L. Rowse who is very young, very earnest and very likeable" (*L3* 769). He encouraged Rowse to contribute to the *Criterion*, writing on 30 Aug 1928, "I shall hold you to the Communism [essay] sooner or later, as there is no one whose opinions on the subject would interest me more" (*L4* 239). Rowse's "The Literature of Communism: Its Origin and Theory" appeared in the Apr 1929 issue (422-436); on 14 June TSE sent page proofs of his reply to Rowse: "you will probably think it very silly and amateurish" (*L4* 521).

2. The International Centre of Fascist Studies was established in 1927 for the purpose of studying and disseminating information about fascism; although officially neutral, in practice the institution was fascist-friendly.

3. On receipt of the proofs for this article, Barnes wrote to TSE's secretary on 19 June complaining that this statement "might easily be interpreted as implying that I was a convinced supporter of Fascism because I am a director of this Institute," protesting that "the latter has no opinion either for nor against Fascism . . . I should be much obliged if you would delete from the article all reference to the Institute"; TSE apologized on 29 June, writing: "I will do everything possible to rectify [this misunderstanding] in the following issue . . . I supposed that you were a Director of the Institute because you believed in the international importance and value of fascism: and certainly not the other way about" (*L4* 526).

4. Mussolini's remark was widely repeated in the period, for example, by Neville Chamberlain after a meeting with the Italian dictator, as reported by the *New York Times* on 7 Apr 1929, 8 ("Chamberlain Tells Purpose of Policy").

5. In *Social Credit* (1924), Douglas noted the similarity between Bolshevism and Fascism as the enemies of liberty (43).

6. Santayana declared that he was "a decided materialist – apparently the only one living," continuing, "I wait for the men of science to tell me what matter is" (*Skepticism and Animal Faith* [New York: Scribner's, 1923, rpt. 1929], vii-viii).

7. On 17 Oct 1929, TSE wrote to Rowse that "*value* . . . is the subject to which all others lead, and which one always has to tackle, usually amateurishly, if one tries to follow any subject out to the end" (*L4* 644).

8. The short-lived *La Revue Marxiste* appeared in five issues from Feb to June 1929; the editors published major works by Marxist theorists as well as replies from French intellectuals to the question they posed in their first issue: "What are your objections to Communism?"

9. *trans*: The growth of the proletariat has compelled this bourgeoisie to fall back on increasingly reactionary forms of thought, to go through all the shades of idealism in order to manage – well into the 20th century – to recognize and utilize the crudest aspects of religious superstition in its exploitation of the oppressed masses. But this backward step coincides with the triumph of dialectical materialism in the movement. The time has come to arm the present materialism and to summon the testimonies of past materialism, which in France is unknown or distorted.

This passage does not appear in any bound issue of *La Revue Marxiste*; the manifesto may have accompanied an issue as a separate advertisement or insert; untraced elsewhere.

10. *trans*: "On the importance of militant materialism," published in *La Revue Marxiste*, 2 (Mar 1929), 206-215. Russian leader Vladimir Illyitch Lenin was sometimes called "Nikolai"; he died in 1924.

11. Lenin writes: "on voit qu'une revue qui veut devenir l'organe du matérialisme militant doit être un organe de combat. . . . [et] l'organe de l'athéisme militant" (208).

12. Lenin continues: "le matérialisme militant doit accomplir, de faire une alliance avec les représentants des sciences naturelles, qui penchent vers le matérialisme" (211).

13. As Lenin writes: "la grande masse de représentants des intellectuels bourgeois s'accroche aux théories d'Einstein qui lui-même n'attaque pas les fondements du matérialisme" (211).

14. Rowse, "Literature of Communism," 436.

15. Rowse here comments on Marx's *Communist Manifesto* (1848), continuing: "Who would think, to hear a conservative defending the rights of property, that the present régime of property is founded upon a series of revolutionary acts, the expropriation of the Church, of royalists and of common-rights?" (426).

16. Parody of a ballad attributed to King Canute, "Merrily sang the monks in Ely / When King Canute rowed thereby" (Graham Chainey, *A Literary History of Cambridge* [Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1995], 2). William Morris, First Viscount Nuffield (1877-1963), British car manufacturer and philanthropist, produced automobiles at his factory in Cowley, Oxford, including the two-seater MG Midget introduced in 1929; he was also made a baronet in 1929 (giving him the title "Morris Bart"). On 13 June 1930, TSE wrote to his brother-in-law Maurice Haigh-Wood, "Re the Talbot. We have tried it out a couple of times. It seems to me a good car, and I find the gear change easier than the Morris Minor, though I have just got the hang of the latter. But I consider it too heavy for Vivienne . . . I should like her to have a rather larger car, but I think that a Morris Cowley, which has the same controls as her present car, would be the best" (*L5* 216).

17. "The philosophy of the *Action Française* in any case is derived directly from eighteenth-century rationalism and is unquestionably 'naturalistic.' Fascism, on the contrary . . . would not deify the State, but would acknowledge God above the State" ("Fascism," 446-47).

18. Henry Ford (1863-1947) invented the assembly line system and founded the Ford Motor Company, which in turn produced the first affordable American car, the Model T.

19. Barnes states: "Fascism . . . makes its appeal to all classes and therein lies its strength. This is also a reason why the movement is likely to spread beyond the frontiers of Italy" (457).

An unsigned review of *Extraits d'un Journal: 1908-1928*, by Charles du Bos

Paris: Éditions de la Pléiade, 1928. Pp. 369[1]

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 8 (July 1929) 762

Charles du Bos is a writer whose name is known to everyone who knows contemporary French literature, though he writes but little. This is a journal of a man of culture and taste and insight, who knows well several literatures, including English, and who in two volumes entitled *Approximations* has written some of the best pieces of contemporary criticism. It is, in fact, a book of some importance.[2]

NOTES

[1] On 27 May 1929, TSE wrote to R. E. Gordon George, who was reviewing *Extraits d'un Journal* for the *TLS* and had expressed interest in reviewing Du Bos's new books, *Byron* and *Le Dialogue avec André Gide* for the *Criterion*: "I have just been looking through his *Journal* with great interest, and managed to squeeze a short notice into the June [i.e., July] *Criterion* in commendation of it and should be all the more glad to have a long review of him later on" (*L4* 514). On 29 June, TSE wrote to Du Bos to thank him for sending the three books, stating that he wished "first to read the *Journal*," which was inscribed "For T. S. Eliot, this intellectual and spiritual pilgrimage, – as a token of deep sympathy Charles de Bos Versailles, Sunday April 21st 1929" (*L4* 531). In the event, the books on Byron and Gide were reviewed not by George but by Robert Sencourt in the number for Oct 1929 (122-27).

[2] In "Baudelaire in our Time" (1927), TSE discusses and quotes from Du Bos's essay on Baudelaire in *Approximations* (1922) (3.75, n.29).

The Prose of the Preacher: The Sermons of Donne[1]

The Listener, 2 (3 July 1929) 22-23

In the classification of prose styles the theology of Hooker is nearer to the philosophy of Bacon than it is to the prose of Donne and other great preachers. The first represents an important step in the development of reasoning; the second represents a step in the development of oratory. However far apart in beliefs, the work of Bacon and Hooker brings us nearer to Hobbes and Berkeley and Locke and Hume; however different in style and subject matter, the sermons of Donne bring us nearer to the speeches of Burke and other great politicians. They have a relation, on the other hand, to the more "decorative" or "poetic" prose in English; to Jeremy Taylor, of course, but also to De Quincey. In Hooker and Bacon we find what we may call "reasoning in tranquility"; in Donne we find "reasoning in emotion."

Up to quite recent times the sermons of Donne were hardly read except by the specialist in seventeenth-century prose: most people, if they have the prejudice that sermons must be dull, suppose that their dullness increases in direct ratio to their age. This is not true, for the best sermons of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are not only among the most interesting sermons in the language, but among the best prose of any kind in the language. Even to-day very few people have the courage or interest to read through the many volumes of Donne. But we had, a few years ago, the admirable selection of passages from these sermons edited by Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith at the Clarendon Press.[2] The chief defect in the introduction to this book, otherwise excellent, is that the editor did not appear sufficiently interested in the other preachers of the period; and the chief defect of the book is that the selections are all much too short, and give the impression that Donne in preaching was from time to time inspired to a paragraph or so of superb English between dreary wastes of antiquated theology. The truth is that Donne's sermons are brilliantly written throughout, and brilliantly constructed, with a beginning, a middle and an end. For this reason I prefer the selections, including one complete sermon, given by Mr. John Hayward in his recent volume of Donne's poetry and selected prose published by the Nonesuch Press.[3]

[About John Donne himself, it is only necessary to remind you that after having written some of the most beautiful lyrics and love poems in the English language, and acquiring a vast erudition in theology and law, he was induced by James I to take holy orders. He became quickly a Royal Chaplain, and eventually Dean of St. Paul's. Many of his sermons were preached before King James – a considerable theologian himself – and others at St. Paul's or out of doors at Paul's Cross. At a time when preaching was popular, Donne became the most popular of all preachers. His success can only be compared with that of some popular evangelist in America; for we have recorded some astounding accounts of the effects of his oratory upon both populace and courtiers. People of all sorts crowded to hear him; and when he preached upon Damnation and the perils of the sinful, it was not out of the way for some of his auditors to swoon with terror.]

To put ourselves into a mood to read one of Donne's sermons, it is worth while reminding ourselves of the reasons for the popularity of preaching at that time. In the first place, theological questions were then taken very seriously by everyone but the most ribald. Theology was, indeed, a very important part of politics, and politics meant serious matters of peace or strife, prosperity or persecutions. The English Church had a dangerous position to defend, and the security of Church was then one question with the security of Crown and State. With all questions of foreign politics, the relations of England with France, Spain and the Empire, was inextricably involved the question of Canterbury *versus* Rome; and a priest from Rome was regarded with as much suspicion, and was indeed in much greater danger at times, than a Russian Communist emissary is now. With all questions of domestic politics was involved the question of Canterbury *versus* Geneva and Zurich: that is to say, the struggle which culminated in the Civil Wars and the assassination of Charles I was the struggle between the Established Church and the Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Brownists, Family-of-Love and the other stern dissenting sects.[4] A sermon, by an important preacher, in an age when there were no regular newspapers, had something of the excitement of an important political speech at a moment when people are politically excited.

The second reason for the popularity of the sermon is that it took the place now taken by many other popular Sunday amusements; the third to be remembered is the greater emotionality of the people. The beatitude of Paradise, the horror of Hell, could be painted in colours to delight or terrify the auditors. They were, I suppose, neither better nor worse than ourselves for being so easily moved; but they enjoyed themselves more thoroughly.

Donne was by no means either the first or the last of the great English preachers; I believe that his contemporary, Bishop Andrewes, is greater, and Jeremy Taylor must take an equal rank. But Donne is undoubtedly the most readable. Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, was a great preacher and a great prose writer long before Donne; and you can read some of his sermons preached before Edward VI in a volume in the Everyman edition. The peculiarity of Donne is that he was not only a great prose master, but also a great poet; and in many passages in his sermons we are reminded that he is not only a theologian but a poet, and a very human poet too. And both as a poet and as a man, a very modern person. He imports into English prose two qualities for the first time – qualities which we find among his contemporaries only in the blank verse of Shakespeare and the highest passages of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries: a curious knowledge of the human heart, and a stateliness of phrase and image hitherto possible only in verse. As an example of the former a very well-known passage will suffice:[5]

> I am not all here, I am here now preaching upon this text, and I am at home in my library considering whether St. Gregory, or St. Jerome, have said best of this text, before. I am here speaking to you, and yet I consider by the way, in the same instant, what is likely you will say to one another, when I have done, you are not all here neither; you are here now, hearing me, and yet you are thinking that you have heard a better sermon somewhere else, of this text before; you are here, and yet you think you could have heard some other doctrine of down-right Predestination, and Reprobation roundly delivered somewhere else with more edification to you; you are here, and you remember your selves that now ye think of it: This had been the fittest time, now, when everybody else is at church, to have made such and such a private visit; and because you would be there, you are there.

Donne was in early years brought up, before deciding upon the Church of England, among Jesuit surroundings; his command of the terrors of death and damnation in other passages shows him a student of the Ignatian method; and I think he shows his training here too, in winning his auditors by sympathy and understanding, and suddenly pulling them up at the end. You would not find a passage like this in any other contemporary English preacher. He confesses later:

> I throw myself down in my chamber, and I call in, and invite God, and His Angels thither, and when they are there, I neglect God and His Angels, for the noise of a fly, for the rattling of a coach, for the whining of a door; I talk on, in the same posture of praying; eyes lifted up; knees bowed down; as though I prayed to God; and, if God, or His Angels should ask me, when I thought last of God in that prayer, I cannot tell: Sometimes I find that I had forgot what I was about, but when I began to forget it, I cannot tell. A memory of yesterday's pleasures, a fear of to-morrow's dangers, a straw under my knee, a noise in mine ear, a light in mine eye, an anything, a nothing, a fancy, a chimaera in my brain, troubles me in my prayer.[6]

[I have been hauled over the coals by some of the best critics, for venturing to prefer the sermons of Bishop Andrewes to those of his contemporary Donne.[7†] Certainly it was intemperate of me to call Donne "the Reverend Billy Sunday of his time" and I apologise for that;[8] but I still think it fair to say that he has a touch of the religious spellbinder. I still prefer Andrewes, both as a prose writer and as a man. But I am talking now about Donne, instead of about Andrewes, because Donne is more widely representative of his time, and because his prose style is more nearly related to later styles than is that of Andrewes. And you cannot conceive of Andrewes writing anything else but sermons and theological works; accordingly his style is a nearly perfect style for what he had to say. But you can think of Donne writing many other things, and his style as clothing profane as well as sacred subjects. I can express the difference better by saying that Andrewes seems when we read him to be inspired by his subject; Donne seems rather a man with a prodigious gift of writing which he has turned to a subject: Andrewes is first the divine, Donne is first the writer. I do not imply a distinction between "sincere" and "insincere."[9†] And this does not mean that Andrewes is a greater "prose writer" than Donne: but then, I never said he was.]

It is interesting to remark about Donne that although he appears first in history as a poet and as an aspiring worldly courtier, he betrays almost no contact with the literature of the time. He never alludes to his contemporary dramatists or poets, and certainly shows no direct influence by them; yet we know that he sometimes frequented the society of Ben Jonson, who left a critical phrase and a commendation of Donne.[10] We are apt to suppose that a poet of all people must have read a great deal of poetry, certainly that he must enjoy poetry. There are, however, poets who do not much care for reading poetry, and Donne was one of them. His poetic imagination was fed chiefly on works of theology and law. In his verse, he is a theologian and a lawyer; and in his theology, he is very much a poet. We admit that there are greater poets than Donne; we should, I think, admit that there are greater theological writers and greater preachers. But it is this mixture that gives Donne the quality which we express by the feeble worn-out word "fascination," and made him popular as a preacher.

Hugh Latimer was adept in homely illustrations to drive a point home to an unlettered audience; Jeremy Taylor, in the next generation, has a sweetness and purity of tone unknown to Donne; Andrewes in his sermons, and Cranmer in his great prayer-book,[11] rose to greater heights. But Donne could best appeal to the ordinary worldly person of his day and of our day; and being a poet, could appeal, too, to an audience educated in verbal beauty by the Shakespearian drama. In the following passage we hear, I think, in the voice of the preacher, the minor tones of Shakespearian drama. Donne is the contemporary of John Webster, John Ford, Thomas Middleton and Cyril Tourneur:

> Shall we, that are but worms, but silkworms, but glowworms at best, chide God that He hath made slowworms, and other venomous creeping things? shall we that are nothing but boxes of poison in our selves, reprove God for making toads and spiders in the world? shall we that are all discord, quarrel the harmony of His creation, or His providence? Can an apothecary make a sovereign triacle of vipers, and other poisons, and cannot God admit offences, and scandals into his physic?[12]

And again, in the following, the poet speaks:

> Methusalah, with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth, to this day, and all the four monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful Kings, and all the beautiful Queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning, in respect of this day.[13]

These are the sorts of passage to delight in first; we can then proceed to study the ingenuity with which Donne, in a long passage, will employ one simile, and develop it in immense detail. It is an old method in the sermon; it was used by the Buddha; you find it in Latimer's Sermons on the Card and on the Plough; it has been used again. But Donne has an exceptional fertility in detail. One specimen is found on page 72 of Mr. Pearsall Smith's selection: "The World is a Sea," in which he brings forth every possible interpretation of this metaphor.[14] The Elizabethan congregation was prepared to stay a long while, to listen standing for two hours; and in a sermon of such length to such an audience it was highly desirable to hammer every point very hard indeed. And for such hammering Donne's metaphors and similes were perfectly adapted. And it is of interest that many of them, as every reader of his poems knows, were drawn from his personal experience: many are of seafaring ships and tempests; and send us back to his early poems for reminiscences of his voyage, as an adventurous young man, long before he thought seriously of the Church, to the Azores.

And finally, as I said, no one can fully appreciate the greatness of Donne's enrichment of English prose without reading carefully at least one sermon from beginning to end. His method is that of other contemporary divines, in so far as he takes his text seriously and searches for exact meanings in every word and phrase. There is invariably this process, in an age when the exactness of the biblical text was undoubted, and the verbal inspiration taken literally. The meanings of one small text may be many, but they are all based on the exact word. This way of dealing with the text of a sermon is remote from us, but it had its literary as well as its theological advantages: for in those days a text had to be something more than a *pre* text; and the reasoning from it had to be close, and the illustrations of it clear.

While insisting on the peculiar qualities of the prose of Donne, which make it unique in its own and any time, one ought to show him also in his place as one among the great divines of the English Church of that period, of whom Hooker is another, and Andrewes is another, and remark upon the extent to which not the Church only, but the whole of English civilisation, is indebted to those men. Without Hooker, the prose of the philosopher, the jurist, even of the scientist, would not have developed so rapidly; without Donne, the more ornate types of English prose, of Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, would not have developed so rapidly. And compare the prose of Donne with that of Thomas Nashe. Donne is of a more mature intellectual generation: not merely a greater writer, but more adult. There are "poetic" passages in the prose of Nashe and his group: but with Donne the sensibility of the poet and dramatist is infused into a prose which is that of the man of thought.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 p.m. on Tuesday, 2 July, as TSE's fourth talk in a series of six lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original broadcast title, "The Popular Preacher: Donne"; the unpublished TS of full text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham; passages of the broadcast deleted at publication are restored in square brackets. TSE modernizes the quotations from Donne's texts.

2. *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages, with an Essay by Logan Pearsall Smith* (Clarendon, 1920)

3. *John Donne: Complete Poetry and Selected Prose* (Nonesuch, 1929)

4. During the First Civil War, the Puritan ministers of the Long Parliament split into the Independents, who advocated freedom of religion and complete separation of church and state, and the Presbyterians, who were intolerant of nonconformists and advocated a national system of church government. The Anabaptists, a Protestant sect formed in Switzerland in 1525, believed in the complete separation of church and state, denied the validity of infant baptism, and advocated re-baptism of adult believers, who were required to make a public, free-will profession of faith. The Brownists were dissenters and separatists under the leadership of Robert Browne (d. 1633), an Anglican priest who came under Puritan influence. Though he eventually returned to the Church, many of his Puritan followers sailed to America on *The Mayflower* in 1620 and were known as the Brownist Emigration. Sir Andrew Aguecheek states in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, "I had as leif be a Brownist as a politician" (III.ii.33). The Family of Love, or Familists, a sect that originated in Holland ca. 1540 and believed that true religion was to be found in a fellowship of peace and love, had a strong following in England. Though Elizabeth I issued a proclamation against the sect in 1580, it remained active up to the Restoration in 1660.

5. From Donne's Sermon XIV, "Preached at Lincolns Inne," titled "I am Not all Here" in Logan Pearsall Smith's edition, *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages*, 3-4.

6. From Sermon LXXX, "Preached at the funerals of Sir William Cokayne Knight . . . December 12, 1626"; titled "Imperfect Prayers" in Smith's edition of *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages*, 4.

7†. Crossed out in TSE's text: Donne: "perhaps one or two critics may even be doing me the honour to listen now, in the hope of an amends or retraction which I shall not make."

8. This criticism of Donne appears in "Lancelot Andrewes" (1926): "About Donne there hangs the shadow of the impure motive; and impure motives lend their aid to a facile success. He is a religious spellbinder, the Reverend Billy Sunday of his time, the flesh-creeper, the sorcerer of emotional orgy" (2.820).

9†. Crossed out in TSE's text: "but between degrees of sincerity."

10. TSE refers to the famous descriptive phrase of Donne in the opening line of Jonson's "To John Donne," "the delight of Phoebus and each Muse," and to Jonson's commendation of Donne in his conversations with William Drummond of Hawthorne (1619) as "the first Poet of the World for some Things."

11. Thomas Cranmer, appointed first protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, was a major contributor and editorial producer of the first Book of Common Prayer (1549); the Preface contains Cranmer's explanation of why a new prayer book was required for the new Anglican communion: "There was never any thing by the wit of man so well devised, or so sure established, which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted."

12. From Sermon XVII, "Preached at Lincolns Inne"; titled "Silkworms" in *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages*, 165; triacle (OED): obsolete form of treacle

13. From Sermon LXXIII, "Preached to the King in my Ordinary wayting at White-hall, 18 Aprill 1626"; titled "Eternity" in *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages*, 235-36.

14. From Sermon LXXII, "At the Hague December 19, 1619"; titled "*Mundas Mare*" in *Donne's Sermons: Selected Passages*, 72-75; TSE quoted from the sermon and compared it to Latimer's sermon "Of the Card" (1529) in his review of Smith's edition in 1919 (2.167). In his fourth Clark lecture, "The Conceit in Donne," TSE again discussed the expository device of "the extended, detailed, interminable simile" in Buddha's Fire Sermon and in the sermons of Richard of St. Victor, Donne, and Latimer, who uses the device in his sermon on "The Plough" (1548) (2.677). TSE owned J. M. Dent's Everyman edition of Latimer's *Sermons* (1906).

Elizabethan Travellers' Tales[1]

The Listener, 2 (10 July 1929) 59-60

Tonight I wish to turn away for a while from the professional men of letters, to consider another type of prose which is interesting in any period.[2†] All of the men we have so far dealt with have been professional writers, each in his own line; we shall meet with the amateur writer, the courtier and man of action, in Sir Walter Raleigh and Fulke Greville. But there are also at all times men who, in the exercise of their business, have occasion to set down plain accounts of their affairs. Among such people are travellers and explorers – except, of course, those who merely travel for the sake of writing up their adventures afterwards – and especially sea-captains, who are obliged to keep log-books. Often such writing, when simple and sincere, has a beauty of its own. For a famous modern specimen I will refer you, not to Doughty's *Arabia Deserta*, which is the work of a very highly sophisticated professional writer, but to Captain Scott's account of the death of Oates on the Antarctic Expedition, as moving a story of heroism as any I know, which is quoted in *The Oxford Book of English Prose*.[3] Not only was there a good deal of such writing in Tudor times, but there was a good deal of public interest in it; and I do not think that I should give you a fair view of the types of Tudor prose unless I lingered a little over this one.

It was natural that the English reading public, in the later days of Elizabeth, should take a lively interest in accounts of foreign countries. The exploits of their own navigators, before and after the Armada, filled them with exultation and curiosity. So there was a large consumption of books purporting to describe foreign parts and the Antipodes; and any account, from the most fraudulently fabulous to that of the genuine eye-witness, was eagerly received. Most of these books have no literary merit, but to Richard Hakluyt we owe a great debt. I have not recommended you to read Hakluyt yourselves, and you will understand the difficulty when I explain the nature of his book. It is called *Principal Navigations, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation*, and is designed to be nothing less than an encyclopedia of travels, voyages and explorations of Englishmen.[4] It is in many volumes. Hakluyt was solely an editor, for the book is a compilation from many sources ancient and contemporary; it is, in fact, a source book.

Many, perhaps most, of the inclusions are of little interest except to the historian; the literary merit varies indefinitely between one piece and the next. What are of interest to us are the narratives written by Elizabethan voyagers, often obscure or anonymous, about what they have themselves witnessed, and without pretence to literary style. If I knew of a good book of selections from Hakluyt, made with a view to illustrating the prose of Tudor navigators, I should recommend it to you; but so far as I know, there is no way with Hakluyt but to plough straight through the many volumes, or to look in each volume for what may be of interest.

I will quote a passage which I have chosen because it is nothing out of the ordinary, but typical of the way these men write. It is from an account of the Last Voyage of Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in the West Indies.

> The 4th of November we began to unlade the Richard, one of our victuallers, which was by the next day unladen, unrigged and then sunken. Then we stood Northwest and then North; and the next morning saw the Islands of Monserrata, Redonda, Estazia, St. Christopher and Saba. The biggest of these Islands is not past 8 leagues long. There is good anchorage in 8, 7 and 5 fathoms water fair white sand. Then we stood away southwest, and on the 8 in the morning came to an anchor some 7 or 8 leagues off within certain broken islands called Las Virgines, which have been accounted dangerous: but we found there a very good road, had it been for a thousand sails of ships in 14, 12 and 8 fathoms fair sand and good anchorage, high islands on either side, but no fresh water that we could find: here is much fish to be taken with hooks and nets: also we stayed on shore and fowled. Here sir John Hawkins was extreme sick; which his sickness began upon news of the taking of the Francis. . . . The 12 in the morning we weighed and set sail into the sea due south through a small strait but without danger, and then stood West and by North for St. Juan de Puerto Rico, and in the after noon left the three small Islands called "The Passages" to the Southward of us, and that night came up to the Eastermost end of St. John, where Sir John Hawkins departed this life.[5]

[Now I suppose that those of you who are still patiently listening, and have not tuned in to another station while I have been reading this extract, will be awaiting some apology from me for having read it at all. There is nothing exceptional about it; that is why I read it. But] It ought to strike you as curious how like this anonymous entry in an Elizabethan log-book is to any entry in any seaman's log-book to-day. Somehow this passage strikes on my ear as more modern than anything I have quoted before. One reason for giving it is to point out to you that the skeleton, so to speak, of English prose was almost the same in Elizabethan times as it is to-day. When you find an Elizabethan with a plain tale to tell – and for plain tales one should go to log-books – he told it much as a master mariner of our own time would tell it, and told it, I think, very well. I get more of the sensation of reality in Elizabethan voyages out of reports like that, than out of, let us say, Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*[6] This is not the romance of Drake and Hawkins fabricated in London; it is the reality.

Here is an account of another adventure, the taking of Cartagena, by Sir Francis Drake:

> Our Lieutenant-General, taking the advantage of the dark (the day light as yet not broken out) approached by the lowest ground, according to the express direction which himself had formerly given, the same being the sea-wash shore, where the water was somewhat fallen, so as most of all their shot was vain. Our Lieutenant-General commanded our shot to forbear shooting until we were come to the wall side, and so with pikes roundly together we approached the place, where we soon found out the barricades of pipes or buts, to be the meetest place for our assault, which, notwithstanding it was well furnished with pikes and shot, was without staying attempted by us: down went the buts of earth, and pell mell came our swords and pikes together, after our shot had first given their volley, even at the enemies nose. Our pikes were somewhat longer than theirs, and our bodies better armed; for very few of them were armed: with which advantage our swords and pikes grew too hard for them, and they driven to give place. In this furious entry, the Lieutenant-General slew with his own hands the chiefe Ensign Bearer of the Spaniards, who fought very manfully to his life's end.[7]

This sort of narrative not only seems to me very good workmanlike prose, but brings me nearer to the reality of Elizabethan adventure than any modern romancing, or any *contemporary* romancing, such as the boisterous patriotism of Heywood in his play *The Fair Maid of the West*. In that play, the Spanish captain, baffled by the stolid fortitude of his English prisoner, exclaims:

> "These English! *nothing* can daunt them!"[8]

In the paragraph above the unknown narrator remarks modestly "Our pikes were somewhat longer than theirs, and our bodies better armed." He seems to me all the more a hero for that modest statement.

I hope that a comparison of these passages with what I have quoted previously, and what you have read, will help to give you a wider view of the accomplishments of Tudor prose than you had before. I must pass now to a writer by no means anonymous, who has much in common with these writers, but whose varied interests united several kinds of prose in his writings, just as they brought together several kinds of activity in his life. It is Sir Walter Raleigh. [Raleigh is typical of the courtier-adventurer of his time: too typical, in that he is for most of us merely a name on which to hang a myth. To whom living can we compare him? hero-profiteer, poet-corrupt politician?[9][†] I sometimes think that it is a pity that nowadays it is no longer the custom to clap inconvenient politicians into the Tower of London, for several men, Raleigh, Archbishop Laud, and others, did some very good work under those conditions. Thus Raleigh wrote his History of the World. The three works of Raleigh to which I wish to call attention are his History of the World, his Voyage to Guiana, and his account of the Last Fight of the Revenge.][10]

Now Raleigh is remarkable as a prose writer by the fact that, belonging to several worlds, the world of the court, the world of literature, the world of the quarterdeck, the world of the camp, he can combine several styles of prose. I might remind you as well of the still obscure and little-known club of atheists which is supposed to have met at his house, of which Thomas Kyd and Marlowe, the dramatists, are supposed to have been members. There is hardly a side of Elizabethan life which this Devonshire soldier of fortune did not touch. His account of the end of the *Revenge*, the fight off the Azores, is, I think, his masterpiece. There are many bits I should like to quote: his picture of the sailors falling off the deck of a Spanish galley stuck on a mudbank, like sacks of coals poured out.[11] But I cannot find anything better or more typical than the passage already quoted by Mr. Robertson and by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

> All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundredth free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop of men to such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty

> an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and entrings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron; all manner of arms, and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed; and in effect evened she was with the water – but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.[12]

The same man could write a dithyrambic address to Death which reminds us of Donne, Taylor, or Thomas Browne; but the style of the paragraph I have just quoted he learned in the same school as the humble authors of log-books such as I have mentioned. In his account of the discovery of Guiana he could give a fair plain narrative, with observations upon the geography, flora and fauna, and the customs of the inhabitants. [; though like every Elizabethan explorer or historian, he sometimes slips into statements like this:

> On (the river called) Caora are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders, which though it may be thought a mere fable, yet for mine own part I am resolved it is true, because every child in the provinces of Arromaia and Canuri affirm the same. They are called Ewaipanoma. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts.][13]

Not the least interesting part of that book is the report of recommendations which Raleigh drew up for the Queen, including a practical scheme for discrediting the Spaniards among the natives:

> De las Casas book of the Spanish cruelties with fair pictures, or at least a large table of pictures expressing the particularities of the cruelties there specified (neatly wrought for the better credit of our workmanship, and their easier understanding) would be sent to the Inca, and his Caciques by some interpreters, that they may publish them among their vassals, and to all the estates of the confining countries round about that they may be all (as much as is possible) conjointly linked, and exasperated against the Spaniards. And by informing them that the Spaniards do hold their religion of the Pope, the great enchanter or cousener, and troubler of the world, who sent them first to invade those countries, who

> teacheth them to break all faith, promises, oaths, covenants with all such as be not of their own religion, so far forth as may serve his turn, who giveth his followers dispensation to steal, rob, rebel and murder; and likewise pardoneth for money whatsoever wrongs or villainies, are by them committed.[14]

I am not able, in the time that I have, to describe the rise of historical writing in Tudor England, or to deal with it as a special type. I have had to make rather simple divisions; and to deal with history by itself. I should have to bring in the work of translators, and particularly Berners' translation of Froissart's Chronicles; and I should have had to touch upon it in discussing Bacon, whose *History of the Reign of Henry VII* is one of the first modern English histories.[15] Modern history had begun in France and Italy before it was practised in England. From Machiavelli and Guicciardini, Bacon and others learned something of the art of scholarly and reflective history;[16] from Froissart and Commines they learned that the Chronicle can be a living memoir of events in which the author took part.[17] I would point out especially that I believe the writing of history in English was very much aided by the work of men like Raleigh and the various navigators who recounted their own experiences. Gradually the sense of fact asserts itself, gradually the English mind becomes more critical of hearsay and old myths and records. Holinshed, to whom Shakespeare owed so much, is still a medieval chronicler;[18] Bacon and Raleigh are modern historians. We must still wait for Lord Clarendon, writing after the accession of Charles II, for the first great historical work in English by an Englishman. But the sense of history was greatly developed by men writing about their own experiences with a feeling that they were a part of history, not merely personal adventures.

Raleigh's *History of the World* is an important historical work in another way. It is not important for its information, because he began with the Creation of the World and left it unfinished before he had reached A.D., but because of his conception of there being such a thing as a history of the world. Bacon, in his history of Henry VII's reign, shows a perception of history as not merely a chronicle of events, but as an illustration of character, and as material for the study of the theory of government. Raleigh, in his history of the world, is the first person to show a perception of the unity of history, of the relation of the history of one race and nation to that of another; and though he does not use the modern word, he is the first to have some grasp of the concept of civilisation in general, of a process and development in the history of people after people. It is, I think, a very remarkable thing that the man who was primarily a soldier and sailor and courtier, incidentally a minor poet, could both set down in such fine English the images of actions in which he had taken part, such curiosity about the countries and strange peoples which he visited, and, at the same time, have such a wide view of the meaning of history as a whole.

[Next week I shall deal with my last type: the biography and the autobiography: Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney, Urquhart's Life of Crichton, and Lord Herbert's Autobiography.][19]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 p.m. on Tuesday, 9 July, as TSE's fifth talk in a series of six weekly lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original broadcast title, "The Literature of Travel"; the unpublished TS of full text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham; passages of the broadcast deleted at publication are restored in square brackets.

2†. In *Listener*: "in any period, because it gives a good index of the general state of prose writing in its time."

3. Captain Lawrence Oates (1880-1912), a member of the ill-fated Terra Nova Expedition to Antarctica (1910-13), made the determination, suffering from gangrene and frostbite, to leave his tent and walk into a blizzard in self-sacrifice to improve the chances of survival for his three colleagues. *The Oxford Book of English Prose* (1925) prints sections titled "The Death of Captain Oates" and "The End" from *Scott's Last Expedition* (1913, 1923), by Robert Falcon Scott (1868-1912), the Royal Navy officer and Antarctic explorer who led the expedition. The *Oxford Book* also includes prose from vol 1 of Charles Doughty's two-volume *Travels in Arabia Deserta* (1888). In "Contemporary English Prose" (1923), TSE regrets that Doughty is not as known as he might be "for the reason that his great work *Travels in Arabia Deserta* has been rare and extremely expensive" (2.450).

4. TSE draws on the seven-volume Everyman edition (London: J. M. Dent, 1907) of Richard Hakluyt's *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques & Discoveries of the English Nation: Made by Sea or Overland to the Remote & Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth at any time within the compasse of these 1600 Yeares* (1589-1600). TSE modernizes the quotations.

5. Hakluyt, *Principal Navigations*, vol 7, 186. Sir John Hawkins (1532-95), shipbuilder, seaman, and slave trader, sailed alongside Drake as one of the ship commanders in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588; their last voyage was in 1595.

6. *Westward Ho! or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh . . . in the reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth* (1855), an historical novel by Charles Kingsley, portrays Leigh's setting sail with Drake to the Caribbean, where they engage in battles with the Spanish. See TSE's previous mention of the novel in "Mr. Chesterton (and Stevenson)" (1927) (3.315, n.2).

7. Hakluyt, *Principal Navigations*, vol 7, 94-95.

8. From Part I of Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West; or, A Girle worth gold* (1631), IV.i.27-28; *read*: "These Englishmen! Nothing can daunt them." In his personal reading text, TSE altered the original misquotation ("These English! can *nothing* daunt 'em?"), as printed in the *Listener*.

9†. This question is a holograph insertion in TSE's reading text.

10. Raleigh's *Last Fight of the Revenge* appeared in 1591, *The Discovery of Guiana* in 1595, the *History of the World* in 1614. TSE discussed the importance of the *Last Fight of the Revenge* as "A new kind of prose" in his 1918 Extension course (1.756).

11. Raleigh's picture appears not in the *Last Fight of the Revenge* but in his account of the raid against Spanish forces at Cadiz in his posthumously published *A Relation of Cadiz Action* (1699). TSE quotes the description in "The New Elizabethans and the Old" (1919) (1.14, n. 10).

12. J. M. Robertson quotes this passage in his *Elizabethan Literature* (London: Williams and Norgate, 1914), stating by way of introduction that "the tremendous fight of the *Revenge* is told with a calm intensity that transcends declamation" (123-24). Quiller-Couch quotes the passage in his *Oxford Book of English Prose 1250-1900* (1925), 131-32.

13. *The Discovery of Guiana, and the Journal of the Second Voyage thereto* (London: Cassell, 1887), 106.

14. *Read*: "For proof whereof, Bartol. de las Casas's book"; "Considerations on the Voyage to Guiana," in *History of the World*, new edn, vol 6 (Edinburgh: Constable, 1820), 124.

15. The *Chronicles* [*Chroniques*] of Jean Froissart, covering the years 1322-1400 in four books (1373-1400), were translated into English (1523, 1525) by John Bourchier, Lord Berners (ca. 1467-1533); published as *The Chronicles of Froissart* in the Harvard Classics (1910). Bacon's *History of the Reign of Henry VII* appeared in 1622.

16. Machiavelli's eight-book *Istorie fiorentine* (1532) [*Florentine Histories*], chronicles the affairs of Florence and Italy from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Death of Lorenzo the Magnificent in 1492. Francesco Guicciardini (1483-1540), Florentine historian, statesman, and friend of Machiavelli, is known for his histories of Florence and *Storia d'Italia* (1537-40) [*History of Italy*].

17. The French diplomat and political historian Phillippe de Commines completed in 1498 his *Mémoires*, first published in 1528, translated as *The Reign of Louis XI, 1461-83*.

18. Raphael Holinshed (1529-80), one of several contributors to *Holinshed's Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland*, first published in 1577. Shakespeare used the work as a source for some of his history plays and tragedies.

19. Fulke Greville's biography of Sir Philip Sidney and Thomas Urquhart's of James Crichton both appeared in 1652. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography, unpublished at the time of his death in 1648, first appeared in 1764.

The Tudor Biographers[1]

The Listener, 2 (17 July 1929), 94-95

The three specimens of the art of biography, with which I shall close my review of Tudor types, all come rather late in history. Fulke Greville's life of his friend Sir Philip Sidney was not published until 1652, twenty-four years after the author's death. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the brother of the more famous George Herbert, is really a Caroline, born in 1583. Sir Thomas Urquhart, whose translation of Rabelais I have already mentioned, is a true anachronism, for his little biography of Crichtoun was published in 1652.[2] Yet he is an Elizabethan in spirit, and in those days his native seat of Cromartie was a long way from London; and as Mr. Charles Whibley, in his essay on Urquhart reprinted in his *Studies in Frankness*, has vindicated his inclusion of Urquhart as a Tudor translator, I need not supply a fresh vindication of my inclusion of him as a Tudor biographer.[3] And the recent appearance of an edition of *The Admirable Crichtoun*, by Harpers, edited by Mr. Hamish Miles – a book of which my only complaint is that it costs a guinea – makes Urquhart's inclusion all the more desirable.[4]

And when we have considered the biography, I hope and believe that I shall have covered all the important *types* of late Tudor prose. I do not suggest that other types of prose have not been discovered later. Pepys' Diary, for instance, represents a later stage of civilisation; for perfect specimens of letter-writing we must wait at least for Dorothy Temple;[5] good parliamentary oratory is hardly possible before the eighteenth century. But nearly all the major possibilities of English prose were first exploited by Elizabethans.

The informal biography is very popular at the present time, both here and abroad; witness the work of Mr. Lytton Strachey and of his semi-disciple M. André Maurois, whose lectures, called *Aspects of Biography*, have lately been published in England.[6] It represents, of course, a reaction against the official two-volume biography – not necessarily against only the biographies of statesmen published by authority of their executors. The Elizabethans knew nothing of the official biography. Fulke Greville writes with passionate enthusiasm of a friend, Urquhart with equal enthusiasm, though not as a personal friend, of his countryman.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, whose proud tomb you can see at Warwick, was a man of Sir Philip Sidney's own type, and one of the set of courtly poets associated with the name of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke. He was the author of several plays in which there is much really fine poetry; he was one of those called "Senecals" who tried unsuccessfully to impose the classical or Senecan form upon modern English tragedy.[7] He followed much the same career as Philip Sidney, with less distinction and with less romance. He had, I think, a profounder mind, a better intellect, than Sidney; yet he survives more as the biographer of Sidney than for any other of his accomplishments. It is not wholly unjust; for Greville was not a great enough thinker or great enough poet to stand out in an age of so many great men. Neither was Sidney; but Sidney remains as the typical figure of the literary courtier and soldier of the age; and Greville as his biographer.

Greville does not follow any method that the reader of any modern biography might expect. He gives no dates, says nothing of Sidney's marriage or domestic life; and on the other hand includes, even in quite a short book, a good deal that we should not expect: reflections on the policy of Queen Elizabeth and the situation abroad; and critical remarks about his own dramatic works. Yet his enthusiastic admiration for his friend does, in the end, give us something like a portrait.

There is one story of Sir Philip Sidney which every child has read, but not every adult has read it in the words in which Greville tells it. At the battle of Zutphen Sidney was mortally wounded:

> Howsoever, by this stand, an unfortunate hand out of those forespoken trenches, brake the bone of Sir Philip's thigh with a musket shot. The horse he rode upon, was rather furiously choleric, than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest, and fittest biere to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the Army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." And when he had pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim.[8]

Greville is not, I admit, a great prose writer; it is seldom that he writes even as well as this; he is at his best in verse, and verse of a solemn declamatory sort. Yet his little *Life of Sidney*, with all the tiresome irrelevancies he includes, and all the interesting detail he leaves out, remains a biography of permanent enjoyment; and an important step towards modern biographical writing.

Urquhart is a very different figure, a great if extravagant prose writer, and a real eccentric. He was a Scot of very long lineage, which he made still longer, by compiling a family tree tracing the descent of the Urquharts from Adam, and bringing in on the way the best mythological families of Greece, as well as the Queen of Sheba. With such a descent, it is not surprising that he stood by his King, and hated Presbyterians, against whom he employed the resources of his enormous vocabulary. It is also not surprising, though deplorable, that some of the Roundhead troops retaliated by destroying many of his manuscripts. But out of what were left he himself survived to make some compilations: the little *Life of Crichtoun* is really an incident in a greater work, but complete in itself. It is not, like Greville's Sidney, a memorial to a friend or acquaintance; The Admirable Crichtoun, a Scottish adventurer at Italian courts, was merely a personage who excited Urquhart's imagination, as another Scot who was his model in the arts and practices of manhood, warfare, scholarship, gallantry and courtesy. His story is therefore a kind of fantasia, yet a more straightforward and lucid narrative than that of Greville. While Greville's prose hobbles, that of Urquhart sports like a dancing horse – I was going to say a dancing elephant, but that would not be quite fair. Here is his account of a duel in which the Scot, the "matchless Crichtoun," of course vanquished his Italian adversary:

> The sweetness of Crichtoun's countenance, in the hottest of the assault, like a glance of lightning on the hearts of the spectators, brought all the Italian ladies on a sudden to be enamoured of him; whilst the sternness of the other's aspect, he looking like an enraged bear, would have struck terror into wolves, and affrighted an English mastiff. Though they were both in their linens (to wit, shirts and drawers, without any other apparel) and in all outward conveniences equally adjusted; the Italian, with redoubling his strokes, foamed at the mouth with a choleric heart, and fetched a pantling breath: the Scot, in sustaining his charge, kept himself in a pleasant temper, without passion, and made void his designs: he

> alters his wards from tierce to quart; he primes and seconds it, now high, now low, and casts his body (like another Proteus) into all the shapes he can, to spy an open on his adversary, and lay hold of an advantage; but all in vain: for the invincible Crichtoun, whom no cunning was able to surprise, contrepostures his respective wards, and, with an incredible nimbleness of both hand and foot, evades his intent, and frustrates the invasion. [12-13]

I admit that Urquhart, in this passage, is not altogether orderly with his pronouns; so that you probably were not sure at every moment whether he was speaking of the Scot or of his Italian antagonist; but there is life and beauty in the style. Urquhart has a verbal vitality similar to that of Nashe; but I think he is a finer and more mature writer. You say at every page: "he can never keep this up," but he does keep it up, and the lyrical strain never flags to the end. He has, of course, a fine theme to end on, in Crichtoun's death. Crichtoun is waylaid by the ungrateful and jealous Italian princeling whom he had loyally tutored, with a band of ruffians. Crichtoun, single-handed, routs the band utterly, and is about to despatch the prince himself, who was masked, when he is made aware of the prince's identity. Then, as the flower of courtesy, he kneels and humbly offers his sword to the prince, who, I am sorry to say, runs Crichtoun through the body with it. "In the interim of which lamentable accident," as Urquhart puts it, the beautiful Italian lady who was enamoured of Crichtoun, having

> slipped herself into a cloth of gold petticoat, in the anterior scente whereof was an asterisk pouch, wherein were enchased fifteen several diamonds, representative of the constellation of the primest stars in the sign of Virgo . . . [91-92]

(the rest of her dress and the beauty of her person are described in a sentence three pages long) appears upon the scene, and

> All this from their imagination being conveyed into the penitissim[9] corners of their souls in that short space which I have already told, she, rending her garments, and tearing her hair, like one of the graces possessed with a fury, spoke thus: "O villains! what have you done? you vipers of men, that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichtoun, the sword of his own sex, and buckler of ours, the glory of his age, and restorer of the lost honour of the court of Mantua: O Crichtoun, Crichtoun!" [97-98]

Greville's *Life of Sidney*, and Urquhart's *Life of Crichtoun* still more so, are delightful books to read, or I should not have dealt with them. But we must recognise also that in spite of the prolix inconsequence of the first, and the amazing extravaganza of the second, there is in them the beginning of modern biography. Any earlier works which may look like biography belong more nearly to the beginning of modern history.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a great member of a great family, was one of those curious mixed natures – philosopher, scholar, poet, courtier, and not wholly admirable politician – who belong to a type not so purely Elizabethan and Stewart as we like to suppose. He wrote the story of his own life, as he says and no doubt believed, for usefulness to posterity: its usefulness has been not quite that aimed at.[10] He was extremely conceited, and rather thick-skinned; somewhat vainglorious, and he sometimes twists the facts to suit his vanity. The first and dullest part of the book takes its origins in such works as *The Courtier* and *The Gouvernor*, which deal with the proper education for young gentlemen.[11] We learn, what is not very interesting, that Lord Herbert approved of swimming, except for those who are subject to convulsions and cramps, and disapproved of horse-racing and dicing. The story only begins to be interesting when he decides, after an inconclusive argument with his wife about the settlements they should make for their children to travel abroad, taking with him as secretary, by the way, one of the most charming minor poets of the time, Aurelian Townshend.[12]

[He proceeds to France, and frequents the society of the best people; has a good deal to say then and afterwards about his duels, in all of which he was the injured party or else the champion of the injured; and which usually were interrupted or bloodless, but always with infinite credit to himself. Ladies entertain violent but unrequited love for him. He performs deeds of valour, and is concerned in high politics of the day, always with great credit.

As my time is short, and there are no passages particularly memorable; and as the whole book is well worth your reading, though you will find the introductory passages dull; I shall not quote.] The book was written by a tiresome and not altogether honest-minded man, yet an able philosopher and a poet. It is interesting in the story of English prose, because the beginning of autobiography marks a further stage beyond the beginning of biography, in the development of the English mind. What information Herbert gives us about himself is not quite what he intended to convey; but although he is not, we feel, really frank about himself, yet he professed and pretended to be, and that is already something. And when we read some of the greater biographies in English, such as that of Gibbon or that of John Stuart Mill, we shall appreciate them all the better for knowing something about the beginnings of this type of prose.

[Now I have come to the end of my six types of Tudor prose. As I promised at the beginning, I have not chosen to talk only of the greatest writers. Some of the writers discussed are very great writers indeed, some merely very good writers, some indifferent. I wanted to show that you can study the prose writings of that period in a different way from merely taking them as antiquated glories of our literature. They are not merely museum pieces. They help us to understand how we ourselves think and how we write, and why we think and write as we do. Not only to individual great writers, not only to particular grand styles, do we owe a debt, but to the humble as well as the great: the important fact for us is that all of these various types of writing were explored and developed at the same time. Perhaps the most superb prose writing of that time, outside of Shakespeare, is such as we find in Donne's sermons; but if this had been the only kind of prose practised successfully by the Elizabethans, the English language would have made very little progress. We owe almost as much even to the humble sea-captains whom I quoted last week: for English prose is an organism, and one organ is as vital as another. And finally, it helps us to understand Elizabethan prose better, if we can think of it as something to which modern writers can always return for new life (or old life, it is the same thing) for their own writing. I shall have failed in my attempt if I have not given you the realisation that the Elizabethan age is not something dead and embalmed, or unreal and romantic, but a living age which still lives in ourselves, and an age which had to tackle problems of thought and expression with which we are ourselves vitally concerned.]

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. Broadcast at 7:25 p.m. on Tuesday, 16 July, as the concluding talk in a series of six weekly lectures on "Six Types of Tudor Prose"; original broadcast title: "The Literature of Biography"; the unpublished TS of full text is in the BBC Written Archives Centre, Caversham; passages of the broadcast deleted at publication are restored in square brackets. TSE has modernized the quotations from Elizabethan texts.

On 4 July, trying to arrange a meeting with Bonamy Dobrée, TSE wrote in humorous self-deprecation: "Sir, you seem unaware of how low I have fallen since we last met: I am delivering

Tonic Talks on the Wireless from 2LO on Tuesday evening, which are supposed to foment the cause of Adult Edjjication; I believe I am billed to talk about Sir Thos. Urquhart on that date" (*L4* 534). On 13 July, three days before giving this final broadcast, TSE wrote to his mother: "On the whole, it has been pleasant, and I should be very glad to get more work of the same kind; at the same time, and particularly at the present time, it has been a considerable strain, and I shall not be sorry when this series is over. My only regret in doing this sort of work is that the material is of little or no use to me afterwards" (*L4* 548).

2. James Crichtoun (or Crichton, 1560-1582) of Cromartie, Scots adventurer, prodigy in languages, sciences, and in the liberal, physical, and social arts, was educated as a young teenager at St. Andrews University and killed in his twenty-second year.

3. In *Studies in Frankness* (London: Heinnemann, 1898), Whibley writes of Urquhart's translation of *The Works of Rabelais* (1653, 1693): "Yet it is to his translation of Gargantua and Pantagruel that Urquhart owes his immortality, and surely no man better deserves the wreath of undying fame. His masterpiece shares the honour with our own Authorised Version of being the finest translation ever made from one language into another. The English lacks none of the abounding life and gaiety which makes the original a perpetual joy. . . . But failure was impossible from the beginning: once in the history of the world a master of language found the task for which his genius was eminently adapted" (255).

4. *American Books in Print* (1928) lists the Harper & Brothers limited edition of *The Life and Death of the Admirable Crichtoun*, edited and introduced by Hamish Miles and published in 1928 at twenty-one shillings (one guinea) or seven dollars; no copy of this edition has been located. The Pleiad limited edition (Paris, 1927) has the same text, editor, and pagination. Hamish (John Edward) Miles (1894-1937), journalist and translator, was then assistant literary editor to Edward Garnett at Jonathan Cape publishers. TSE modernizes the quotation.

5. Dorothy Osborne, Lady Temple (1627-95), known for her lively and engaging courtship letters (1652-54) to her husband Sir William Temple. Previously edited and published by Sir Edward Parry in 1888, her letters had appeared in new edition by G. C. Moore in 1928.

6. Lytton Strachey's biographies include *Eminent Victorians* (1918), *Queen Victoria* (1921), which TSE reviewed in a London Letter of 1921 (2.364), and *Elizabeth and Essex* (1928), which he also reviewed (3.555). The French author André Maurois (1885-1967), biographer of Shelley and Disraeli, gave a version of his *Aspects of Biography* in English as the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge, in May 1928. Published in French as *Aspects de la biographie* (1928), it was translated into English by Sydney Castle Roberts for Cambridge UP in 1929.

7. See TSE's discussion of the Senecal playwrights (Greville, Daniel, Alexander, et al.) in "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.217).

8. *Fulke Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney: First Published 1652*, with an Introduction by Nowell Smith (Oxford: Clarendon, 1907), 129-30. TSE modernizes the quotation.

9. penitissim (OED): innermost

10. Unpublished at the time of his death in 1648, Lord Herbert's autobiography was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764, followed by *The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury* (London: Routledge, 1886), edited and introduced by Sir Sidney Lee, who published a revised second edition in the London Library series in 1906.

11. Baldassare Castiglione's *Il cortegiano* (1528), translated into English by Sir Thomas Hoby (1530-1566) as *The Courtier* (1561), explores in dialogue the ideal qualities and virtues

of the young courtier. Sir Thomas Elyot's *The Boke Named the Governour* (1531) is a humanist educational treatise designed to inculcate the moral, philosophical, literary, and political principles expected of young members of the aristocracy destined to govern. TSE quotes lines in Tudor English from his distant ancestor's book in section I of *East Coker* (*CPP* 178).

12. Lord Herbert described Townshend, his companion on his first journey to France, as "a gentleman that spoke the languages of French, Italian, and Spanish, in great perfection" (48). When a French chevalier took a ribbon from the young daughter of a duchess and refused to return it, Lord Herbert prevailed on Townshend "to tell the French cavalier, that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribbon, or fight with me" (49). TSE mentions Townshend in the opening and closing of "The Metaphysical Poets" (1922). In Dec 1923, TSE gave Virginia Woolf an inscribed copy of *Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Masks* (1912; rpt. 1923). See "The Metaphysical Poets" (2.385, n.33).

The Early Novel[1]

An unsigned review of *The History of the English Novel*, vol 2: *The Elizabethan Age and After*, by Ernest A. Baker

London: Witherby, 1929. Pp. 303.

John Lyly and the Italian Renaissance, by Violet M. Jeffery

Paris: Champion, 1929. Pp. 147.

The Times Literary Supplement, 1434 (25 July 1929) 589

Professor Baker's book succeeds in fulfilling two functions: by itself, it summarizes usefully all the information about the forms of fiction in Elizabethan times; and it also takes its place as one volume in his history of the novel of which several volumes remain to be written.[2] It covers, we believe, the most difficult period of the history of the novel; and the task was difficult because the "novel" at that period must be a somewhat arbitrary distinction. Few of the writers of the time were solely or even primarily novelists; and with the exception of Deloney, they are all more interesting for their miscellaneous work than for their novels or romances.[3] Dr. Baker has made the book, rightly, as comprehensive as possible; nothing is omitted which could be fitted in; and he has made a useful book of reference as well as one section of a history.

Only a study of this kind can impress upon us how very slow the development of the modern novel was, how long it had to wait for the propitious moment to emerge as a distinct form of writing. As Dr. Baker says, if the Elizabethans had evolved the novel, it would have been of a very different type from that of Richardson and Fielding [15]. The needs which the novel came to satisfy were not existent; for the major needs of literature were all satisfied by the drama. Therefore the Elizabethan "novel" takes two forms: the artificial and sterile form of Sidney and Lyly;[4] and the popular journalism of Deloney and the pamphleteers: it is the latter which provides the real origins. Elizabethan fiction, in Dr. Baker's words, is "an obscure, slight, and unsatisfactory affair" [15]. He points out admirably the two chief obstacles to its being anything else:

> One vital need – one, however, of which no writer saw the real bearings – was the want of a suitable prose. Most of the current prose – all of it indeed that was employed in works to be read for enjoyment – was a much more artificial mode of expression than the diction of contemporary verse. Denied the charms of rhyme and metre, the prose writer did not reflect that poetic licence was also disallowed; on the contrary, he tried to make up for the deficiency by an exhausting strain after point and epigram, trope and metaphor, and such artificial effects of assonance, alliteration, and iterating cadence as verse would have been intolerable. [13]

The other reason was that

> Writers had the vaguest and most confused apprehension of the problem to be solved; whether the main object was the story or the moral, the incidents or the picture of life; truth, insight, life-likeness, or strangeness, ingenuity, surprise. [14]

And Dr. Baker concludes that "fiction does not normally arise and flourish in times of intense creative energy," but rather "in the quiet intervals when writers are less imaginative and more critical" [15].

Concerning the individual writers – Sidney, Lyly, Greene, Lodge, Nashe, Deloney, Dekker and others, there is little new to be said; but the reader will find an accurate account, with specimens. Dr. Baker's inclusion of the writers of "characters" may seem a little superfluous, but it is vindicated by its issue in the imaginary portraits of Addison. The inclusion of Addison remains to be vindicated by the next volume of the work.[5] Our only question of Dr. Baker's method is one which cannot be answered until these volumes appear: we wonder whether his method is to take the modern novel, the developed type, and trace the causes which led up to it, or whether he is merely chronicling the various writings which look something like the novel. We do not see how his work can be more than a chronicle unless he has made up his mind as to what a novel is. But the acuteness of some of his comments leads us to hope that he has done so.

Miss Jeffery's book is a thesis on a special subject.[6] Some modern scholars have asserted that Lyly owes no direct debt to Italian authors. The common reader would suppose the contrary; and the researches of other scholars, such as Professor Schoell, show more and more the indebtedness of Elizabethan writers to Continental contemporaries.[7] Miss Jeffery has not quite as clear a case as Dr. Schoell had in tracing the borrowings of

Chapman, but her accumulation of probabilities, powerful and concurrent, leads to conviction. We often suppose that if a writer borrows he must borrow from those of his contemporaries who are still remembered and important. Lyly was probably influenced in some general tricks of storytelling by such writers as Boccaccio and Bandello;[8] but Miss Jeffery's evidence goes to show that a huge mass of now forgotten Italian literature was in circulation in England, and that Lyly took more from forgotten authors than from remembered.

The extent to which Lyly "borrowed" does not, however, impugn his originality. He does nothing that any modern author would be ashamed to do. Miss Jeffery's dissertation does help us to a more critical appraisal of that strange genius. Lyly issues from her hands still one of the most inventive and original of authors. He is one of these unfortunate writers who illustrate the truth that originality is not enough. His inventions left so little mark – he did no more than invent a fashion which better men adopted and worked their way out of – because they were so superficial. They did not represent any serious development of mind or sensibility; yet Lyly helped other men to develop. Investigations like Miss Jeffery's are of the greatest value to anyone who wishes to understand the Elizabethan mind. When we have studied it for many years we come to recognize that it is different from ours in many ways in which we had taken it to be similar; and similar to ours in many ways which we had taken it to be different.

NOTES

1. TSE wrote to Bruce Richmond on 13 Mar 1929: "The book on the Elizabethan novel would suit me capitally – I have even promised to give a BBC 'talk' of nineteen minutes on the Elizabethan novel" (*L4* 465). See TSE's second broadcast, "Elizabethan Grub Street" (3.634).

2. Ernest Albert Baker (1869-1941), librarian, literary historian, and lecturer at University College, London, authored the first ten volumes (1924-39) of the eleven-volume *History of the English Novel*.

3. See TSE's discussion of the works of Thomas Deloney in "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (3.637).

4. In "The Elizabethan Grub Street", TSE describes Lyly's *Euphues* as "a very dull book" and Sidney's *Arcadia* as "the dullest novel in the language" (3.634).

5. In chapter XIV, "The Writers of Charactery," Baker briefly portrays Joseph Addison's contribution to the art of character-writing in *The Tatler*, where Addison "turns with special earnestness to women. . . . Fashions, dress, manners, sentiments and ideas are all paraded and reviewed with a quizzical eye" (257). In vol 3, Baker treats *The Later Romances and the Establishment of Realism* (1929).

6. Violet May Jeffery (1898-1950), scholar of Renaissance literature and Lecturer in Italian at the Bedford College for Women, University of London, received the D. Litt for this dissertation in 1927.

7. See TSE's "The Sources of Chapman" (1927), his review of Frank L. Schoell's *Études sur l'humanisme continental en Angleterre à la fin de la Renaissance* (3.30).

8. Matteo Bandello (1480-1562), priest and writer known for his *Nouvelle* (1554, 1573), short tales in imitation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, some of which were adapted by Shakespeare, Webster, and other Elizabethan-Jacobean dramatists.

Preface to *Dante*[1]

Dante, by T. S. Eliot. London: Faber and Faber, 1929. Pp. 69; Preface, 11-13

If my task had been to produce another brief "introduction to the study of Dante" I should have been incompetent to perform it. But in a series of essays of "Poets on Poets" the undertaking, as I understand it, is quite a different one. A contemporary writer of verse, in writing a pamphlet of this description, is required only to give a faithful account of his acquaintance with the poet of whom he writes. This, and no more, I can do; and this is the only way in which I can treat an author of whom so much has been written, that can make any pretence to novelty. I have found no other poet than Dante to whom I could apply continually, for many purposes, and with much profit, during a familiarity of twenty years. I am not a Dante scholar; my Italian is chiefly self-taught, and learnt primarily in order to read Dante; I need still to make constant reference to translations. Yet it has occurred to me that by relating the process of my own gradual and still very imperfect knowledge of Dante, I might give some help to persons who must begin where I began – with a public school knowledge of Latin, a traveller's smattering of Italian, and a literal translation beside the text. For this reason my order, in the following chapters, is the order of my own initiation. I begin with detail, and approach the general scheme. I began myself with passages of the *Inferno* which I could understand, passed on to the *Purgatorio* in the same way, and only after years of experience began to appreciate the *Paradiso*; from which I reverted to the other parts of the poem and slowly realized the unity of the whole. I believe that it is quite natural and right to tackle the *Vita Nuova* afterwards. For an English reader who reads the *Vita Nuova* too soon is in danger of reading it under Pre-Raphaelite influence.[2]

My purpose has been to persuade the reader first of the importance of Dante as a master – I may even say, *the* master – for a poet writing to-day in any language. And there ensues from that, the importance of Dante to anyone who would appreciate modern poetry, in any language. I should not trust the opinion of anyone who pretended to judge modern verse without knowing Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. It does not in the least follow that a *poet* is negligible because he does not know these three.

Having thus excused this book, I do not feel called upon to give any bibliography. Anyone can easily discover more Dante bibliography than anyone can use. But I should like to mention one book which has been of use to me: the *Dante* of Professor Charles Grandgent of Harvard.[3] I owe something to an essay by Mr. Ezra Pound in his *Spirit of Romance*,[4] but more to his table-talk; and I owe something to Mr. Santayana's essay in *Three Philosophical Poets*.[5] And one should at least glance at the *Readings* of W. W. Vernon in order to see how far into mediaeval philosophy, theology, science, and literature a thorough study of Dante must go.[6]

The reader whom I have kept in mind, in writing this essay, is the reader who commences his reading of Dante with Messrs. Dent's invaluable Temple Classics edition (3 volumes at 2s. each).[7] For this reason I have in quotations followed the Temple Classics edition text, and have followed pretty closely the translation in the same volumes. It is hardly necessary to say that where my version varies it nowhere pretends to greater accuracy than that excellent translation. Anyone who reads my essay before attempting Dante at all will be likely to turn next to the Temple Classics edition, with its text and translation on opposite pages. There is something to be said for Longfellow's, and something for Norton's translation;[8] but for anyone who can follow the Italian even gropingly the Temple translation is the best.[9]

NOTES

1. Published on 27 Sept as No. 2 in Faber's The Poets on the Poets series, established by TSE; epigraph on title page: "In quella parte del libro de la mia memoria / dinanzi a la quale poco si potrebbe leggere / si trova una rubrica la quale dice: / *INCIPIT VITA NOVA.*" *Trans*: "In that part of the book of my memory before which little could be read is found a rubric which saith: *Incipit Vita Nova*" [here begins a New Life]. *The Vita Nuova and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri*, ed. and trans. Thomas Okey, with Philip H. Wicksteed. Temple Classics Edition (London: Dent, 1906); *La Vita Nuova*, I; *read*: "della mia memoria / dinanzi alla quale", "*incipit Vita Nova.*" (2-3).

On a separate dedication page: "FOR CHARLES MAURRAS / "La sensibilité, sauvée d'elle-même / et conduite dans l'ordre, est devenue / un principe de perfection." *Trans:* "Sensibility, saved from itself and brought into order, has become a principle of perfection." Charles Maurras, *Le Conseil de Dante, 1321-1921* [*The Counsel of Dante*] (Paris: Nouvelle librairie nationale, 1920), 40 (end of Part II, "Beatrice"); epigraph and dedication deleted in *SE*.

TSE wrote to Maurras on 16 Aug 1929 to seek his approval for the dedication: "J'ai toujours eu le désir de vous dédier un volume, et j'ai choisi mon *Dante* pour deux raisons: mon admiration pour votre *Conseil de Dante*; et je juge mieux de choisir une œuvre purement *littéraire*." *Trans*: "I have always had the desire to dedicate a work to you, and I have chosen my *Dante* for two reasons: my admiration for your *Conseil de Dante*; and I consider it best to choose a purely literary work" (*L4* 582-83).

2. Presumably Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova* in *The Early Italian Poets* (1861), later revised and reprinted as *Dante and his Circle* (1876).

3. C. H. (Charles Hall) Grandgent, *Dante* (1916). Grandgent (1862-1939), a Dante scholar, was Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard from 1896 to 1932 and at the center of Dante studies when TSE was a student.

4. "Dante," in *The Spirit of Romance: An Attempt to Define Somewhat the Charm of the Pre-Renaissance Literature of Latin Europe* (1910). TSE's copy is in the King's College library, Cambridge.

5. George Santayana, *Three Philosophical Poets: Lucretius, Dante, Goethe* (1910). Santayana was Professor of Philosophy at Harvard from 1898 to 1912. TSE, who took two courses from him, remarked in "Rhyme and Reason: The Poetry of John Donne" (1930) "that a brilliant philosopher and man of letters, Mr. George Santayana, in his book, *Three Philosophical Poets* . . . fixed for us the meaning of 'philosophical poetry.'" (4.58-59)

6. The Hon. W. W. (William Warren) Vernon (1834-1919), an independent Dante scholar and collector, was the author of *Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante*, 2 vols (1889); *Readings on the Inferno of Dante*, 2 vols (1894); and *Readings on the Paradiso of Dante*, 2 vols (1900).

7. *The Paradiso of Dante*, ed. Herman Oelsner, trans. Philip H. Wicksteed (1899); *The Inferno of Dante*, ed. Herman Oelsner, trans. John Aiken Carlyle (1900); *The Purgatorio of Dante*, ed. Herman Oelsner, trans. Thomas Okey ([1901]). These Temple Classics editions, issued with modest apparatus and notes from J. M. Dent, the London publisher of Everyman's Library, were reprinted numerous times: TSE's copies were reprinted in 1910, 1909, and 1909, respectively.

Valerie Eliot noted that TSE relied "on the little Italian edition of Dante which he had carried in his pocket since 1911" (*L1* 338n), certainly the 1909-10 Temple Classics editions he possessed until 1914, later bequeathed by his older brother Henry to the Houghton Library. Another set is in TSE's personal library. TSE also used the Temple Classics edition of *The Vita Nuova and Canzoniere of Dante Aligheri*, ed. and trans. Thomas Okey and Philip H. Wicksteed (1911).

8. *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*, 3 vols (1867), trans. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was Professor at Harvard from 1837 to 1854. *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*, trans. Charles Eliot Norton, 3 vols (1891-92). Norton, cousin of Harvard President Charles W. Eliot and a distant cousin of TSE, was a founder of the Dante Society of America (1881) and Professor of the History of Fine Arts at Harvard from 1873 to 1897. In a letter of 16 May 1930 to Laurence Binyon, TSE called Longfellow's translation "weary" and Norton's "dull" (*L5* 183).

9. Eliot's brother Henry surmised the importance of these volumes and remarked on them in a letter to TSE of 12 Sept 1935 (Houghton):

> I have here your copy of the Dent edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and I find extremely interesting the passages which you have scored with pencil throughout the three volumes. I have erased none of these nor have I ever made any similar marks on these pages myself. I do not know at what date you acquired these volumes, but in the *Purgatorio* is your name written in Mother's hand. It looks, therefore, as if the books were given you at a time when you did not have much spending money of your own. On the other hand, the pencil lines (and such a line has, I think, a calligraphic character) would suggest that you were then of college age. Your own autograph is not in any of the books.

I do not think you took these books with you when you went to Europe after you left Harvard. (You went twice, I think). They came from the box of your books which was first stored in the St. Louis house and later (after I had sent you a list and you had designated those you wanted shipped to England) in the Cambridge house. I do not think you have seen them since your final trip abroad, which, I think, was in 1914.

These markings may be of interest to you, so I have made a catalogue of them:

INFERNO.

Canto II, lines 1-3, page 14. (I will abbreviate this to II:1-3:14. Only the even-numbered pages, the Italian, are marked).
III:1-10:26
III:56,57,60:30 (These lines under scored; otherwise I mean scoring at the side.
When scored on two sides, implying more emphasis, I will specify.
Line 56 is quoted by you in *The Waste Land*.
XV:16-21:158. (Line 21 is underscored; it is the simile of the tailor threading his needle which you comment on somewhere in your works)
XV:121-124:164 (“those who run for the green cloth”, quoted by you, where I cannot find offhand).
XVI:130-136:176 (Diver simile)
(Parenthetically I note that, rather to my surprise, XX:40-42:216, is not marked. It refers to Tiresias)

PURGATORIO.

X:121-127:124.
XVI:85-96:196. (Lines 94-96 scored both sides)
XVII:91-139:208
XVIII:19-40:216
“ 43-45:218
“ 49-75:218 (Lines 67-69 scored both sides)
XXV:40-109:314-318 (Very faint side scoring)
“ 136-139:318
XXVI: 133-136:330 (The passage 133-148 contains the verse of Arnaut Daniel mentioned by you in your essay, p. 40)
“ 148:330

PARADISO.

III:70-87:30(Includes “la sua volontate”; this stanza scored both sides)
IV:41-42:38
“ 124-132:44
VI:133-142:68
IX:103:108
XII:28-32:144
XXIII:1-3:280

XXVI:28-30:316

The most interesting of these passages, from the present point of view, is III:85-87:30 - la sua volontate e nostra pace. But there are others which might indicate religious leanings at that early date in your life; they are: X:121-127:124; XVI:85-96:196; XVIII:67-69:218; III:70-87:30; and IV:124-132:44. The first three of these are from the *Purgatorio*, the last two from the *Paradiso*.

Only you yourself know whether it was the poetry or the beliefs in these passages which then moved you. This period, of course, was prior to the "'Potamus" period, in fact, before you had published any poetry at all. I am disposed to think that in part, at least, the religious feeling did appeal to you at that time.

Dante[1]

I

THE *INFERNO*[2]

In my own experience of the appreciation of poetry I have always found that the less I knew about the poet and his work, before I began to read it, the better. A quotation, a critical remark, an enthusiastic essay, may well be the accident that sets one to reading a particular author; but an elaborate preparation of historical and biographical knowledge has always been to me a barrier. I am not defending poor scholarship; and I admit that such experience, solidified into a maxim, would be very difficult to apply in the study of Latin and Greek. But with authors of one's own speech, and even with some of those of other modern languages, the procedure is possible. At least, it is better to be spurred to acquire scholarship because you enjoy the poetry, than to suppose that you enjoy the poetry because you have acquired the scholarship. I was passionately fond of certain French poetry long before I could have translated two verses of it correctly. With Dante the discrepancy between enjoyment and understanding was still wider.

I do not counsel anyone to postpone the study of Italian grammar until he has read Dante, but certainly there is an immense amount of knowledge which, until one has read some of his poetry with intense pleasure – that is, with as keen pleasure as one is capable of getting from any poetry – is positively undesirable. In saying this I am avoiding two possible extremes of criticism. One might say that understanding of the scheme, the philosophy, the concealed meanings, of Dante's verse was *essential* to appreciation; and on the other hand one might say that these things were quite irrelevant, that the poetry in his poems was one thing, which could be enjoyed by itself without studying a framework which had served the author in producing the poetry but could not serve the reader in enjoying it. The latter error is the more prevalent, and is probably the reason why many people's knowledge of the *Comedy* is limited to the *Inferno*, or even to certain passages in it. The enjoyment of the *Divine Comedy* is a continuous process. If you get nothing out of it at first, you probably never will; but if from your first deciphering of it there comes now and then some direct shock of poetic intensity, nothing but laziness can deaden the desire for fuller and fuller knowledge.

What is surprising about the poetry of Dante is that it is, in one sense, extremely easy to read. It is a test (a positive test, I do not assert that it is always valid negatively), that genuine poetry can communicate before it is understood. The impression can be verified on fuller knowledge; I have found with Dante and with several other poets in languages in which I was unskilled, that about such impressions there was nothing fanciful. They were not due, that is, to *mis*understanding the passage, or to reading into it something not there, or to accidental sentimental evocations out of my own past. The impression was new, and of, I believe, the objective "poetic emotion."[3] There are more detailed reasons for this experience on the first reading of Dante, and for my saying that he is easy to read. I do not mean that he writes very simple Italian, for he does not; or that his content is simple or always simply expressed. It is often expressed with such a force of compression that the elucidation of three lines needs a paragraph, and their allusions a page of commentary. What I have in mind is that Dante is, in a sense to be defined (for the word means little by itself), the most *universal* of poets in the modern languages. That does not mean that he is "the greatest," or that he is the most comprehensive – there is greater variety and detail in Shakespeare. Dante's universality is not solely a personal matter. The Italian language, and especially the Italian language in Dante's age, gains much by being the immediate product of universal Latin.[4] There is something much more *local* about the languages in which Shakespeare and Racine had to express themselves. This is not to say, either, that English and French are inferior, as vehicles of poetry, to Italian. But the Italian vernacular of the late Middle Ages was still very close to Latin, as literary expression, for the reason that the men, like Dante, who used it, were trained, in philosophy and all abstract subjects, in mediaeval Latin. Now mediaeval Latin is a very fine language; fine prose and fine verse were written in it; and it had the quality of a highly developed and literary Esperanto.[5] When you read modern philosophy, in English, French, German, and Italian, you may be struck by national or racial differences of thought: modern languages *tend* to separate abstract thought (mathematics is now the only universal language); but mediaeval Latin tended to concentrate on what men of various races and lands could think together. Some of the character of this universal language seems to me to inhere in Dante's Florentine speech; and the localization ("Florentine" speech) seems if anything to emphasize the universality, because it cuts across the modern division of nationality. To enjoy any French or German poetry, I think one needs to have some sympathy with the French or German mind; Dante, none the less an Italian and a patriot, is first a European.

This difference, which is one of the reasons why Dante is "easy to read," may be discussed in more particular manifestations. The style of Dante has a peculiar lucidity – a *poetic* as distinguished from an *intellectual* lucidity. The thought may be obscure, but the word is lucid, or rather translucent. In English poetry words have a kind of opacity which is part of their beauty. I do not mean that the beauty of English poetry is what is called mere "verbal beauty." It is rather that words have associations, and the groups of words *in* association have associations, which is a kind of local self-consciousness, because they are the growth of a *particular* civilization; and the same thing is true of other modern languages. The Italian of Dante, though essentially the Italian of today, is not in this way a modern language. The culture of Dante was not of one European country but of Europe. I am aware, of course, of a directness of speech which Dante shares with other great poets of pre-Reformation and pre-Renaissance times, notably Chaucer and Villon. Undoubtedly there is something in common between the three, so much that I should expect an admirer of any one of them to be an admirer of the others; and undoubtedly there is an opacity, or inspissation of poetic style throughout Europe after the Renaissance.[6] But the lucidity and universality of Dante are far beyond those qualities in Villon and Chaucer, though they are akin.

Dante is "easier to read," for a foreigner who does not know Italian very well, for other reasons: but all related to this central reason, that in Dante's time Europe, with all its dissensions and dirtiness, was mentally more united than we can now conceive. It is not particularly the Treaty of Versailles that has separated nation from nation; nationalism was born long before; and the process of disintegration which for our generation culminates in that treaty began soon enough after Dante's time.[7] One of the reasons for Dante's "easiness" is the following – but first I must make a digression.

I must explain why I have said that Dante is "easy to read," instead of talking about his "universality." The latter word would have been much easier to use. But I do not wish to be thought to claim a universality for Dante which I deny to Shakespeare or Molière or Sophocles. Dante is no more "universal" than Shakespeare: though I feel that we can come nearer to understanding him than a foreigner can come to understanding those others. Shakespeare, or even Sophocles, or even Racine and Molière, are dealing with what is as universally human as the material of Dante; but they had no choice but to deal with it in a more local way. As I have said, the Italian of Dante is very near in feeling to mediaeval Latin: and of the mediaeval philosophers whom Dante read, and who were read by learned men of his time, there were, for instance, St. Thomas who was an Italian, St. Thomas's predecessor Albertus, who was a German, Abelard who was French, and Hugh and Richard of St. Victor who were Scots.[8] For the *medium* that Dante had to use compare the opening of the *Inferno*:

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
  mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
  che la diritta via era smarrita.

In the middle of the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood, having lost the straight path.[9]

with the lines with which Duncan is introduced to Macbeth's castle:

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
                This guest of summer
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved masonry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.[10]

I do not at all pretend that we appreciate everything, even in one single line of Dante, that a cultivated Italian can appreciate. But I do maintain that more is lost in translating Shakespeare into Italian than in translating Dante into English. How can a foreigner find words to convey in his own language just that combination of intelligibility and remoteness that we get in many phrases of Shakespeare?

I am not considering whether the language of Dante or Shakespeare is superior, for I cannot admit the question: I merely affirm that the differences are such as make Dante easier for a foreigner. Dante's advantages are not due to greater genius, but to the fact that he wrote when Europe was still more or less one. And even had Chaucer or Villon been exact contemporaries of Dante, they would still have been farther, linguistically as well as geographically, from the centre of Europe than Dante.

But the simplicity of Dante has another detailed reason. He not only thought in a way in which every man of his culture in the whole of Europe then thought, but he employed a method which was common and commonly understood throughout Europe. I do not intend, in this essay, to go into questions of disputed interpretations of Dante's allegory. What is important for my purpose is the fact that the allegorical method was a definite method not confined to Italy; and the fact, apparently paradoxical, that the allegorical method makes for simplicity and intelligibility. We incline to think of allegory as a tiresome cross-word puzzle. We incline to associate it with dull poems (at best, *The Romance of the Rose*), and in a great poem to ignore it as irrelevant.[11] What we ignore is, in a case like Dante's, its particular effect towards lucidity of style.

I do not recommend, in first reading the first canto of the *Inferno*, worrying about the identity of the Leopard, the Lion, or the She-Wolf.[12] It is really better, at the start, not to know or care what they do mean. What we should consider is not so much the meaning of the images, but the reverse process, that which led a man having an idea to express it in images. We have to consider the type of mind which by nature and *practice* tended to express itself in allegory: and for a competent poet, allegory means *clear visual images*. And clear visual images are given much more intensity by having a meaning – we do not need to know what that meaning is, but in our awareness of the image we must be aware that the meaning is there too. Allegory is only one poetic method, but it is a method which has very great advantages.

Dante's is a *visual* imagination. It is a visual imagination in a different sense from that of a modern painter of still life: it is visual in the sense that he lived in an age in which men still saw visions. It was a psychological habit, the trick of which we have forgotten, but as good as any of our own. We have nothing but dreams, and we have forgotten that seeing visions – a practice now relegated to the aberrant and uneducated – was once a more significant, interesting, and disciplined kind of dreaming. We take it for granted that our dreams spring from below: possibly the quality of our dreams suffers in consequence.

All that I ask of the reader, at this point, is to clear his mind, if he can, of every prejudice against allegory, and to admit at least that it was not a device to enable the uninspired to write verses, but really a mental habit, which when raised to the point of genius can make a great poet as well as a great mystic or saint. And it is the allegory which makes it possible for the reader who is not even a good Italian scholar to enjoy Dante. Speech varies, but our eyes are all the same. And allegory was not a local Italian custom, but a universal European method.

Dante's attempt is to make us see what he saw. He therefore employs very simple language, and very few metaphors, for allegory and metaphor do not get on well together. And there is a peculiarity about his *comparisons* which is worth noticing in passing.

There is a well-known comparison or simile in the great XVth canto of the *Inferno*, which Matthew Arnold singled out, rightly, for high praise,[13] which is characteristic of the way in which Dante employs these figures. He is speaking of the crowd in Hell who peered at him and his guide under a dim light:

> e sì ver noi aguzzavan le ciglia,
> come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.

> and sharpened their vision (knitted their brows) at us, like an old tailor peering at the eye of his needle.[14]

The purpose of this type of simile is solely to make us *see more definitely* the scene which Dante has put before us in the preceding lines.

> she looks like sleep,
> As she would catch another Antony
> In her strong toil of grace.[15]

The image of Shakespeare's is much more complicated than Dante's, and more complicated than it looks.[16] It has the grammatical form of a kind of simile (the "as if" form), but of course "catch in her toil" is a metaphor. But whereas the simile of Dante is merely to make you see more clearly how the people looked, and is explanatory, the figure of Shakespeare is expansive rather than intensive; its purpose is to *add* to what you see (either on the stage or in your imagination) a reminder of that fascination of Cleopatra which shaped her history and that of the world, and of that fascination being so strong that it prevails even in death. It is more elusive, and it is less possible to convey without close knowledge of the English language. Between men who could make such inventions as these there can be no question of greater or less. But as the whole poem of Dante is, if you like, one vast metaphor, there is hardly any place for metaphor in the detail of it.

There is all the more reason to acquaint oneself well with Dante's poem first part by part, even dwelling specially on the parts that one likes most at first, because we cannot extract the full significance of any part without knowing the whole.[17] We cannot understand the inscription at Hell Gate:

> Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore;
> fecemi la divina Potestate,
> la somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.

> Justice moved my high Maker; what made me were the divine Power, the supreme Wisdom, and the primal Love.[18]

until we have ascended to the highest Heaven and returned. But we can understand the first Episode that strikes most readers, that of Paolo and Francesca, enough to be moved by it as much as by any poetry, on the first reading. It is introduced by two similes of the same explanatory nature as that which I have just quoted:

> E come gli stornei ne portan l'ali,
> nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena:
> così quel fiato gli spiriti mali;

> And as their wings bear along the starlings, at the cold season, in large full troop.[19][†]

> E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
> facendo in aer di sè lunga riga;
> così vid'io venir, traendo guai,

> ombre portate dalla detta briga;

> And as the cranes go chanting their lays, making themselves a long streak in the air, so I saw the wailing shadows come, wailing, carried on the striving wind.[20]

We can see and feel the situation of the two lost lovers, though we do not yet understand the meaning which Dante gives it. Taking such an episode by itself, we can get as much out of it as we get from the reading of a whole single play of Shakespeare. We do not understand Shakespeare from a single reading, and certainly not from a single play. There is a relation between the various plays of Shakespeare, taken in order; and it is a work of years to venture even one individual interpretation of the pattern in Shakespeare's carpet.[21] It is not certain that Shakespeare himself knew what it was. It is perhaps a larger pattern than Dante's, but the pattern is less distinct. We can read with full comprehension the lines:

> Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
>   di Lancillotto, come amor lo strinse;
>   soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.
>
> Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
>   quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso;
>   ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
>
> Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
>   esser baciato da cotanto amante,
>   questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
>
> La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
>
> One day, for pastime, we read of Lancelot, how love constrained him; we were alone, and without all suspicion. Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the colour of our faces; but one moment alone it was that overcame us. When we read how the fond smile was kissed by such a lover, he, who shall never be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling:[22]

When we come to fit the episode into its place in the whole *Comedy*, and see how this punishment is related to all other punishments and to purgations and rewards, we can appreciate better the subtle psychology of the simple line of Francesca:

> se fosse amico il re dell'universo,
>
> if the King of the Universe were our friend. . . .[23]

or of the line

> Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
>
> Love, which to no loved one permits excuse for loving. . . .[24]

or indeed of the line already quoted:

> questi, che mai da me non fia diviso
>
> he, who shall *never be divided from me*. . . .[25]

Proceeding through the *Inferno* on a first reading, we get a succession of phantasmagoric but clear images, of images which are coherent, in that each reinforces the last; of glimpses of individuals made memorable by a perfect phrase, like that of the proud noble Farinata degli Uberti:

> ed ei s'ergea col petto e colla fronte,
> come avesse lo inferno in gran dispitto;
>
> He rose upright with breast and countenance, as though he entertained great scorn of Hell.[26]

and of particular longer episodes, which remain separately in the memory. I think that among those which impress themselves most at the first reading are the episode of Brunetto Latini (Canto XV), Ulysses (Canto XXVI), Bertrand de Born (Canto XXVIII), Adamo di Brescia (Canto XXX), and Ugolino (Canto XXXIII).

Although I think it would be a mistake to skip, and find it much better to await these episodes until we come to them in due course, they certainly remain in my memory as the parts of the *Inferno* which first convinced me, and especially the Brunetto and the Ulysses episodes, for which I was unprepared by quotation or allusion.[27] And the two may well be put together: for the first is Dante's testimony of a loved master of arts, the second his reconstruction of a legendary figure of ancient epic; yet both have the quality of *surprise* which Poe declared to be essential to poetry.[28] This *surprise*, at its highest, could by nothing be better illustrated than by the final lines with which Dante dismisses the damned master whom he loves and respects:

> Poi si rivolse, e parve di coloro
>   che coronno a Verona il drappo verde
>   per la campagna; e parve di costoro
> quegli che vince e non colui che perde.
>
> Then he turned back, and seemed like one of those who run for the green cloth at Verona through the open field; and of them he seemed like him who wins, and not like him who loses.[29]

One does not need to know anything about the race for the roll of green cloth, to be *hit* by these lines; and in making Brunetto, so fallen, *run like* *the winner*, a quality is given to the punishment which belongs only to the greatest poetry. So Ulysses, unseen in the hornèd wave of flame,

> Lo maggior corno della fiamma antica
> cominciò a crollarsi mormorando,
> pur come quella cui vento affatica.
>
> Indi la cima qua e là menando,
> come fosse la lingua che parlasse,
> gittò voce di fuori e disse: "Quando
>
> mi diparti' da Circe, che sottrasse
> me più d'un anno là presso a Gaeta . . ."

> The greater horn of the ancient flame began to shake itself, murmuring, like a flame struggling against the wind. Then moving to and fro the peak, as though it were the tongue that spoke, threw forth a voice and said: "When I left Circe, who kept me more than a year there near Gaeta . . ."[30]

is a creature of the pure poetic imagination, apprehensible apart from place and time and the scheme of the poem. The Ulysses episode may strike us first as a kind of excursion, an irrelevance, a self-indulgence on the part of Dante taking a holiday from his Christian scheme. But when we know the whole poem, we recognize how cunningly and convincingly Dante has made to fit in real men, his contemporaries, friends, and enemies, recent historical personages, legendary and Biblical figures, and figures of ancient fiction. He has been reproved or smiled at for satisfying personal grudges by putting in Hell men whom he knew and hated; but these, as well as Ulysses, are transformed in the whole; for the real and the unreal are all representative of types of sin, suffering, fault, and merit, and all become of the same reality and contemporary. The Ulysses episode is particularly "readable," I think, because of its continuous straightforward narrative, and because to an English reader the comparison with Tennyson's poem – a perfect poem at that – is very instructive.[31] It is worth while noticing the greatly superior degree of *simplification* of Dante's version. Tennyson, like most poets, like most even of those whom we can call great poets, has to get his effect with a certain amount of *forcing*. Thus the line about the sea which

> moans round with many voices,[32]

a true specimen of Tennyson-Virgilianism, is too *poetical* in comparison with Dante, to be the highest poetry.[33] (Only Shakespeare can be so "poetical" without giving any effect of overloading, or distracting us from the main issue:

> Put up your bright swords or the dew will rust them.)[34]

Ulysses and his shipmates pass through the pillars of Hercules, that "narrow pass"

> ov'Ercole segnò li suoi riguardi,
> acciochè l'uom più oltre non si metta.

> where Hercules set his marks, so that man should pass no farther.[35†]

> "O frati," dissi, "che per cento milia
> perigli siete giunti all'occidente,
> a questa tanto picciola vigilia
>
> de' vostri sensi, ch'è del rimanente,
> non vogliate negar l'esperienza,
> di retro al sol, del mondo senza gente.
>
> Considerate la vostra semenza:
> fatti non foste a viver come bruti,
> ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza."

> "O brothers!" I said, "who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this so brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the world without men that lies behind the sun. Consider your nature: you were made not to live like beasts, but to pursue virtue and knowledge."[36]

They fare forth until suddenly

> n'apparve una montagna bruna
> per la distanza, e parvemi alta tanto,
> quanto veduta non n'aveva alcuna.
>
> Noi ci allegrammo, e tosto tornò in pianto:
> chè dalla nuova terra un turbo nacque,
> e percosse del legno il primo canto.
>
> Tre volte il fe' girar con tutte l'acque,

alla quarta levar la poppa in suso,
e la prora ire in giù, com'altrui piacque,
infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso.

> there appeared a mountain brown in the distance; and it seemed to me the highest that I had ever seen. We rejoiced, but soon our joy was turned to lamentation: for a storm came up from the new land, and caught the stem of our ship. Three times it whirled her round with all the waters; the fourth time it heaved up the stern and drove her down at the head, as pleased Another; until the sea closed over us.[37]

The story of Ulysses, as told by Dante, reads like a straightforward piece of romance, a well-told seaman's yarn; Tennyson's Ulysses is primarily a very self-conscious poet. But Tennyson's poem is flat, it has only two dimensions; there is nothing more in it than what the average Englishman, with a feeling for verbal beauty, can see. We do not need, at first, to know what mountain the mountain was, or what the words mean *as pleased Another*, to feel that Dante's sense has further depths.

It is worth pointing out again how very right was Dante to introduce among his historical characters at least one character who even to him could hardly have been more than a fiction. For the *Inferno* is relieved from any question of pettiness or arbitrariness in Dante's selection of damned. It reminds us that Hell is not a place but a state; that man is damned or blessed in the creatures of his imagination as well as in men who have actually lived; and that Hell, though a state, is a state which can only be thought of, and perhaps only experienced, by the projection of sensory images; and that the resurrection of the body has perhaps a deeper meaning than we understand.[38] But these are such thoughts as come only after many readings; they are not necessary for the first poetic enjoyment.

The experience of a poem is the experience both of a moment and of a lifetime. It is very much like our intenser experiences of other human beings. There is a first, or an early moment which is unique, of shock and surprise, even of terror (*Ego dominus tuus*);[39] a moment which can never he forgotten, but which is never repeated integrally; and yet which would become destitute of significance if it did not survive in a larger whole of experience; [and] which survives inside a deeper and a calmer feeling. The majority of poems one outgrows and outlives, as one outgrows and outlives the majority of human passions: Dante's is one of those which one can only just hope to grow up to at the end of life.

The last canto (XXXIV) is probably the most difficult on first reading. The vision of Satan may seem grotesque, especially if we have fixed in our minds the curly-haired Byronic hero of Milton; it is too like a Satan in a fresco in Siena.[40] Certainly no more than the Divine Spirit can the Essence of Evil be confined in one form and place; and I confess that I tend to get from Dante the impression of a Devil suffering like the human damned souls; whereas I feel that the *kind* of suffering experienced by the Spirit of Evil should be represented as utterly different. I can only say that Dante made the best of a bad job. In putting Brutus, the noble Brutus, and Cassius with Judas Iscariot[41] he will also disturb at first the English reader, for whom Brutus and Cassius must always be the Brutus and Cassius of Shakespeare:[42] but if my justification of Ulysses is valid, then the presence of Brutus and Cassius is also. If anyone is repelled by the last canto of the *Inferno*, I can only ask him to wait until he has read and lived for years with the last canto of the *Paradiso*, which is to my thinking the highest point that poetry has ever reached or ever can reach, and in which Dante amply repairs any failure of Canto XXXIV of the *Inferno*; but perhaps it is better, on our first reading of the *Inferno*, to omit the last canto and return to the beginning of Canto III:

> Per me si va nella città dolente;
> per me si va nell'eterno dolore;
> per me si va tra la perduta gente.
>
> Giustizia mosse il mio alto Fattore;
> fecemi la divina Potestate,
> la somma Sapienza e il primo Amore.[43]

II

THE *PURGATORIO* AND THE *PARADISO*

For the science or art of writing verse, one has learned from the *Inferno* that the greatest poetry can be written with the greatest economy of words, and with the greatest austerity in the use of metaphor, simile, verbal beauty, and elegance. When I affirm that more can be learned about how to write poetry from Dante than from any English poet, I do not at all mean that Dante's way is the only right way, or that Dante is thereby *greater* than Shakespeare or, indeed, any other English poet. I put my meaning into other words by saying that Dante can do less *harm* to anyone trying to learn to write verse, than can Shakespeare. Most great English poets are *inimitable* in a way in which Dante was not. If you try to imitate Shakespeare you will certainly produce a series of stilted, forced, and violent distortions of language. The language of each great English poet is his own language; the language of Dante is the perfection of a common language. In a sense, it is more pedestrian than that of Dryden or Pope. If you follow Dante without talent, you will at worst be pedestrian and flat; if you follow Shakespeare or Pope without talent,[44] you will make an utter fool of yourself.[45†]

But if one has learned this much from the *Inferno*, there are other things to be learnt from the two successive divisions of the poem. From the *Purgatorio* one learns that a straightforward philosophical statement can be great poetry; from the *Paradiso*, that more and more rarified and remote *states of beatitude* can be the material for great poetry. And gradually we come to admit that Shakespeare understands a greater extent and variety of human life than Dante; but that Dante understands deeper degrees of degradation and higher degrees of exaltation. And a further wisdom is reached when we see clearly that this indicates the equality of the two men.

On the one hand, the *Purgatorio* and the *Paradiso* belong, in the way of understanding, together. It is apparently easier to accept damnation as poetic material than purgation or beatitude; less is involved that is strange to the modern mind. I insist that the full meaning of the *Inferno* can only be extracted after appreciation of the two later parts, yet it has sufficient meaning in and by itself for the first few readings. Indeed, the *Purgatorio* is, I think, the most difficult of the three parts. It cannot be enjoyed by itself like the *Inferno*, nor can it be enjoyed merely as a sequel to the *Inferno*; it requires appreciation of the *Paradiso* as well; which means that its first reading is arduous and apparently unremunerative. Only when we have read straight through to the end of the *Paradiso*, and re-read the *Inferno*, does the *Purgatorio* begin to yield its beauty. Damnation and even blessedness are more exciting than purgation.

By compensation, the *Purgatorio* has a few episodes which, so to speak, "let us up" (as the counterpart to letting down) more easily than the rest, from the *Inferno*. We must not stop to orient ourselves in the new astronomy of the Mount of Purgatory.[46] We must linger first with the shades of Casella and Manfred slain, and especially Buonconte and La Pia, those whose souls were saved from Hell only at the last moment.[47]

> "Io fui di Montefeltro, io son Buonconte;
> Giovanna o altri non ha di me cura:
> per ch'io vo tra costor con bassa fronte".
>
> Ed io a lui: "Qual forza o qual ventura
> ti traviò sì fuor di Campaldino
> che non si seppe mai tua sepoltura?"
>
> "Oh," rispos'egli, "a piè del Casentino
> traversa un'acqua che ha nome l'Archiano,
> che sopra l'Ermo nasce in Apennino.
>
> Dove il vocabol suo diventa vano
> arriva' io forato nella gola,
> fuggendo a piede e sanguinando il piano.
>
> Quivi perdei la vista, e la parola
> nel nome di Maria finii; e quivi
> caddi, e rimase la mia carne sola."
>
> "I was of Montefeltro, I am Buonconte; neither Giovanna nor any other has care of me, wherefore I go with these, with lowered brow." I said to him: "What force or chance led you so far away from Campaldino that your place of sepulture has always been unknown?" "Oh," said he, "at the foot of Casentino a stream crosses, which is called Archiano, and rises in the Apennines above the Hermitage. There, where its name is lost, came I, jabbed in the throat, fleeing on foot, dripping blood over the plain. There my sight left me, and I ended speech with (crying on) the name of Mary. There I fell, and my flesh alone remained."[48]

When Buonconte ends his story, the third spirit speaks:

> "Deh, quando tu sarai tornato al mondo,
> e riposato della lunga via,"
> seguitò il terzo spirito al secondo,
>
> "ricorditi di me, che son la Pia;
> Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma:
> salsi colui che innanellata, pria
>
> disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

"O pray, when you return to the world, and are rested from your long journey," followed the third spirit after the second, "remember me, who am La Pia. Siena made me, Maremma unmade me: this is known to him who after due engagement wedded me with his ring."[49]

The next episode that impresses the reader coming fresh from the *Inferno* is the meeting with Sordello the poet (Canto VI), the soul who appeared

altera e disdegnosa,
e nel mover degli occhi onesta e tarda!

proud and disdainful, superb and slow in the movement of his eyes![50]

E il dolce duca incominciava:
"Mantova" . . . e l'ombra, tutta in sè romita,

surse ver lui del loco ove pria stava,
dicendo: "O Mantovano, io son Sordello
della tua terra." E l'un l'altro abbracciava.

The gentle guide (Virgil) began: "Mantua" . . . and the shade, suddenly rapt, leapt towards him from the place where first it was, saying: "O Mantuan, I am Sordello of thy very soil." And the one embraced the other.[51]

The meeting with Sordello *a guisa di leon quando si posa*,[52] like a couchant lion, is no more affecting than that with the poet Statius, in Canto XXI. Statius, when he recognizes his master Virgil, stoops to clasp his feet, but Virgil answers – the lost soul speaking to the saved:

"Frate,
non far, chè tu se' ombra, ed ombra vedi."

Ed ei surgendo: "Or puoi la quantitate
comprender dell'amor ch'a te mi scalda,
quando dismento nostra vanitate,

trattando l'ombre come cosa salda."

"Brother! refrain, for you are but a shadow, and a shadow is but what you see." Then the other, rising: "Now can you understand the quantity of love that warms me towards you, so that I forget our vanity, and treat the shadows like the solid thing."[53]

The last "episode" at all comparable to those of the *Inferno* is the meeting with Dante's predecessors, Guido Guinicelli[54†] and Arnaut Daniel (Canto XXVI). In this canto the Lustful are purged in flame, yet we see clearly how the flame of purgatory differs from that of hell. In hell, the torment issues from the very nature of the damned themselves, expresses their essence; they writhe in the torment of their own perpetually perverted nature. In purgatory the torment of flame is deliberately and consciously accepted by the penitent.[55] When Dante approaches with Virgil these souls in purgatory flame, they crowd towards him:

> Poi verso me, quanto potevan farsi,
> certi si feron, sempre con riguardo
> di non uscir dove non fossero arsi.

> Then certain of them made towards me, so far as they could, but ever watchful not to come so far that they should *not be in the fire*.[56]

The souls in purgatory suffer because they *wish to suffer*, for purgation. And observe that they suffer more actively and keenly, being souls preparing for blessedness, than Virgil suffers in eternal limbo. In their suffering is hope, in the anaesthesia of Virgil is hopelessness; that is the difference. The canto ends with the superb verses of Arnaut Daniel in his Provençal tongue:

> "Ieu sui Arnaut, que plor e vau cantan;
> consiros vei la passada folor,
> e vei jausen lo jorn, qu'esper, denan.
>
> Ara vos prec, per aquella valor
> que vos guida al som de l'escalina,
> sovegna vos a temps de ma dolor."
> POI S'ASCOSE NEL FOCO CHE GLI AFFINA.

> "I am Arnold, who weeps and goes singing. I see in thought all the past folly. And I see with joy the day for which I hope, before me. And so I pray you, by that Virtue which leads you to the topmost of the stair – be mindful in due time of my pain." Then dived he back into that fire which refines them.[57]

These are the high episodes, to which the reader initiated by the *Inferno* must first cling, until he reaches the shore of Lethe, and Matilda, and the first sight of Beatrice.[58] In the last cantos (XXIX-XXXIII) of the *Purgatorio* we are already in the world of the *Paradiso*.

But in between these episodes, is the narrative of the ascent of the Mount, with meetings, visions, and philosophical expositions, all important, and all difficult for the uninstructed reader who finds it less exciting than the continuous phantasmagoria of the *Inferno*. The allegory in the *Inferno* was easy to swallow or ignore, because we could, so to speak, grasp the concrete end of it, its solidification into imagery; but as we ascend from Hell to Heaven we are more and more required to grasp the whole from idea to image.

Here I must make a diversion, before tackling a specifically philosophical passage of the *Purgatorio*, concerning the nature of Belief. I wish merely to indicate certain tentative conclusions of my own, which might affect one's reading of the *Purgatorio*.

Dante's debt to St. Thomas Aquinas, like his debt (a much smaller one) to Virgil,[59†] can be easily exaggerated; for it must not be forgotten that Dante read and made use of other great mediaeval philosophers as well. Nevertheless, the question of how much Dante took from Aquinas and how much from elsewhere is one which has been settled by others and is not relevant to my present essay. But the question of what Dante "believed" is always relevant. It would not matter, if the world were divided between those persons who are capable of taking poetry simply for what it is and those who cannot take it at all; if so, there would be no need to talk about this question to the former and no use in talking about it to the latter. But most of us are somewhat impure and apt to confuse issues: hence the justification of writing books about books, in the hope of straightening things out.

My point is that you cannot afford to *ignore* Dante's philosophical and theological beliefs, or to skip the passages which express them most clearly; but that on the other hand you are not called upon to believe them yourself. It is wrong to think that there are parts of the *Divine Comedy* which are of interest only to Catholics or to mediaevalists. For there is a difference (which here I hardly do more than assert) between philosophical *belief* and poetic *assent*. I am not sure that there is not as great a difference between philosophical belief and scientific belief; but that is a difference only now beginning to appear, and certainly inapposite to the thirteenth century. In reading Dante you must enter the world of thirteenth-century Catholicism: which is not the world of modern Catholicism, as his world of physics is not the world of modern physics. You are not called upon to believe what

Dante believed, for your belief will not give you a groat's worth more of understanding and appreciation; but you are called upon more and more to understand it.[60] If you can read poetry as poetry, you will "believe" in Dante's theology exactly as you believe in the physical reality of his journey; that is, you suspend both belief and disbelief.[61] I will not deny that it may be in practice easier for a Catholic to grasp the meaning, in many places, than for the ordinary agnostic; but that is not because the Catholic believes, but because he has been instructed. It is a matter of knowledge and ignorance, not of belief or scepticism. The vital matter is that Dante's poem is a whole; that you must in the end come to understand every part in order to understand any part.

Furthermore, we can make a distinction between what Dante believes as a poet and what he believed as a man. Practically, it is hardly likely that even so great a poet as Dante could have composed the *Comedy* merely with understanding and without belief; but his private belief becomes a different thing in becoming poetry.[62] It is interesting to hazard the suggestion that this is truer of Dante than of any other philosophical poet. With Goethe, for instance, I often feel too acutely "this is what Goethe the man believed," instead of merely entering into a world which Goethe has created; with Lucretius also; less with the *Bhagavad-Gita*, which is the next greatest philosophical poem to the *Divine Comedy* in my experience.[63] That is the advantage of a coherent traditional system of dogma and morals like the Catholic: it stands apart, for understanding and assent even without belief, from the single individual who propounds it. Goethe always arouses in me a strong sentiment of disbelief in what he believes: Dante does not. I believe that this is because Dante is the purer poet, not because I have more sympathy with Dante the man than Goethe the man.

We are not to take Dante for Aquinas or Aquinas for Dante. It would be a grievous error in psychology. The *belief attitude* of a man reading the *Summa* must be different from that of a man reading Dante, even when it is the same man, and that man a Catholic.

It is not necessary to have read the *Summa* (which means, in practice, reading some handbook) in order to understand Dante. But it is necessary to read the philosophical passages of Dante with the humility of a person visiting a new world, who admits that every part is essential to the whole. What is necessary to appreciate the poetry of the *Purgatorio* is not belief, but suspension of belief. Just as much effort is required of any modern person to accept Dante's allegorical method, as is required of the agnostic to accept his theology.

When I speak of understanding, I do not mean merely knowledge of books or words, any more than I mean belief: I mean a state of mind in which one sees certain beliefs, as the order of the deadly sins, in which treachery and pride are greater than lust, and despair the greatest, as *possible*, so that we suspend our judgment altogether.[64]

In the XVIth Canto of the *Purgatorio* we meet Marco Lombardo, who discourses at some length on the Freedom of the Will, and on the Soul:

> Esce di mano a lui, che la vagheggia
> prima che sia, a giusa di fanciulla
> che piangendo e ridendo pargoleggia,
>
> l'anima semplicetta, che sa nulla,
> salvo che, mossa da lieto fattore,
> volentier torna a ciò che la trastulla.
>
> Di picciol bene in pria sente sapore;
> quivi s'inganna, e retro ad esso corre,
> se guida o fren non torce suo amore.
>
> Onde convenne legge per fren porre;
> convenne rege aver, che discernesse
> della vera cittade almen la torre.

> From the hands of Him who loves her before she is, there issues like a little child that plays, with weeping and laughter, the simple soul, that knows nothing except that, come from the hands of a glad creator, she turns willingly to everything that delights her. First she tastes the flavour of a trifling good; then is beguiled, and pursues it, if neither guide nor check withhold her. Therefore laws were needed as a curb; a ruler was needed, who should at least see afar the tower of the true City.[65]

Later (Canto XVII) it is Virgil himself who instructs Dante in the nature of Love:

> "Nè creator nè creatura mai,"
> cominciò ei, "figiuol, fu senza amore,
> o naturale o d'animo; e tu il sai.
>
> Lo natural è sempre senza errore,
> ma l'altro puote errar per malo obbietto,
> o per poco o per troppo di vigore.

> Mentre ch'egli è ne' primi ben diretto,
> e ne' secondi sè stesso misura,
> esser non può cagion di mal diletto;
>
> ma, quando al mal si torce, o con più cura,
> o con men che non dee, corre nel bene,
> contra il fattore adopra sua fattura.
>
> Quinci comprender puoi ch'esser conviene
> amor sementa in voi d'ogni virtute,
> e d'ogni operazion che merta pene."

> He began: "Neither Creator, nor creature, my son, was ever without love, either natural or rational: and you know it. The natural is always without error; but the other may err through mistaking the object, or through excess or deficiency of force. While it is directed towards the primal goods, and in the secondary moderates itself, it cannot be the cause of delight of sin; but when turned to evil, or hurries towards the good with more or less solicitude than is right, then the creature works against the Creator. Accordingly you may understand how Love must be the seed in you both of every virtue and of every act that merits punishment."[66]

I have quoted these two passages at some length, because they are of the sort that a reader might be inclined to skip, thinking that they are only for scholars, not for readers of poetry, or thinking that it is necessary to have studied the philosophy underlying them. It is not necessary to have traced the descent of this theory of the soul from Aristotle's *De Anima* in order to appreciate it as poetry. Indeed, if we worry too much about it at first as philosophy we are likely to prevent ourselves from receiving the poetic beauty. It is the philosophy of that world of poetry which we have entered.

But with the XXVIIth canto we have left behind the stage of punishment and the stage of dialectic, and approach the state of Paradise. The last cantos have the quality of the *Paradiso* and prepare us for it; they move straight forward,[67†] with no detour or delay. The three poets, Virgil, Statius, and Dante, pass through the wall of flame which separates Purgatory from the Earthly Paradise.[68] Virgil dismisses Dante, who henceforth shall proceed with a higher guide,[69] saying

> Non aspettar mio dir più, nè mio cenno.
> Libero, dritto e sano è tuo arbitrio,
> e fallo fora non fare a suo senno:
>
> per ch'io te sopra te corono e mitrio."
>
> No more expect my word, or sign. Your Will is free, straight and whole, and not to follow its direction would be sin: wherefore I crown and mitre you (king and bishop) over yourself.[70]

I.e., Dante has now arrived at a condition, for the purposes of the rest of his journey, which is that of the blessed: for political and ecclesiastical organization are only required because of the imperfections of the human will. In the Earthly Paradise Dante encounters a lady named Matilda, whose identity need not at first bother us,

> una donna soletta, che si gia
> cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore,
> ond'era pinta tutta la sua via.
>
> A lady alone, who went singing and plucking flower after flower, wherewith her path was pied.[71]

After some conversation, and explanation by Matilda of the reason and nature of the place, there follows a "Divine Pageant."[72] To those who dislike – not what are popularly called pageants – but the serious pageants of royalty, of the church, of military funerals – the "pageantry" which we find here and in the *Paradiso* will be tedious; and still more to those, if there be any, who are unmoved by the splendour of the Revelations of St. John. It belongs to the world of what I call the *high dream*, and the modern world seems capable only of the *low dream*. I arrived at accepting it, myself, only with some difficulty. There were at least two prejudices, one against Pre-Raphaelite imagery, which was natural to one of my generation, and perhaps affects generations younger than mine.[73] The other prejudice – which affects this end of the *Purgatorio* and the whole of the *Paradiso* – is the prejudice that poetry not only must be found *through* suffering[74†] but can find its material only *in* suffering. Everything else was cheerfulness, optimism, and hopefulness; and these words stood for a great deal of what one hated in the nineteenth century. It took me many years to recognize that the states of improvement and beatitude which Dante describes are still further from what the modern world can conceive as cheerfulness, than are his states of damnation. And little things put one off:

Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*, first by my rapture and next by my revolt, held up my appreciation of Beatrice by many years.[75]

We cannot understand fully Canto XXX of the *Purgatorio* until we know the *Vita Nuova*,[76] which in my opinion should be read after the *Divine Comedy*. But at least we can begin to understand how skilfully Dante expresses the recrudescence of an ancient passion in a new emotion, in a new situation, which comprehends, enlarges, and gives a meaning to it.

> sopra candido vel, cinta d'oliva
> donna m'apparve, sotto verde manto,
> vestita di color di fiamma viva.
>
> E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
> tempo era stato che alla sua presenza
> non era di stupor, tremando, affranto,
>
> senza degli occhi aver più conoscenza,
> per occulta virtù che da lei mosse,
> d'antico amor sentì la gran potenza.
>
> Tosto che nella vista mi percosse
> l'alta virtù, che già m'avea trafitto
> prima ch'io fuor di puerizia fosse,
>
> volsimi alla sinistra col rispitto
> col quale il fantolin corre alla mamma,
> quando ha paura o quando egli è afflitto,
>
> per dicere a Virgilio: "Men che dramma
> di sangue m'è rimaso, che non tremi;
> conosco i segni dell'antica fiamma."

> Olive-crowned over a white veil, a lady appeared to me, clad under a green mantle in colour of living flame. And my spirit, after so many years since trembling in her presence it had been broken with awe, without further knowledge by my eyes, felt, through hidden power which went out from her, the great strength of the old love. As soon as that lofty power struck my sense, which already had transfixed me before my adolescence, I turned leftwards with the trust of the little child who runs to his mama when he is frightened or distressed, to say to Virgil: "Hardly a drop of blood in my body does not shudder: I know the tokens of the ancient flame."[77]

And in the dialogue that follows we see the passionate conflict of the old feelings with the new; the effort and triumph of a new renunciation greater than renunciation at the grave, because a renunciation of feelings that persist beyond the grave.[78] In a way, these cantos are those of the greatest *personal* intensity in the whole poem. In the *Paradiso* Dante himself, save for the Cacciaguida episode, becomes de- or super-personalized;[79] and it is in these last cantos of the *Purgatorio*, rather than in the *Paradiso*, that Beatrice appears most clearly. But the Beatrice theme is essential to the understanding of the whole, *not* because we need to know Dante's biography – not for instance as the Wesendonck history is supposed to cast light upon *Tristan* – but because of Dante's *philosophy* of it.[80] This, however, concerns more our examination of the *Vita Nuova*.

The *Purgatorio* is the most difficult because it is the *transitional* canto: the *Inferno* is one thing, comparatively easy; the *Paradiso* is another thing, more difficult as a whole than the *Purgatorio*, because more a whole. Once we have got the hang of the kind of feeling in it no one part is difficult. The *Purgatorio*, here and there, might be called "dry": the *Paradiso* is never dry, it is either incomprehensible or intensely exciting. With the exception of the episode of Cacciaguida – a pardonable exhibition of family and personal pride, because it provides splendid poetry – it is not episodic. All the other characters have the best credentials. At first, they seem less distinct than the earlier unblessed people; they seem ingeniously varied but fundamentally monotonous variations of insipid blessedness. It is a matter of gradual adjustment of our vision. We have (whether we know it or not) a prejudice against beatitude as material for poetry. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries knew nothing of it; even Shelley, who knew Dante well and who towards the end of his life was beginning to profit by it, the one English poet of the nineteenth century who could even have begun to follow those footsteps, was able to enounce the proposition that our sweetest songs are those which sing of saddest thought.[81] The early work of Dante might confirm Shelley; the *Paradiso* provides the counterpart, though a different counterpart from the philosophy of Browning.[82]

The *Paradiso* is not monotonous. It is as various as any poem. And take the *Comedy* as a whole, you can compare it to nothing but the *entire* dramatic work of Shakespeare. The comparison of the *Vita Nuova* with the *Sonnets* is another, and interesting, occupation.[83] Dante and Shakespeare divide the modern world between them; there is no third.

We should begin by thinking of Dante fixing his gaze on Beatrice:

> Nel suo aspetto tal dentro mi fei,
> qual si fe' Glauco nel gustar dell' erba,
> che il fe' consorto in mar degli altri dei.
>
> Trasumanar significar *per verba*
> non si poria; però l'esemplo basti
> a cui esperienza grazia serba.
>
> Gazing on her, so I became within, as did Glaucus, on tasting of the grass which made him sea-fellow of the other gods. To transcend humanity may not be told in words, wherefore let the instance suffice for him for whom that experience is reserved by Grace.[84]

And as Beatrice says to Dante: "*You make yourself dull with false fancy*"; warns him, that here there are divers sorts of blessedness, as settled by Providence.[85]

If this is not enough, Dante is informed by Piccarda (Canto III) in words which even those who know no Dante know:[86]

> la sua volontate è nostra pace[87†]
>
> His will is our peace.[88]

It is the mystery of the inequality, and of the indifference of that inequality, in blessedness, of the blessed. It is all the same, and yet each degree differs.[89]

Shakespeare gives the greatest *width* of human passion; Dante the greatest altitude and greatest depth. They complement each other. It is futile to ask which undertook the more difficult job. But certainly the "difficult passages" in the *Paradiso* are Dante's difficulties rather than ours: his difficulty in making us apprehend sensuously the various states and stages of blessedness. Thus the long oration of Beatrice about the Will (Canto IV) is really directed at making us feel the reality of the condition of Piccarda; Dante has to educate our senses as he goes along. The insistence throughout is upon states of feeling; the reasoning takes only its proper place as a means of reaching these states. We get constantly verses like

> Beatrice mi guardò con gli occhi pieni
> di faville d'amor così divini,
> che, vinta, mia virtù diede le reni,
> e quasi mi perdei con gli occhi chini.

> Beatrice looked on me with eyes so divine filled with sparks of love, that my vanquished power turned away, and I became as lost, with downcast eyes.[90]

The whole difficulty is in admitting that this is something that we are meant to feel, not merely decorative verbiage. Dante gives us every aid of images, as when

> Come in peschiera, ch'è tranquilla e pura,
> traggonsi i pesci a ciò che vien di fuori
> per modo che lo stimin lor pastura;
>
> sì vid'io ben più di mille splendori
> trarsi ver noi, ed in ciascun s'udia:
> *Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori.*

> As in a fishpond still and clear, the fishes draw near to anything that falls from without in such a way as to make them think it something to eat, so I saw more than a thousand splendours draw towards us, and in each was heard: *Lo! here is one that shall increase our loves.*[91]

About the persons whom Dante meets in the several spheres, we need only to enquire enough to consider why Dante placed them where he did.

When we have grasped the strict *utility* of the minor images, such as the one given above, or even the simple comparison admired by Landor:[92]

> Quale allodetta che in aere si spazia
> prima cantando, e poi tace, contenta
> dell'ultima dolcezza che la sazia,

> Like the lark which soars in the air, first singing, and then ceases, content with the last sweetness that sates her,[93]

we may study with respect the more elaborate imagery, such as that of the figure of the Eagle composed by the spirits of the just, which extends from Canto XVIII onwards for some space.[94] Such figures are not merely antiquated rhetorical devices, but serious and practical means of making the spiritual visible. An understanding of the rightness of such imagery is a preparation for apprehending the last and greatest canto, the most tenuous and most intense. Nowhere in poetry has experience so remote from ordinary experience been expressed so concretely, by a masterly use of that imagery of *light* which is the form of certain types of mystical experience.

> Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna,
> legato con amore in un volume,
> ciò che per l'universo si squaderna;
>
> sustanzia ed accidenti, e lor costume,
> quasi conflati insieme per tal modo,
> che ciò ch'io dico è un semplice lume.
>
> La forma universal di questo nodo
> credo ch'io vidi, perchè più di largo,
> dicendo questo, mi sento ch'io godo.
>
> Un punto solo m'è maggior letargo,
> che venticinque secoli alla impresa,
> che fe' Nettuno ammirar l'ombra d'Argo.

> Within its depths I saw ingathered, bound by love in one mass, the scattered leaves of the universe: substance and accidents and their relations, as though together fused, so that what I speak of is one simple flame. The universal form of this complex I think I saw, because, as I say this, more largely I feel myself rejoice. One single moment to me is more lethargy than twenty-five centuries upon the enterprise which made Neptune wonder at the shadow of the Argo (passing over him).[95]

One can feel only awe at the power of the master who could thus at every moment realize the inapprehensible in visual images. And I do not know anywhere in poetry more authentic sign of greatness than the power of association which could in the last line, when the poet is speaking of the Divine vision, yet introduce the Argo passing over the head of wondering Neptune.[96] Such association is utterly different from that of Marino speaking in one breath of the beauty of the Magdalen[97†] and the opulence of Cleopatra (so that you are not quite sure what adjectives apply to which).[98] It is the real right thing, the power of establishing relations between beauty of the most diverse sorts; it is the utmost power of the poet.

> O quanto è corto il dire, e come fioco
> al mio concetto!

> How scant the speech, and how faint, for my conception![99]

In writing of the *Divine Comedy* I have tried to keep to a few very simple points of which I am convinced. First that the poetry of Dante is the one universal school of style for the writing of poetry in any language. There is much, naturally, which can profit only those who write Dante's own Tuscan language; but there is no poet in any tongue – not even in Latin or Greek – who stands so firmly as a model for all poets. I tried to illustrate his universal mastery in the use of images. In the actual writing I went so far as to say that he is safer to follow, even for us, than any English poet, including Shakespeare. My second point is that Dante's "allegorical" method has great advantages for the writing of *poetry*: it simplifies the diction, and makes clear and precise the images. That in good allegory, like Dante's, it is not necessary to understand the meaning first to enjoy the poetry, but that our enjoyment of the poetry makes us want to understand the meaning. And the third point is that the *Divine Comedy* is a complete scale of the *depths* and *heights* of human emotion; that the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* are to be read as extensions of the ordinarily very limited human range. Every degree of the feeling of humanity, from lowest to highest, has, moreover, an intimate relation to the next above and below, and all fit together according to the logic of sensibility.

I have only now to make certain observations on the *Vita Nuova*, which may also amplify what I have suggested about the mediaeval mind expressed in allegory.

NOTE TO SECTION II[100†]

The theory of poetic belief and understanding here employed for a particular study is similar to that maintained by Mr. I. A. Richards (see his *Practical Criticism*, pp. 179 ff. and pp. 271 ff.).[101] I say "similar," because my own general theory is still embryonic, and Mr. Richards's also is capable of much further development. I cannot therefore tell how far the similarity extends; but for those who are interested in the subject, I should point out one respect in which my view differs from that of Mr. Richards; and then proceed to qualify my own tentative conclusions.

I am in agreement with Mr. Richards's statement on p. 271 (*op. cit.*).[102] I agree for the reason that if you hold any contradictory theory you deny, I believe, the existence of "literature" as well as of "literary criticism." We may raise the question whether "literature" exists; but for certain purposes, such as the purpose of this essay on Dante, we must assume that there is literature and literary appreciation; we must assume that the reader can obtain the full "literary" or (if you will) "aesthetic" enjoyment without sharing the beliefs of the author. *If* there is "literature," *if* there is "poetry," then it must be possible to have full literary or poetic appreciation without sharing the beliefs of the poet. That is as far as my thesis goes in the present essay. It may be argued whether there is literature, whether there is poetry, and whether there is any meaning in the term "full appreciation." But I have assumed for this essay that these things exist and that these terms are understood.

I deny, in short, that the reader must share the beliefs of the poet in order to enjoy the poetry fully. I have also asserted that we can distinguish between Dante's beliefs as a man and his beliefs as a poet.[103] But we are forced to believe that there is a particular relation between the two, and that the poet "means what he says." If we learned, for instance, that *De Rerum Natura* was a Latin exercise which Dante had composed for relaxation after completing the *Divine Comedy*, and published under the name of one Lucretius, I am sure that our capacity for enjoying either poem would be mutilated. Mr. Richards's statement (*Science and Poetry*, p. 76 footnote) that a certain writer has effected "a complete severance between his poetry and *all* beliefs" is to me incomprehensible.[104]

If you deny the theory that full poetic appreciation is possible without belief in what the poet believed, you deny the existence of "poetry" as well as "criticism"; and if you push this denial to its conclusion, you will be forced to admit that there is very little poetry that you can appreciate, and that your appreciation of it will be a function of your philosophy or theology or something else. If, on the other hand, I push *my* theory to the extreme, I find myself in as great a difficulty. I am quite aware of the ambiguity of the word "understand." In one sense, it means to understand without believing, for unless you can understand a view of life (let us say) without believing in it, the word "understand" loses all meaning, and the act of choice between one view and another is reduced to caprice. But if you yourself are convinced of a certain view of life, then you irresistibly and inevitably believe that if anyone else comes to "understand" it fully, his understanding *must* terminate in belief. It is possible, and sometimes necessary, to argue that full understanding must identify itself with full belief. A good deal, it thus turns out, hangs on the meaning, if any, of this short word *full*.

In short, both the view I have taken in this essay, and the view which contradicts it, are, if pushed to the end, what I call heresies (not, of course, in the theological, but in a more general sense).[105] Each is true only within a limited field of discourse, but unless you limit fields of discourse, you can have no discourse at all. Orthodoxy can only be found in such contradictions, though it must be remembered that a pair of contradictions may *both* be false, and that not all pairs of contradictions make up a truth.

And I confess to considerable difficulty in analysing my own feelings, a difficulty which makes me hesitate to accept Mr. Richards's theory of "pseudo-statements."[106] On reading the line which he uses,[107]

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . .[108]

I am at first inclined to agree with him, because this statement of equivalence means nothing to me. But on re-reading the whole Ode, this line strikes me as a serious blemish on a beautiful poem; and the reason must be either that I fail to understand it, or that it is a statement which is untrue. And I suppose that Keats meant something by it, however remote his truth and his beauty may have been from these words in ordinary use. And I am sure that he would have repudiated any explanation of the line which called it a pseudo-statement. On the other hand the line I have often quoted of Shakespeare,

> Ripeness is all[109]

or the line I have quoted of Dante,

> la sua voluntate è nostra pace[110†]

strikes very differently on my ear. I observe that the propositions in these words are very different in kind, not only from that of Keats, but from each other. The statement of Keats seems to me meaningless: or perhaps, the fact that it is grammatically meaningless conceals another meaning from me. The statement of Shakespeare seems to me to have profound emotional meaning, with, at least, no literal fallacy. And the statement of Dante seems to me *literally true*. And I confess that it has more beauty for me now, when my own experience has deepened its meaning, than it did when I first read it.[111] So I can only conclude that I cannot, in practice, wholly separate my poetic appreciation from my personal beliefs. Also that the distinction between a statement and a pseudo-statement is not always, in particular instances, possible to establish. The theory of Mr. Richards is, I believe, incomplete until he defines the species of religious, philosophical, scientific, and other beliefs, as well as that of "everyday" belief.

I have tried to make clear some of the difficulties inhering in my own theory. Actually, one probably has more pleasure in the poetry when one shares the beliefs of the poet. On the other hand there is a distinct pleasure in enjoying poetry as poetry when one does *not* share the beliefs, analogous to the pleasure of "mastering" other men's philosophical systems. It would appear that "literary appreciation" is an abstraction, and pure poetry a phantom; and that both in creation and enjoyment much always enters which is, from the point of view of "Art," irrelevant.

III

THE *VITA NUOVA*

All of Dante's "minor works" are important, because they are works of Dante; but the *Vita Nuova* has a special importance, because it does more than any of the others help us to a fuller understanding of the *Divine Comedy*. I do not suggest that the others may be neglected; the *Convivio* is important, and also the *De Volgari Eloquio*: and every part of Dante's writings can give us some light on other parts.[112] But the *Vita Nuova* is a youthful work, in which some of the method and design, and explicitly the intention, of the *Divine Comedy*, are shown. Because it is an immature work, it requires some knowledge of the masterpiece to understand; and at the same time helps particularly towards understanding of the *Comedy*.

A great deal of scholarship has been directed upon examination of the early life of Dante, in connexion with the *Vita Nuova*. Critics may be roughly divided into those who regard it as primarily biographical, and those who regard it as primarily allegorical. It is much easier for the second group to make a good case than for the first. If this curious medley of verse and prose is biographical, then the biography has unquestionably been manipulated almost out of recognition to fit into conventional forms of allegory. The imagery of much of it is certainly in a very ancient tradition of vision literature: just as the scheme of the *Divine Comedy* has been shown to be closely similar to similar supernatural peregrination stories in Arabic and in old Persian literature[113] – to say nothing of the descents of Ulysses and Aeneas[114] – so there are parallels to the visions of the *Vita Nuova* such as the *Shepherd of Hermas* in Greek.[115] And as the book is obviously not a literal statement, whether of vision or delusion, it is easy to make out a case for its being an entire allegory: for asserting, that is, that Beatrice is merely a personification of an abstract virtue, intellectual or moral.

I wish to make clear that my own opinions are opinions[116†] founded only upon reading the text. I do not think that they are such as can either be verified or refuted by scholars; I mean to restrict my comments to the unprovable and the irrefutable.

It appears likely, to anyone who reads the *Vita Nuova* without prejudice, that it is a mixture of biography and allegory; but a mixture according to a recipe not available to the modern mind. When I say the "modern mind" I mean the minds of those who have read or could have read such a document as Rousseau's *Confessions.*[117] The modern mind can understand the "confession," that is, the literal account of oneself, varying only in degree of sincerity and self-understanding, and it can understand "allegory" in the abstract. Nowadays "confessions," of an insignificant sort, pour from the press; everyone *met son cœur à nu*,[118] or pretends to; "personalities" succeed one another in interest. It is difficult to conceive of an age (of many ages) when human beings cared somewhat about the salvation of the "soul," but not about each other as "personalities."[119] Now Dante, I believe, had experiences which seemed to him of some importance; not of importance because they had happened to him and because he, Dante Alighieri, was an important person who kept press-cutting bureaux busy, but important in themselves; and therefore they seemed to him to have some philosophical and impersonal value. I find in it an account of a particular kind of experience: that is, of something which had actual experience (the experience of the "confession" in the modern sense) *and* intellectual and imaginative experience (the experience of thought and the experience of dream) as its materials; and which became a third kind. It seems to me of importance to grasp the simple fact that the *Vita Nuova* is neither a "confession" nor an "indiscretion" in the modern sense, nor is it a piece of Pre-Raphaelite tapestry. If you have that sense of intellectual and spiritual realities that Dante had, then a form of expression like the *Vita Nuova* cannot be classed either as "truth" or "fiction."

In the first place, the type of sexual experience which Dante describes as occurring to him at the age of nine years is by no means impossible or unique. My only doubt (in which I found myself confirmed by a distinguished psychologist) is whether it could have taken place so late in life as the age of nine years. The psychologist agreed with me that it is more likely to occur at about five or six years of age.[120] It is possible that Dante developed rather late, and it is also possible that he altered the dates to employ some other significance of the number nine. But to me it appears obvious that the *Vita Nuova* could only have been written around a personal experience. If so, the details do not matter: whether the lady was the Portinari or not, I do not care;[121] it is quite as likely that she is a blind for someone[122†] else, even for a person whose name Dante may have forgotten or never known. But I cannot find it incredible that what has happened to others, should have happened to Dante with much greater intensity.

The same experience, described in Freudian terms, would be instantly accepted as fact by the modern public. It is merely that[123†] Dante, quite reasonably, drew other conclusions and used another mode of expression, which arouses incredulity. And we are inclined to think – as Remy de Gourmont, for once misled by his prejudices into the pedantic attitude, thought – that if an author like Dante follows closely a form of vision that has a long history, it proves that the story is mere allegory (in the modern sense) or fake.[124] I find a much greater difference in sensibility between the *Vita Nuova* and the *Shepherd of Hermas* than Gourmont did. It is not at all the simple difference between the genuine and the fraud; it is a difference in mind between the humble author of early Christian times and the poet of the thirteenth century, perhaps as great as that between the latter and ourselves. The similarities might prove that a certain *habit* in dream-imagery can persist throughout many changes of civilization. Gourmont would say that Dante borrowed; but that is imputing our own mind to the thirteenth century. I merely suggest that possibly Dante, in his place and time, was following something more essential than merely a "literary" tradition.

The attitude of Dante to the fundamental experience of the *Vita Nuova* can only be understood by accustoming ourselves to find meaning in *final causes* rather than in origins. It is not, I believe, meant as a description of what he *consciously* felt on his meeting with Beatrice, but rather as a description of what that meant on mature reflection upon it. The final cause is the attraction towards God. A great deal of sentiment has been spilt, especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, upon idealizing the reciprocal feelings of man and woman towards each other, which various realists have been irritated to denounce: this sentiment ignoring the fact that the love of man and woman (or for that matter of man and man) is only explained and made reasonable by the higher love, or else is simply the coupling of animals.[125]

Let us entertain the theory that Dante, meditating on the astonishment of an experience at such an age, which no subsequent experience abolished or exceeded, found meanings in it which we should not be likely to find ourselves. His account is then just as reasonable as our own; and he is simply prolonging the experience in a different direction from that which we, with different mental habits and prejudices, are likely to take.

We cannot, as a matter of fact, understand the *Vita Nuova* without some saturation in the poetry of Dante's Italian contemporaries, or even in the poetry of his Provençal predecessors. Literary parallels are most important, but we must be on guard not to take them in a purely literary and literal way. Dante wrote more or less, at first, like other poets, not simply because he had read their works, but because his modes of feeling and thought were much like theirs. As for the Provençal poets, I have not the knowledge to read them at first hand. That mysterious people had a religion of their own which was thoroughly and painfully extinguished by the Inquisition; so that we hardly know more about them than about the Sumerians. I suspect that the difference between this unknown, and possibly maligned, Albigensianism and Catholicism has some correspondence with the difference between the poetry of the Provençal school and the Tuscan.[126] The system of Dante's organization of sensibility – the contrast between higher and lower carnal love, the transition from Beatrice living to Beatrice dead, rising to the Cult of the Virgin, seems to me to be his own.

At any rate, the *Vita Nuova*, besides being a sequence of beautiful poems connected by a curious vision-literature prose is, I believe, a very sound psychological treatise on something related to what is now called "sublimation."[127] There is also a practical sense of realities behind it, which is antiromantic: not to expect more from *life* than it can give or more from *human* beings than they can give; to look to *death* for what life cannot give.[128] The *Vita Nuova* belongs to "vision literature"; but its philosophy is the Catholic philosophy of disillusion.

Understanding of the book is greatly advanced by acquaintance with Guido Guinicelli, Cavalcanti, Cino, and others. One ought, indeed, to study the development of the art of love from the Provençal poets onwards, paying just attention to both resemblances and differences in spirit; as well as the development of verse form and stanza form and vocabulary. But such study is vain unless we have first made the conscious attempt, as difficult and hard as rebirth, to pass through the looking-glass into a world which is just as reasonable as our own. When we have done that, we begin to wonder whether the world of Dante is not both larger and more solid than our own. When we repeat

Tutti li miei pensier parlan d'Amore[129]

we must stop to think what *amore* means – something different from its Latin original, its French equivalent, or its definition in a modern Italian dictionary.

It is, I repeat, for several reasons necessary to read the *Divine Comedy* first. The first reading of the *Vita Nuova* gives nothing but pre-Raphaelite quaintness. The *Comedy* initiates us into the world of mediaeval imagery, in the *Inferno* most apprehensible, in the *Paradiso* most rarified. It initiates us also into the world of mediaeval thought and dogma: far easier for those who have had the college discipline of Plato and Aristotle, but possible even without that. The *Vita Nuova* plunges us direct into mediaeval sensibility. It is not, for Dante, a masterpiece, so that it is safer for us to read it, the first time,[130†] for the light it can throw on the *Comedy* than for itself.

Read in this way, it can be more useful than a dozen commentaries. The effect of many books about Dante is to give the impression that it is more necessary to read about him than to read what he has written. But the next step after reading Dante again and again should be to read some of the books that he read, rather than modern books about his work and life and times, however good. We may easily be distracted by following up the histories of Emperors and Popes. With a poet like Shakespeare, we are less likely to ignore the text for the commentary. With Dante there is just as much need for concentrating on the text, and all the more because Dante's mind is more remote from the ways of thinking and feeling in which we have been brought up. What we need is not information but knowledge: the first step to knowledge is to recognize the differences between his form of thought and feeling and ours. Even to attach great importance to Thomism, or to Catholicism, may lead us astray, in attracting us too much to such differences as are entirely capable of intellectual formulation. The English reader needs to remember that even had Dante not been a good Catholic, even had he treated Aristotle or Thomas with sceptical indifference, his mind would still be no easier to understand; the forms of imagination, phantasmagoria, and sensibility would be just as strange to us. We have to learn to accept these forms: and this *acceptance* is more important than anything that can be called belief. There is almost a definite moment of acceptance at which the New Life begins.

What I have written is, as I promised, not an "introduction" to the study but a brief account of my own introduction to it. In extenuation, it may he observed that to write in this way of men like Dante or Shakespeare is really less presumptuous than to write of smaller men. The very vastness of the subject leaves a possibility that one may have something to say worth saying; whereas with smaller men, only minute and special study is likely to justify writing about them at all.

NOTES

1. As printed in *SE*; first published on 27 Sept 1929 as *Dante* (London: Faber & Faber), No. 2 in "The Poets on the Poets" series (hereafter, *Dante 1929*). TSE wrote to I. A. Richards on 21 May 1929: "I have just finished a sort of pamphlet on Dante into which I have worked a few notions discussed with you: the idea of the *Vita Nuova* as a manual of sex psychology, and the idea of the difference between philosophy as philosophy and philosophy in poetry: the distinction between Belief and Poetic Assent or Acceptance. . . . I have merely got down a vague literary adumbration of a few questions I want worked out more thoroughly; so when I send you the proof, please think of it as rough notes incorporated in a popular pamphlet" (*L4* 506).

2. All quotations from Dante are from the Temple Classics editions (see "Preface to *Dante*," n. 7): *The Inferno of Dante* (cited as *DC1*); *The Purgatorio of Dante* (*DC2*); *The Paradiso of Dante* (*DC3*); *The Vita Nuova and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri* (*Vita Nuova*). Minor discrepancies in TSE's quotations from Dante's Italian text have been corrected to the Temple editions; his departures in the text from the English translations in the Temple editions are recorded in the notes; his ellipses in the text have been retained as printed.

3. TSE writes of the objectification of poetic emotion in "Hamlet" (1919): "The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion" (2.125).

4. Dante lived from 1265 to 1321; mediaeval Latin, ca. 200-1500, the liturgical language of the Catholic Church, was used across Europe for philosophical, scientific, legal, and literary works.

5. Artificial language based on Romance languages, created in 1887 by L. L. Zamenhof.

6. inspissation (OED): "The action of making, or process of becoming, thick or dense; thickening, condensation; an instance of this."

7. The Treaty of Versailles, signed 28 June 1919 following the armistice ending World War I (1914-18), initiated heavy reparations against Germany and instituted the League of Nations. "It is obviously a bad peace," TSE wrote to his mother on 2 Oct 1919 (*L1* 404), and again on 18 Dec: "I suppose Americans realise now what a fiasco the reorganisation of nationalities has been: the 'Balkanisation' of Europe." (*L1* 425). After receiving a promotion at Lloyds bank to "head of an Intelligence Department," he wrote to his brother on 2 Jan 1923: "I am still unfortunately the only person in the bank who knows anything about the Peace Treaties, and there are two or three big lawsuits with Germans coming on this winter which involve an intimate knowledge of their history for the past four years, which no one else possesses" (*L2* 2). See TSE's discussion of the cultural "disintegration of the intellect" since the thirteenth century in his final Clark lecture (1926) (2.743).

8. Pierre Abélard, French theologian, philosopher, Aristotelian, and poet. In his third Clark lecture, TSE quotes Richard of St. Victor and aligns his "ontological" mysticism with that of Aquinas and Dante, distinguishing it from the "psychological" Spanish mysticism "of Crashaw and of the Society of Jesus" (2.653).

9. *Inferno* I.1-3: "I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost" (*DC1* 3).

10. *Macbeth* I.vi.1-9. Lines 1-3 Duncan; 4-9 Banquo. Quoted again in "Milton I" (1936) as an example of "visual imagination," conveying the "feeling of being in a particular place at a particular time."

11. *Roman de la Rose*, composed ca. 1225-30, a French allegorical poem by Guillaume de Lorris; continued in 1280 by Jean de Meun; translated in part by Chaucer.

12. *Inferno* I.31-51: "And behold . . . a Leopard . . . so impeded my way, that I had often turned to go back. . . . I feared at the sight . . . of a Lion. / He seemed coming upon me with head erect and furious hunger; so that the air seemed to have fear thereat; / and a She-wolf, that looked full of all cravings in her leanness; and has ere now made many live in sorrow. / She brought such heaviness upon me with the terror of her aspect, that I lost the hope of ascending" (*DC1* 5).

13. Untraced. TSE perhaps confuses Arnold's passing mention of the historical Latini with his praise of *Paradiso* III.85, Piccada's "la sua volontate è nostra pace" in "The Study of Poetry" (1880). Arnold quotes the line twice in the essay, thrice mentioning its "high seriousness."

14. *Inferno* XV.20-21: "and towards us sharpened their vision, as an aged tailor does at the eye of his needle" (*DC1* 159); lines marked. Grandgent, recommended in TSE's Preface, singles out the Latini passage for praise in his *Dante*, supplying also the apt interpolation "knitted their brows" (267), which TSE adopts here.

15. *Antony and Cleopatra*, V.ii.344-46. Caesar on Cleopatra's suicide:

O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

16. TSE also compares these passages in "Andrew Marvell" (1923) (2.456), and "The Conceit in Donne" (1926) (2.671).

17. Compare "John Ford" (1932) on Shakespeare and Dante: "The whole of Shakespeare's work is *one* poem; and it is the poetry of it in this sense, not the poetry of isolated lines and passages or the poetry of the single figures which he created, that matters most" (4.482).

18. *Inferno*, III.4-6: "Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love" (*DC1* 27); lines marked. In *IMH*, these lines appear prefacing TSE's quatrain "O lord, have patience – " (83).

19†. *Inferno* V.40-42: "in large and crowded troop": lines marked in TSE's copy; TSE does not provide a translation of line 42, "così quel fiato gli spiriti mali": "so that blast, the evil spirits" (*DC1* 51).

20. *Inferno* V.46-49: "making a long streak of themselves in air: so I saw the shadows come, uttering wails, borne by that strife of winds" (*DC1* 51).

21. TSE frequently alludes to Henry James's "The Figure in the Carpet" (1896), remarking in "Rudyard Kipling" (1941) that "we look, in a poet as well as in a novelist, for what Henry James called the Figure in the Carpet."

22. *Inferno* V.127-36

23. *Inferno* V. 91

24. *Inferno* V.103

25. *Inferno* V.135; TSE's italics

26. *Inferno* X.35-36: "and he rose . . . as if he entertained" (*DC1* 103)

27. TSE returned to both these scenes and incorporates them into his prose and poems. On Latini, see "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919), "Dante" (1920), "The Conceit in Donne" (1926), and *Little Gidding*, II; on Ulysses, see *WLF* (55-69, 128) and "In Memoriam" (1936); on Ugolino, *The Waste Land*, note to line 411.

28. See "Andrew Marvell" (1921), where TSE observes in Villon "one of the most important means of poetic effect since Homer," "the element of *surprise*," "the surprise which Poe considered of the highest importance" (2.311). TSE may refer to Poe's "The Poetic Principle" (1850): "I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement."

29. *Inferno* XV.121-24: "Then he turned back . . . and of them seemed he who gains, not he who loses" (*DC1* 165); lines marked.

30. *Inferno* XXVI.85-92: "murmuring, just like a flame that struggles with the wind. Then carrying to and fro the top, as if it were the tongue that spake, threw forth a voice, and said: 'When I departed from Circe, who beyond a year detained me there near Gaeta . . .'" (*DC1* 293).

31. "Ulysses," in *Poems* (1842)

32. "Ulysses," 55-56: "The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep / Moans round with many voices." Compare an excised section of *WLF*, IV.41-43: "So the crew moaned; the sea with many voices / Moaned all about us, under a rainy moon" (57).

33. TSE states in "In Memoriam" (1936): "Tennyson is not only a minor Virgil, he is also with Virgil as Dante saw him, a Virgil among the Shades, the saddest of all English poets, among the Great in Limbo, the most instinctive rebel against the society in which he was the most perfect conformist."

34. *Othello* I.ii.59. Othello to his men, confronting Brabantio and his mob after his elopement with Desdemona: "Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them." Quoted again, correctly, in "Poetry and Drama" (1951) as an example of "*dramatic* poetry," which "does not interrupt but intensifies the dramatic situation."

35†. *Inferno* XXVI.107-09: "that narrow pass, where Hercules assigned his landmarks to hinder man from venturing farther" (*DC1* 293).

36. *Inferno* XXVI.112-20: "to this the brief vigil . . . experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun. . . . Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow" (*DC1* 293-95).

37. *Inferno* XXVI.133-42: "there appeared to us a Mountain, dim with distance; . . . We joyed, and soon . . . : for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart . . . Three times it made her whirl round . . . ; at the fourth, made the poop rise up and prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea was closed above us" (*DC1* 295).

38. The Resurrection of the Body, in Western Christianity, "refers to two related resurrections," "of Jesus on the third day after his death and the general resurrection of all humans in the last days." (*The Cambridge Dictionary of Christianity*, ed. David Patte, 2010). Stated as an article of faith in some of the Creeds (Apostles', Nicene, etc.).

39. *Vita Nuova* iii.36-37 (Latin). *Trans*: "I am your master." Musing upon the salutation of Beatrice at their second encounter, Dante falls asleep, "wherein a wondrous vision appeared": "methought I saw in my chamber a cloud of the hue of flame, within which I discerned the figure of a lord, of fearful aspect to one who should look on him. And he seemed to me of such gladness as to himself that a wondrous thing it was; and in his words he said many things which I understood not save a few, among which I understood these: *Ego dominus tuus*." (*Vita Nuova* iii.28-36)

40. *Inferno* XXXIV.37-60. Dante's Satan is a gigantic, bat-winged figure, with three faces of different hues, weeping bloody tears and half-encased in ice. The fresco may be the gargantuan

Satan with sinners in his mouth in the *Last Judgment* (1398) of Taddeo di Bartolo [Taddeo Bartoli] (ca. 1362-1422), Sienese painter, in the Collegiata di San Gimignano, Tuscany; Bartoli also painted a Hell fresco in the Abbey at Monte Oliveti in Pisa, in which, Vasari notes, he followed the "invention of Dante." Another possibility is the bat-winged devil in the *Last Judgment* (ca. 1446-49) of Lorenzo di Pietro [Vecchietta] (1410-80), Sienese painter, in Sala di San Pietro of the Spedale della Scala, Siena.

41. *Inferno* XXXIV.61-69. Judas, Brutus, and Cassius are each in one of Satan's mouths, their torment for betraying their lords and benefactors (Judas betrayed Christ, Brutus and Cassius Caesar), an offense they share with Satan (who betrayed the highest Lord, God himself).

42. *Julius Caesar*

43. *Inferno* III.1-6. The full inscription on Hell Gate, which opens Canto III (see previous quotation of III.3-6, n. 22). "Through me is the way into the doleful city; through me the way into the eternal pain; through me the way among the people lost. Justice moved my High Maker; Divine Power made me, Wisdom Supreme, and Primal Love" (*DC1* 27).

44. TSE wrote in his "Introduction: 1928" to *Selected Poems of Ezra Pound*: "I remember that Pound once induced me to destroy what I thought an excellent set of couplets; for, said he, 'Pope has done this so well that you cannot do it better'" (3.527). The couplets in question were excised from the opening of *The Waste Land*, III, "The Fire Sermon" (*WLF*, 39-43, 128).

45†. The following paragraph was deleted in *SE* from *Dante 1929*: "Nevertheless, the *simple* style of which Dante is the greatest master is a very difficult style. In twenty years I have written about a dozen lines in that style successfully; and compared to the dullest passage of the *Divine Comedy*, they are 'as straw.' So I believe that it is difficult."

46. The seven-terraced mountain of Purgatory is in the southern hemisphere; light, clear water, and air pervade Dante's Purgatory, accenting their absence in hell.

47. Casella, II.88-92 (Ante-Purgatory); Manfred, III.112-45 (Contumacious); of the other Late Repentants, Buonconte, V.124-31, is the son of Guido da Montefeltro (part of whose confession in *Inferno* XXVII.61-66 appears as epigraph to "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"); and Pia de' Tolomei, V.133-36, was murdered in 1295 by her husband in his castle in Maremma.

48. *Purgatorio* V.88-103: "I am Buonconte; Giovanna, or any other hath no care for me; wherefore I go among these, with downcast brow." And I to him: "What violence or what chance made thee stray so far from Campaldino, that thy burial place ne'er was known? "Oh," answered he, "at Casentino's foot a stream crosses, which is named Archiano . . . There where its name is lost, did I arrive, pierced in the throat, flying on foot, and bloodying the plain. . . . There lost I vision, and ended my words upon the name of Mary; and there fell I, and my flesh alone was left" (*DC2* 55).

49. *Purgatorio* V.130-36: "Pray, when thou shalt return . . . and art rested from thy long journey . . . Remember me . . .'tis known to him who, first plighting troth, had wedded me with his gem" (*DC2* 57). TSE refers the reader to Pia's lines (133-34 above) in his note to lines 293-94 of *TWL*: "Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew / Undid me" (*CPP* 53, 46).

50. *Purgatorio* VI.62-63: "haughty and disdainful, and in the movement of thine eyes majestic and slow!" (*DC2* 65)

51. *Purgatorio* VI.71-75: "And the sweet Leader began: 'Mantua,' . . . [*DC2* ellipses] . . . all rapt in self . . . thy city.' And one" (*DC2* 65). See TSE's "*Coriolan*, II. Difficulties of a Statesman," ll.

25-26: "Meanwhile the guards shake dice on the marches / And the frogs (O Mantuan) croke in the marshes" (*CPP* 87-88).

52. *Purgatorio* VI.66: "after the fashion of a lion when he couches" (*DC2* 65)

53. *Purgatorio* XXI.131-36: "'Brother, do not so, for thou art a shade and a shade thou seest.'

And he, rising: 'Now canst thou comprehend the measure of the love which warms me toward thee, when I forget our nothingness, and treat shades as a solid thing'" (*DC2* 267). In *Poems 1909-1925* and all subsequent editions of TSE's poetry, Statius's response to Virgil (lines 133-36) appeared (misquoted through 1935) as an extension to his original dedication of *Prufrock and Other Observations* (1917): "To Jean Verdenal / 1889-1915." In *Ara Vos Prec* (1920), the Statius response appeared correctly on a separate page, without the dedication, evidently as an epigraph to that volume.

54†. *Dante 1929*: Guinizelli

55. TSE writes in "Two Studies in Dante" (1928): "The choice of damnation by the damned is, however, contrasted with the choice of suffering by those in purgatory. Professor Gilbert makes a good point of the distinction between the 'flames' of hell and the 'flames' of purgatory – into which latter Guido Guinicelli, for example, withdraws again with gladness after speaking to Dante. The damned choose the mental state which implies torment; the souls in purgatory choose the torment which will purge the mental state" (3.501).

56. *Purgatorio* XXVI.13-15. TSE's emphasis: "ever on their guard not to come forth where they would not be burned" (*DC2* 323).

57. *Purgatorio* XXVI. 142-48: "'I am Arnaut that weep and go a-singing; in thought I see my past madness, and I see with joy the day which I await before me. Now I pray you, by that Goodness which guideth you to the summit of the stairway, be mindful in due time of my pain.' Then he hid him in the fire which refines them" (*DC2* 331). TSE's caps in the last line, which appears as line 427 of *TWL* (*CPP* 50); the final two lines comprise TSE's initial epigraph (expunged) to "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock (Prufrock among the Women)" in *IMH*, 39; quoted also in "Dante" (1920).

Ara Vos Prec is the title of TSE's second book of poems (1919); "Som de l'Escalina" (1929) is the initial title of a poem later reprinted as part III of *Ash-Wednesday* (1930). "Sovegna vos" appears in *Ash-Wednesday* IV.11.

58. *Purgatorio* XXVIII.25-30; 121-32 (Lethe, the classical underworld river of oblivion); XXVIII.40-42 (Matilda, a lady in the Earthly Paradise); XXX.31-32 (first sight of Beatrice).

59†. *Dante 1929*: "to Virgil (for he owes more to Ovid than to Virgil),"

60. OED: "As much as is bought or sold for a groat. Also fig. a small amount." Robert Greene popularized the phrase in his *Groats-worth of Witte* (1592), which TSE discusses in "The Elizabethan Grub Street" (1929) (3.635) and alludes to in "Reflections on *Vers Libre*" (1917) (1.511).

61. See Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, II.xvi (on *Lyrical Ballads*): "it was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." *Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, vol 7, ed. James Engell and W. Jackson Bate (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1983), 6.

62. In "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca" (1927), TSE describes Dante's "brave attempts to fabricate something permanent and holy out of his personal animal feelings"; he was "occupied

with the struggle – which alone constitutes life for a poet – to transmute his personal and private agonies into something rich and strange, something universal and impersonal" (3.253).

63. A Sanskrit poem – *The Song of God* – composed ca. first century AD, in dialogue between the god Krishna (disguised as a charioteer) and the warrior Arjuna on the battlefield of Kurukshreta preceding the start of fighting in the civil war of the Pandava. Though it stands alone as a sacred Hindu text, the *Gita* also appears in Book VI of the epic *Mahabharata*. TSE studied the *Gita* in his Elementary Sanskrit class at Harvard, 1911-12, and he evokes Krishna and Arjuna "On the field of battle" in *The Dry Salvages*, III (1941).

64. The deadly sins in descending order: pride, covetousness, envy, gluttony, anger, accidie (spiritual sloth), lust. Dante does not treat despair, but treachery, as the greatest sin. The question of despair is debated: Aquinas asserts that unbelief, not despair, is the greatest sin. (*Summa*, 22ae, Q.20, Art.3, "Treatise on the Theological Virtues," in *Nature and Grace: Selections from the Summa Theologica of Thomas Aquinas*, trans. and ed. A. M. Fairweather, Philadelphia: Westminster Press, 1954, 333).

65. *Purgatorio* XVI.85-96: "From his hands who fondly loves her ere she is in being, there issues, after the fashion of a little child that sports, now weeping, now laughing, the simple, tender soul, who knoweth naught save that, sprung from a joyous maker, willingly she turneth to that which delights her. First she tastes the savour of some trifling good; there she is beguiled and runneth after it, if guide or curb turn not her love aside. Wherefore 'twas needful to put law as a curb, needful to have a ruler who might discern at least the tower of the true city" (*DC2* 197); lines marked in TSE's copy. See TSE's adaptation of the passage for the opening lines of "Animula" (1930): "'Issues from the hand of God the simple soul' / To a flat world of changing lights and noise" (*CPP* 70).

66. *Purgatorio* XVII.91-105: "and this thou knowest . . . through an evil object, or through too little or too much vigour . . . to the primal goods . . . secondary, moderates itself, it cannot be the cause of sinful delight; but when it is turned awry to evil, or speeds toward the good with more or less care than it ought, against the Creator his creature works. . . . Hence thou mayst understand that love must be the seed of every virtue in you, and of every deed that deserves punishment" (*DC2* 209); lines marked in TSE's copy.

67†. *Dante 1929*: straightforward

68. The fire in which lust is purged at the top of the purgatorial mountain; Dante-pilgrim must pass through the fire (which burns but does not destroy) in order to enter Earthly Paradise and ascend heaven. Statius (ca. 50-96 AD), Neapolitan poet, author of the *Thebaid* and the *Achilleid*; in *Purgatorio*, he is among the avaricious. There is no historical record of his conversion, which he attributes in *Purgatorio* XXI.70-75 to Virgil's *Ecologue* IV.5-7. After joining the poets in canto XX, he remains with Dante to the end of the *cantica*, for, as a saved soul he can journey farther than Virgil, whose departure is noticed at XXX.49.

69. Beatrice becomes Dante's guide. Because Virgil is damned (having died before the birth of Christ), he cannot enter paradise.

70. *Purgatorio* XXVII.139-42: "nor my sign. Free, upright, and whole, is thy will, and 'twere a fault not to act according to its prompting; wherefore I do crown and mitre thee over thyself" (*DC2* 343).

71. *Purgatorio* XXVIII.40-42: "a lady solitary, who went along singing, and culling flower after flower, wherewith her path was painted" (*DC2* 351).

72. *Purgatorio* XXIX.15-XXX.66.

73. Possibly a reference to Dante translations and paintings by D. G. Rossetti, e.g., *The Early Italian Poets* (1861). TSE wrote to Pound on 22 Dec 1924: "Probably the fact that Swinburne and the poets of the nineties were entirely missed out of my personal history counts for a great deal. I never read any of these people until it was too late for me to get anything out of them, and until after I had assimilated other influences which must have made it impossible for me to accept the Swinburnians at all. The only exception to the above is Rossetti. I am as blind to the merits of these people as I am to Thomas Hardy" (*L2* 557).

74†. *Dante 1929*: "not only must be found only *through* suffering"

75. *The Blessed Damozel* (1850; rev. 1856). Rossetti composed a painting of the same name (1871-78).

76. *The New Life*, composed ca. 1292-95, Dante's sonnet sequence (prose, sonnets, ballads, canzone) describing his two meetings with Beatrice and his subsequent visions.

77. *Purgatorio* XXX.31-47: "clad, under . . . with hue of . . . spirit, that now so long a time had passed, since, trembling in her presence, . . . without having further knowledge by mine eyes through hidden virtue which went out from her, felt the mighty power of ancient love. Soon as on my sight the lofty virtue smote, which had already pierced me ere I was out of my boyhood, I turned me to the left with the trust with which the little child runs to his mother when he is frightened or when he is afflicted, to say to Virgil: "Less than a drachm of blood is left in me that trembleth not; I recognize . . ." (*DC2* 381). "Vestita de color de fiamma" was the title of *Ash-Wednesday* IV in the original draft (King's HB/V6A).

78. *Paradiso* XXXI.1-36 (Dante's confession).

79. *Paradiso* XVI. Cacciaguida, who recognizes Dante as "sanguis meus" (my blood), is Dante's great-great-grandfather, father of Aligheri, the family's namesake.

80. Mathilde Wesendonck (1828-1902), poet and wife of Otto Wesendonck, a wealthy merchant and patron of Wagner, whom they loaned a Zurich home (the Asyl) in which he composed. According to the *Grove Dictionary of Music*, "Mathilde enjoyed an intimate relationship with Wagner, which was probably not consummated, but which in part inspired – and was dramatized in – *Tristan und Isolde*. She was also the author and dedicatee of the *Wesendonck Lieder*. The relationship ended in 1858 with Wagner's enforced removal from the Asyl."

81. "To a Skylark" (1820), line 90: "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." TSE quotes the stanza, calling it "a sweeping assertion," in "A Note on Richard Crashaw" (1928) (3.382).

82. Possibly a reference to Browning's "Introduction" (1851) to the *Spurious Shelley Letters*, where he describes Shelley's "noblest and predominating characteristic," "his simultaneous perception of Power and Love in the absolute, and of Beauty and Good in the concrete, while he throws, from his poet's station between both, swifter, subtler, and more numerous films for the connexion of each with each, than have been thrown by any modern artificer of whom I have knowledge" (*Browning's Essay on Shelley, Being his Introduction to the Spurious Shelley Letters*, ed. Richard Garnett, London: De La More Press, 1903, 71-72).

83. *Sonnets* (1609); both are sonnet sequences, although the *Vita Nuova* is carefully arranged, and also contains prose, ballads and canzone.

84. *Paradiso* I.67-72: "such I became . . . as was Glaucus, tasting . . . grass that made him the sea-fellow . . . To pass beyond humanity . . . let the example satisfy him for whom grace reserveth the experience" (*DC3* 7); lines 67-69 quoted in "Dante" (1920) (2.232); lines 70-72 in "A Neglected Aspect of Chapman" (1924), as evidence of Dante's having "a category for every feeling" (2.555).

85. *Paradiso* I.88-89: "'Tu stesso ti fai grosso / col falso imaginar.'" TSE's emphasis in English text. *Trans*: "Thou thyself makest thyself dense with false imagining" (*DC3* 8); I.121-23: "La provvidenza, che cotanto assetta, / del suo lume fa il ciel sempre quieto, / nel qual si volge quel ch'ha maggior fretta;" *Trans*: The Providence that doth assort all this, doth with its light make ever still the heaven wherein whirleth that one that hath the greatest speed" (*DC3* 10-11).

86. In answer to Dante's question to Piccarda, "do ye desire a more lofty place?" she replies (III.85-87), "his will is our peace; it is that sea to which all moves that it createth and that nature maketh" (*DC2* 31).

87†. *Dante 1929*: "voluntade"; in drafts of *Ash-Wednesday*, section V was titled "La Sua Voluntade" (King's); passage marked

88. *Paradiso* III.85: "his will" (*DC3* 31); see *Ash-Wednesday*, IV.30: "Our peace in His will"

89. See III.64-87, on the hierarchy of Paradise.

90. *Paradiso* IV.139-42: "with eyes filled so divine with . . . became as lost with eyes downcast" (*DC3* 45)

91. *Paradiso* V.100-06: "As in a fish-pool . . . the fishes draw to aught that so droppeth from without as to make them deem it somewhat they may feed on, so did I see . . . each one . . . *one who*" (*DC3* 55)

92. "*Petrarca*: All the verses that ever were written on the nightingale are scarcely worth the beautiful triad of this divine poet on the lark." Walter Savage Landor, *The Pentameron: Interviews of Messer. Giovanni Boccaccio and Messer. Francesco Petrarca*, in *Works*, vol 2 (1846), 319.

93. *Paradiso* XX.73-75: "Like to the lark who soareth . . . and then silent . . . that doth sate her" (*DC3* 249)

94. XVIII-XXI; the Eagle, which contains the just rulers, is "the Roman Eagle, the divine augury and promise," "of the world's final order and peace." *Paradiso*, ed. and trans. John D. Sinclair (Oxford UP, 1939), 267.

95. *Paradiso* XXXIII.85-96: "in one volume, . . . all the universe . . . what I tell of . . . I think that I beheld . . . because more largely, as I say this, I feel that I rejoice. . . . A single moment maketh a deeper lethargy for me than twenty and five centuries have wrought on the empire that erst threw Neptune in amaze at Argo's shadow" (*DC3* 405).

96. Neptune, Roman god of water and sea. "The Argo on its voyage to Colchis for the Golden Fleece in the 13th c. BC, believed to be the first ship that ever sailed" (*Paradiso*, trans. Sinclair, 486).

97†. *Dante 1929*: of Our Lady

98. "La Maddalena ai piedi di Cristo" ["Magdalene at the Feet of Christ"], VII, in *Poesie varie*, ed. Benedetto Croce (1913), 371:

> In convito pomposo
> offerse Cleopatra al fido amante
> di perle in vasel d'oro
> cibo insieme e tesoro;
> ed or la tua fedel, caro amoroso,
> in questa ricca mensa, a le tue piante,
> mira, deh, mira come
> offre in lagrime perle ed oro in chiome!

Trans:

At a sumptuous banquet
Cleopatra offered her faithful lover
some pearls in a golden vessel,
food as well as treasure,
And now your faithful one, dear lover,
at this rich banquet, at your feet,
look, ah, do look how
with her tears offers pearls, with her hair, gold!

TSE quotes the passage in "Crashaw" (1926), describing it as "a kind of exercise for the mind, which gives a beauty to the language and a firmness to the verse" (2.714).

99. *Paradiso* XXXIII.121-22: "Oh but how scant the utterance, and how faint, to my conceit!" (*DC3* 407)

100†. *Dante 1929*: CHAPTER

101. I. A. Richards, *Practical Criticism: A Study of Literary Judgment* (1929; rev. 1930), 179, part III, chap. 1, "Four Kinds of Meaning"; 271, part III, chap. 7, "Doctrine in Poetry." TSE's gambit – extended again in his Norton lectures – was picked up by Richards in revisions to *Practical Criticism*; see part II, chap. 7, "Doctrine in Poetry," n. 11, where he mentions TSE's remarks. The TSE-Richards dialectic on poetry and belief began in "A Note on Poetry and Belief" (Jan 1927) (3.18) and continued into the 1930s.

102. Chap. 7, "Doctrine in Poetry": "For it would seem evident that poetry which has been built upon firm and definite beliefs about the world, *The Divine Comedy* or *Paradise Lost*, or Donne's *Divine Poems*, or Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, or Hardy's *The Dynasts*, must appear differently to readers who do and readers who do not hold similar beliefs. Yet in fact most readers, and nearly all good readers, are very little disturbed by even a direct opposition between their own beliefs and the beliefs of the poet."

TSE quotes from the end of this chapter in "The Modern Mind" (1933), where he takes up Richards's five subjects of contemplation (4.674-75).

103. TSE returns to the problem in *George Herbert* (1962): "The relation of enjoyment to belief – the question whether a poem has more to give us if we share the beliefs of its author, is one which has never been answered satisfactorily: the present writer has made some attempt to contribute to the solution of the problem, and remains dissatisfied with his attempts. But one thing is certain: that even if the reader enjoys a poem more fully when he shares the beliefs of the author, he will miss a great deal of possible enjoyment and of valuable experience if he does not seek the fullest understanding possible of poetry in reading which he must 'suspend his disbelief.'"

104. TSE quotes this again in "The Modern Mind" (1933), remarking: "I will admit that I think that either Mr. Richards is wrong, or I do not understand his meaning" (4.673-74). TSE reviewed *Science and Poetry* in the *Dial* (Mar 1927); Richards responded in note 8 to "Doctrine in Poetry" in *Practical Criticism*, and in revisions to the second edition of *Science and Poetry* (70, n.1), where Richards calls TSE "the best poet of my generation" and ends by quoting (90) from TSE's "Introduction" (1932), to the Charles Eliot Norton lectures.

105. heresy (OED): "Theological or religious opinion or doctrine maintained in opposition, or held to be contrary, to the 'catholic' or orthodox doctrine of the Christian Church, or, by

extension, to that of any church, creed, or religious system, considered as orthodox." TSE develops his view of modern heresies in *After Strange Gods: A Primer of Modern Heresy* (1933-34).

106. See *Science and Poetry*, 2nd edn (London: Kegan Paul, 1935), 62-74. Richards defines "pseudo-statement" as "a form of words which is justified entirely by its effect in releasing or organizing our impulses and attitudes (due regard being had for the better or worse organizations of these *inter se*); a statement, on the other hand, is justified by its truth, *i.e.*, its correspondence, in a highly technical sense, with the fact to which it points" (65).

107. Richards does not quote Keats, but the first line of Blake's "The Sick Rose" (1794): "O Rose, thou art sick!" (64)

108. John Keats, "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (1820), 5-6: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," – that is all / Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

109. *King Lear* V.ii.9-11. Edgar to Gloucester: "Men must endure / Their going hence, even as their coming hither, / Ripeness is all." Quoted in TSE's first Clark lecture as an example of "a thought, which may be and most often is a commonplace," "expressed in poetic form though in the language of thought" (2.615); again at the end of section II of "Seneca in Elizabethan Translation" (3.220), and later in "The Three Voices of Poetry" (1953).

110†. *Dante 1929*: voluntade; see n. 87

111. In "To Criticize the Critic" (1961), TSE states that he "was twenty-two [1910] and with only a rudimentary acquaintance with [Dante's] language" when he "started to puzzle out his lines" (*TCC* 23).

112. The *Convivio* [Banquet], composed ca. 1304-08, is a prose treatise commenting on three *canzoni*; *De vulgari eloquentia* [*On the Vulgar Tongue*] is an unfinished Latin treatise on the Italian vernacular composed ca. 1304-08.

113. Such as the Persian *The Conference of the Birds*, an allegorical Sufi pilgrimage poem composed ca. 1177 by Farid Ud-Din Attar.

114. See Homer, *Odyssey* XI, and Virgil, *Aeneid* VI, for the titular heroes' respective descents into the underworld. Dante did not read Greek and so did not know Homer firsthand.

115. TSE discusses parallels between *The Shepherd of Hermas*, a second-century visionary allegory, and the *Vita Nuova* in his third Clark lecture (2.650), and points to the "vast difference" between them in "Two Studies in Dante" (3.502).

116†. *Dante 1929*: "are merely opinions"

117. TSE taught Rousseau's *Confessions* (1781) in his 1916 Extension course and noted on his syllabus that Rousseau's two "great faults" were intense egotism and insincerity, and that "the two great currents of the nineteenth century – vague emotionality and the apotheosis of science (realism) alike spring from Rousseau" (1.476).

118. *Trans*: lays bare his heart; an echo of Baudelaire's *Mon cœur mis à nu, journal intime* [*My Heart Laid Bare, Intimate Journal*] (1887).

119. See "Tradition and the Individual Talent" (1919), in which TSE states that "the poet has, not a 'personality' to express, but a particular medium, which is only a medium and not a personality," and that poetry "is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality" (2.110).

120. I. A. Richards, identified by TSE in a note to Jean de Menasce's 1927 French translation of an edited text of the third Clark lecture, "Donne and the *Trecento*," in *Le Roseau d'or*, 14 (1927), 149-73: "Je pense même, avec le psychologue, I. A. Richards, que cet ordre d'expérience

est plus répandu à l'âge de quatre ou cinq ans." *Trans*: I even think, along with the psychologist I. A. Richards, that this kind of experience is more common at the age of four or five.

121. The historical Beatrice Portinari (1266-90), daughter of Folco Portinari of Florence.

122†. *Dante 1929*: some one

123†. *Dante 1929*: the fact that

124. See Remy de Gourmont, *Dante, Béatrice et la poésie amoureuse. Essai sur l'idéal féminin en Italie à la fin du xiiie siècle* [*Dante, Beatrice, and the Poetry of Love: An Essay on the Feminine Ideal in Italy at the End of the Thirteenth Century*] (1908). TSE mentions and quotes from this "interesting if not wholly satisfactory little book" in "Donne and the *Trecento*" (1926) noting that "Gourmont must always be taken with reservation. A brilliant literary critic, he was no philosopher" (2.650). In "The Function of Criticism" (1923), TSE described Gourmont as "(a real master of fact – sometimes I am afraid, when he moved outside of literature, a master illusionist of fact)" (2.465).

125. TSE states in "Baudelaire" (1930) "that Baudelaire has perceived that what distinguishes the relations of man and woman from the copulation of beasts is the knowledge of Good and Evil (of *moral* Good and Evil which are not natural Good and Bad or Puritan Right and Wrong)" (4.162). In a letter of 17 Apr 1936 to Bonamy Dobrée, he writes: "I don't think that ordinary human affections are capable of leading us to the love of God, but rather that the love of God is capable of informing, intensifying and elevating our human affections, which otherwise have little to distinguish them from the 'natural' affections of animals."

126. Albigensianism, the twelfth-century Languedoc heresy against which a papal Crusade was launched in 1209. The Albigenses religious sect held the coexistence of two principles, good and evil, represented by God and Satan and other antinomies: light and dark, peace and war. They believed that Jesus lived only in semblance and that human beings were spirits trapped in physical bodies. Peace was not restored until 1229, but it was another century before the heresy was eradicated by the Dominican Inquisition.

127. sublimation (OED): "*Psychoanal.* The refining of instinctual energy, esp. that of the sexual impulse, and its manifestation in ways that are socially more acceptable." Freud defined the concept in *Three Essays on Sexuality* (1905), II.1.94, as "diversion of sexual instinctual forces from sexual aims and their direction" (trans. James Strachey). I. A. Richards uses it in *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1925) to describe the view that "art provides in some cases an analogous outlet through vicarious experience" (xxxi.232).

128. TSE states in his fourth Clark lecture that in certain lines of Donne "there is a great deal of the modern *recherche de l'absolu* [search for the absolute], the disappointed romanticism, the vexation of resignation at finding the world other than one wanted it to be. The literature of disillusionment is the literature of immaturity" (2.676). And in "Baudelaire" (1930), "in much romantic poetry the sadness is due to the exploitation of the fact that no human relations are adequate to human desires, but also to the disbelief in any further object for human desires than that which, being human, fails to satisfy them" (4.162).

129. *Vita Nuova* xiii.34. First line of sonnet. *Trans*: "All my thoughts speak of love"

130†. *Dante 1929*: "to read it first for the light"

A Commentary

The Criterion: A Literary Review, 9 (Oct 1929) 1-6

LORD BRENTFORD'S APOLOGY

In the *Nineteenth Century* for August is published a very interesting article by the late Conservative Home Secretary over his new name. It confirms the opinion that we have always held; that the late Sir William Joynson-Hicks is a very honest, conscientious, public-spirited and bewildered man. The article is entitled "'Censorship' of Books."[1] As the inverted commas suggest, Lord Brentford reminds us of what we already knew, that there is no "censorship" of books in Britain. Lord Brentford answers, with perfect honesty and almost "disarming ingenuousness" some of his critics; he does not answer the criticisms, or respond to the proposals, made in *The Criterion*, of which we are sure he has never heard. It is for this reason that we venture to comment on his apology.

Lord Brentford's defence of his action in the case of *The Well of Loneliness* is conducted against those opponents whom it is easiest to attack; those who believe that the book is a "work of art." It has therefore no force against the comments previously made in this review.[2] We have held, throughout, the view that the question of whether a work *is* a "work of art" is a red herring. It would mean in practice that we should be judged by pundits of art (Berenson or Duveen?)[3] or pundits of literary criticism instead of by Mr. Mead – and we had as soon deal with Mr. Mead.[4] It is not a question of "art" but of public liberties. We should like to point out to Lord Brentford that we did not consider *The Well of Loneliness* to be a work of art, but merely a dull, badly written, hysterical book with an unpleasant strain of religiosity; and that judging it thus we still insisted that it should have been allowed to circulate.

A large part of Lord Brentford's defence may be summed up in the plaintive cry: "what else is a Home Secretary to do – *in the actual circumstances*?"[5] It is indeed very difficult to say what else a Home Secretary should do. A daily newspaper, or a Sunday newspaper informs its readers that a certain book, of which the vast majority would not otherwise have heard, is frightfully shocking. Its readers, no doubt, flock to be shocked. And the matter is "brought to the notice" of the Home Secretary. And a Home Secretary has to think of the interests of the nation, and of the interests of his party, and so matters take their course. And the Home Secretary, being a Home Secretary, has no time to think what he, as an individual, thinks about it, or how his opinion, as an individual's, weighs against that of other individuals who are distinguished not by being cabinet ministers but because of what they have done as individuals; he is in the unfortunate position of being a Home Secretary, as there have been, are and will be.

It is interesting to note from Lord Brentford's article that "the Home Secretary never moved against other than admittedly pornographic productions of his own volition" [209-10]. He admits that there *are* "pornographic productions" which even a Home Secretary can detect without prompting! and neither we nor anyone else has ever objected to his "movements" against such. But there are apparently other productions, in the case of which the Home Secretary cannot move because he does not trust his own opinion, but only moves because he takes the opinion of the penny press, or of any busybody who chooses to protest, and finally of Mr. Mead. But the late Home Secretary has admitted that there are "admittedly" pornographic productions; which is what we have contended; so we suggest that Home Secretaries should confine themselves to "moving" against what is "admitted."

Lord Brentford concedes that "there is already a far greater freedom in literature now than there was when the Act of 1857 was passed" [210].[6] But he fails to say whether this freedom is commendable or deplorable. It must be one or the other. If it is good, then perhaps a little more freedom would be better. If it is bad, then Lord Brentford ought to have the courage to say that we have too much freedom. He seems to say at this point; be patient, and before long you will be able to publish anything you like.

We fear that Lord Brentford, like many other people, has ceased to be a human being – that is to say, has ceased to think independently – because he has been a Statesman. The views he has expressed in this article are of no more value than those of the humblest Police Officer – like Lord Brentford, a servant of the public. When Lord Brentford provides us with his frank opinion of what public morals really *are*, when he shows us that he has thought out for himself what public morals ought to be; when he convinces us that he really knows what the words mean when he talks glibly of books "debauching the young," or "corrupting," we may be inclined to give him the attention that we would give to any serious undergraduate.[7]

Has he really spent much time considering *how* the young are debauched, or *how* human souls are corrupted, and how much *books* have to do with it? Has he, in his busy life, ever had time to think deeply about the relation of art and morals, and morals and religion? Some men have found these problems so difficult that they have had no time for anything else.

MR. MEAD, AND THE BISHOP OF NATAL

Mr. Mead the magistrate, has meanwhile exhibited the British sense of fair play, by ordaining that Mr. D. H. Lawrence's paintings shall no longer be exhibited, but need not be destroyed. Some reproductions of these paintings are to be destroyed, but not the paintings themselves.[8] Here again, we are not interested to decide whether Mr. Lawrence's paintings are masterpieces or daubs. We learn that features of these paintings were "unnecessarily developed," and we must accept the Marlborough Street Theory of Necessity.[9] But one of the interesting points in the inquest is shown by the following quotation from the conversation at the hearing, which we take from a newspaper of August 9th, 1929:

> *Mr. Hutchinson*:[10] Were the proceedings started by a private individual or the authorities?
> *Mr. Mead* (to Inspector Hester): You need not answer that. [*Daily Express*, 9]

Inspector Hester did not need to answer that, but it is a question which the public would very much like to hear answered; and the public has a right to know the answer. Because, the same news-sheet which first informed us that there was an exhibition of shocking paintings by Mr. Lawrence had previously informed us of another shocking exhibition by a famous foreign painter of whom we had never heard, so shocking that the Ambassador of the country to which that painter belonged (we were told) did not visit the show until the most shocking of these passionate canvasses had been removed.[11] Yet neither Mr. Mead nor Mr. Muskett was called upon to judge these paintings. We have not seen either these or Mr. Lawrence's. Mr. Lawrence is a British subject, one of half a dozen writers whose work commands respect in foreign countries. We are reminded of three sentences of Matthew Arnold:

> Occasionally, the uncritical spirit of our race determines to perform a great public act of self-humiliation. Such an act it has recently

> accomplished. It has just sent forth as its scape-goat into the wilderness, amidst a titter from educated Europe, the Bishop of Natal.[12]

FURTHER REFLECTIONS

But what we should like to be able to gauge, is the extent to which public action is *hustled* by a certain section of the daily press. We have lately seen the daily press, which offers to its readers a small amount of news and an extensive space of bathing beauties, direct its readers to "obscene" books and "obscene" picture shows, and then exult in their condemnation. We also see the daily press providing "policies" for political parties. Now we have not concealed our opinion that the party upon which these benefactions have most liberally been showered is remarkably destitute of ideas. But we must add that the method in question is the last one which we should recommend for injection of energy. We conjure any members of that party who have any incipient tendency towards thought, to think themselves and to welcome thinking, but to remain hostile to any programme which shows no evidence of having germinated from the solitary thought of a disinterested individual. The first requisite of any political movement which may hope to influence the future, should be *indifference to success* and loyalty to slowly formed conviction.

OF YOUR CHARITY[13]

Pray for the soul of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. We mention him particularly because he supported and contributed to *The Criterion*.[14] Hofmannsthal, who is not long dead, was a fine poet and a fine prose writer. He was, during his lifetime, the leading man of letters in Vienna. Not only by his own work, but by his patronage, his influence, and the periodicals which he affected, one of the great European men of letters.[15] Most English readers know him only as the author of the librettos of Strauss's operas, especially *Elektra*.[16] Those who know German recognise the poet and prose writer. Hofmannsthal was a man of European culture. In some of his verse plays, such as Sobeidens Hochzeit,[17] he showed himself to be saturated in Elizabethan and Jacobean drama, which he knew intimately; in some of his later work, he showed an equal intimacy with Spanish drama, with Lope and Calderon.[18] Yet his work was never pastiche. He is one of the writers in German whose work appears as fine after the War as it did before, and whose tendency and influence may be described as "classical." And he was a man of great charm and great culture.

NOTES

1. This article appeared in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, 106 (Aug 1929), 207-11, under the name of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Brentford, the title granted to Home Secretary Joynson-Hicks on his retirement from the House of Commons prior to the Labour Party victory in the General Election of 30 May 1929. After reading the essay, TSE wrote to Brentford on 29 Aug to invite him to expand it for publication in the *Criterion Miscellany* series of pamphlets (*L4* 596); Brentford accepted, and Faber & Faber published his *Do We Need a Censor?* as No. 6 in the series, together with D. H. Lawrence's *Pornography and Obscenity*, No. 5.

2. See TSE's "Commentary" on the censorship of Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness* in the *Criterion* of Sept 1928 (3.473).

3. Bernard Berenson, art critic and preeminent authority on Renaissance art, and his friend the British art dealer Sir Joseph Duveen (1869-1939).

4. Mr. Justice Mead (Frederick Mead, 1847-1945), the Magistrate sitting at Marlborough Street Police Court from 1907 to 1933.

5. In defending his decisions, Lord Brentford twice addressed his critics: "It would be interesting to hear from my various critics how in the circumstances they would have had me act, and how they would justify their suggestions. . . . I would ask my critics, bearing in mind the present provisions of the law, and that the Home Office is recognized at least internationally as the central authority for dealing with obscene publications, what line a Home Secretary should in such circumstances adopt" (209).

6. The Obscene Publications Act of 1857, which Brentford himself defines: "A police magistrate or any two justices, on complaint being made by oath, may issue a warrant to search any premises where it is alleged that obscene books are kept for publication or sale, and if such books are seized on the execution of the warrant the occupier of the premises may be summoned to show cause why such books should not be destroyed, and the justices, if satisfied that the books are of the character stated in the warrant, may order them to be destroyed" (208).

7. The current definition of obscenity came from an 1867 ruling on the Obscene Publications Act of 1857, such that the prosecution had only to prove that a passage could corrupt the mind of a child to justify suppression: a work was to be considered obscene if "the tendency of the [work] is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." Brentford states: "I hold most strongly that a book that is well written and well constructed, restrained in tone and delicate in treatment, may yet be as corrupting in its influence, especially on the adolescent mind, as the most miserable literary production. To discriminate in favour of a book which in the opinion of the many will debauch the young because in the minds of some it is a work of art seems to me quite indefensible" (210).

8. After an exhibition of twenty-five paintings and water colors by Lawrence opened at the Dorothy Warren Gallery on 15 June 1929, the *Daily Express* was one of several papers reporting "shock" at the "intimate nudes," stating on 17 June that "some of them will compel most spectators to recoil with horror" (11). The adverse publicity led to thirteen paintings being seized by Detective-Inspector Gordon Hester of Scotland Yard on 5 July, followed by a summons heard by the eighty-two-year-old magistrate Mr. Justice Mead, with prosecutor Mr. Herbert G. Muskett (1864-1947), on 8 Aug to show cause why the paintings should not be destroyed under

the law. Under the headline "Magistrate Orders Prints of D. H. Lawrence Paintings to be Destroyed," the *Daily Express* of 9 Aug reported, with a partial transcript of cross-examinations, that a settlement was reached whereby the paintings would not be destroyed and would be returned on agreement that they would never be exhibited in England "in any shape or form or any reproduction of them" (9).

9. Prosecutor Muskett "referred to features of the paintings as being 'largely, grossly, and unnecessarily developed,' and referred later to 'this class of filthy production as I call it,'" arguing that they "satisfied the definition of the legal word obscene" (9).

10. St. John ("Jack") Hutchinson (1884-1942), barrister-at-law representing the owners of the Warren Galleries, was the husband of TSE's Bloomsbury friend, Mary Hutchinson.

11. Under the byline "Most Daring Picture Ever Painted / London Art Show Sensation," the *Daily Express* reported on 13 June 1929 that the Spanish painter Federico Beltrán-Massés (1885-1949) would remove his nude painting *Salome* from the New Burlington Galleries before the Spanish Ambassador formally opened the exhibition on 14 June. The reporter asserted that "Beltrán-Massés has dared all convention in painting a naked woman in a pose which no lesser artist could have attempted. She is seen flung back against cushions, naked save for two jewelled garters" (1). The painting was replaced when the exhibition opened to the public on the fifteenth, but when the editor of the *Sunday Express* wrote on the sixteenth that several pictures should be purged as "exploits in shameless pornography which attract callow perverts to the galleries" (1), the painter removed *Salome* and *Night of Eve*, stating in the issue of the seventeenth ("Spanish Artist Bows to the Critics") that "publicity given to these pictures weighs against the proper estimation of the exhibition as a whole on the part of the public" (1).

12. From Arnold's "The Bishop and the Philosopher" (1863), written in response to the first volume of *The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined* (1862), in which John William Collenso (1814-1883), the first Anglican bishop in Natal, South Africa, challenged traditional views of the literal inspiration of the Scriptures. Arnold discredits the Bishop's unedifying methods of argument and contrasts them with those of Spinoza.

13. Traditional prayer for the departed, which became the inscription on TSE's memorial tablet in St. Michael's Church, East Coker: "Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Stearns Eliot, Poet 26 September 1888-4 January 1965." TSE wrote the instruction for the inscription to John Hayward on 29 June 1956 (King's L12/8).

14. The Austrian writer, librettist, and playwright Hugo von Hofmannsthal (1874-1929) died of a stroke at Rodaun on 15 July, two days after his son Franz committed suicide. Hofmannsthal contributed an article titled "Greece" to the *Criterion* of Oct 1923 (95-102), leading TSE to write to him on 5 Oct: "I admire this essay very much indeed and consider that the *Criterion* is very fortunate in being allowed to publish a translation in this country. But I have been an admirer of your work for the last thirteen years and your contributions to the *Dial* are to me the most interesting things in that paper" (*L2* 247).

15. Hofmannsthal published the periodical *Neue deutsche Beiträge* with the Bremer Press from 1922 to 1927.

16. After meeting the German composer Richard Strauss (1864-1949) in 1900, Hofmannsthal wrote the libretto for *Elektra* in 1909, the first of five of Strauss's operas for which he wrote the librettos, the last being *Arabella* (1933).

17. *Die Hochzeit der Sobeide* (1897) [*The Marriage of Sobeide*], one of numerous short verse plays written by Hofmannsthal in the 1890s.

18. Hofmannsthal's fairy tale *Der Kaiser und die Hexe* (1897) [*The Emperor and the Sorceress*] derives from those of Lope de Vega, and his *Der Turm* (1925-27) [*The Tower*] derives from Calderón's theme of the difficulty of separating illusion and reality in *La vida es sueño* (1635) [*Life Is a Dream*].

Experiment in Criticism[1]

There is no department of literature in which it is more difficult to establish a distinction between "traditional" and "experimental" work than literary criticism.[2] For here both words may be taken in two senses. By traditional criticism we may mean that which follows the same methods, aims at the same ends, and expresses much the same state of mind as the criticism of the preceding generation. Or we may mean something quite different: a criticism which has a definite theory of the meaning and value of the term "tradition," and which may be experimental in reverting to masters who have been forgotten. And as for "experiment" one may mean the more original work of the present generation, or else the work of critics who are pushing into new fields of inquiry, or enlarging the scope of criticism with other kinds of knowledge. To use the word "experimental" in the first sense would be invidious, for it would cover all the critical work of our time which one considers to have merit. For it is obvious that every generation has a new point of view, and is self-conscious in the critic; his work is twofold, to interpret the past to the present, and to judge the present in the light of the past. We have to see literature through our own temperament in order to see it at all, though our vision is always partial and our judgement always prejudiced; no generation, and no individual, can appreciate every dead author and every past period; universal good taste is never realized. In this way, all criticism is experimental, just as the mode of life of every generation is an experiment. It is only in my second sense, therefore, that it is worth while to talk of experimental criticism; only by considering what critics today may be deliberately attempting some kind of critical work which has not been deliberately attempted before.

In order to make clear exactly what there is that is new in contemporary critical writing I shall have to go back a hundred years. We may say, roughly, that modern criticism begins with the work of the French critic Sainte-Beuve, that is to say about the year 1826.[3] Before him, Coleridge had attempted a new type of criticism, a type which is in some respects more allied to what is now called aesthetics than to literary criticism. But from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century literary criticism had been confined to two narrow, and closely related, types. One was a type which has always existed and I hope always will, for it can always have very great value: it may be called practical notes on the art of writing by practitioners, parallel to the treatises on painting which have been left us by Leonardo da Vinci and others.[4] Such notes are of the greatest value to other artists, particularly when studied in conjunction with the author's own work. Two classical examples in English are the Elizabethan treatises on rhymed and unrhymed verse written by Thomas Campion and Samuel Daniel.[5] The prefaces and essays of Dryden, the prefaces of Corneille, are of the same type but on a larger scale and engage wider issues.[6] But at the same time there is a large body of criticism, a considerable quantity in English and still more in French, written by men who were professionally critics rather than creative writers: the most famous critic of this sort is of course Boileau.[7] This type of critic was primarily the *arbiter of taste*, and his task was to praise and condemn the work of his contemporaries, and especially to lay down the laws of good writing. These laws were supposed to be drawn from the practice, but still more from the theory, of the ancients. Aristotle was highly respected; but in practice this type of criticism was usually far from following the profound insight of Aristotle, and confined itself to translating, imitating, and plagiarizing Horace's *Art of Poetry*.[8] At its best, it confirmed and maintained permanent standards of good writing; at its worst, it was a mere sequence of precepts. In general, French criticism was more theoretic, and, as in La Harpe, more desiccated; the normal English type was nearer to plain good sense, as in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*; though interesting theory, usually on specific literary types such as the drama, is found in authors like Thomas Rymer and Daniel Webb in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.[9]

It is worth delaying for a moment to point out one of the qualities of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century literary criticism, which gives it enduring value and at the same time marks it off from more modern criticism. We are apt to think of this older criticism as dry and formal, and as setting up classical moulds in which no living literature could be shaped. But we should remember in its favour that this criticism recognized literature as literature, and not another thing. Literature was something distinct from philosophy and psychology and every other study; and its purpose was to give a refined pleasure to persons of sufficient leisure and breeding. If the older critics had not taken for granted that literature was something primarily to be enjoyed, they could not have occupied themselves so sedulously with laying down rules of what was right to enjoy. This seems a very commonplace remark, and no distinction; but if you compare the criticism of those two centuries with that of the nineteenth, you will see that the latter does not take this simple truth wholly for granted. Literature is often treated by the critic rather as a means for eliciting truth or acquiring knowledge. If the critic is of a more philosophic or religious mind he will look for the expression of philosophic or religious intuition in the work of the author criticized; if he is of a more realistic turn, he will look to literature as material for the discovery of psychological truths, or as documents illustrating social history. Even in the mouths of Walter Pater and his disciples, the phrase "art for art's sake" means something very different from the sense in which literature was literature for literature's sake up to the latter part of the eighteenth century. If you read carefully the famous epilogue to Pater's *Studies in the Renaissance* you will see that "art for art's sake" means nothing less than art as a substitute for everything else, and as a purveyor of emotions and sensations which belong to life rather than to art.[10] To distinguish clearly between these two attitudes, that of art for art's sake and that of the eighteenth century, does require a strong effort of imagination. But the former doctrine would have been unintelligible to the earlier age. For the earlier period, art and literature were not substitutes for religion or philosophy or morals or politics, any more than for duelling or love-making: they were special and limited adornments of life. On each side there is a profit and a loss. We have gained perhaps a deeper insight, now and then; whether we enjoy literature any more keenly than our ancestors I do not know; but I think we should return again and again to the critical writings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to remind ourselves of that simple truth that literature is primarily literature, a means of refined and intellectual pleasure.

How, we ask immediately, did human beings ever come to abandon so simple and satisfying a limitation of criticism? The change comes about incidentally to a larger change, which may be described as the growth of the historical attitude. But this change – to which I shall return in a moment – is preceded, so far as literary criticism is concerned – by a freakish phenomenon, by a book written by one of the wisest and most foolish men of his time and perhaps the most extraordinary; a book which is itself one of the wisest and silliest, the most exciting and most exasperating books of criticism ever written – the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge.[11] There, if you like, was "experiment in criticism," everything in fact except the power of sticking to the point – a power noticeably absent from Coleridge's ill-regulated life. Coleridge was one of the most learned men of his time, and no man of his time had wider interests except Goethe; and one of the first things that strikes us about his book, besides its uncommon diffuseness, is the novel variety of knowledge which he brings to bear on literary criticism. Much of his knowledge, as of the romantic German philosophers, does not seem to us to-day particularly worth having, but it was held to be valuable then; and we owe to Coleridge as much as to anybody our enjoyment of the doubtful benefits of German Idealism. His book naturally contains specimens of several types of criticism; its impulse, of course, was a defence of the new – or as the newspapers of our time would say, "modernist" – poetry of Wordsworth; and as such belongs to the type of technical notes of a craftsman; but when Coleridge started on anything, it could lead to almost everything else. He had not the historical point of view, but by the catholicity of his literary lore, and his ability for sudden and illuminating comparisons drawn from poetry of different ages and different languages, he anticipated some of the most useful accomplishments of the historical method. But one thing that Coleridge did effect for literary criticism is this. He brought out clearly the relation of literary criticism to that branch of philosophy which has flourished amazingly under the name of aesthetics; and, following German writers whom he had studied, he puts the criticism of literature in its place as merely one department of the theoretic study of the Fine Arts in general. His fine discrimination of Fancy and Imagination cannot be held as permanent, for terms and relations change; but it remains one of the important texts for all who would consider the nature of poetic imagination. And he establishes literary criticism as a part of philosophy: or, to put it more moderately, he made it necessary for the "literary critic" to acquaint himself with general philosophy and metaphysics.

Biographia Literaria appeared in 1817; the activities of Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve may be said to begin about 1826. Coleridge and Sainte-Beuve have very little in common – as little, that is, as two men who were both great critics could have in common. And Sainte-Beuve would not have been a great critic solely on the ground of what is new and experimental in his work. He had a very French intelligence and good taste which enabled him to share the ideals and sympathies of the great French writers of every time; there was much in him of the eighteenth century, a good deal even of the seventeenth. There were many gaps, certainly, in his appreciations, both of his contemporaries and of his predecessors; but he had that essential critical quality of imagination which made it possible for him to grasp literature as a whole. Where he differed from previous French critics was in his implicit conception of literature, not only as a body of writings to be enjoyed, but as a process of change in history, and as a part of the study of history. The notion that literary values are relative to literary periods, that the literature of a period is primarily an expression and a symptom of the time, is so natural to us now that we can hardly detach our minds from it. We can hardly conceive that the degree and kind of self-consciousness which we have could ever not have been. How much criticism of contemporary literature is taken up with discussing whether, and in what degree, this book or novel or poem is expressive of our mentality, of the personality of our age; and how often our critics seem to be interested rather in inquiring what we (including themselves) are like, than with the book, novel, or poem as a work of art! This is an extreme, but the extreme of a tendency which began, in criticism, a good hundred years ago. Sainte-Beuve was not, like Coleridge, a metaphysician; he is indeed more modern and more sceptical; but he was the first interesting historian in criticism. And it is by no means irrelevant that he began his career with the study of medicine; he is not only an historian but a biologist in criticism.[12]

It is, I think, interesting to turn to some good recent piece of literary criticism, and underline some of the assumptions of knowledge and theory which you would not find in criticism of two hundred years ago. Mr. Herbert Read's lucid little primer, *Phases of English Poetry*, will do for our purpose. On the second page he tells us that his is an inquiry into the evolution of poetry, and speaks presently of English poetry as a "living and developing organism."[13] Even these few words should give a hint of the extent to which the critical apparatus has changed with the general changes in scientific and historical conceptions, when a literary critic can treat his audience to terms like "evolution" and "living organism" with the assurance of their being immediately apprehended. He is taking for granted certain vague but universal biological ideas. A little later he informs us that "the beginning of this study belongs to anthropology" [12]. Now, a great deal of work has had to be done by a great many people, and already more or less popularized, before a critic of literature can talk in this way. The work of Bastian, Tylor, Mannhardt, Durkheim, Lévy-Brühl, Frazer, Miss Harrison, and many others has gone before.[14] And a great deal of purely literary investigation has been made too, before any one can talk of the evolution of poetry. Mr. Read begins by studying the origins of ballad poetry. It would not have been possible for him to do so without a great deal of work done in the later nineteenth century and the early twentieth; for example, by Professor Child of Harvard, Professor Gummere of Haverford, Professor Gaston Paris of the Sorbonne, and Professor W. P. Ker of London.[15] Such studies in ballad poetry, and in all the heretofore unexplored ages of literature, have fostered in us the sense of flux and evolution, the sense of the relation of the poetry of each period to the civilization of the period, and also have tended slightly to level literary values. It was W. P. Ker, who perhaps knew the whole history of European poetry better than any man of his time, who said that in literature there were no Dark Ages.[16] And in the next paragraph to the one which I have just quoted, Mr. Read observes that in theories of the origin of poetry we "go right back to the origin of speech" [12]. Even to make so simple a remark as this requires the work of another group of scientists: the philologists. The modern critic must have some acquaintance with them too – with the work of such contemporary philologists as Professor Jespersen of Copenhagen.[17]

There are other branches of knowledge (or at least of science) some acquaintance with which you take for granted in any applicant whom you may employ as literary critic. Especially, of course, psychology, particularly analytical psychology. All of the studies I have mentioned, and more, do themselves touch the edges, and handle some of the problems, of criticism; so conversely the critic has to know something about them. The modern critic is distinguished first by the current notions which he shares with all educated or half-educated persons, such as the notion of evolution, and by the number and variety of sciences of which he has to know a little. And he has to know them, not in order to do their work for them, but to collaborate – and also in order that he may know where to stop. We require much general knowledge in order to see the limits of our particular ignorance.

Now although Sainte-Beuve did not have the equipment which we expect of our contemporaries, he had a great deal of the method, and very typically the state of mind which results from such a method at our stage of history. The awareness of the process of time has obscured the frontiers between literature and everything else. If you read the earlier critics, such as Dryden, you find the problems of literature comparatively simple ones. For Dryden and his contemporaries there were the Greek and Latin classics, a solid block of accepted canon, and there were their contemporaries, that is to say, English literature from Shakespeare and French literature from Malherbe; and they spent a good deal of their time in discussing whether the moderns, as they called themselves, had any literary virtues not surpassed by the ancients. Their estimate of the classics was not complicated by worrying about serpent and mistletoe cults, or the finances of the Athenian government.[18] And between the ancients and Shakespeare and Malherbe there was nothing much to think about. They had really a great deal more faith in themselves than we have. They were certainly not bothered about "the future." It often seems to me that all our concern about the future, and even the most optimistic visions of it, which Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells used to enjoy, are tokens of a profound pessimism. We hardly have time to get any fun out of what is being written now, so concerned are we about the quality of what may be written fifty years hence. Even Mr. Read's chapter on "Modern Poetry" seems to be as much engrossed by the puzzle of what poetry will be as by the puzzle of what it is. This kind of doubt seems to me to continue the doubt of Sainte-Beuve and Renan. Sainte-Beuve wrote a book of seven volumes on that remarkable French religious movement of the seventeenth century known as "Port Royal," and on that remarkable group of religious people of whom the most famous is Pascal.[19] It is the masterpiece on that subject. It comes to no conclusion. It ends with the words;

> He who had it most at heart to know his object, whose ambition was most engaged in seizing it, whose pride was most alert to paint it – how powerless he feels, and how far beneath his task, on the day when, seeing it almost finished and the result obtained, he feels his exaltation sink, feels himself overcome by faintness and inevitable disgust, and perceives in his turn that he too is only a fleeting illusion in the midst of the infinite illusory flux![20]

Sainte-Beuve was a modern critic for this reason: he was a man of restless curiosity about life, society, civilization, and all the problems which the study of history arouses.[21] He studied these things through literature because that was the centre of his interests; and he never lost his literary sensibility in his investigation of problems reaching far beyond literature. But he was an historian, a sociologist (in the best sense of that word) and a moralist. He is a typical modern critic in that he found himself obliged to brood over the larger and darker problems which, in the modern world, lie behind the specific problems of literature.

The criticism of literature has by no means been absorbed in something else, as alchemy into chemistry. The core of the matter is still there, though the ramifications are endless, and the task of the critic is indeed hard. But there is still a valid distinction to be drawn between those modern critics who would make literature a substitute for a definite philosophy and theology, and thus promulgate, in an inverted form, the old gospel of art for art's sake, and those who would try to keep the distinctions clear, while admitting that the study of the one leads to the other, and that the possession of clear literary standards must imply the possession of clear moral standards. The various attempts to find the fundamental axioms behind both good literature and good life are among the most interesting "experiments" of criticism in our time.

The most considerable of such attempts so far is that which is known under the name of Humanism, and which owes its origin chiefly to the work of Professor Babbitt of Harvard.[22] Mr. Babbitt, who is one of the most learned men of our time, is to some extent a disciple of Sainte-Beuve. There is no one living who knows more intimately (among many other things) the whole history of literary criticism. In his own writings, still more positively than in those of Sainte-Beuve, the criticism of literature has been a means of criticizing every aspect of modern society. He is a scholar of classical education, and classical tastes. He is keenly aware of the fact that the weaknesses of modern literature are symptoms of the weaknesses of modern civilization, and he has set himself with immense patience and perseverance to analyse these weaknesses. His conclusions may be read in his two most recent books, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, an account and a theory of the deterioration of taste since the early eighteenth century, and a book of still wider scope, *Democracy and Leadership*.[23] As a moralist and as an Anglo-Saxon, he has on one side more in common with Matthew Arnold than with Sainte-Beuve. The tendency of the "humanist" in France is rather to diagnose without prescribing a remedy; witness two recent books of brilliant literary and social criticism by M. Julien Benda, *Belphégor* and *La Trahison des Clercs*; the Anglo-Saxon finds it intolerable to diagnose a disease without prescribing a remedy.[24] Mr. Babbitt, like Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, finds that the decay of religious dogma has inflicted grave injury on society; like Arnold and Sainte-Beuve, he refuses to accept the remedy of returning to religious dogma; like Arnold and unlike Sainte-Beuve, he proposes another remedy, a theory of positive ethics based on human experiment, on the needs and capacities of the human as human, without reference to revelation or to supernatural authority or aid.

I do not propose, in this brief account, to discuss Mr. Babbitt's positive contribution, or the points at which I agree or disagree. I only want to call attention to a most important movement which is primarily, or in its inception, a movement within literary criticism, and of which a great deal more will be heard. It is significant because it shows that the modern literary critic must be an "experimenter" outside of what you might at first consider his own province; and as evidence that nowadays there is no literary problem which does not lead us irresistibly to larger problems. There is one weakness, or rather danger, of literary criticism which perceives the inevitable continuation of literary questions into general questions, which I might as well point out, because otherwise you will see it for yourselves and attach too much importance to it. The danger is that when a critic has grasped these vital moral problems which rise out of literary criticism, he may lose his detachment and submerge his sensibility. He may become too much a servant of his mind and conscience; he may be too impatient with contemporary literature, having pigeonholed it under one or another of the modern social maladies; and may demand edification at once, when appreciation of genius and accomplishment should come first. When he upholds "classicism" and denounces "romanticism" he is likely to give the impression that we should write like Sophocles or Racine: that everything contemporary is "romantic" and therefore not worth talking about. He makes us suspect that if a truly great, original classical work of imagination were to be written to-day, no one would like it. There will always be romantic people to admire romantic work; but we wonder whether the classicists would certainly know a classical work when it came. But these qualifications should not lead us to reject the humanist's theories: they should only lead us to apply them for ourselves.

Mr. Ramon Fernandez is a younger critic, who has also taken the word Humanism for his device, though his humanism, arrived at independently in France, is of a rather different brand from that which has arisen in America.[25] His humanism has this in common: that it is also a development from literary criticism, and that it is also an attempt to arrive at a positive system of ethics while rejecting any revealed religion or supernatural authority. His first volume of essays, *Messages*, has been translated into English (Cape): it is important, I think, not so much by its achievement – for indeed the author has still a great many tangled knots in his style, which is cumbered by a good deal of philosophical and psychological terminology – as by its new attempt.[26] Mr. Fernandez is less encyclopaedic, less concerned with the past. He pores steadily over contemporaries and over the nineteenth century, and is more devoted to the study of special individuals, such as Montaigne, than to the study of the general course of literary history.

Like the American humanists, he ponders over "classicism" and "romanticism"; but he wishes to be flexible, and is anxious to distinguish the essentials of classicism (which he finds, for instance, in George Eliot) from its appearances at any particular time. His theory is one which I do not wholly understand, and which has not yet been fully expounded, and probably not yet fully developed: but he illustrates, as clearly as the American humanists, the new experimental method of dealing with literary problems as moral problems, and the attempt to find guidance in conduct out of statement in literature – especially from the great novelists, and particularly, for he is a close student of English literature, from George Eliot and George Meredith. (In any case, his essay on Marcel Proust, the French novelist, in the volume mentioned, is a masterpiece of his particular method.) He is, in general, less the sociologist and more the individual psychologist. And from the best of his essays on novelists one draws this conclusion: that if we should exclude from literary criticism all but purely literary considerations, there would not only be very little to talk about, but actually we should be left without even literary appreciation. This is true of our appreciation of ancient authors, but still more obviously of our appreciation of modern authors. For the same expansion of interest which has been imposed upon the modern critic has been imposed, or at least has been assumed, by the modern imaginative writer. We cannot write a purely literary criticism of George Eliot, for instance, unless it is admittedly a very imperfect criticism: for as the interests of the author were wide, so must be those of the critic.

I have tried to show that the tendency throughout a whole epoch to the present moment has been to widen the scope of criticism and increase the demands made upon the critic. This development might be traced in terms of the development of human self-consciousness, but that is a general philosophical question beyond the margin of this lecture. There is along with this expansion a compensating tendency. As the number of sciences multiply, of sciences that is which have a bearing upon criticism, so we ask ourselves first whether there is still any justification for literary criticism at all, or whether we should not merely allow the subject to be absorbed gently into exacter sciences which will each annex some side of criticism. Just as in the history of philosophy, we find many subjects surrendered from time to time by philosophy, now to mathematics and physics, now to biology and psychology; until there seems to be almost nothing left to philosophize about. I think that the answer is clear: that so long as literature is literature, so long will there be a place for criticism of it, for criticism, that is, on the same basis as that on which the literature itself is made. For so long as poetry and fiction and such things are written, its first purpose must always be what it always has been – to give a peculiar kind of pleasure which has something constant in it throughout the ages, however difficult and various our explanations of that pleasure may be. The task of criticism will be, accordingly, not only to expand its borders but to clarify its centre, and the insistency of the latter need grows with that of the former. Two hundred years ago, when it was taken for granted that one knew well enough what literature was, and it was not the number of other things which it is always now seeming to be, terms could be used more freely and carelessly without close definition. Now, there is an urgent need for experiment in criticism of a new kind which will consist largely in a logical and dialectical study of the terms used. My own interest in these problems has been fostered partly by dissatisfaction with the meaning of my own statements in criticism, and partly by dissatisfaction with the terminology of the Humanists. In literary criticism we are constantly using terms which we cannot define, and defining other things by them. We are constantly using terms which have an *in* tension and an *ex* tension[27] which do not quite fit; theoretically they ought to be made to fit; but if they cannot, then some other way must be found of dealing with them so that we may know at every moment what we mean. I will take a very simple example with which I have been dealing myself: the possibility of defining "metaphysical poetry." Here is a term which has a whole history of meanings down to the present time, all of which must be recognized, although it cannot have all of them at once. The term means, on the one hand, a certain group of English poets in the seventeenth century. On the other hand, it must have an intensive meaning, must stand for a peculiar whole of qualities which is exemplified by the several poets. The ordinary critical method would be to define what "metaphysical poetry" means to you in the abstract, fit as many poets to it as well as you can, and reject the rest. Or else, you take the poets who have been held to be "metaphysical," and find out what they have in common. The odd thing is that by doing the sum, so to speak, in two different ways, you get two different results. A larger problem in the same kind of definition is that of Classicism and Romanticism. Every one who writes about these two abstractions believes that he knows what the words mean; actually they mean something a little different for each observer, and merely mean to mean the same things. In this way you have material for endless wrangling with no conclusion, which is not satisfactory. Such problems involve, of course, both logic and the theory of knowledge and psychology; there is no one, perhaps, more concerned with them than Mr. I. A. Richards, the author of *Principles of Literary Criticism* and *Practical Criticism*.[28]

There is good cause for believing – apart from the obvious assertion that every generation must criticize for itself – that literary criticism, far from being exhausted, has hardly begun its work. On the other hand, I am more than sceptical of the old superstition that criticism and "creative writing" never flourish in the same age: that is a generalization drawn from a superficial inspection of some past ages. "Creative writing" can look after itself; and certainly it will be none the better for suppressing the critical curiosity. And in any case, the times which we have lived in seem to me, on the false antithesis mentioned, rather "creative" than "critical." (The current superstition that our epoch is Alexandrine, decadent, or "disillusioned" is parallel; there are no "disillusioned ages," only disillusioned individuals; and our time is just as deluded as any other.) The present age has been, rather, uncritical, and partly for economic causes. The "critic" has been chiefly the reviewer, that is to say, the hurried amateur wage-slave. I am aware of the danger that the types of criticism in which I am interested may become too professional and technical. What I hope for is the collaboration of critics of various special training, and perhaps the pooling and sorting of their contributions by men who will be neither specialists nor amateurs.

T. S. ELIOT

NOTES

1. As published in *Tradition and Experiment in Present-Day Literature: Addresses Delivered at the City Literary Institute* (London: Oxford UP, 1929), 198-215. The institute was an adult education center offering short courses in the humanities under the auspices of the London County Council. The principal T. G. Williams wrote in a prefatory note that the outside lectures "give opportunity to the students to hear as many as possible of our most distinguished writers," whom he thanks "for the freedom and goodwill with which they have taken part in the discussions, and for the mental excitement which they provoked and perhaps even shared." On 10 Mar 1929, TSE wrote to his mother: "yesterday I finished writing a lecture on Contemporary Literary Criticism which I have promised to deliver at some Working Men's College just before Easter" (*L4* 464). TSE previously gave a course of lectures on Victorian literature for an adult education class of the London County Council in 1917 (1.587).

Having met in London in July the editor of the *Bookman* (New York), Seward Collins (*L4* 535), TSE informed representative Charles Williams on 5 Oct that he had no objection to the essay being reprinted in the journal, where it appeared in Nov with unauthorized changes and errors introduced (*L4* 626). It is listed in the Gallup bibliography (C296) without reference to its initial publication in the English collection (B11); there, notice of the reprint in the *Bookman* is given but without indication of editorial alterations; thus, as the more accessible text, it has been the most frequently cited heretofore.

2. The volume in which this piece appeared contained five pairs of essays on different literary genres (or "departments") viewed from the perspectives of "tradition" and "experiment"; TSE's "Experiment in Criticism" was paired with "Tradition in Criticism" by Rebecca West.

3. In 1826, French critic Sainte-Beuve began contributing reviews to the *Globe*, which he later collected in *Causeries du lundi* [*Monday chats*] (1857-62, 15 vols).

4. Da Vinci's *Treatise on Painting* (1651) consists of writings selected from his manuscripts after his death; combining theoretical exposition with practical advice, he argues that painting is a science and compares it favorably to the other arts.

5. Campion's *Observations in the Art of English Poesie* (1602) and Daniel's *Defence of Rhyme* (1603)

6. TSE had recently composed "A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry" (1928) as a prefatory essay to Dryden's most famous critical work, *Of Dramatick Poesie* (1668); in that essay, TSE referred frequently to Corneille, who wrote *Trois discours sur le poème dramatique* [*Three Discourses on Dramatic Poetry*] (1660) and *Examens* [*Examinations*] of his own plays (3.397).

7. The French neoclassical poet Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux composed a verse treatise, *L'Art poétique* (1674), which aimed at teaching the craft of writing, and a critical dialogue satirizing the contemporary novel, *Les Héros de roman* [*Heroes of the Novel*] (1688).

8. Horace's *Ars poetica* offers advice to poets in the form of a verse epistle. TSE referred to Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau together in "The Perfect Critic" (1920): "It is far less Aristotle than Horace who has been the model for criticism up to the nineteenth century. A precept, such as Horace or Boileau gives us, is merely an unfinished analysis" (2.267).

9. Revolutionary-era French playwright and critic Jean-François de La Harpe published an eighteen-volume course of lectures on literature as well as extensive reviews in the *Mercure de France*. Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets* (1779–81) consisted of biographical sketches and critical assessments of fifty-two English poets, mostly of the eighteenth century. Rymer contributed two works to the critical study of drama: *The Tragedies of the Last Age Consider'd* (1678) and *A Short View of Tragedy* (1693). Daniel Webb (1719-1798), art critic, authored *An Inquiry into the Beauties of Painting* (1760) and *Observations on the Correspondence between Music and Poetry* (1769).

10. Originally published in 1868 as an essay on the poems of William Morris, Pater's conclusion to the third edition (1888) of *Studies in the Renaissance* (1873) ends with the remark: "For art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

11. Coleridge's two-volume *Biographia Literaria: or, Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions* (1817) combines autobiography, literary criticism, and philosophy.

12. As TSE also remarks in "The Perfect Critic" (1920), Sainte-Beuve studied medicine, entering the Collège Charlemagne in 1824, shortly before he began his career as a critic (2.269). In "A Brief Treatise on the Criticism of Poetry" (1920), TSE discusses Sainte-Beuve as historian (2.203).

13. Read, *Phases of English Poetry*, Hogarth Lectures on Literature No. 7 (London: Leonard & Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press, 1928), 10.

14. TSE summarizes the history of anthropology in lists like this one – but varying the names – in his two reviews of Durkheim's *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*, 1916 (1.420) and 1918 (1.670); in "War-paint and Feathers," 1919 (2.137); and in "A Prediction in Regard to Three English Authors" (*Vanity Fair*, 1924; a translation of "Lettre d'Angleterre" of 1923) (2.513). The only figure not previously mentioned, the German ethnographer Adolf Bastian (1826-1905), recorded his observations from extensive travels in *Der Mensch in der Geschichte* [*Man in History*] (1860) and *Die Völker des östlichen Asien* [*The Peoples of East Asia*] (1866-71), among other works, and proposed the idea of the psychic unity of mankind.

15. Francis Barton Gummere (1855-1919), Professor of English at Haverford College, wrote *Old English Ballads* (1894) and *The Popular Ballad* (1907) as well as other scholarship on Old English texts and a translation of *Beowulf*. Gaston Paris (1839-1903), philologist of Romance languages (professor at and later director of the Collège de France and member of the Académie française) authored scholarly and popular works on medieval French literature.

16. In *The Dark Ages* (1897), Ker explores the many literary traditions that flourished in the so-called dark ages between the fall of Rome and the birth of romance-language vernacular poetry.

17. In "A Brief Treatise on the Criticism of Poetry" (1920), TSE wrote that a poet "can learn more from Jespersen's English Grammar than from Sainte-Beuve" (2.204); he listed Jesperson's *Notes on Relative Clauses* in 1926 (2.816, n.8) and reviewed his *Philosophy of Grammar* in 1927 (3.8).

18. In his 1918 review of Rendel Harris's *The Ascent of Olympus*, TSE mentions such features of the ancient world: "We are familiar with the evolution of the gods out of snakes; Dr. Harris now evolves them out of plants – plants associated, chiefly, with the thunderbolt. . . . '[T]he animistic belief makes everything that thunder touches into thunder.' Not only the oak, therefore, but mistletoe and ivy, which cling to the oak, are thunder" (1.764).

19. *Port-Royal* (1837-59) chronicles the Jansenist abbey of Port-Royal-des-Champs. TSE returns to the relation of Sainte-Beuve and Pascal in "The Pensées of Pascal" (1931), stating that in *Port-Royal* "the parts devoted to Pascal himself are among the most brilliant passages of criticism that Sainte-Beuve ever wrote" (4.341).

20. TSE's translation of the closing paragraph of *Port-Royal*: "comme celui qui avait le plus à cœur de connaître son objet, qui mettait le plus d'ambition à le saisir et le plus d'orgueil à le peindre, se sent impuissant et au-dessous de sa tâche, le jour où la voyant à peu près terminée, et le résultat obtenu, l'ivresse de sa force s'apaise, où il s'aperçoit à son tour qu'il n'est qu'une illusion des plus fugitives au sein de l'Illusion infinie!" (vol 6 [Paris: Hachette, 1908] 246).

21. In "Criticism in England" (1919), TSE wrote that "it is Sainte-Beuve's curiosities, more than the information or the results obtained, that embalm Port-Royal" (2.57).

22. TSE studied with Irving Babbitt at Harvard, first reading Sainte-Beuve under his instruction; more recently, he had taken issue with Babbitt's ideas in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928) (3.454) and "Second Thoughts about Humanism" (1929) (3.614).

23. TSE mentioned *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919) in "Three Reformers" (1928) (3.505) and discussed *Democracy and Leadership* (1924) in "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" (1928) (3.454).

24. TSE often praised *Belphégor* (1918), with longer notice in "The French Intelligence" (2.291); he favorably reviewed *La Trahison des clercs* (1927) in "Culture and Anarchy" (1928) (3.345) and "The Idealism of Julien Benda" (1928) (3.435).

25. Fernandez's "A Humanist Theory of Value," translated by TSE, appeared in the Jan 1930 issue of the *Criterion*.

26. When Fernandez's *Messages* appeared in France – including a chapter on Eliot – TSE reviewed it in "Mr. Read and Mr. Fernandez" (1926) (2.834); a translation by Montgomery Belgion appeared in 1927, published in London by Jonathan Cape and in New York by Harcourt, Brace. Cape was founded in 1921 by publisher Herbert Jonathan Cape (1879-1960); the firm produced books by Joyce, Frost, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, and other well-known writers, especially Americans.

27. In the philosophy of language and other studies of signs, intension refers to the intrinsic meaning of a word (the idea it expresses), and extension refers to the objects in the world to which the word corresponds; TSE refers to this distinction in the early philosophical paper "The Privacy of Points of View" (1.178). In his "Commentary" of Sept 1927, he wrote: "it is dangerous to use a term in extension which cannot be safely used in intension also" (3.185).

28. In "Literature, Science, and Dogma" (1927), his review of Richards's *Literature and Science*, TSE called *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1925) "a milestone, though not an altogether satisfactory one" (3.44); a review of *Practical Criticism: A Study of Literary Judgment* (1929) by John Gould Fletcher appeared in the Oct 1929 *Criterion* (162-64).

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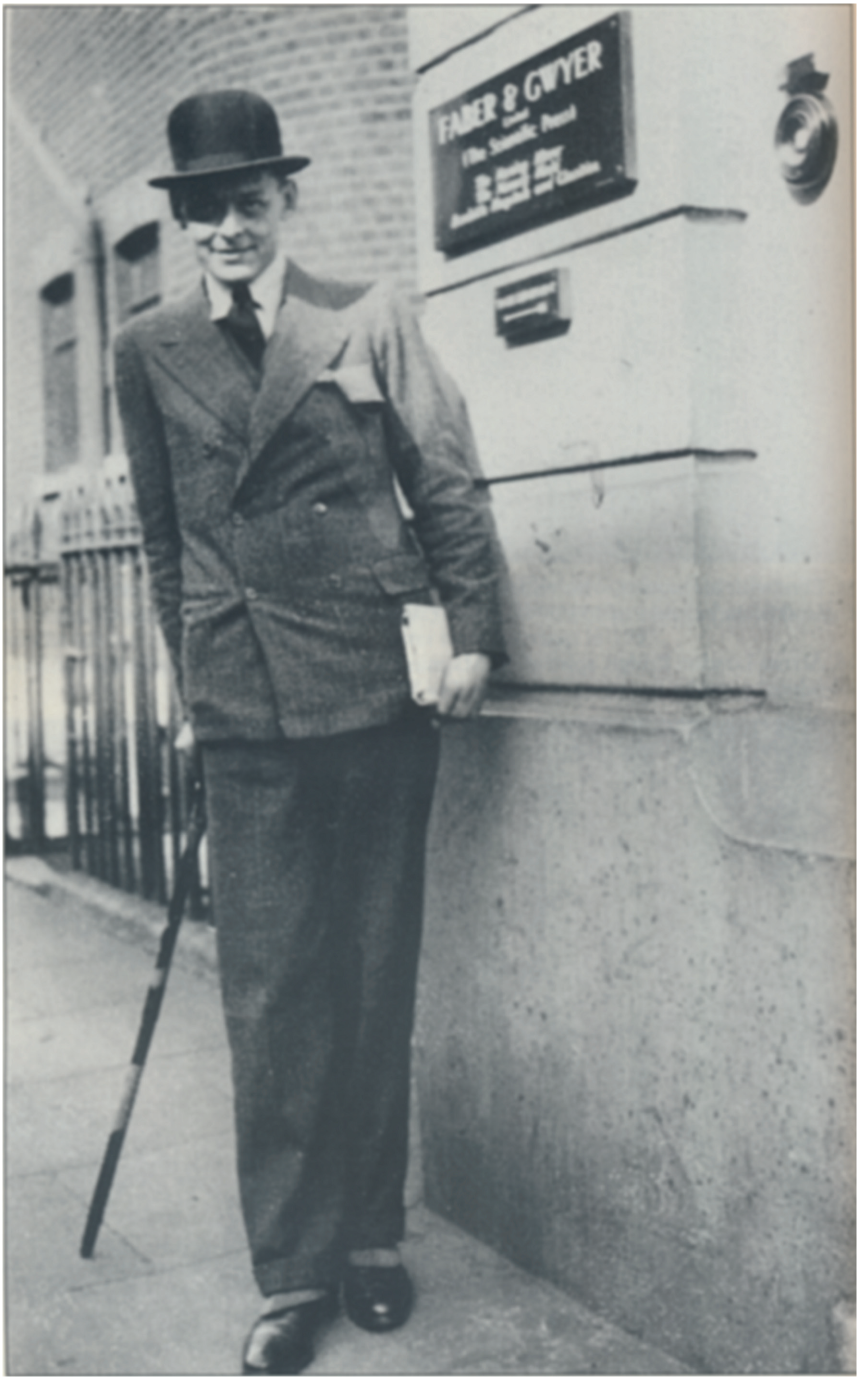

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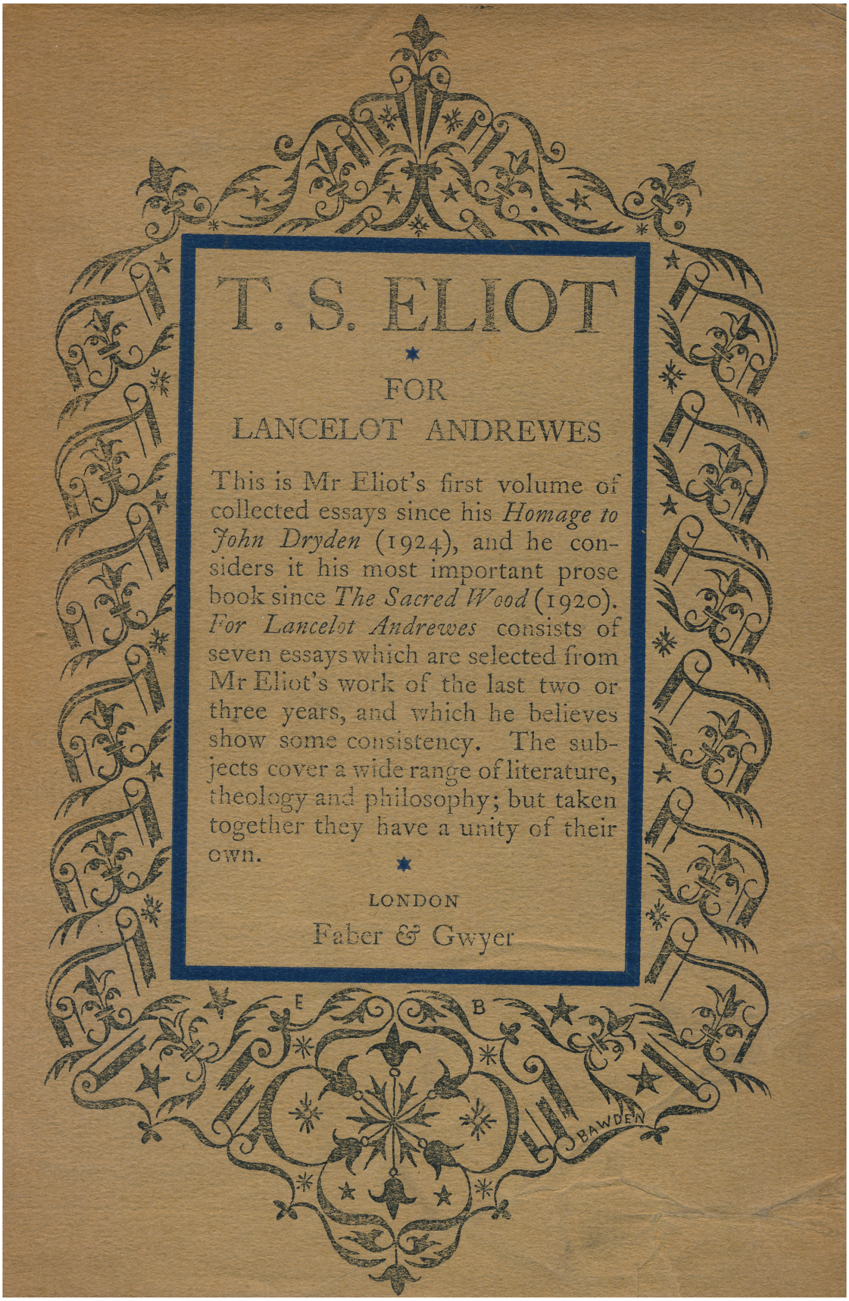

T. S. ELIOT

FOR
LANCELOT ANDREWES

This is Mr Eliot's first volume of collected essays since his *Homage to John Dryden* (1924), and he considers it his most important prose book since *The Sacred Wood* (1920). *For Lancelot Andrewes* consists of seven essays which are selected from Mr Eliot's work of the last two or three years, and which he believes show some consistency. The subjects cover a wide range of literature, theology and philosophy; but taken together they have a unity of their own.

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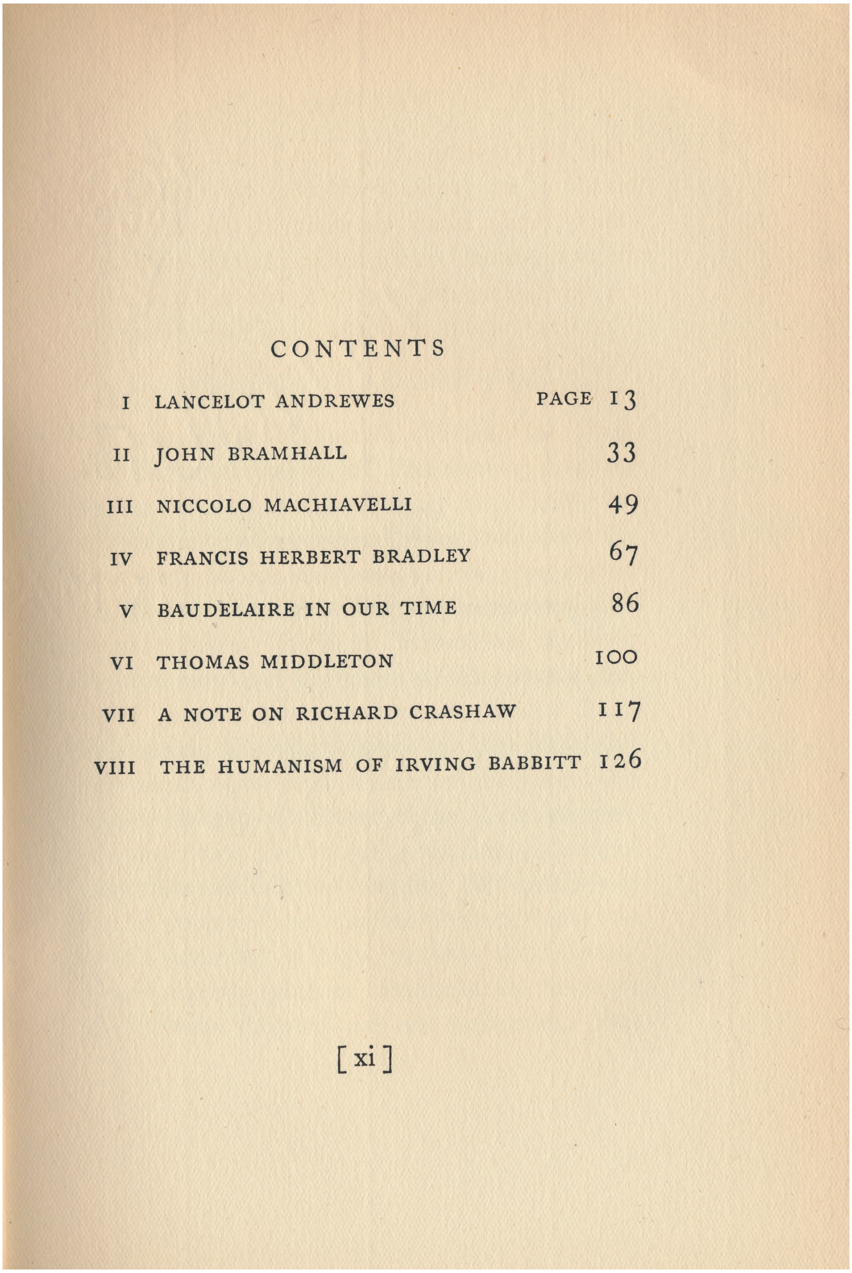

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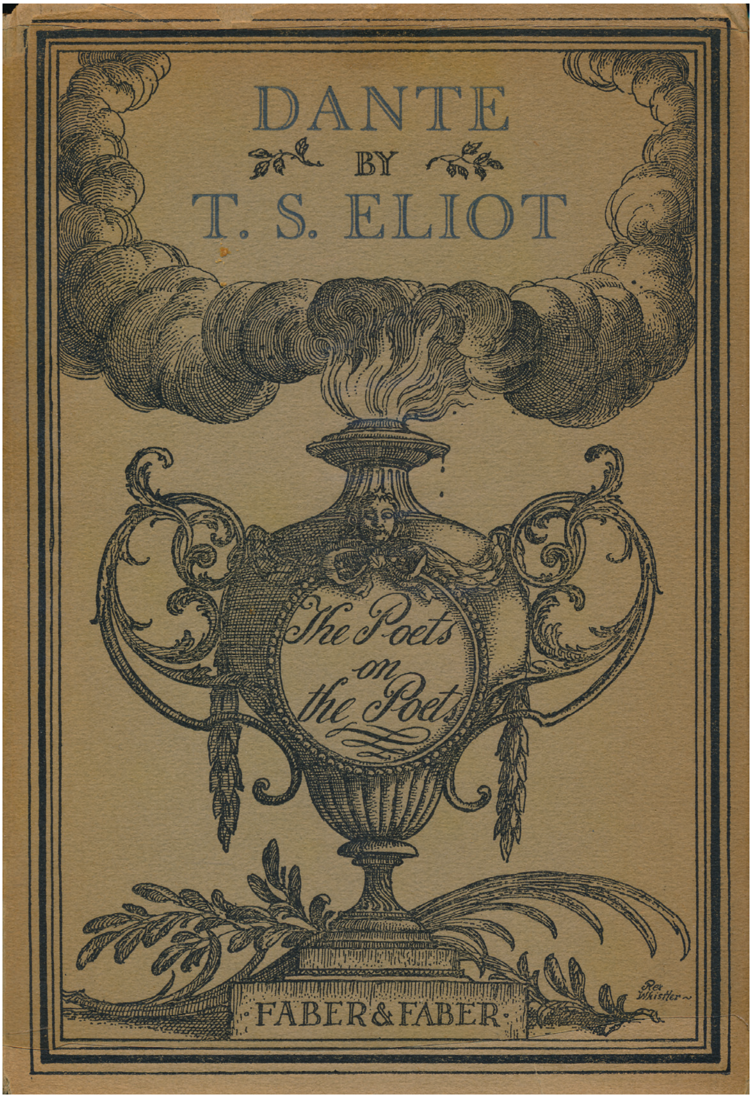
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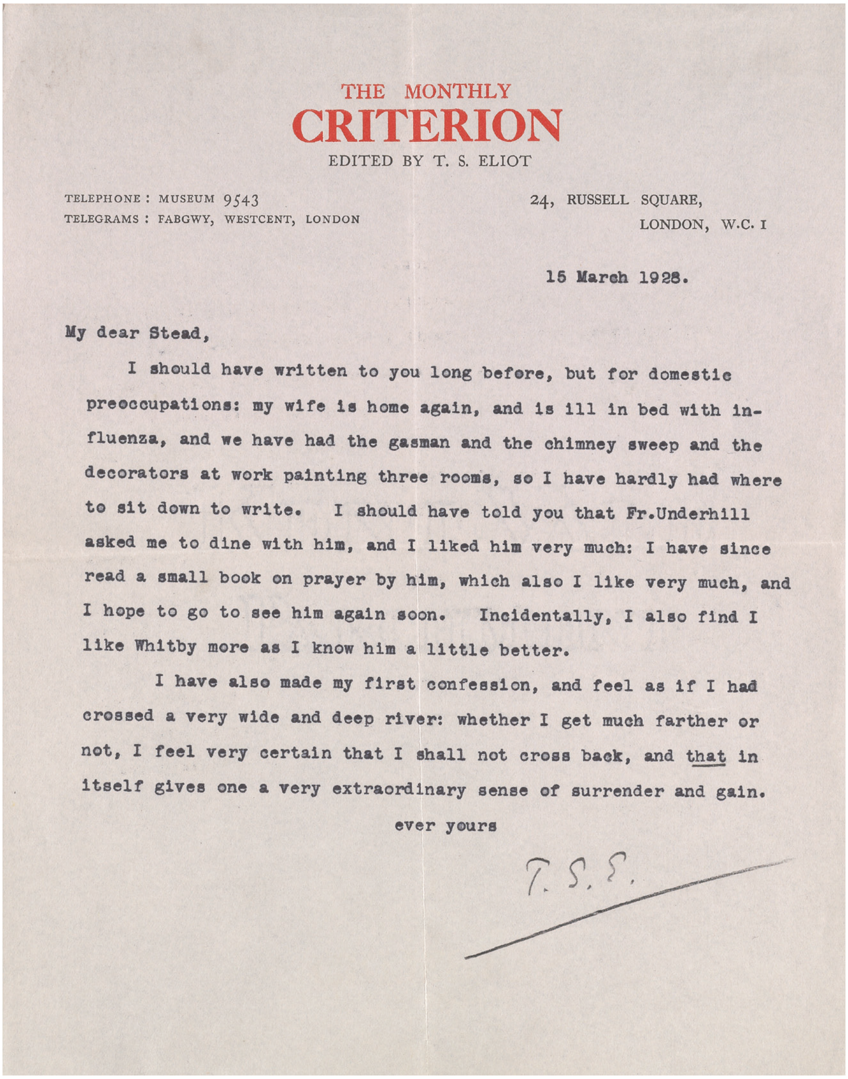
BY
T. S. ELIOT
The Poets on the Poets
FABER & FABER
Rex Whistler

9. Dante. *Dust jacket, designed by Rex Whistler; held at the Faber Archive. London: Faber & Faber, 1929. © Faber & Faber Ltd*



THE MONTHLY
CRITERION
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABGWY, WESTCENT, LONDON

24, RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C. I

15 March 1928.

My dear Stead,

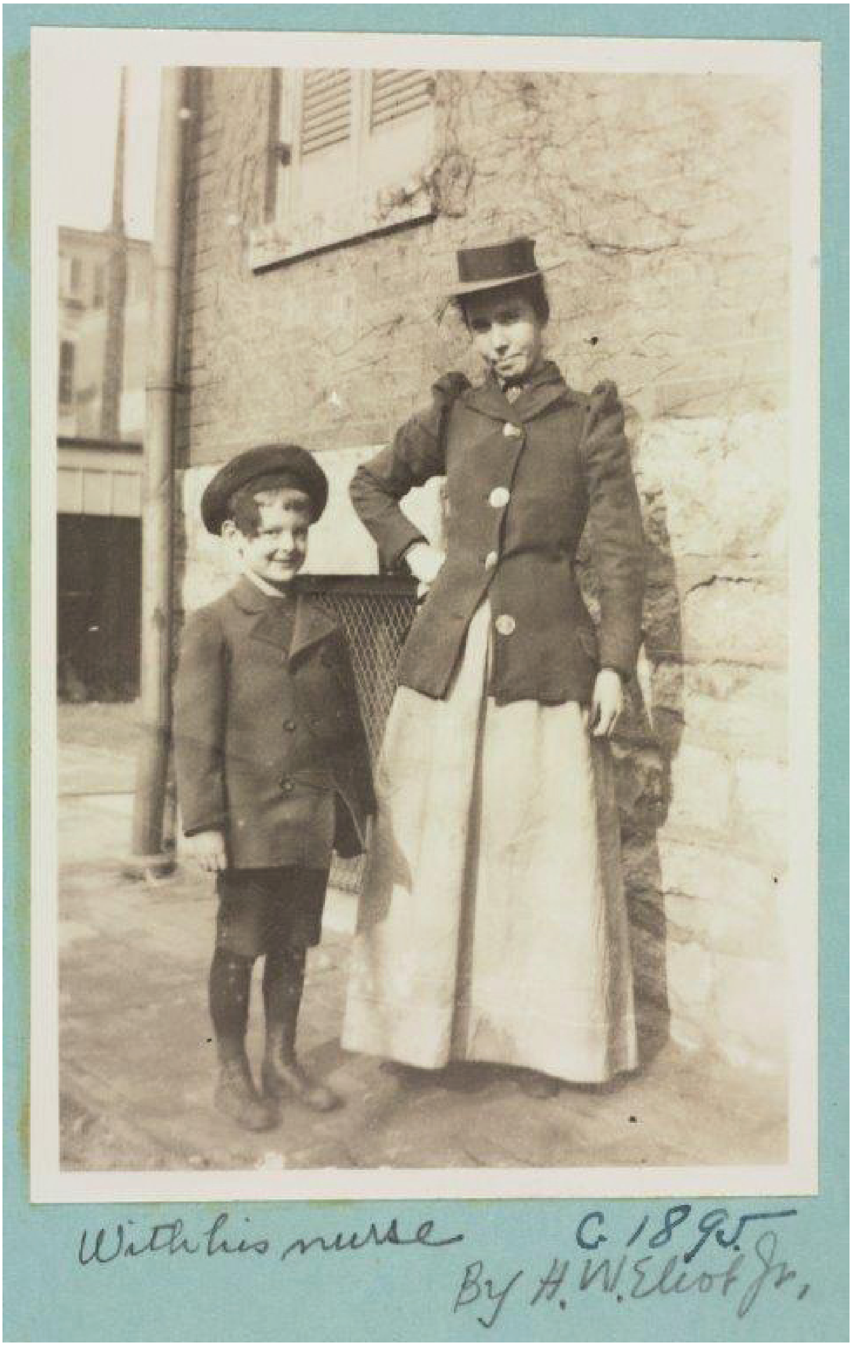
I should have written to you long before, but for domestic preoccupations: my wife is home again, and is ill in bed with influenza, and we have had the gasman and the chimney sweep and the decorators at work painting three rooms, so I have hardly had where to sit down to write. I should have told you that Fr.Underhill asked me to dine with him, and I liked him very much: I have since read a small book on prayer by him, which also I like very much, and I hope to go to see him again soon. Incidentally, I also find I like Whitby more as I know him a little better.

I have also made my first confession, and feel as if I had crossed a very wide and deep river: whether I get much farther or not, I feel very certain that I shall not cross back, and that in itself gives one a very extraordinary sense of surrender and gain.

ever yours

T. S. E.

10. Letter to William Force Stead, 15 March 1928. © Estate of T. S. Eliot; courtesy of the Osborn Collection, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University



With his nurse C 1895
By H. W. Eliot Jr.

11. Annie Dunn and young Eliot. Photograph by Henry Ware Eliot, Jr., ca. 1895. Henry Ware Eliot Collection of T. S. Eliot, bMS Am 2560 (161), Houghton Library, Harvard University. © Estate of T. S. Eliot

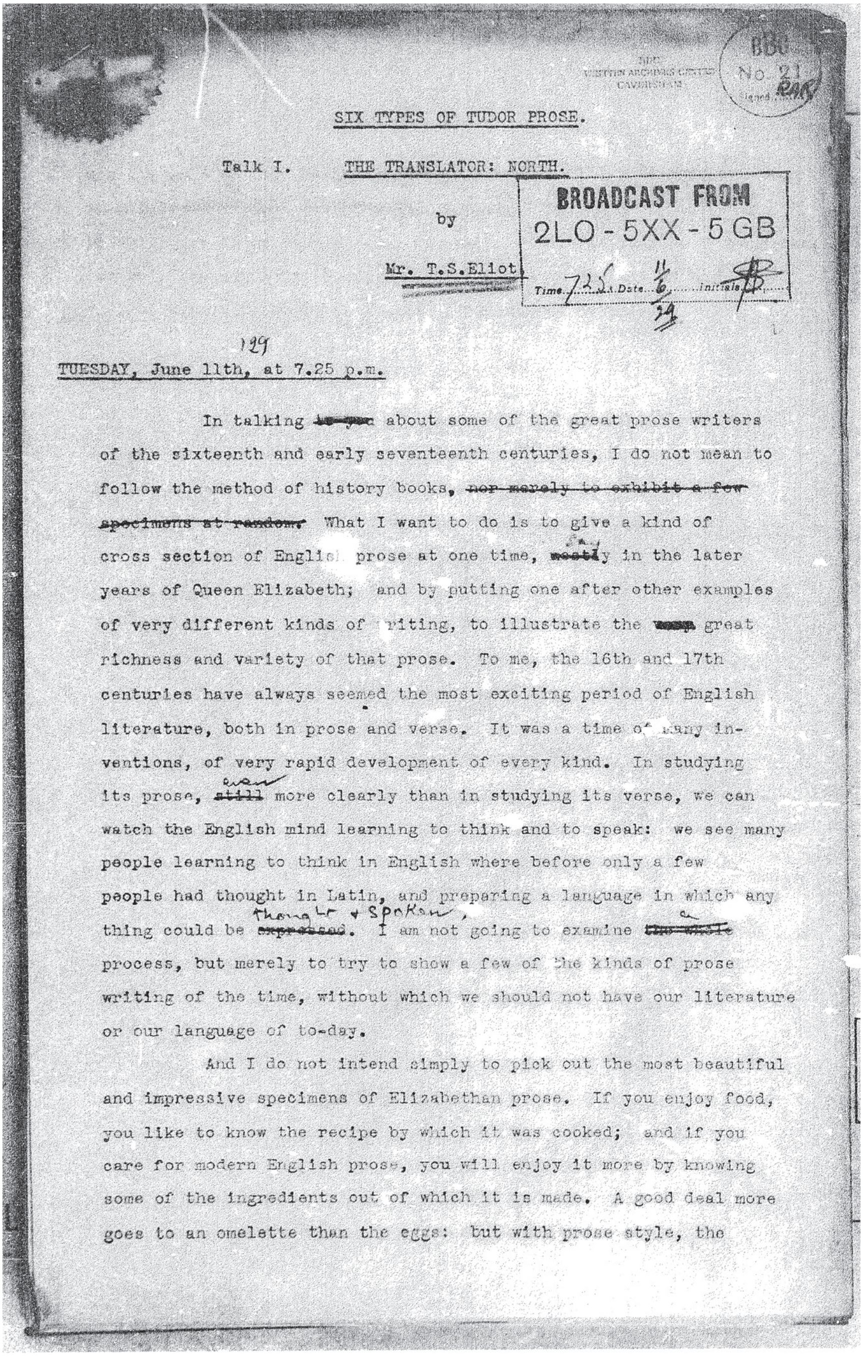
12. Charles Maurras. Photograph by Studio Harcourt, 1937. © Ministère de la Culture / Médiathèque du Patrimoine, Dist. RMN-Grand Palais / Art Resource, NY

13. Charles Maurras (second from left) at the printing house of L'Action française, *Paris. Photograph by Maurice-Louis Branger, ca. 1925-30. © Maurice-Louis Branger / Roger-Viollet*

14. Ramon Fernandez. Photographer unknown, ca. 1930. Courtesy of Agence Meurisse, Paris

15. Julien Benda. Photograph by Henri Martinie, ca. 1930. © Henri Martinie / Roger-Viollet

16. William Joynson-Hicks, Conservative Party Home Secretary. Photograph by Walter Stoneman, 1925 © National Portrait Gallery, London



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SIX TYPES OF TUDOR PROSE.

Talk I. THE TRANSLATOR: NORTH.

by

Mr. T.S.Eliot

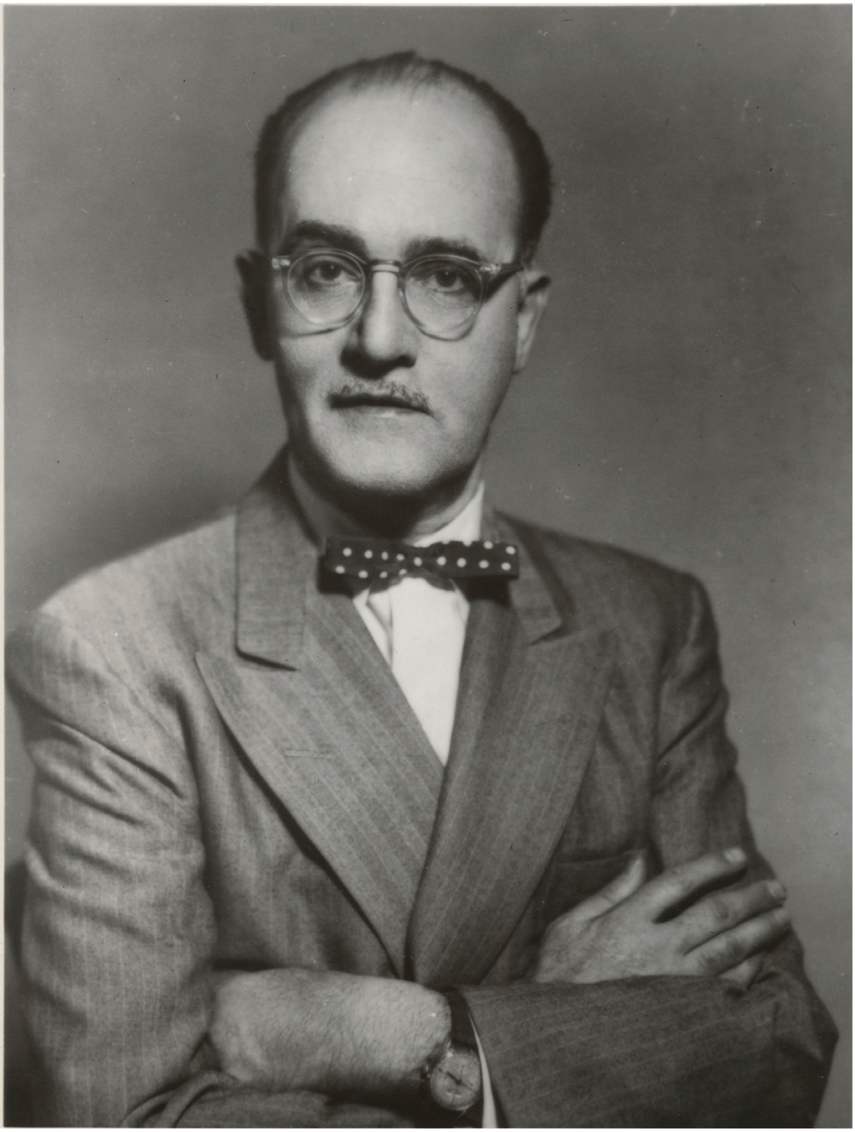
BROADCAST FROM
2LO - 5XX - 5GB
Time 7.25 Date 11/6/29 Initials

129
TUESDAY, June 11th, at 7.25 p.m.

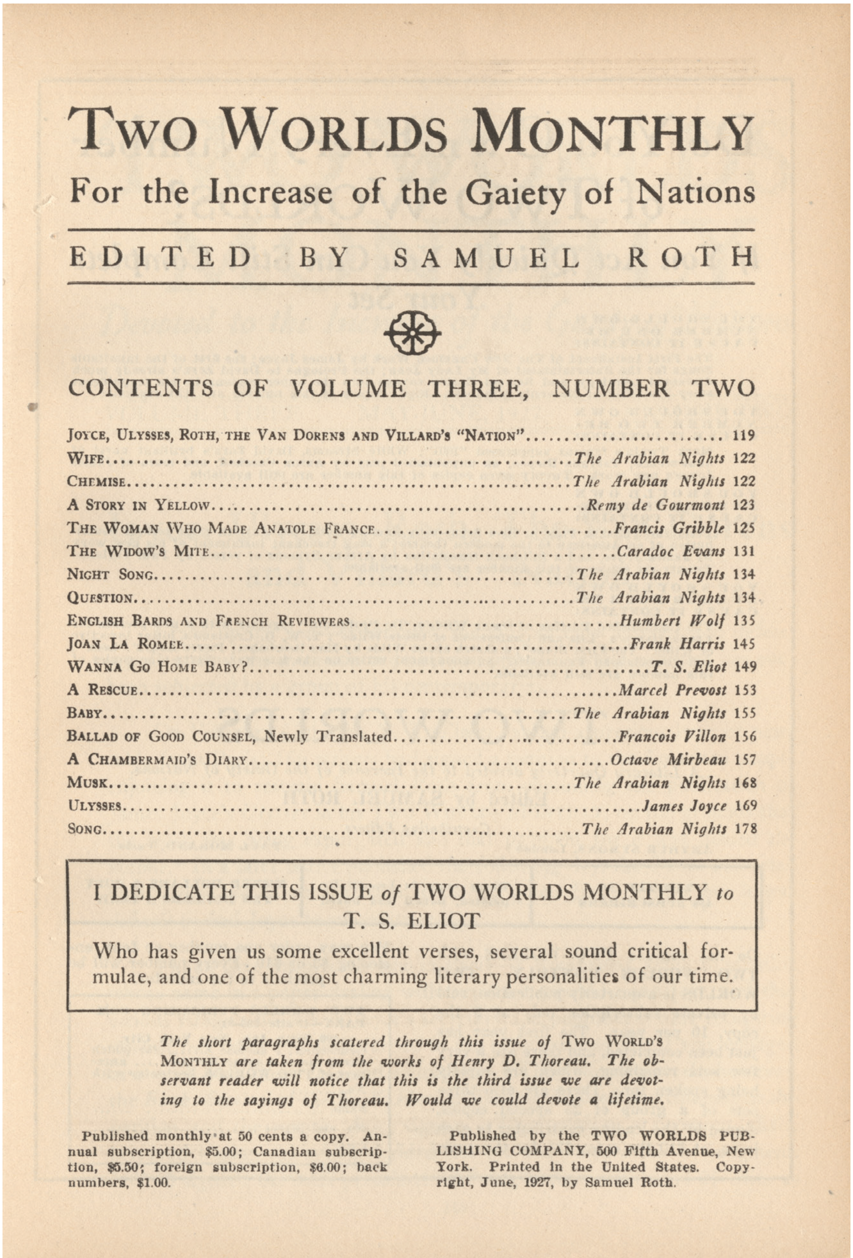
In talking ~~to you~~ about some of the great prose writers of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, I do not mean to follow the method of history books, ~~nor merely to exhibit a few specimens at random.~~ What I want to do is to give a kind of cross section of English prose at one time, ~~most~~ mainly in the later years of Queen Elizabeth; and by putting one after other examples of very different kinds of writing, to illustrate the ~~[illegible]~~ great richness and variety of that prose. To me, the 16th and 17th centuries have always seemed the most exciting period of English literature, both in prose and verse. It was a time of many inventions, of very rapid development of every kind. In studying its prose, ~~still~~ even more clearly than in studying its verse, we can watch the English mind learning to think and to speak: we see many people learning to think in English where before only a few people had thought in Latin, and preparing a language in which any thing could be ~~expressed~~ thought & spoken,. I am not going to examine ~~the whole~~ a process, but merely to try to show a few of the kinds of prose writing of the time, without which we should not have our literature or our language of to-day.

And I do not intend simply to pick out the most beautiful and impressive specimens of Elizabethan prose. If you enjoy food, you like to know the recipe by which it was cooked; and if you care for modern English prose, you will enjoy it more by knowing some of the ingredients out of which it is made. A good deal more goes to an omelette than the eggs: but with prose style, the

17. Broadcast script for "The Tudor Translators," 1929. © Estate of T. S. Eliot; courtesy of the BBC Written Archives, Caversham



18. Samuel Roth, editor of Two Worlds Monthly. *Photographer and date unknown. Samuel Roth Papers, Rare Book & Manuscript Library, Columbia University; courtesy of the Roth Estate*



TWO WORLDS MONTHLY

For the Increase of the Gaiety of Nations

EDITED BY SAMUEL ROTH

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I DEDICATE THIS ISSUE *of* TWO WORLDS MONTHLY *to*
T. S. ELIOT
Who has given us some excellent verses, several sound critical formulae, and one of the most charming literary personalities of our time.

The short paragraphs scatered through this issue of TWO WORLD'S MONTHLY *are taken from the works of Henry D. Thoreau. The observant reader will notice that this is the third issue we are devoting to the sayings of Thoreau. Would we could devote a lifetime.*

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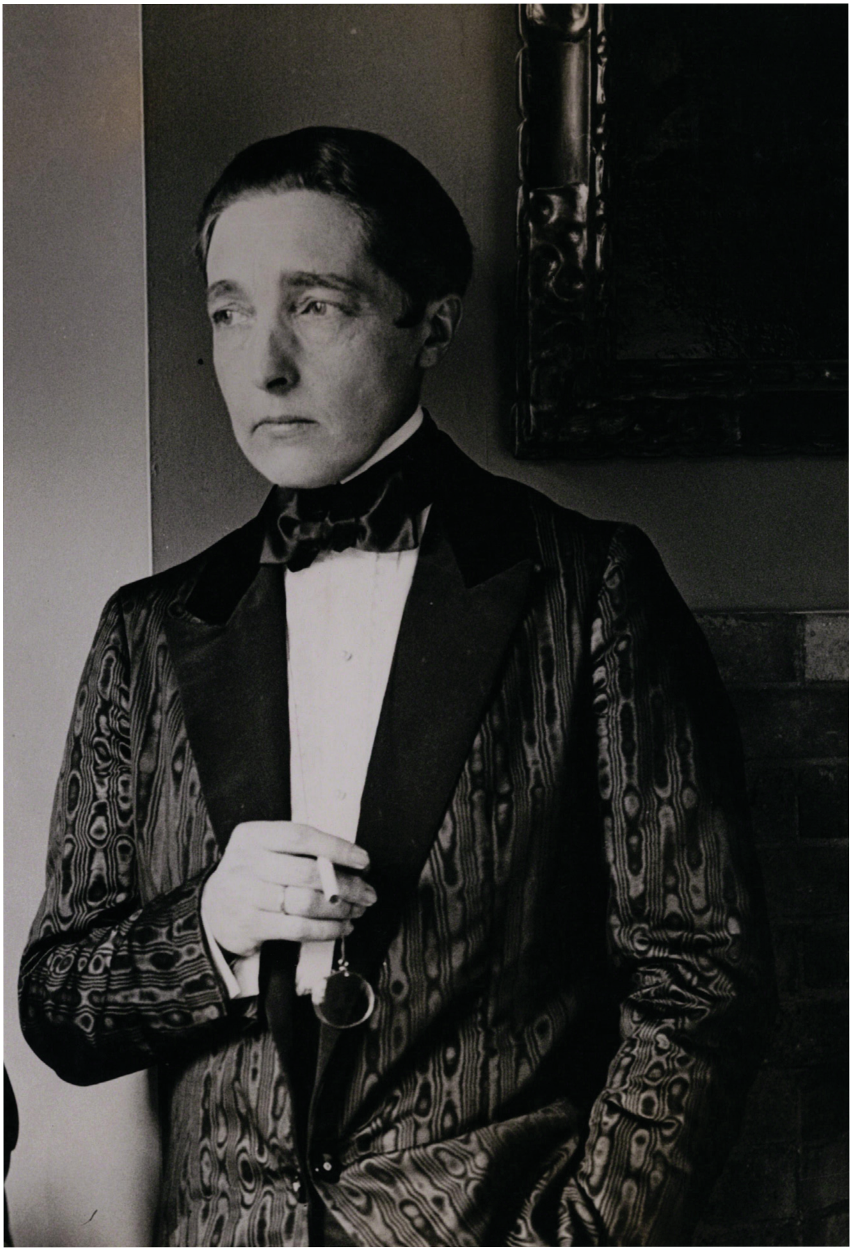
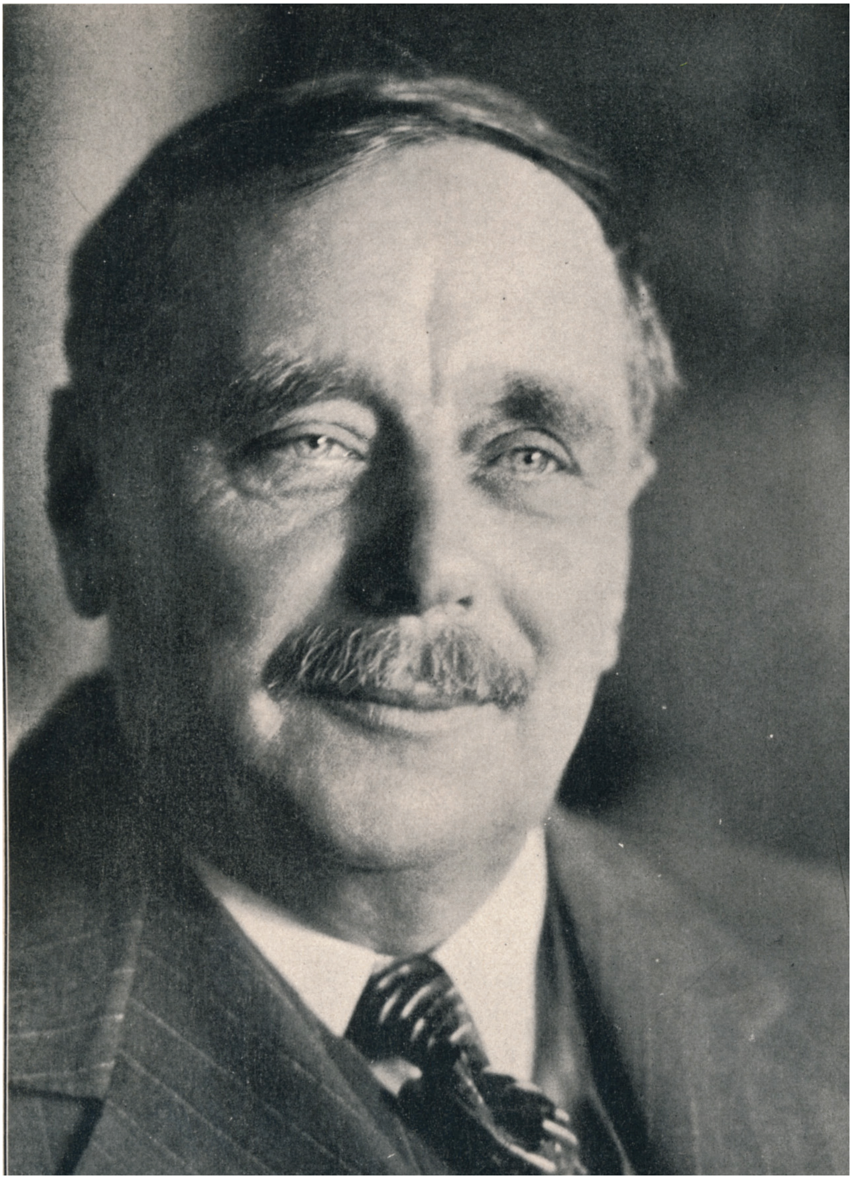
19. Two Worlds Monthly, *May/June 1927, with unauthorized publication of "Wanna Go Home, Baby?" and dedication to T. S. Eliot*



20. Radclyffe Hall. Photograph by Fox Photos Ltd., 1927. © National Portrait Gallery, London

21. G. B. Shaw, Hilaire Belloc, and G. K. Chesterton. Photographer unknown, 1928; at a debate published as Do We Agree? A Debate between G. K. Chesterton and Bernard Shaw with Hilaire Belloc in the Chair (London: Cecil Palmer, 1928)



22. H. G. Wells. Photograph by M. Boucard, Paris, ca. 1930